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PUBLISHER'S BINDING

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★ **TV RADIO MIRROR**

RADIO MIRROR'S N.Y., N.J., Conn. Edition

JULY

JOHNNY DESMOND
that teenagers really
want to know!

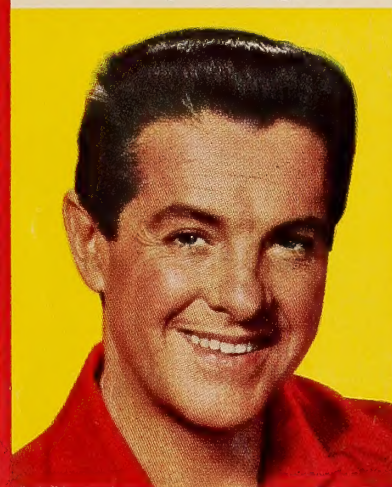
PEGGY KING
of the
George Gobel
Show



**EXCLUSIVE
STORIES:**



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BOB CUMMINGS
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HERB NELSON
The Brighter Day

Now-be a Pin-up Girl with the Pin-up Curl!

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WONDERFUL NEW EASY-TO-DO PIN-CURL PERMANENT

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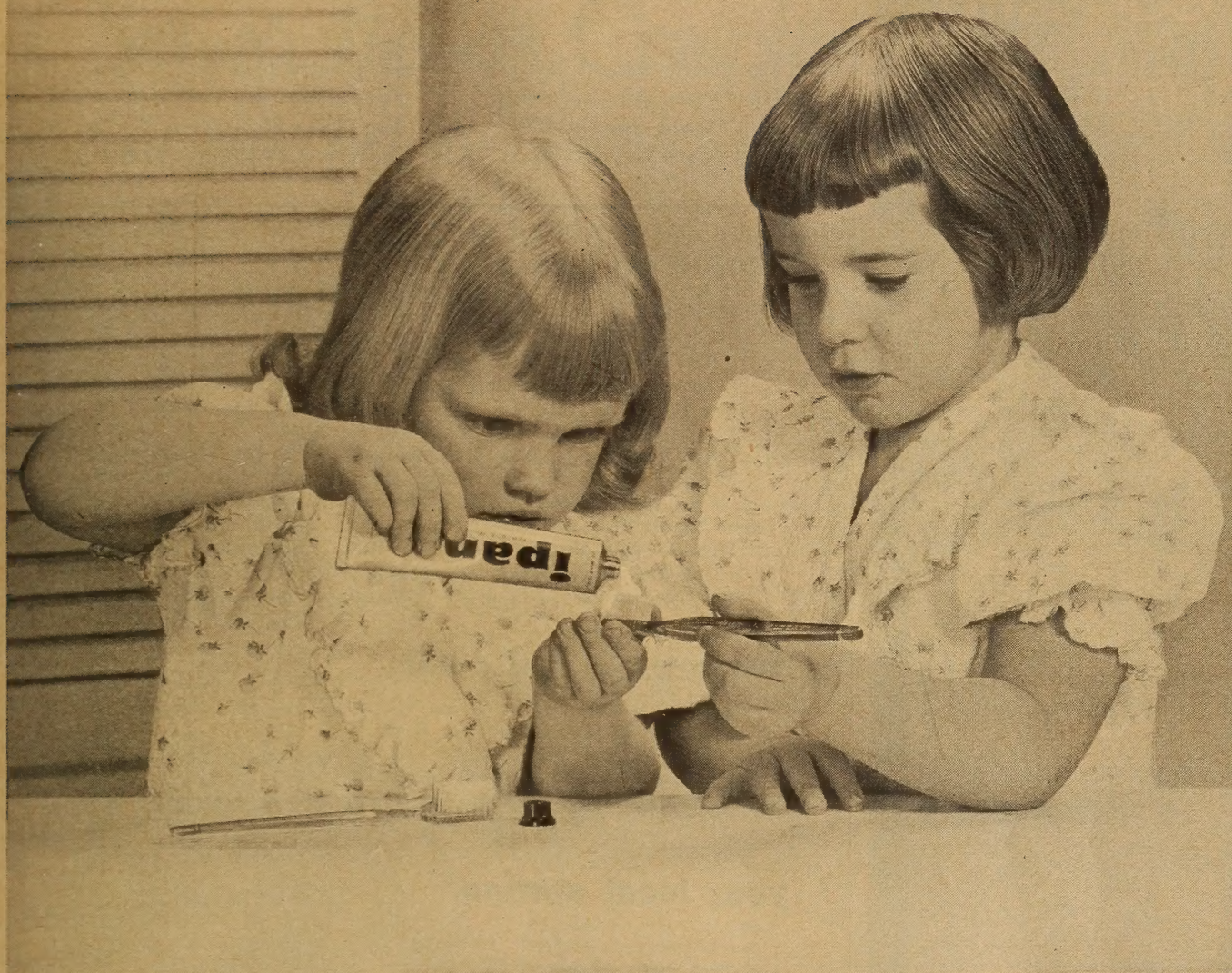
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BY PROCTER & GAMBLE ... for the curl of your dreams



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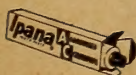
And new Ipana with bacteria-fighter WD-9 gives extra protection to precious teeth. This new formula destroys decay

bacteria *measurably better* than any other leading tooth paste... *even better than fluoride!*

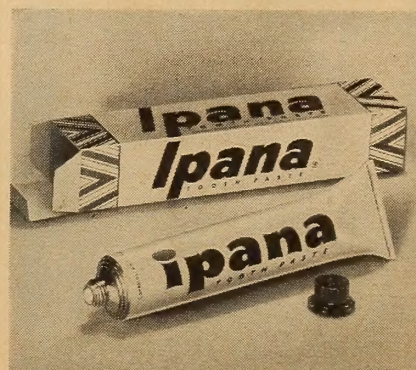
So with every happy brushing, your family's teeth get Ipana's extra protection... the *pleasantest* way—good reason to change to Ipana today! It's at all toiletry counters in the yellow and red-striped carton.

New-Formula IPANA®

WITH BACTERIA-DESTROYER WD-9



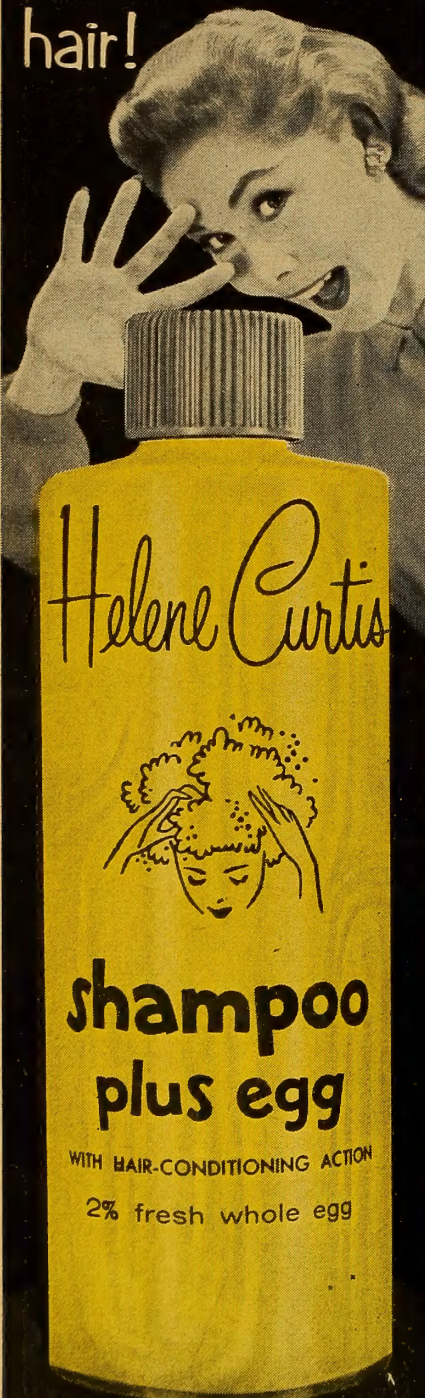
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sparkle to your
hair!



See how exciting this new luxury lather makes your hair! Glowing clean, silky... so manageable! Conditions any hair. That's the magic touch of SHAMPOO PLUS EGG! Try it! 29¢, 59¢, \$1.

JULY, 1955

TV RADIO MIRROR

VOL. 44, NO. 2

N. Y., N. J., Conn. Edition

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Cover portrait of Peggy King by Elmer Holloway (NBC-TV)

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DOCTORS PROVE A ONE-MINUTE MASSAGE WITH
PALMOLIVE SOAP CAN GIVE YOU A
Cleaner, Fresher Complexion...Today!

GETS HIDDEN DIRT THAT ORDINARY CLEANSING METHODS MISS!

1. Dirt left on face after ordinary cleansing!



Rub your face hard with a cotton pad after ordinary casual cleansing with any soap or cold cream. You'll see that you didn't remove deep-down dirt and make-up. "Ordinary-clean" is just superficially clean!



2. Beautifully clean after 60-second Palmolive facial!



Rub your face the same way after 60-second massage with Palmolive. Pad is still snowy-white! "Palmolive-clean" is *deep-down* clean. Your skin is free of clinging dirt that casual cleansing misses.



Only a Soap This Mild CAN WORK SO THOROUGHLY
**YET SO GENTLY! PALMOLIVE BEAUTY CARE CLEANS CLEANER,
 CLEANS DEEPER, WITHOUT IRRITATION!**



No matter what your age or type of skin, doctors have proved that Palmolive beauty care *can* give you a cleaner, fresher complexion the very first time you use it! That's because Palmolive care gets your skin *deep-down* clean by removing the hidden, clinging dirt that casual methods miss.

Just massage your face with Palmolive's rich, gentle lather for 60 seconds, morning

and night. Rinse and pat dry. It's that simple! But remember . . . only a soap that is *truly* mild can cleanse thoroughly without leaving your face feeling drawn and uncomfortable. And Palmolive's mildness lets you massage a full minute *without* irritation.

Try mild Palmolive Soap today. In just 60 seconds, you'll be on your way toward new complexion beauty!

DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!

Everyone Goes for



"Sir Silken Speech" becomes silent and pensive as he relaxes over a game of chess, one of his many favorite pastimes.

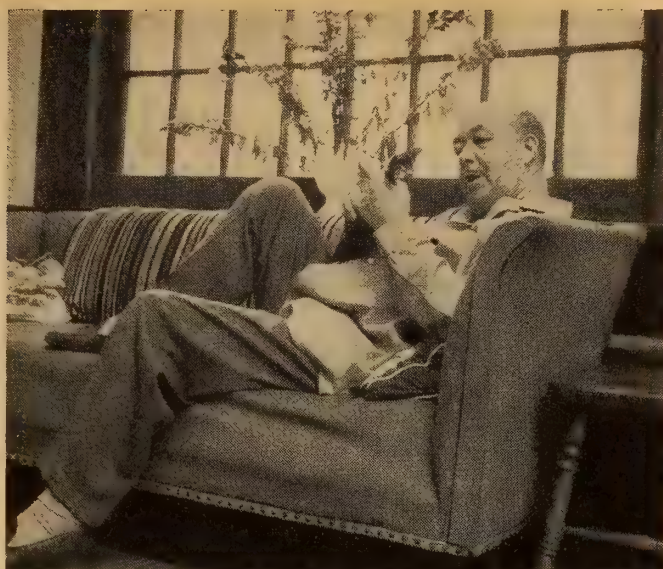


Harry Snow, Broke, and Jett MacDonald join talents on WRCA-TV to present a happy fare of comedy and music.

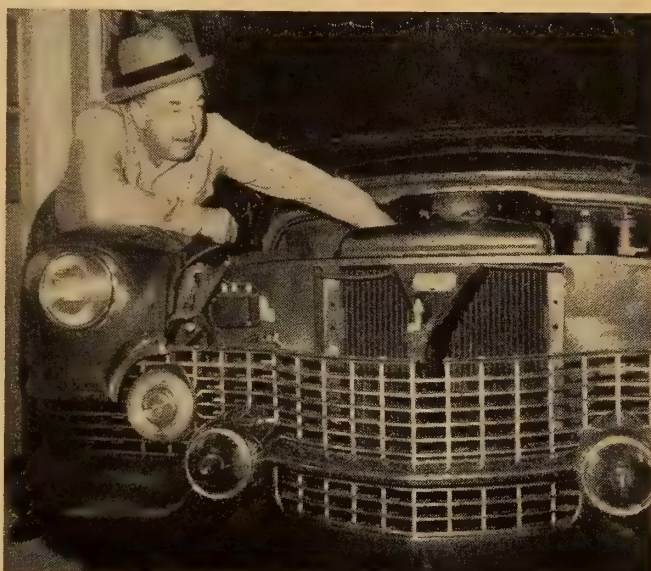
*After 31 years in broadcasting
Norman Brokenshire, the man of many
firsts, continues to delight audiences
with his wit, charm and versatility*

Broke

NOWADAYS, around the WRCA-TV studios in New York, everyone is talking about "The New Norman Brokenshire." WRCA-TV viewers, however, know it's the same Norman Brokenshire—king of the ad lib—of radio fame, and the "new" applies to his hour-long funfest, *The Norman Brokenshire Show*, seen daily at 1 P.M. Aided by the talents of beautiful Jett MacDonald and handsome Harry Snow, "Broke" presents a round of songs and comedy sketches, strums on his ukulele, and dances everything from a schottische to a Highland fling—all of which are spiced with his incomparable charm and wit. . . . From the beginning, Broke's audience and fan mail have been growing by leaps and more leaps, which is only natural for the man who holds a record of firsts in broadcasting. Some of these include broadcasting the first program from a plane in flight, first to announce a horse race, first free-lance announcer, and instigator of the radio serial. The latter occurred back in 1924 when—owing to bad weather, a scheduled act failed to appear at air time—announcer Brokenshire in desperation grabbed a book of short stories and read to the unseen audience. When the entertainer finally arrived, Broke stopped at the crucial point of a story and spoke those now-famous words: "Tune in tomorrow to find out what happens . . ." Not only did listeners tune in the next day, but for many days after, to hear what became a regular series of short-story readings by Broke. . . . In addition to gaining fame as a special-events announcer, Broke became a commercial announcer of the highest order, appearing with such radio immortals as Eddie Cantor, Bing Crosby, Will Rogers and Major Bowes. . . . Born in Murcheson, Canada, young Mr. Brokenshire served in the U. S. Infantry prior to crashing radio, in 1924, via Station WJZ. One of his first friends was the station manager's secretary. Broke well remembers his first date with Eunice: lunch in Central Park. Romantic, perhaps—but also practical for the struggling young announcer. Before long, Broke was dictating his scripts to Eunice, who typed them up on her boss's time. "This became such a valuable service," Broke confesses, "I couldn't afford to lose it, so I married her." Today, Broke and Eunice share two homes: A comfortable penthouse apartment in New York and a wonderful home on Long Island. Broke's weekday hide-away is the penthouse. "It's exactly what I've always wanted," he says. "There's a wonderful view of the river and a delightful breeze in the summer." Broke lives for the weekends when he can spend all his time at his other home on Lake Ronkonkoma. Twenty-two years ago, Broke fell in love with the site and determined to build a house there—which he literally did, mostly by himself. He still enjoys "fiddling and fixing things at home," and is also handy in the kitchen, though he defers to Eunice, who has written two cookbooks. Broke's favorite "original" recipe is French Fried Liver, which is prepared by cutting liver in strips, rolling in a mixture of curry powder, pepper and salt, and frying in butter. . . . When Broke began his present TV show, he succumbed to his cautious nature and decided to rely on a tele-prompter rather than ad-lib in his inimitable style. But, on the very first show, he discovered the prompter was too far away—and he *had* to ad-lib. This has proved to be for the best, because it has always been his warm, friendly naturalness, his great "gift of gab," that have made millions "go for Broke."



Broke plays the uke for his own pleasure, as well as on his show. "Sweet Georgia Brown" is one of his pet tunes.



An expert at doing it himself, Broke built his 3-car garage, machine shop, studio—even his 65-foot TV antenna.



Mr. and Mrs. Brokenshire prepare a weekend snack. Although he's a capable chef, Broke says Eunice is the expert.



Only Bobbi is specially designed to give the softly feminine wave needed for this new "Soft Talk" hairdo. No nightly settings necessary.

NO TIGHT, FUSSY CURLS HERE!

These hairdos were made with Bobbi—the special pin-curl permanent for softly feminine hairstyles

Now your hair can be as soft and natural-looking as the hairdos shown here. Just give yourself a Bobbi—the easy pin-curl permanent specially designed for today's newest softly feminine hairstyles.

A Bobbi looks soft and natural from the very first day. Curls and waves are exactly where you want them—wonderfully carefree for weeks. Pin-curl your hair just once. Apply Bobbi's special lotion. A little later rinse with water. Let dry, brush out. Right away your hair has the beauty, the body of naturally wavy hair.

New 20-Page Hairstyle Booklet! Colorful collection of new softly feminine hairstyles. Easy-to-follow setting instructions. Hints! Tips! Send now for "Set-It-Yourself Hairstyles." Your name, address, 10c in coin to: Bobbi, Box 3600, Merchandise Mart, Chicago, Ill.



Just pin-curls and Bobbi. No separate neutralizer, no curlers, no resetting. Everything you need—New Creme Oil Lotion, special bobby pins. \$1.50 plus tax.



Soft, natural right from the start...that's the "Miss Manhattan" hairstyle after an easy Bobbi. A Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent is so easy, no help is needed.



With Bobbi you get waves exactly where you want them, the way you want them. Notice the easy, gentle look of this bewitching new "La Femme" hairdo.



Bobbi's soft curls make a natural, informal wave like this possible. A Bobbi gives you the kind of carefree curls needed for this gay "Satin Sweep" hairdo.



Bobbi is made especially to give young, free and easy hairstyles like this "Honeycomb" hairdo. And the curl is there to stay—in all kinds of weather.



STEVE ALLEN'S TURNTABLE

WELL, spring has sprung, so before you take off for summer romance and fun, let's give a listen to some new records.

"Play Me Hearts and Flowers" was a big hit for Johnny Desmond, and now Coral has used it as the title for a new album by Johnny. The Desmond croon style comes across fine on such new tunes as "I'm So Ashamed," "A Woman's Loveliest When She Is Loved," "If I Could Only Tell You," and "Wayward Wife," among others. For good measure, Johnny has tossed in some of his recent single releases—"My Own True Love," "Song from Desiree," "The High and the Mighty," and of course, "Hearts and Flowers."

Eddie Fisher's new twosome is most timely, to say the least—"Heart," and "Near to You"—because this is the month he and Debbie Reynolds plan to hear wedding bells. Both tunes are from the new Broadway musical, "Damn Yankees," and either side could be another Fisher click. Victor must think so, too, as they have already shipped a half-million copies to record stores.

Patti Page has waxed "Near to You" also, but the backing—"I Love to Dance with You"—sounds more like the big side for Patti. She uses her familiar multiple-voice gimmick on it, and to excellent effect. (Mercury)

Columbia is releasing a big special album, "Love Me or Leave Me," starring Doris Day, who also stars in the M-G-M musical movie of the same name. It's the life story of Ruth Etting, the famous popular singer of early radio and recording days, who is now retired. In the album, Doris sings all the tunes she does in the picture, including such all-time favorites as "It All Depends on You," "At Sundown," "Mean to Me," "You Made Me Love You," and the title song, natch. Percy Faith, who also scored the movie, conducts.

Columbia is also issuing an album of original recordings done by Ruth Etting, with some of the same tunes, made about a quarter of a century ago.

Here's "Love Me or Leave Me" again, this time in the Billy Eckstine style, assisted by Lou Brigg's orchestra and the Pied Pipers vocal group. On the reverse, Billy sings "Only You," giving it the slight rhythm-and-blues treatment, but still managing to retain the flavor of a ballad, which is a neat trick these days. (M-G-M)

Les Paul and Mary Ford don't have to worry much about trends, as their individual style of recording does right well by them. On their latest, the Mr. and Mrs. Guitar team do a beat thing called "Genuine Love" and the plaintive "No Letter Today," which is sort of a country-Western classic. (Capitol)

Two more original-cast albums of Broadway musical comedies are coming

out any minute, courtesy of Victor. The first is the complete score of "Damn Yankees," which stars Gwen Verdon and Stephen Douglass, and the second is "Three for Tonight," with Marge and Gower Champion and Harry Belafonte.

Rosemary Clooney lends her pretty voice to "Love Among the Young," one of the loveliest ballads of the year, and it should be a lovely hit for Rosie. On the coupling she does "A Touch of the Blues" and, in her own words, "I picked this one just to prove I can still sing a swing tune." And does she! (Columbia)

"In the Wee Small Hours" is the title of a new album by Frank Sinatra, and a wonderful title it is for the collection of torch standards he sings—in excellent voice, too, by the way. There are sixteen songs in all, including such favorites as "Just One of Those Things," "Mood Indigo," "Glad to Be Unhappy," "Deep in a Dream," "I See Your Face Before Me," "Can't We Be Friends?" and "I Get along Without You Very Well." Lush arrangements and fine orchestral backing by Nelson Riddle. (Capitol)

Betty Madigan, the little singer who started off in high gear on records with her "Joey" hit, continues to move right along in the vocal sweepstakes. She does a fine job on her latest release of two pretty ballads, "I Had a Heart" and "Wonderful Words," accompanied by Joe Lipman's orchestra. (M-G-M)

Eydie Gorme and Steve Lawrence, two of the singing youngsters on my *Tonight* show, who often record together, have come up with what I think is their best offering to date. Steve and Eydie give the rhythm treatment to the new tune called "Close Your Eyes" and back it up with an old favorite, "Besame Mucho," done in a Latin tempo. Dick Jacobs conducts on both. (Coral)

Speaking of *Tonight*, I'm happy that so many of you folks liked my album, and I'm also pleased that Coral is releasing a single record of the song "Tonight," done by that talented baritone, Buddy Greco.

Capitol has signed the cute little French singer, Line Renaud, and they're mighty excited about her first record, "If I Love," a ballad, and "Pam-Pou-De," a music-hall type of thing. Both tunes, by the way, were written by Line's husband, Louis Gaste, who is one of France's best-known composers and guitarists. Line is the gal Bob Hope discovered in Paris; she appeared with Hope on his TV show.

Sammy Davis, Jr. has only been in the record big-time for little over a year, but he has become increasingly popular as a wax personality. And now Decca has put together an album called "Starring Sammy Davis, Jr." It includes some of his previously released singles, such as "Hey There," "Birth of the Blues," and "This Is My Be-

loved," as well as some well-known standards, "Easy to Love," "September Song," "My Funny Valentine," "Because of You," "Lonesome Road," and "Stan' Up an' Fight" (from "Carmen Jones").

James Brown, otherwise known as Lieutenant Rip Masters of the *Rin Tin Tin* TV show, has made his second record following his successful debut with "Davy Crockett." James sings "The Berry Tree," the big song from the movie, "Many Rivers to Cross." Adults as well as the kids should like this one. On the coupling he does a straight ballad, "I Lost When I Found You." (M-G-M)

Speaking of Davy Crockett, the lad has been such a click that Columbia is issuing the original Davy Crockett stories—as performed on the *Disneyland* TV series, with Fess Parker, Buddy Ebsen and George Bruns' orchestra—"Davy Crockett Goes to Congress," "Davy Crockett, Indian Fighter," and "Davy Crockett at the Alamo."

The complete soundtrack of the musical score from the M-G-M musical, "Interrupted Melody," has been put into album form by M-G-M Records. The movie is the life story of the famous operatic personality, Marjorie Lawrence—whose active career ended when she became crippled and was confined to a wheelchair—with Eleanor Parker playing the Lawrence role. Also in the movie, and on the album, are Glenn Ford, Roger Moore and Cecil Kellaway. However, Eleanor Parker's "voice" is dubbed, and beautifully so, by the well-known soprano, Eileen Farrell. The musical emphasis is on light-classical selections, but there are some popular songs included as well. Walter Ducloux conducts the M-G-M Studio Symphony and chorus.

Well, it's time to go, and speaking of life stories in the movies, I'm about to leap to Hollywood to try my luck with "The Benny Goodman Story" at Universal-International. A musical, natch. See you next month.



Les Paul and Mary Ford "do it again" with two fine numbers for Capitol.



Mary's famous recipes have been tried and tasted by such people as "Ike" Eisenhower and Charles Lindbergh. Here, Hollywood star Alan Mowbray tries her 'burgers.



After her history-making jet flight, Mary poses with husband Gill Robb Wilson (second from right) and Air Force officials.

Mary Wilson keeps the airlines and airwaves buzzing—in a plane, or as WPTZ's gracious, vivacious "first lady"

HEAD IN THE CLOUDS

THOUSANDS of viewers within sight and sound of Philadelphia's Station WPTZ know Mary Wilson as the charming hostess of *Pots, Pans And Personalities*—the show that combines Mary's famous recipes with zesty dashes of music and personality interviews. Seen Monday, Tuesday and Friday at 2:30 P.M., the show also features singing-comedian Jack Wilson (no relation), who joins Mary in feting the entire membership of a woman's club on each program. . . . Well over a thousand requests for recipes come Mary's way each week. But, as housewives walk to the corner to mail these letters, many would be surprised to know that the jet plane zooming by overhead might very well be piloted by the same Mary Wilson. Jets are new to Mary, who is the second woman ever to pilot one. But flying itself is a long-time hobby and the blonde, gray-eyed TV hostess has more than 50,000 flying miles to her credit. Her instructor is her husband, Gill Robb Wilson, editor and publisher of *Flying Magazine*. Mary boasts that she was able to land a plane the first time she tried flying one, but she adds that a perfect landing is something she hasn't achieved—"yet." . . . Mary has

cooked for some of the world's most famous people, including President Eisenhower—to whom she served "baked beans made from scratch and baked all day." Last St. Patrick's day, Mary wanted to talk with Premier John A. Costello of Ireland and so, as casually as most women go to market, Mary flew to Dublin, recorded the interview, then flew back. . . . After graduating from Rider College in Trenton, Mary spent six years in the business world, rising from secretary to vice-president of a large Newark department store. She met her husband while he was a Presbyterian minister in Trenton. They were married in 1931. Their daughter and two grandchildren live in California, but this distance means little to the flying Wilsons. . . . Mary and Gill share a modern Philadelphia apartment, which boasts of 950-square-foot oil painting. The color pink is used throughout the five-room apartment, even to the ironing-board cover and the bird-cage cover. In her spare time, Mary plays golf, does little-theater acting and, of course, cooks. Mostly though, Mary Wilson likes heading skyward—in the very same direction as her popularity rating with Station WPTZ viewers.

Hollywood's favorite
**Lustre-Creme
Shampoo...**



"Yes, I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo," says Joan Crawford. It's the favorite of 4 out of 5 top Hollywood movie stars!

It never dries your hair! Lustre-Creme Shampoo is blessed with lanolin . . . foams into rich lather, even in hardest water . . . leaves hair so easy to manage.

It beautifies! For soft, bright, fragrantly clean hair—without special after-rinses—choose the shampoo of America's most glamorous women. Use the favorite of Hollywood movie stars—Lustre-Creme Shampoo.

Never Dries— it Beautifies!



Joan Crawford

starring in

"FEMALE ON THE BEACH"

A Universal-International Picture

**The naked truth about
the girl in the locker room!**

She's the belle of the beach . . . even the waves seem to snuggle closer. She's the girl with the eye-stopping figure, slim waist, smooth hips, flat tummy. She's the girl *you* think it's impossible to be . . . (you're wrong!) She's the girl who *never* slips into a bathing suit or summer dress, pair of slacks or shorts, without first slipping into a Playtex Panty Brief!



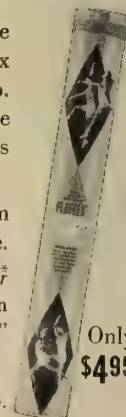
Introducing the New Playtex *High Style* **Panty Brief**



And now, newer than new, and waiting for you is the Playtex *High Style* Panty Brief! Magically slimming latex outside, cloud-soft fabric inside, and a lovely non-roll top. Comfortable, flexible . . . and not a seam, stitch or bone to show through—*anywhere*! Washes in seconds, dries quickly, and works miracles—*no matter what your size*.

Look for Playtex® *High Style* Panty Brief in the slim tube in department stores and specialty shops everywhere.

And for *extra* control, the famous Playtex *Magic-Controller* Panty Brief with hidden "finger" panels. Only \$6.95. The bra on the wall is the new Playtex† Living† Bra*... "custom-contoured" of elastic and nylon. \$3.95 †Trademark



Only
\$4.95

Playtex . . . known everywhere as the girdle in the **SLIM** tube.



Daytime Diary

All programs are heard Monday through Friday; consult local papers for time and station.

BACKSTAGE WIFE Mary Noble's efforts to forget her husband's involvement with actress Elise Shephard have plunged her into a difficult situation with Hollywood producer Malcolm Devereaux, who has promised her a starring career in movies. Believing Malcolm's promises are prompted by his love for her, Mary refuses his offers, but she is unprepared for the clever device by which he hopes to separate her completely from Larry. NBC Radio.

THE BRIGHTER DAY New Hope's project for erecting a great Youth Center has led the Reverend Richard Dennis down some dangerous byways and into some strange company. Just what is the situation between Lydia Herrick and her brother-in-law, Don Herrick, the temperamental architect who may—or may not—plan the Center? Will Lucius Devereux regret sponsoring him? Or will Dr. Dennis be able to help still another troubled soul? CBS-TV and CBS Radio.

CONCERNING MISS MARLOWE Ever since her meeting with dynamic Jim Gavin, Maggie Marlowe has been unable to regain the tranquillity she sought so eagerly. Now the death of Jim's estranged wife has opened a new chapter of heartache for Maggie—heartache and perhaps other emotions as well. Although she cannot deny her strong feeling for Jim, will this latest tragedy stand in the way of any future happiness they wish to share? NBC-TV.

THE DOCTOR'S WIFE An unexpected problem enters the Palmers' lives when young Dr. Fred Conrad falls in love with Julie. But the difficult, spoiled young girl who loves Fred is hardly the kind to discourage easily. How much of a hand can Julie herself take in turning Fred toward Eileen? And is Dan just a trifle overconfident about his conviction that his young assistant's feeling for Julie is unfortunate only for Fred himself? NBC Radio.

FIRST LOVE From the first day of Zach's friendship with Petey, Laurie knew that she was the kind of girl who means

trouble. But not even Laurie anticipated the kind of trouble Petey would bring to her marriage—the trouble that exploded into Zach's trial for Petey's murder. Knowing that her husband must be innocent, Laurie begins the tortuous unraveling of Petey's past. Where do her suspicions lead? NBC-TV.

THE GREATEST GIFT In most large communities a woman doctor is no longer an oddity, but in a small town there is still a certain amount of skepticism, and Dr. Eve Allen has had an uphill fight for the acceptance she has finally won. Will an accident for which she is not responsible result in the loss of ground she cannot hope to regain? Can she continue to accept Dr. Stone's help under the circumstances? NBC-TV.

THE GUIDING LIGHT Some time ago Bertha warned her friend, Kathy Lang, that it was a mistake to expect that Dr. Jim Kelly would continue trading his devotion for the careless friendship which is all Kathy has offered. But Kathy cannot forget her former husband, Dick Grant, or her stubborn feeling that despite Dick's disappearance, there is still something ahead for them. Will she throw happiness away? CBS-TV and CBS Radio.

HAWKINS FALLS Ever since Lona and Dr. Floyd Corey married, they have met and solved one problem after another in fairly perfect accord. But Lona finds it hard to be patient when Floyd deliberately flouts advice about his own health in order to continue looking after that of his patients. Will he drive himself too far unless Lona insists? And if she does insist, what will happen to their relationship? NBC-TV.

HILLTOP HOUSE Fortunately for Julie Nixon's peace of mind, orphanage problems for which she is responsible keep her from becoming too intimately involved in the threatened breakup of her cousin Nina's marriage. Though she knows that the unstable Nina is heading for trouble, Julie has never believed that outsiders, however affectionate and interested, should

interfere between man and wife. But what will stop Nina? CBS Radio.

THE INNER FLAME Dorie Lawlor faces the most difficult decision of her life when she agrees to leave town in return for her grandmother's putting up the money for Walter Manning's trial. Will three months away from Walter cure Dorie's love? Does Walter's wife Portia really believe that she has lost him to Dorie? It's Portia's nature to fight—but as a lawyer she knows a hopeless fight when she sees one. CBS-TV.

JOYCE JORDAN, M.D. As is always the case with older sisters, Joyce feels a big responsibility toward her star-struck young sister Kitty, who thinks she wants to be a dancer instead of marrying the nice young man who has asked her. Will Mike Hill's sponsorship of Kitty embarrass him? How much of Kitty's ambition is mere envy of her big sister, whose success as a doctor has not prevented her from developing as a woman? NBC-TV.

JUST PLAIN BILL For a long time Bill Davidson has dedicated himself to helping others, and all of Hartville looks upon him as a man to whom friends can bring their troubles. But as Bill finds that more and more of late he must involve his daughter Nancy and her husband, Kerry Donovan, he begins to wonder if he is justified in allowing danger, which he himself does not fear, to come so close to them. NBC Radio.

LORENZO JONES Belle's long fight to help Lorenzo regain his memory and reinstate their marriage receives a serious setback with the murder of Roger Caxton. Fearful that this tragedy will drive them further apart, Belle accepts the help of Denis Scott, even though she knows that he is in love with her. Will the young writer be true to his promise to help, or has he some other scheme of his own to win Belle himself? NBC Radio.

LOVE OF LIFE In a misguided desire to protect Vanessa, Paul Raven has fought desperately to prevent a meeting between
(Continued on page 22)

NEW DESIGNS FOR LIVING



7158



705

7158—Easiest stitches (mainly quick cross-stitch and outline) make the prettiest designs ever. Transfer of embroidery motifs; twelve ballet dancers, $5\frac{1}{4}$ to $7\frac{3}{4}$ inches tall; 32 flowers, 1 to 3 inches. 25¢

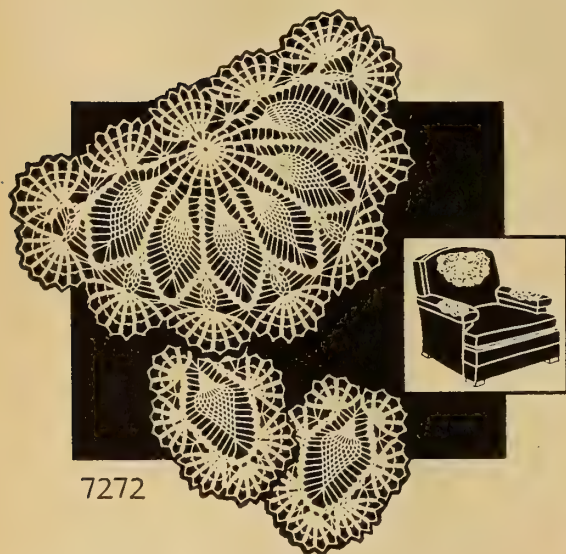
705—Mom, be thrifty: Use remnants for boy-or-girl play tops and pants. They're cool and comfortable! Pattern pieces in sizes for 6-month, 1-year, 18-month babies. Transfer of embroidery included. 25¢

637—Her full skirt's a protective cover for your electric mixer. Easy-to-make—use scraps. Pattern pieces, transfer of embroidery motifs, complete directions. 25¢



637

25
INCHES

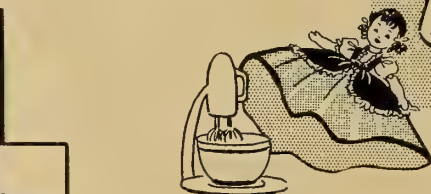


7272

7272—Add a touch of real luxury to your room. Crisp, dainty pineapple-design crochet forms a new and different lacy chair-set. Directions included. 25¢

7245—Just three main pattern parts—easy to make. And that frosty embroidery is a fun-to-do fashion touch. Misses' Sizes 12-20. Pattern pieces, transfer of embroidery motifs. State size. 25¢

874—One hexagon (20 inches diagonally, point to point)—pineapple design—makes a centerpiece; two a scarf; seven a cloth! Crochet a 20-inch hexagon in No. 30 Mercerized cotton; larger in knitting and crochet cotton; smaller in No. 50 cotton. 25¢



7245
SIZES
12-20

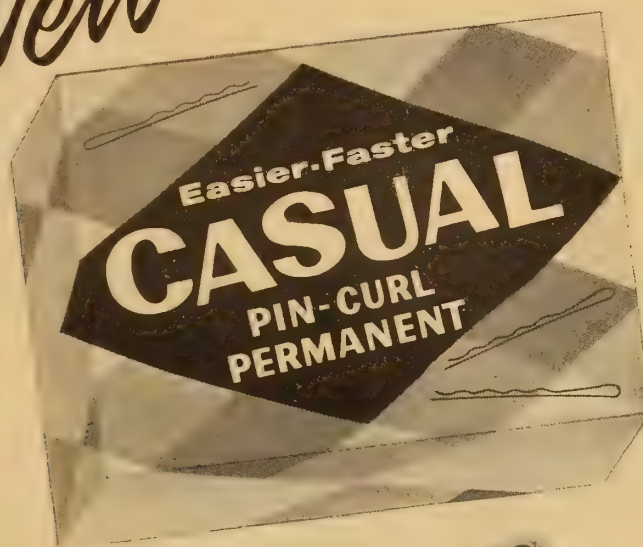


874

Send twenty-five cents (in coins) for each pattern to: TV RADIO MIRROR, Needlecraft Service, P.O. Box 137, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, N. Y. Add five cents for each pattern for first-class mailing. Send an additional 25¢ for Needlecraft Catalog.

**For the Easiest Permanent
of Your Life . . .**

New



SET IT !



Set your pin-curls just as you always do.
No need for anyone to help.

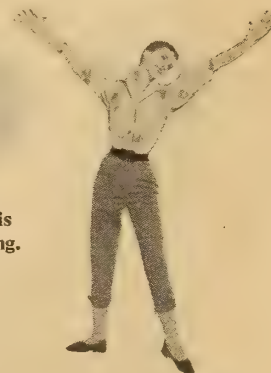
WET IT !



Apply CASUAL lotion just once.
15 minutes later, rinse with clear water.

FORGET IT !

That's all there is to it! CASUAL is
self-neutralizing. There's no resetting.
Your work is finished!



**Naturally lovely, carefree curls
that last for weeks . . .**

CASUAL is the word for it . . . soft, carefree waves
and curls—never tight or kinky—beautifully manageable,
perfect for the new flattering hair styles that highlight the softer,
natural look. Tonight—give yourself the loveliest wave
of your life—a CASUAL pin-curl permanent!



takes just 15 minutes more than setting your hair!

\$1.50 PLUS TAX

MEET ALICE JACKSON



Her pearls came unclasped as Alice donated blood on TV, but the show helped the Red Cross meet its quota.



Member of the pulpit committee, Alice chats with Rev. Sherrard of the First Baptist Church.

Friendliness, sincerity and ingenuity make her WJAR-TV program a daily highlight for Rhode Islanders

EARLIER this year, when Alice Jackson was in a hospital with virus pneumonia, her WJAR-TV viewers sent so many cards and letters they had to be brought in to Alice by the basket-full. "The attendants and nurses were amazed," Alice recalls, "and I was, too. I always knew I had a wonderful audience for my television program but their personal interest in my welfare certainly thrilled me." . . . This month, Alice marks her fifth year as the star of *Let's Go Shopping*, seen weekdays at 1 P.M. During this time, her sincere and lively charm have endeared her to Rhode Island viewers, both young and old, male and female. A family program, Alice's half-hour features good buys in clothing and household products, fashion shows, and a guest-room portion where Alice interviews representatives of various community organizations on their up-coming affairs. . . . Alice, who attended the University of Hawaii and majored in home economics at Cornell University, served as a dietitian at the Rhode Island School of Design before her entry into radio and then TV. On or off camera, her life is closely allied with the life of her community. Active in church affairs since the age of six, Alice closes her Friday programs with an inspirational message delivered alternately by a minister, priest and rabbi. . . . Whenever it is humanly possible, Alice attends the bazaars, entertainments and numerous other events she discusses on her programs. "I don't like to disappoint anybody," she says seriously. She is a charter member of American Women in Radio and Television and is currently TV director of the New England Chapter of that organization. A member of the Providence Players for the past several years, Alice has served on the "front of the house" committee for eight seasons. "Everything I love is right around me," she says of her home on Providence's historic Benefit Street, "my church, the Players, the art centers." Alice's busy schedule is that of a woman with a zest for life. She loves to travel, and her favorite vacation spot is Block Island. "If I ever decide to leave the States," she says, "I'll go to Hawaii. Why, I've even started to brush up on the uke for my visit there this summer." Wherever she travels, her many WJAR-TV friends wish Alice "Godspeed."



**Did you say
TOM
MOORE ?**

**Yes...it's
FLORIDA
CALLING!**



LISTEN to this...listen every weekday to the **MUTUAL** program that ships Florida sunshine all over the country—through the sparkling style of its emcee, Tom Moore, and his star performers and musicians. Be at your phone with the right answer to an intriguing question he'll ask you. **WIN** a 10-day, all-expenses-paid, Florida vacation for two. You'll be glad you listened...glad to be alive...glad of **FLORIDA CALLING**.

Mondays through Fridays 11:00 to 11:25 NYT

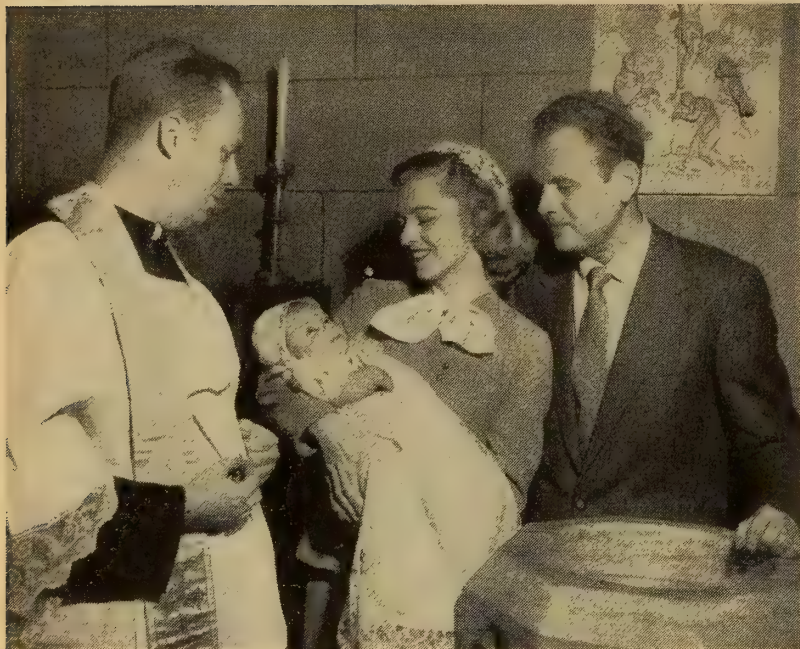
Presented coast to coast by The Florida Citrus Commission

*(See local listings for time on your **MUTUAL** station.)*

MUTUAL BROADCASTING SYSTEM—a service of General Teleradio Inc.

What's New from Coast

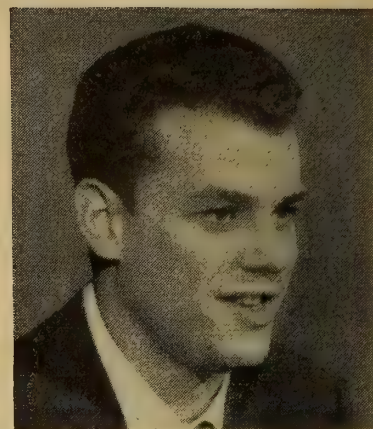
•By JILL WARREN



Proud parents Dick Van Patten and Pat Poole have their son baptized Richard Nels by Father Scanlon. Dick is Nels on *Mama*.



Musicomic Victor Borge, a *Person To Person* grad, punctuates a pet story for Edward R. Murrow at New York's Barberry Room.



Summer brings Julius La Rosa to CBS-TV with his own daily show.

ON JUNE 12, NBC Radio will launch an exciting new program called *Monitor*, which is reported to be the "last word" in broadcasting. *Monitor* will be heard continuously from 8 A.M. (Eastern time) Saturday to midnight, Sunday, and will be divided into ten four-hour segments. An elaborate two-way communication system has been devised to pick up interesting and up-to-date reports from roving correspondents throughout this country and Europe. In addition to giving the latest news, sports, weather, local and special features, *Monitor* will present a wide variety of entertainment—from comedy and drama to music and celebrity interviews. There will even be live pickups from NBC's weekend television shows—for example, on Saturday night, *Monitor* listeners might hear, via radio, part of *The George Gobel Show*, or on Sunday night, a song by Dean Martin on the Colgate show.

Julius La Rosa is all set to start his thirteen-week summer series on CBS-TV, the night of June 27. Julie will replace Perry Como, Jo Stafford and Jane Froman—with a musical show, of course, to be seen Monday through Friday, for fifteen minutes. Meanwhile, Perry Como is deep in plans for his new hour show, to be seen over NBC-TV. The show is scheduled for Saturday night, opposite Jackie Gleason, and will start some time in September.

Good news for *Ethel And Albert* fans: The popular domestic comedy will be a part of CBS-TV's summer schedule, replacing the vacationing *December Bride* series on Monday nights, as of June 20. Peg Lynch, who also writes the show, is Ethel and Alan Bunche plays Albert.

to Coast



Pert Betty Clooney now warbles as a regular for Robert Q. Lewis.

Those *Whiting Girls* is the name of CBS-TV's brand-new show which will replace *I Love Lucy* on Monday nights during the warm months. It's a musical-variety half-hour, starring Margaret and Barbara Whiting. This is the first time the sisters have worked together professionally.

The energetic Sid Caesar will be his own summer replacement on NBC-TV—but as a producer, not as a performer. Sid's summer stint will star comedian Phil Foster as a bus driver, and will combine variety along with a story line. In the vocal spotlight will be baritone Bill Hayes, who was formerly featured on *Your Show Of Shows*, and Bobby Sherwood will be the orchestra leader. Carl Reiner, a familiar performer on *Caesar's Hour*, will direct the hour-long proceedings which start Monday night, June 27.

CBS Radio has come up with an ambitious new musical show called *The Woolworth Hour*, featuring Percy Faith's orchestra and chorus and Macdonald Carey as emcee. The theme of this Sunday-afternoon offering is "What's New in Music," and will cover everything from Bach to ballet, swing to grand opera. Weekly guests will include leading personalities from the music world.

Another new tune show which debuted on CBS Radio in April is *Disk Derby*, heard Tuesday through Friday nights and featuring strictly popular music. Fred Robbins is emcee-disc jockey, and the Norman Paris Trio provides live musical accompaniment for guest artists. On each show, Fred also plays brand-new recordings and the favorites are chosen by studio-audience applause.

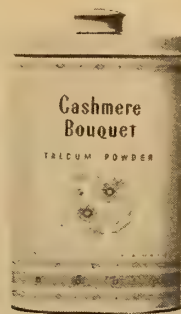
(Continued on page 20)

How to make your life a bed of roses...

*Relax to the satin feel of flowers
on your skin, the heady scent
of flowers in the air... the sheer luxury
of having every inch of you
soothed and sweetened with*

cashmere bouquet

Talcum Powder



59¢ 29¢
Plus Tax



information booth

Success Story

Would you give us some information about Carl Reiner, the "second banana" on Caesar's Hour on NBC-TV?

S.Q., Darien, Conn.

"I started at \$12 a week and, through my own ingenuity, hard work and perseverance, I ended by making \$8 a week." This is Carl Reiner's story of his brief business-world career following his graduation from Evander Childs High School in New York. His show-business career is a more orthodox success story. After eight months of drama school, Carl, at 17, was acting opposite Virginia Gilmore in a little-theater group. . . . In 1942, Carl went into the Army and was stationed in Hawaii when he auditioned for Maurice Evans, who was passing through with his G.I. version of "Hamlet." After the audition, the company toured the South Pacific with Reiner-written revues and skits. . . . Out of the Army, Carl won a road company lead in "Call Me Mister," then appeared on Broadway in "Inside U.S.A." and "Alive and Kicking"—the latter being a musical on which Max Liebman did considerable work. When Liebman became producer-director of *Your Show Of Shows*, he remembered Carl and hired him. Then, when Caesar and

Coca got their own shows, Carl went along with Sid for *Caesar's Hour*. . . . Carl is married to the former Estelle Lebest, an artist, and they live—with their two children, Robbie, 8, and Sylvia Anne, 6—in an apartment in New York. "The Bronx!" Carl says proudly.

What's Up, Doc?

I would like to know about Richard Boone, who is host on NBC-TV's Medic.

D.N., Moorhead, Minn.

Richard Boone's first encounter with show business came after the war when he attended New York's Neighborhood Playhouse. Before that, the native Californian had been a boxer at Stanford University and the San Diego Army and Navy Academy, spent eighteen months in the oilfields, and operated a charter fishing craft. During the war, he served as a Navy air crewman. . . . At the Playhouse, Richard became interested in modern dance and appeared in three terpsichorean productions. He performed in six new plays in New York and about 150 television shows before heading for Hollywood. His film credits include "The Robe," "Violent Men," and "Dragnet." . . . Coincidentally, at the time Richard was playing the lead in *Medic's* pilot film, about a doctor performing a Caesarean section, his own wife was in a Santa Monica hospital giving birth to their first child, also by Caesarean.

Sherlock Holmes

Would you tell me about Ronald Howard, who plays the title role in NBC-TV's Sherlock Holmes series? I love his "so very English" look. V.P., Kingston, N. Y.

Star Ronald Howard and the Baker Street detective he portrays have several things in common. Both graduated from Cambridge University, where both began to play the violin for their own amusement. Ronald, like Sherlock Holmes, collects books as a hobby and has the same charm and fine sense of humor as the famous detective. Unlike Holmes, Ronald Howard is married and has three children. . . . Born thirty-six years ago in London, England, Ronald was two years old when

he was brought to the United States by his famed actor-father, the late Leslie Howard. At ten, Ronald returned to England, and he has since shuttled between both countries. Before war broke out in 1939, he had worked as a journalist in England. He gave this up to join the Royal Navy for almost seven years and, after the war, resumed his theatrical career with the BBC television in London. Among the films he has appeared in are "Street Corner," "Queen of Spades," "Dark Interlude" and "Glad Tidings." His favorite acting role was as Tom Wrench in the stage play, "Trewlaney of the Wells," and his future acting plans include devoting one full year to acting in Shakespearean roles with England's Old Vic Company.

Familiar Voice

I seem to remember the voice of Verna Felton, who now appears on CBS-TV's December Bride, from many former radio programs. What roles did she play on radio?

F.H.T., Levant, Me.

On radio, Verna Felton was Dennis Day's mother and Red Skelton's grandmother. The veteran character actress has also been the voice behind many Walt Disney creations and last season played Dean Bradley on *Meet Mr. McNulty*.



Carl Reiner



Ronald Howard



Patricia Wheel

Doctor's Treat

Would you give me some information on Patricia Wheel, who plays Peggy Regan on *The Guiding Light*, on CBS-TV and CBS Radio, and also stars on *The Doctor's Wife* over NBC Radio?

W.D.F., New Orleans, La.

Slender, dark-haired Patricia Wheel loves commuting between the hospitals on TV and radio, as a nurse in *The Guiding Light* and as a medic's spouse on *The Doctor's Wife*. In fact, Pat says, if she weren't already an actress, she'd enter nursing school. . . . In private life, Pat is the newly-wed wife of Eric H. A. Teran, an industrial designer. She has been an actress for nine years—or since the age of fourteen, when she finished school. . . . Determined to be an actress, Pat spent four years, part of the time overseas, as an understudy and in summer stock. She broke into radio on a local station in her native New York. Her Broadway dream came true when she played opposite Jose Ferrer in "Cyrano" and with Maurice Evans in "The Browning Version." Her TV break was a part in an early serial.

Calling All Fans

The following clubs invite new members. If you are interested in joining, write to the address given—not to TV RADIO MIRROR.

Steve Allen Fan Club, c/o Phyllis Myers, 21 Maxine Pl., Akron 5, Ohio.

Range Riders Fan Club (Jack Mahoney and Dick Jones), c/o Joanne Collins, 3890 Bradley Rd., Westlake, Ohio.

Roy Rogers Fan Club, c/o Sharon Filipa, Rt. 2, Boyceville, Wis.

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—If there's something you want to know about radio and television, write to Information Booth, TV RADIO MIRROR, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. We'll answer, if we can, provided your question is of general interest. Answers will appear in this column—but be sure to attach this box to your letter, and specify whether your question concerns radio or TV.



ARE YOU REALLY LOVELY TO LOVE?

Is there an air of freshness about you . . . always?

A sweet, appealing air of freshness . . . is yours, always . . . when you use Fresh Cream Deodorant.

Fresh keeps you free from embarrassing underarm odor and stains. Underarms are dry! For Fresh contains the most highly effective perspiration-checking ingredient now known to science.

When you open the Fresh jar you'll

discover . . . its delicate fragrance . . . its whiteness, its whipped cream smoothness. Not a trace of stickiness. Not a trace of greasiness. Gentle to skin, too.

For an air of freshness use Fresh Cream Deodorant every day—be sure you are lovely to love, always.

Fresh is a registered trademark of Pharma-Craft Corporation. Also manufactured and distributed in Canada.

a *Fresh* girl
is always
lovely to love



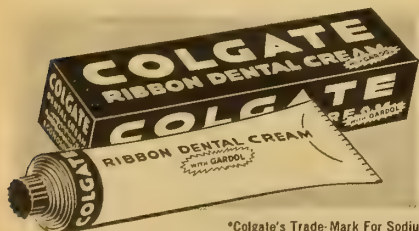
**EVEN IF YOU
BRUSH YOUR TEETH
ONLY ONCE A DAY
Colgate
Dental Cream
Gives The Surest
Protection
All Day Long!**



Brushing For Brushing, It's The Surest Protection Ever Offered By Any Toothpaste! Because Only Colgate's—Of All Leading Toothpastes—Contains Gardol* To Guard Against Tooth Decay Longer—Stop Bad Breath Instantly!

**ASK YOUR DENTIST HOW
OFTEN YOU SHOULD BRUSH**

YOUR TEETH! But remember! Even if you brush only once a day, Colgate Dental Cream gives the *surest* protection all day long! Gardol, Colgate's wonderful new decay-fighter, forms an invisible shield around your teeth that won't rinse off or wear off all day! And Colgate's stops bad breath *instantly* in 7 out of 10 cases that originate in the mouth! Fights tooth decay 12 hours or more! Clinical tests showed the greatest reduction in decay in toothpaste history!



*Colgate's Trade-Mark For Sodium N-Lauroyl Sarcosinate.

**IT CLEANS YOUR BREATH
While It GUARDS YOUR TEETH!**

What's New from Coast

(Continued from page 17)

Warner Brothers and the American Broadcasting Company have signed a long-term contract which calls for the Warners studios to produce a series of thirty-nine full-hour features solely for television. The weekly series will premiere on ABC-TV September 13 and will be based upon three full-length Warners movies—"King's Row," "Casablanca," and "Cheyenne." Members of the casts have not been announced as yet, but they will undoubtedly include some up-and-coming new personalities.

The reactions to **Arthur Godfrey's** "mass firing," as it was called in broadcasting circles, have quieted down—at least for the time being. **Marion Marlowe** is happily fulfilling her contract with **Ed Sullivan** on *Toast Of The Town*; **The Mariners** are busy with their many concert dates; **Haleloke** is back in the Hawaiian Islands—or due to leave for there any minute; and **Arthur's** three dismissed writers are now working for **Garry Moore**. In the middle of all the rumpus, **Carmel Quinn**, the new **Little Godfrey**, announced that she had been married for two years to her manager, **Bill Fuller**, and that they have a baby daughter. (A complete story on **Carmel** can be found on page 52.)

Meanwhile, a few predictions on the future status of **Mr. Godfrey** and his friends: **Janette Davis** will soon forsake her singing chores and will be assigned a production job on the **Godfrey** shows; **Lu Ann Simms** will not return to the **Godfrey** programs following the birth of her baby in September; and it's only a question of time before the **McGuire Sisters** and **Frank Parker** part company with **Mr. G. . . .** I could be wrong, but we'll see.

This 'n' That:

Songstress **Betty Clooney** has joined the **Robert Q. Lewis** cast as a regular member of his Monday-through-Friday

TV show and will also be heard on **Bob's** radio program. **Betty** took over for **Jaye P. Morgan**, who left the **Lewis** levities to go on a personal-appearance tour.

Dennis James and **Old Gold Cigarettes** have discontinued their partnership—at least for the time being—but it's strictly a friendly affair. Because he is so busy with his other shows and was doing only commercials for them, **Dennis** and **Old Gold** agreed to part company until this fall. Then, **Old Gold** plans to come up with a show of his own for **Dennis**, as they consider him one of the best salesmen they ever had.

Eleanor Powell's *West Coast* show, *Faith Of Our Children*, may go network soon over ABC-TV. This popular religious program for youngsters won an Emmy Award for the former dancing star, and it would certainly be a welcome addition to the coast-to-coast TV schedule.

Betty Johnson and **Dick Noel** have been signed as regular vocalists on **Don McNeill's** *Breakfast Club*. After **Johnny Desmond** and **Eileen Parker** left, **Don** experimented with different singers every week, and has now chosen **Betty** and **Dick** for the permanent spots.

Joan Alexander, of *The Name's The Same*, and her husband, **Arthur Stanton**, are beaming over the arrival of their first visit from the stork, a baby boy whom they have named **Adam**. **Joan** also has an eight-year-old daughter, **Jane**, by a previous marriage.

Ralph Edwards knows where his paycheck is coming from, for at least the next five years. He has just signed an exclusive contract with **NBC** for his personal services and for the *This Is Your Life* series for that length of time.

The sponsors of **Mr. Peepers** are dropping the show sometime this month, after three years of telecasting. Unfortunately, the ratings have been down, even though the show is still quite popular. **Wally**



Liberace's name on the dotted line means he'll play the dramatic film role of a pianist in "Sincerely Yours" for **Jack Warner** of **Warner Bros.**

to Coast

Cox's future plans are still indefinite at this point, but his producers plan to experiment with a change of format for him.

Our *Miss Brooks* will be a full-length movie soon, with Eve Arden in the star role, of course. Production is set to start this summer, while her popular TV show is off the air.

Steve Allen has added another accomplishment to his many talents—a book, called *Steve Allen's Bop Fables*, which is comprised of four bop-talk fairy tales: "Goldilocks and the Three Cool Bears," "Three Mixed-Up Little Pigs," "Crazy Red Riding Hood," and "Jack and the Real Flip Beanstalk."

Mulling The Mail:

B. B., Pomeroy, O.: Faye Emerson and Skitch Henderson have no children of their own, though Faye has a son, Scoop, by her first marriage. . . . Mr. and Mrs. J. L., Cincinnati, O.: Rin Tin Tin, the dog star, does his own barking on the television show, which is filmed, but on the radio program, actor Frank Milano "imitates" Rin. . . . Mrs. J. J. M., Cheyenne, Wyo.: Les Paul's and Mary Ford's baby was born prematurely but, unfortunately, lived only a few days. . . . Mrs. H. E., Babylon, N. Y., and others who asked how to get tickets to TV and radio shows: TV RADIO MIRROR has no way of obtaining tickets for readers. The best way is to write in advance, directly to the show you want to see, or to the Ticket Department of the network or station broadcasting the program. . . . Miss Y. O'C., Memphis, Tenn.: You are right, Mary Martin's "Peter Pan" production will be repeated by NBC-TV, but not until the coming Christmas season.

What Ever Happened To . . . ?

Pat Marshall, who until recently sang on the *Tonight* television show? Pat left the Steve Allen program in order to prepare a night-club act, which is presently being written for her, and she hopes to tour the country during the summer.

Ransom Sherman, one-time popular emcee on the old *Club Matinee* radio show and on many other programs? Ransom has been operating a magic-gag-gift shop in Hollywood and hasn't been active at all in radio. However, he is doing some TV film work, mainly spicing commercials, some of which he has already shot and which will be shown this fall.

Walter O'Keefe, the well-known quizmaster and emcee, who last appeared as a summer substitute on *Two For The Money*? Walter has been working on a new night-club act while living in Hollywood, and recently tried it out in California. He hopes to play supper clubs soon and eventually would like to do guest shots on TV.

If you have a question about one of your favorite people or programs, or wonder what has happened to someone on radio or television, drop me a line: Miss Jill Warren, TV RADIO MIRROR, 205 East 42 St., New York 17, N. Y., and I'll try my best to find out for you and put the information in the column. Unfortunately, I don't have space to answer all questions, so I try to cover those personalities and shows about whom I receive the most inquiries. Sorry, no personal answers, so please do not enclose stamped envelopes or postage, as they will not be returned.



When an argument gets hectic, should you—

☐ Tape record it

☐ Break it up

☐ Take the loser's side

One man's politics (or ball club or disc collection) can often be another man's poison ivy! So before either arguer blows his stack, take over. Shatter the chatter—tactfully. Maybe with music; or a funny story; anything to change the subject and

save the party from bogging down. You can save yourself many an anxious moment at calendar time, as well. For when you choose *Kotex**, you're getting the softness, safety, complete absorbency you need—to maintain your poise, your peace of mind.



Quick way out of your hero's heart?

☐ Confess you can't cook

☐ Kiss and tell

☐ Be a mambo maniac

All those sweet nothings he whispered in her ear, last night . . . all cancelled, in nothing flat! Why? Because today a complete playback reached his blushing ears! Only a chrome dome babbles to her cronies. It's a fatal mistake. On certain days, you need make no mistakes about sanitary protection—not with *Kotex*. For this napkin can be worn on either side, safely; and you get special softness that holds its shape.



Is the longer torso line strictly for—

☐ Beanpole stature

☐ Chubby contours

☐ Little middles

☐ Laughs

That long, lean midriff look—got it? Better get with it, especially if your competition's hand-span waisted! Do bending, stretching exercises that pull in your tummy. And of course avoiding greasy or gooey goodies can help whittle your middle. At "that" time, too (even in a slim skirted dress) you can meet all eyes serenely—what with *Kotex* and those flat pressed ends preventing telltale outlines. Try all 3 sizes of *Kotex*; learn which suits you.

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins

Made for each other—*Kotex* and *Kotex* sanitary belts—and made to keep you comfortable. Of strong, soft-stretch elastic, they're designed to prevent curling, cutting or twisting. So lightweight! And *Kotex* belts stay flat even after many washings. Buy two . . . for a change!



*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Regular ^{\$2¹⁰} value
now only ^{\$}1

Evening
in Paris
CO-STARS

Evening in Paris
CO-STARS



Matching Talc and Toilet Water!
...Co-Stars in the fragrance used by more women than any other in the world! Created to keep you delightfully cool all through the summer months, these Evening in Paris Co-Stars are available at cosmetic counters everywhere.

For limited time only!

BOURJOIS—Created in France... Made in U.S.A.

Daytime Diary

(Continued from page 11)

her and his first wife, Judith. But Paul's furtiveness has worsened the entire situation. Can his friends, Colley and Grace Jordan, persuade him to tell the truth about the child of his first marriage before it is too late? And is Van far more resourceful than Paul—or Judith—realizes? CBS-TV.

MA PERKINS All other activities go by the board as Ma concentrates on the tragic problem of Gladys and Joe—the problem made more tragic by Gladys' conviction that their sickly little daughter is in some way her fault, and that she has failed Joe as a wife. Can Ma solve the problem of restoring Gladys to mental and emotional health? Ma knows Joe's strength, but is he strong enough to face what may lie ahead? CBS Radio.

OUR GAL SUNDAY Leslie Northurst's careful plan to win the Brinthrope title and estates from Lord Henry is so well organized that for a time it almost seems that the fraudulent claim may succeed. But at last Lord Henry feels he can combat Northurst's attack on his inherited position. Will he be as successful in mending the damage Northurst has done to his marriage with Sunday? Is Sunday justified in fearing the future? CBS Radio.

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY In spite of the many weeks since Carter's disappearance, Peggy Young Trent cannot believe that she will never see him again. Though the family feels perhaps a shade less conviction, they have not for a moment relaxed their efforts to track Carter down. But as each lead dies out in failure, it almost seems that a miracle will be needed if they are ever to trace him. Will they be too late? NBC Radio.

PERRY MASON Though lawyer Perry Mason does not yet know it, the apparently simple case into which he was led by Lois Monahan has ramifications of tremendous importance. For Lois is not what she appears, nor is Eve Merriweather, who bears the name of the famous industrialist Sam Merriweather as the result of something that happened many years ago. Who and what is Eve—and what will it mean to Perry's investigation? CBS Radio.

THE RIGHT TO HAPPINESS Friction between Carolyn and her husband, Miles Nelson, increases despite his support of her during her trial. For Annette Thorpe still plans to mastermind Miles' political career and has not given up hope of taking charge of his personal life, as well. Her expert interference has brought Carolyn's marriage closer to the edge of dissolution than it has ever before been. NBC Radio.

THE ROAD OF LIFE Sooner or later Dr. Jim Brent will find himself unable to continue with the pretense of affection he must show to Sybil Overton in order to save his wife, Jocelyn, from suffering from Sybil's carefully contrived plot. What will happen when Sybil realizes that Jim has been faking romantic interest in order to obtain the evidence he needs? Is her brother Hugh right in fearing that her mind may snap? CBS-TV and CBS Radio.

THE ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT Looking forward at last to the possibility of a future with Gil Whitney, Helen Trent is disturbed by the obvious effort Gil's secretary, Fay Granville, is making to attract him. And Brett Chapman, watching for every chance to patch up his own broken romance with Helen, may succeed in convincing her that she cannot possibly make the right decision concerning Gil. Will Helen turn to Brett once again? CBS Radio.

ROSEMARY As a result of Bill's fight against the narcotics racket in Springdale, both he and Rosemary have received threats that have disturbed Bill more than he will admit. Rosemary, meanwhile, knows she is complicating life by her increasing attachment for little Betsy, niece of her neighbor, Diane Thompson. Just who and what is Betsy's father, Ray Calder? CBS Radio.

SEARCH FOR TOMORROW When Nathan Walsh was defending her on a murder charge, nothing was further from Joanne's mind than that she and he would form parts of a triangle of which her fiancé, Arthur Tate, is the third. Will Nathan be able to keep Arthur, his best friend, from learning how he feels about Joanne? Will Stu and Marge Bergman, in their affectionate efforts to help, make everything much worse before it's better? CBS-TV.

SECOND HUSBAND The many problems that beset a remarried widow are complicated for Diane Lockwood by the resentment her children feel for her husband, Wayne. Though Ted and Mimi love their mother and wish for her happiness, they cannot bring themselves to accept completely Wayne's position as their stepfather. Will their jealousy and lack of cooperation be a serious handicap to this new marriage? CBS Radio.

THE SECOND MRS. BURTON In order to provide his autocratic mother with interests that will take her mind off the Herald, so that he can run it as he sees fit, Stan Burton encourages his sister Marcia's plan to find a husband for the wealthy dowager. But when Buck Halliday turns up Stan fears they have jumped from the frying pan into the fire. Will Mother Burton plight her troth with a hypocritical fortune-hunter? CBS Radio.

THE SECRET STORM The hatred of his frustrated sister-in-law has finally trapped Peter Ames in a more serious dilemma than he believed she was capable of creating. With Pauline's social and financial influence turning the whole town against him, Peter's hopes for reinstating his good name seem dim indeed. But Joe Sullivan, the young reporter who is so much attracted to Peter's daughter Susan, has some ideas of his own. CBS-TV.

STELLA DALLAS Stella is delighted when her daughter Laurel and her son-in-law, Dick Grosvenor, patch up their marriage and go off on a second honeymoon. But the disastrous end to that honeymoon convinces Stella that the only way to save Laurel's happiness is to destroy the threat presented by wealthy Ada

Dexter and her son, Stanley Warrick. Can Stella prove that Ada Dexter is insane? NBC Radio.

THIS IS NORA DRAKE With the confession of Dan Welch that he murdered Fred Molina, Nora feels that her debt to the past is in some measure paid, and that now she must force herself to accept her doctor's advice and make new friends to take the place of her dead husband. David Brown is more than ready to aid in this project, but Nora soon realizes this young man is not quite what he seems. Will David's sister let Nora in on the mystery? CBS Radio.

VALIANT LADY It was shock enough for Helen Emerson to learn that her love for Chris Kendall was hopeless because he had a wife in a mental home. More upsetting to both is the sudden news that Linda, long considered beyond recovery, has made such strides that she may become an out-patient. How will Chris make a home for his young son under these circumstances? How will Helen weather the shocking news from her daughter Diane? CBS-TV.

WENDY WARREN AND THE NEWS Wendy's job as editor of her hometown paper is big enough to take up all her energies, but she cannot help finding time—more and more of it—for the charming Dr. Dalton and his even more beguiling little daughter Gretel. Will Gretel's devotion to Wendy lead to great unhappiness for the child? Or does she suspect something that the grownups are a long way from realizing? CBS Radio.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES The long, hard fight to defend Harry on a bribery charge gets off to a brave start, for Joan Davis cannot believe that anyone who knows her husband could imagine for a moment that he might be guilty. But gradually she and Harry learn the full extent of the opposition and begin to suspect how far-reaching is the plan of which Harry has become one of the earliest victims. How will they fight this unfamiliar enemy? ABC Radio.

THE WOMAN IN MY HOUSE As Jessie Carter knows, bringing up a family requires a variety of talents. Over the years she has done a pretty good job of exercising them all. But perhaps the most important one has only been called upon since her children have grown up—the ability to point out to them when the time is right for them to stand on their own feet. Will she discover that some of them are not able to do it? NBC Radio.

YOUNG DR. MALONE The one person in whom Jill Malone confides these days is David, and now that he is legally her adopted brother her father, Dr. Jerry Malone, hopes he will have even more influence with her. For if someone doesn't change Jill's resentful attitude toward her stepmother, Tracey, there will be trouble, and Jerry feels helpless to avoid it. What happens when Jill inadvertently finds a weapon in Tracey's past? CBS Radio.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN Knowing that her husband, Dr. Anthony Loring, is still in love with Ellen Brown, whom she tricked him into jilting, Millicent Loring lays a complicated plan to discredit Ellen. But the plan backfires in such a way that Anthony himself is seriously involved, and in order to save her marriage Millicent finds herself working for Ellen's happiness by promoting her marriage to Michael Forsythe. NBC Radio.

Get ready for summer with this

extra special offer

Helene Curtis spray net^{*}

BRAND



America's most popular hair spray with a bonus bottle of Shampoo Plus Egg



No other hair spray holds a wave in place so softly yet so surely . . . no other hair spray manages your hair so naturally. And now laboratory

tests show that Helene Curtis SPRAY NET is one hair spray that's never, never sticky. No wonder so many millions of women insist on genuine Helene Curtis SPRAY NET.

Now when you need SPRAY NET most (remember summer's wilting weather is all but here) Helene Curtis brings you a SPRAY NET Special that takes care of *all* your hair care problems. Both hair spray *and* shampoo for only \$1.25, plus tax. Don't wait another minute for your Bonus Package.

NOW IN TWO FABULOUS FORMULAS

NEW SUPER SOFT SPRAY NET without lacquer, for gentle control. Created especially for baby-fine hair, casual hair-dos.

REGULAR SPRAY NET, for thick, harder to manage hair, for more elaborate hair styles. The favorite of millions of women.

CHOOSE THE ONE THAT'S RIGHT FOR YOU DURING THIS

Special Offer

BUT DO IT NOW... STOCKS ARE LIMITED!

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**new
bareness
in bathing
suits**

**old
friend in
Tampax**



Tampax really is an old friend to millions of girls who throng the pools and beaches during the Summer. They've learned that no matter how scanty the bathing suit is, Tampax can't possibly "show." In fact (because Tampax is internal sanitary protection), it doesn't absorb any water when you swim.

Even without the boon of swimming, however, Tampax would still be the ideal hot weather protection. It does away with bulky, irritating, chafing pads, and substitutes pure surgical cotton... firmly stitched cotton that's so soft and comfortable, you can't even feel it when it's in place.

**NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR**

Tampax has other advantages that make it appeal especially to fastidious women. There's no disposal problem, for example. Wearer's hands needn't even touch the Tampax during insertion or removal. *And there's no odor problem!*... Get your choice of 3 absorbency sizes of Tampax (Regular, Super, Junior) at any drug or notion counter. Month's supply goes into purse. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



*Invented by a doctor—
now used by millions of women*

New Patterns for You



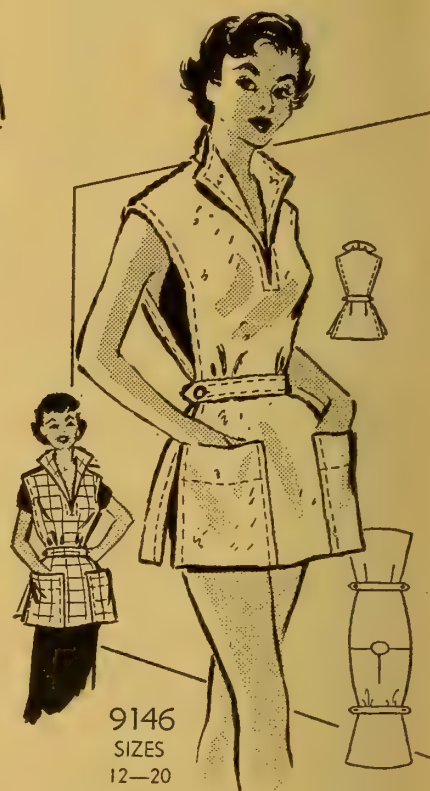
9120
SIZES
11-17

9120—Juniors: Note the flattering neckline, contrast inset in bodice, whirling skirt, open-side jacket. Jr. Miss Sizes 11-17. Size 13 dress, $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 35-inch fabric; $\frac{1}{2}$ yard contrast; jacket 1 yard. 35¢

4523—Half-sizes: Keep cool in this easy-to-sew, easy-to-slip-into style. Cut to fit the shorter, fuller figure. Half Sizes $14\frac{1}{2}$ - $24\frac{1}{2}$. Size $16\frac{1}{2}$ takes $4\frac{5}{8}$ yards 35-inch fabric. 35¢



4523
SIZES
 $14\frac{1}{2}$ - $24\frac{1}{2}$



9146
SIZES
12-20

9146—It's a beachcoat for surf-time, an apron for clean-up time. See the big handy pockets, tabbed-to-nip waistline. Misses' Sizes 12-20. Size 16 takes $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards 35-in fabric. 35¢

Send *thirty-five cents* (in coins) for each pattern to: TV RADIO MIRROR, Pattern Department, P. O. Box 137, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, N. Y. Add *five cents* for each pattern for first-class mailing.

FEATHER YOUR NEST Contest Winners

HERE they are! The twenty-five lucky—and clever—winners of TV RADIO MIRROR's exciting *Feather Your Nest* Contest, along with the prizes they won. Pictured below is the handsome grand prize—the Circle "D" living room. The Editors wish to thank those contestants who expressed their enjoyment of the contest—and of TV RADIO MIRROR.

FIRST PRIZE

Circle "D" Living Room

Mrs. Bertha L. Bird, 16 Lexington Ave.,
Needham Heights, Mass.

24 RUNNERS-UP

Morgan Jones Bedspread

Mrs. John Jeskey, R.D. 1,
Amsterdam, O.

Mrs. Charles Lamich, 726 40th St.,
Kenosha, Wis.

Mrs. Joseph Sobczak, 715 Wayne Ave.,
West Reading, Pa.

Mrs. Gordon H. Smith, 32 E. Austin St.,
Duluth, Minn.

Mrs. Frances Burns, 116 Oak St.,
Bath, Me.

Eloise D. Greene, 2604 Indiana St.,
Topeka, Kans.

Mrs. Stewart P. Crowell, 11 Mt. Vernon St.,
Reading, Mass.

Mrs. Charles Godshall, 136 Branch St.,
Sellersville, Pa.

Sight Light Floor Lamp

Mrs. Virginia A. Hahn, R.D. 1, Kirk Rd.,
Canfield, O.

Mrs. Richard Horr, Box 291,
Monticello, Minn.

Mrs. Kathleen Duncan, 3939 S. Delaware St.,
Englewood, Colo.

Mrs. Anna Kutz, 2548 S. Bronson Ave.,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Mrs. Ruth E. Rose, 517 Rollstone St.,
Fitchburg, Mass.

Nona Weber, 909 W. Iowa St.,
Evansville, Ind.

Mrs. William Mundhenk, R.F.D. 4, Box A34,
Kingston, N. Y.

Mrs. R. Probst, 2228 Kitley St.,
Indianapolis, Ind.

16-Piece Stangl Ware Set

Arnold Anderson, Jr., 336 N. 16th Ave.,
Phoenix, Ariz.

Mrs. Fritz Schoeb, R.R. 2,
Douglass, Kans.

Marjorie H. Guiles, Mulberry Pt.,
Guilford, Conn.

Mrs. Myrald Todd, 311 Christopher St.,
Warrensburg, Mo.

Mrs. Margaret Brown, 143 Rutgers St.,
Rochester, N. Y.

Mrs. Orison M. Weaver, 640 Ada Dr.,
Ada, Mich.

Mrs. Andrew K. Ramsey, Rte. 2,
Lawrenceville Hwy.,
Tucker, Ga.

Mrs. Donald Odom, 816 14th St.,
Onawa, Iowa.



Winner's choice: Circle "D" living room in sturdy ranch-style chestnut oak.

**No other
deodorant
gives you
so much...**



- STOPS PERSPIRATION ODOR....instantly
- HANDY STICK FORM.... no mess, no waste
- SURE PROTECTION, all day long
- THRIFTY.... big stick lasts for months
- GENTLE, HARMLESS to skin or clothes
- DAINTY.... greaseless, never sticky
- FRAGRANT and luxurious as a lipstick

**...for
so little!**

**LANDER
CHLOROPHYLL
STICK
DEODORANT**



Costumes of Faraway Places was just one of Bob's contests for his studio audience.

*WVEC-TV's Bob McAllister
finds his greatest happiness
in entertaining the young
in years and young at heart*

MASTER OF MAKE-BELIEVE

AT TWENTY, Robert C. McAllister is the sort of older brother any youngster might wish for. His head is filled with games, funny stories and magic tricks. He has a happy-go-lucky cowboy puppet named Chauncey DePue, who has a penchant for practical jokes. Another puppet, Seymore the Snake, lives in a basket, sings with Bob, Chauncey and their young friends, and changes the words of popular songs to include his favorite expression: "Yok, Yok." And Bob has just created a new puppet, Prunella the Plunger—a man-chasing spinster who will probably drive Chauncey to fulfill his pet threat: "I'll sock you right in the nose." . . . Happily for Virginia youngsters, Bob plays older brother-magician-ventriloquist-emcee on the *Bob And Chauncey Show*, seen weekdays at 6 P.M. on Station WVEC-TV. The show has a Western motif and more than 10,000 youngsters from the ages of three to fifteen belong to Bob's Ranch House Club. . . . Born June 2, 1935, in Philadelphia, Bob went to Granby High in Norfolk and then to the Richmond Professional School. His high school assembly programs led to appearances at charity affairs and then to professional dates. Bob's big break came during a visit to New York when he stood in front of the big window of the NBC-TV studio, where *Today* is televised, and casually chatted with Chauncey. Dave Garroway noticed the interest he was creating and invited Bob and Chauncey inside for a TV interview. Then, with the help of the people involved in the *Today* show, auditions were arranged for Ted Mack's *Original Amateur Hour*, where Bob and Chauncey became two-time winners. Next came a radio program on Richmond's WRVA and then, a year ago, their present show on WVEC-TV. . . . Bob lives quietly with his parents in a ranch-type home on Shenandoah Avenue in Norfolk. The house is filled with comic gadgets such as a squirting telephone, dribble glasses and ice cubes with bugs in them. Bob loves to amaze youngsters and oldsters with his magic tricks, double-talk and gimmicks, and visitors never fail to laugh when, with Bob's assistance, his cocker spaniel Taffy says "Hello" to them or suddenly declares, "I'm hungry!" . . . Vice-president of the Local Ring of International Brotherhood of Magicians and the Children's Magic Organization, Bob recently won a trophy for the "Best Comedy Magic and Ventriloquist Act" at the Convention of Magicians Alliance of Eastern States. From all indications, Bob's thousands of young viewers delightedly second the verdict of the professionals.



Director Don Kreger and Bob confer with Seymore the Snake on the day's enchantment for their WVEC viewers.



Bob hardly can get a word in edgewise as he relaxes at home with Chauncey and his cocker spaniel Taffy.



she's got

(you can have it, too!)

It's not so much beauty as it is personal vibrancy and sparkle, and all those indefinable qualities that make everyone instantly aware of her.

For now there's a new lipstick that brings out all the vividness and sparkle of the real you with exciting colors that make you look and feel vividly alive. It's the new VIV lipstick by Toni. VIV's new *High-Chroma Formula* gives you the most vivid colors any woman has ever worn. Choose from six bright shades, each as sparkling as the Vivid Coral you see here. Try VIV, that vivid new lipstick by Toni.

Comfortable, long-lasting and very, very vivid.

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new viv lipstick

by **Toni** \$1¹⁰

plus
tax

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at last!



A LIQUID SHAMPOO

that's **EXTRA RICH!**

IT'S LIQUID
PRELL

FOR

'Radiantly Alive' Hair

Something wonderful has happened—it's fabulous new Liquid Prell! The only shampoo in the world with this exciting, extra-rich formula! It bursts instantly into luxurious lather... rinses like lightning... is so mild you could shampoo every day. And, oh, the look and feel of your hair after just one shampoo! So satin-soft, so shiny bright, so obedient—why, it falls into place with just a flick of your comb! Shouldn't your hair have that 'Radiantly Alive' look? Try Liquid Prell this very night!



JUST POUR IT...

and you'll see the glorious difference!

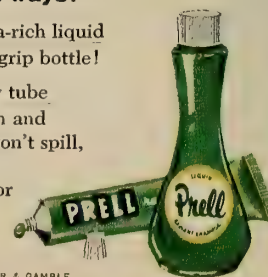


Some liquid shampoos are too thin and watery... some too heavy, and contain an ingredient that leaves a dulling film. But Prell has a "just-right" consistency—it won't run and never leaves a dulling film.

PRELL—for 'Radiantly Alive' Hair...
now available 2 ways:

The exciting, new extra-rich liquid in the handsome, easy-grip bottle!

And the famous, handy tube that's ideal for children and the whole family... won't spill, drip, or break. It's concentrated—ounce for ounce it goes further!



CREATED BY PROCTER & GAMBLE

A Family to Cherish



Laurel Ann is the newest little Cummings—and were Bob and Mary glad she wasn't susceptible to measles!

*Four children in their home—plus
one guiding rule of love—equals
happiness for Bob and Mary Cummings*

By BUD GOODE

BOB CUMMINGS is a most unpredictable man. He began life as a poor farm boy, son of a small-town doctor in Joplin, Missouri . . . and today he's internationally famous as a star of many motion pictures and his own *Bob Cummings Show* over NBC-TV. He first wanted to become an aeronautical engineer, studying at Carnegie Tech . . . then suddenly found that he was an aspiring young actor, studying at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. His public knows him best

See Next Page

A Family to Cherish

(Continued)



Foreground: Sharon Patricia, Mary Melinda, Mary—and "Emmy." **Background:** Bob—who brought "Emmy" home.



Bob Cummings gets far more attention from his young ones as a companionable father than as a famous actor.



Professionally, as well as personally, Bob always values Mary's advice—particularly when it comes to scripts.

as a light-hearted comedian, in his regular TV role of happy-go-lucky Hollywood photographer Bob Collins . . . but he won this year's "Emmy." Award from the Academy of Television Arts and Sciences for his powerful performance in a deadly serious drama, "Twelve Angry Men," on *Studio One*.

Unpredictable as always, Bob appreciates this honor from the bottom of his heart, but talks about it in the typically light-hearted manner his public knows so well. "Up until now," he grins, "I've been the most successful failure in Hollywood—never on anybody's list or recommended for anything. They used to say about me, 'Oh, he's a nice fella, a pretty good actor'—but that was all. So, when I got the telegram from the Academy announcing my nomination for the award, I was flabbergasted. And then to sit there the night of the awards—and win—well, that was inconceivable!"

Busy in Hollywood, Bob hadn't even been sure he wanted to take time off for the *Studio One* performance in New York. "It was a tough part," he recalls, "and I knew I'd really have to put myself out to do it. At that time, I looked on it as a 'one-shot.' It would probably cost me money to take the role. After all, I'd have to be in New York for ten days. And, by the time you travel back and forth, and pay the hotel bills, there isn't much left from the check.

"Then my wife, Mary, got hold of the script. 'It's good,' she said. 'It could be great. You've got to do it.'"

Mary's encouragement means a lot to Bob, and he has never really shirked any opportunity to keep even busier than he already is. From childhood days on the Missouri farm, his philosophy (Continued on page 90)

The Bob Cummings Show, over NBC-TV, Sun., 10:30 P.M. EDT, is sponsored by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co. for Winston Cigarettes.



Family stroll outside the house which Bob and Mary planned with such loving care for their children's protection.
Safety first: They all learn to swim—and to drive. That's young Robert Cummings at the wheel of the miniature car.





Lovebirds: Peggy and her husband Knobby Lee with their pets, including "Mr. McGoo," the dog. Peggy and Knobby practice music together, but Knobby does the gardening—and both love that tomato sauce which started Peggy's success!



Cinderella with a Song

Peggy King rose from heartbreak and
hardship to find her own Prince
Charming—and The George Gobel Show

By GORDON BUDGE

HARD-BITTEN CYNICS may sneer, "There aren't any Cinderellas nowadays," but this is one subject of which George Gobel himself would never say: "You can't hardly get them no more!" There's a real Cinderella, right on *The George Gobel Show*—his featured singer, Peggy King, just five-feet tall, red-haired, green-eyed, and prettier than even a fairy princess has a right to be.

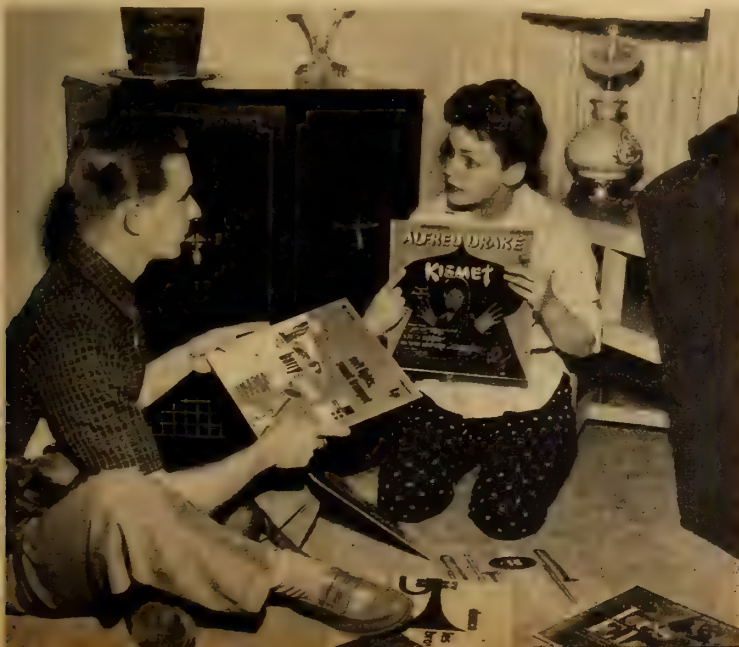
The original Cinderella used a pumpkin on her road to fame, and a glass slipper pointed her way to happiness. Peggy King used a can of tomato sauce, and it was her magic voice which opened the palace doors. But Cinderella and Peggy started out with two things very much in common: They were both poor—and they both believed in "dreaming beyond your means." (Continued on page 80)

The George Gobel Show, NBC-TV, three Saturdays out of four, 10 P.M. EDT, is sponsored by Armour & Co. and Pet Milk Co.



George Gobel hired Peggy for his show before they'd ever met, but it proved a happy decision for them both.

Record fans: Trumpeter Knobby, of the Liberace band, chooses Harry James—but singer Peggy holds out for musical comedy. Below, right: Peggy with her parents, who had the loving faith (if not the money) to help her dreams come true.



Live up to your Dreams



Phonorama Time gets a royal welcome from Johnny's fans everywhere—like these eager autograph-seekers at Mary Louis Academy, Jamaica, N. Y. Gathered around the piano before that broadcast, left to right: Tommy Leonetti, singer; Anita Stenz and Barbara Lamberta; Johnny; Lois Thompson, Irene Lounzen, Annamarie Lamberta, and Bill Silbert, popular deejay of WABC.



Johnny Desmond learned—the hard way—how to be a guiding star to teenagers, on Phonorama Time



Above, some very special entertainment by Bill Silbert, Johnny, songstress Dolores Hawkins and Tommy Leonetti. At right, a personal interview by Jane Marik, student editor, at the Mary Louis Academy.



By HELEN BOLSTAD

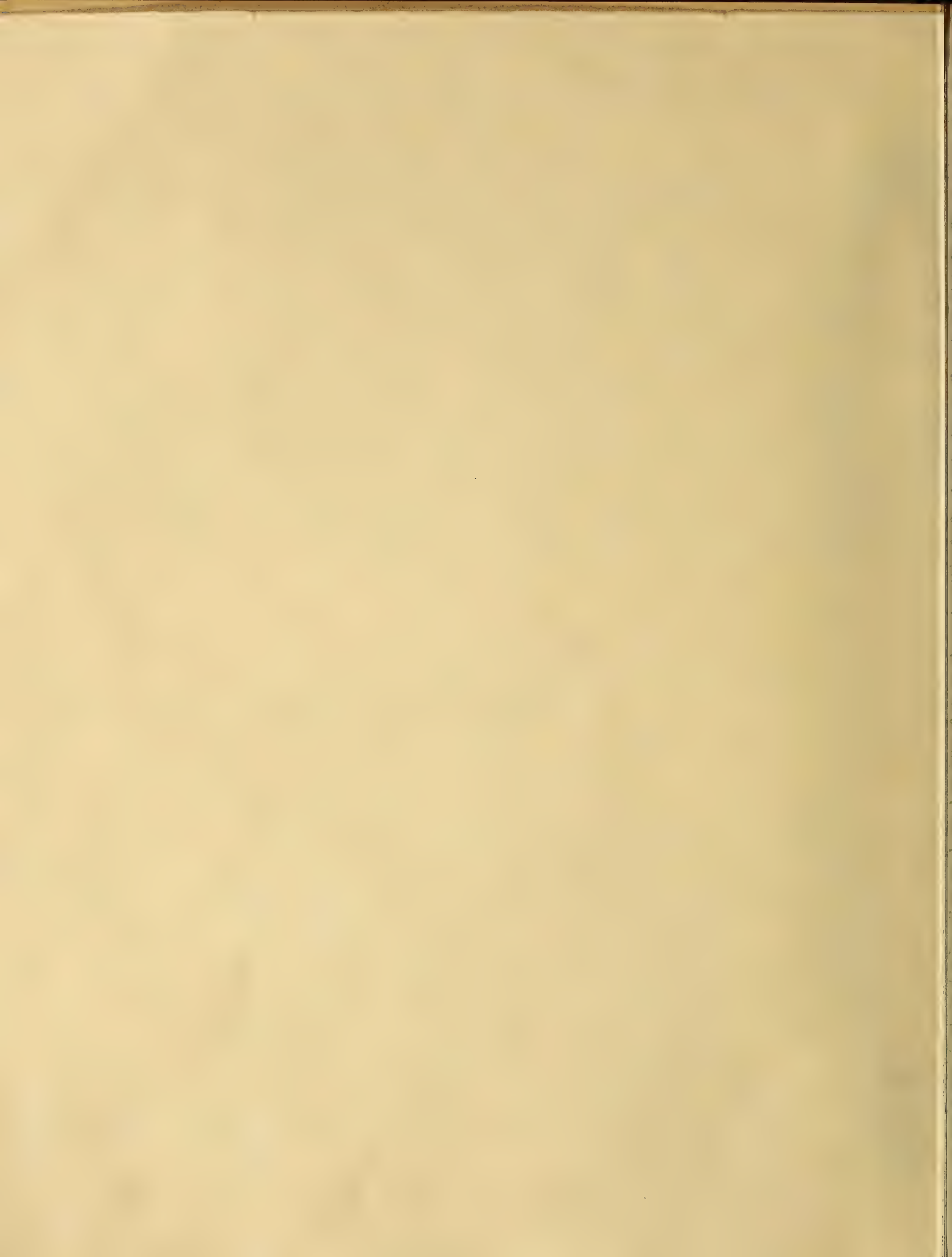
THE HIGH SCHOOL press conference was cool, hot or groovy, depending upon one's age, ear, or addiction to jive. By their eager questions, Philadelphia's teen-age reporters were letting Johnny Desmond know: "We dig you the most." And, by his frank answers, Johnny was returning the compliment.

Speaking with that technical knowledge which makes so many young people music experts today, they talked of pop tunes and classics, LP's and hi-fi. They analyzed the styles of singers and sidemen. They exchanged opinions about what music business calls "r & b"—rhythm and blues—and about "c & w," which means "country and western."

Things were rolling, man, rolling, for the moment was just right—at this historic conference—for these youthful reporters to share the achievement of a favorite star. On the previous Sunday, Johnny, cast in his first



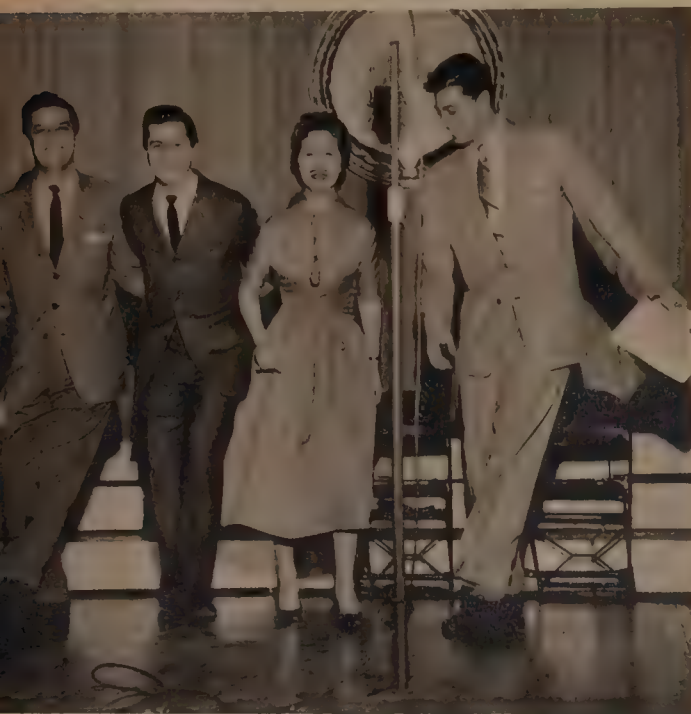
See Next Page ►



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THE HIGH SCHOOL press conference was cool, hot or groovy, depending upon one's age, ear, or addiction to jive. By their eager questions, Philadelphia's teen-age reporters were letting Johnny Desmond know: "We dig you the most." And, by his frank answers, Johnny was returning the compliment.

Speaking with that technical knowledge which makes so many young people music experts today, they talked of pop tunes and classics, LP's and hi-fi. They analyzed the styles of singers and sidemen. They exchanged opinions about what music business calls "r & b"—rhythm and blues—and about "c & w," which means "country and western."

Things were rolling, man, rolling, for the moment was just right—at this historic conference—for these youthful reporters to share the achievement of a favorite star. On the previous Sunday, Johnny, cast in his first

See Next Page



Live up to your Dreams

(Continued)



At 3, Johnny was just listening to music—with love.



But, by 13, he was singing and acting "professionally."



Big day: Graduation from Northeastern H.S. in Detroit.

straight dramatic role on *Philco Television Playhouse*, had introduced a new tune, "Play Me Hearts and Flowers." His Coral recording of it had been released on Monday morning and, at the end of the day, 100,000 platters had been sold. By Friday, the total reached 250,000. Then, on that Saturday morning, just before their press conference, Johnny had launched his new disc-jockey show, *Phonorama Time*, on 565 stations of the Mutual network.

In view of such a week, one girl's question, "How do you get to be a success in music?" was to be expected.

But the tone of Johnny's answer surprised them. With his feet planted firmly, his thumbs thrust into the pockets of his scarlet weskit and a rebellious lock of black hair falling down across his forehead, he gave them a reply some young jazz fans would label "square."

Playing it straight, he told them, "You get to be a good singer or a good American or a good truck driver or a good anything else in just one way. You work at it. With discipline."

Later, he had this comment: "Sure, I knew they hoped for a magic formula. Any kid does. When you're in high school, you want all your daydreams to come true instantly. The future seems like something which adults have locked behind iron bars. You look for something big and quick to make people notice you. You want the overnight success."

He paced back and forth, his intensity mounting. "Well, I could have told them that, twice in my life, I've had the overnight success—and, both times, it cost me. It cost me a licking the first time, and the second time, I took a real beating. It took six years of hard work, plus wise coaching, before I recovered. But I learned. Man, how I learned."

It was a story which Johnny had long kept to himself, but now, headed again toward important billing, he was at last ready to talk about it, out loud and for publication.

"A kid," said Johnny, by way of introduction, "is three people: The child his parents think he is, the pupil the teacher sees—and, in his own mind, the person he wants to be with his own friends. Well, once in a while he gets tangled up. . . ."

For Johnny, such a tangle occurred back in Detroit. Eight years old and as cute as he was bright, he had already learned how to get his own way. He begged to study piano and, although the Depression had made the income from the DeSimone family grocery store slim, his father scrimped off the weekly fee for the teacher.

Johnny made phenomenal progress. "He's practically a genius," his delighted teacher told his doting parents.

But then came the day when Johnny refused to take his lesson. He also refused to say (Continued on page 86)

Johnny Desmond's *Phonorama Time*. Mutual, Sat., 11:30 A.M. EDT, is sponsored by the Philco Corporation.

Bob-O-Links: Eddie Levine, Tony Paris, Johnny—and his "future," Ruth Keddington.



Songbird in the sky: Johnny toured with the late Glenn Miller, in World War II.



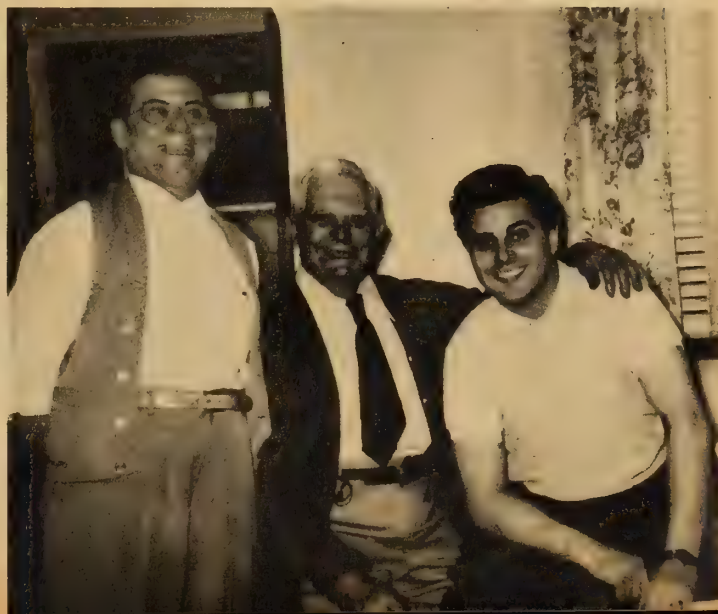


Today, Johnny and Ruth have two little skylarks of their own—Patti, 6, and Diane, going on 9.

Loyal home folks: Brother Harry (right) and Mom—who saw to it that Johnny kept at his music lessons.



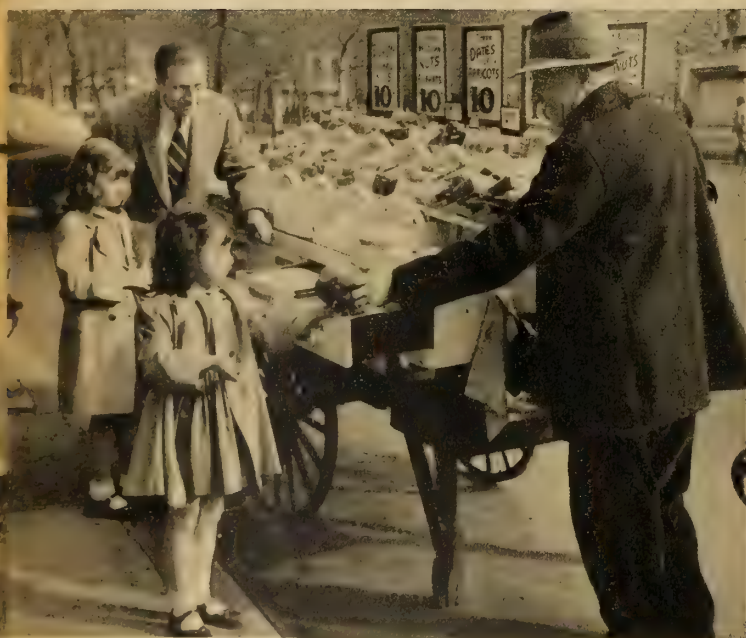
Johnny's grandfather (center) is mighty proud of him these days—and so is Johnny's stepfather, Tony Buccalato (left).





The NAME'S The SAME

Roger Price, Walter Slezak and Laraine Day aren't too surprised at the special attention Audrey Meadows gets from Messrs. Elliott and Goulding on the TV panel program—Audrey's a sweet girl-graduate of previous Bob and Ray shows!



Bob Elliott and family live in a city apartment and "go shopping" in picturesque Greenwich Village.



Bob's hobby is painting—painting pictures good enough to be exhibited in New York City galleries.

Two moderators on a show, two minds
on the track of laughs—they're
still the "one-and-only" Bob and Ray

By PETER CHARADE

WOULD YOU LIKE to be a big-shot? . . . Now, at last, you can pull big jobs, be a person of means—the pillar of your community." . . . If you happened to hear this come-on for a TV give-away, you know that it went on to describe the "Jim Dandy Burglar Kit," which included a mask, jimmies, crepe-soled shoes, canvas gloves, the plans of three banks, and "a list of aliases you can use over and over again" (including such names as Benjamin Franklin). In fact, it was "the only complete burglar outfit offered today."

To receive this and other "handy little kits," you were urged to write to "Thieves, NBC." And, each week, from 750 to 1000 listeners sent in for the items. When the address was changed to "The Smithsonian Institute," that august establishment received some 300 letters asking for the "Home Surgery Kit—complete with instructions on how to take out your own tonsils." Only one hundred humanitarians were interested in the Institute's "Kind Hunter's Kit—for soft-hearted people who love to hunt but hate to kill." It contained bullets, packed (Continued on page 75)

The Name's The Same, ABC-TV, Mon., 7:30 P.M. EDT, is sponsored by the Ralston Purina Co. Bob and Ray are also heard on WINS (New York), Mon. thru Sat., 6:30 to 10 A.M.



Ray Goulding and family have a house on Long Island—which means rising at 4:30 A.M., a speedy breakfast, then off to the city for the Bob and Ray radio program.



Ray's hobby is photography, and his favorite—and most willing—models are his wife and children. Left to right, below: Thomas, 6; Liz Goulding; Barbara, 3; Raymond, 9.



Song fest: Bob and his wife Lee and the girls—Colony, 8, and Shannon, 5—raise a little harmony.







Off TV, "Willy the lawyer" is a whiz of a homemaker. June cooks with skill—either plain or fancy—and does all her own decorating.

This Life I Love

As Willy on TV, as Mrs. William Spier at home,

June Havoc has found her heaven-on-earth

By MARTIN COHEN

Husband Bill, the producer, brings supplies to his favorite chef.



AUTHOR'S NOTE: If you're crazy about June Havoc, you'll like *Willy*—and if you aren't crazy about June, you're nuts. (End of a very sincere commercial—and start of a very honest story.)

June Havoc, starring in the title role of CBS-TV's *Willy*, isn't just another woman, another actress, another show. She's great—and different. She is at once as sophisticated as a diamond bracelet and as elusive as a butterfly.

She can be as frothy as an ice-cream soda and as hearty as a good steak. There are so many sides to June. She is so many people. Actually, she is basically shy. Or was. Or will be. You never know exactly. Once, she was shy because she was scared. Now, she can be scared without being shy.

"I've never been as afraid of anything as I am of this television show," she admits. In the past, making a success of something has always been a personal matter. (Continued on page 77)

Willy, on CBS-TV, Thurs., 10:30 P.M. EDT, is sponsored by General Mills and CBS-Columbia.

Album of DAYDRAMAS

*These exciting neighbors on NBC-TV are next-door
to your heart, every weekday afternoon*



THE GREATEST GIFT

WHEN she moved to the small town of Ridgton, Dr. Eve Allen took the biggest and most decisive step toward her life-long dream of becoming a general practitioner. Theretofore, her medical activities had been centered about laboratory work and, although she was acclaimed for having discovered the antidote to a virus which had killed her fiancé, the glory of her accomplishment was dimmed in the light of her unrealized dream. Eve's settling in Ridgton, however, rekindled her fondest hopes, for at last she saw herself becoming the kind of doctor she had always wanted to be. But even the happiest occasions can be tinged with trouble, and Eve has found her situation is no exception. From the beginning she has had to fight the inherent prejudice against women doctors. And, since she finally won an appointment on the hospital's staff—though not without an intense and bitter struggle—her capabilities as a doctor, and as a woman, have been tested constantly. Obstacles, however, are nothing new to Eve; she has met and overcome many along her life's path. Although each one has left her with an invisible scar, they have also continued to make her life—and the lives of those she deals with—more meaningful and rewarding.

The Greatest Gift, created by Adrian Samish, is seen over NBC-TV, M-F, at 3:30 P.M. EDT.

In her battle against prejudice and selfishness, Eve Hunter (Anne Burr) has received invaluable help, comfort—and love—from Dr. Philip Stone (Phil Foster).



Maggie Marlowe (Helen Shields) sees her dream of love about to come true with Jim Gavin (Efrem Zimbalist, Jr.).

CONCERNING MISS MARLOWE

ALTHOUGH fame and fortune have always been envied and sought after, they can prove to be poor substitutes for happiness and love—as actress Maggie Marlowe knows only too well. Today, Maggie can look back on many successful years as a leading lady. But all the glamour and notoriety with which she has been showered have not been able to wash away the emptiness and unhappiness she has experienced. Now, Maggie yearns more than ever for love and the security of a happy home. . . . Twice in her life, Maggie has lost the one she loved: When she was a young girl, her husband died suddenly. More recently, tragedy struck when, on the eve of her marriage to Roger Anderson he, too, passed away. . . . Bitterly unhappy, Maggie decided to continue on in the theater, finding her life once again filled with surprises and complications—especially since she met and fell in love with Jim Gavin, well-known international lawyer. Unhappily married to a woman who would not grant him a divorce, Jim became free to marry Maggie after the recent death of his wife. . . . As she contemplates her marriage to Jim, Maggie's heart rejoices, for now, at long last, she is finding her dream of love and security becoming more of a reality with each passing day.

Concerning Miss Marlowe is seen over NBC-TV, M-F, 3:45 P.M. EDT, sponsored on alternate days by Tide (Procter & Gamble).



Good friends get together: Dr. Corey (Maurice Copeland) and his wife Lona (Bernardine Flynn) entertain Mitch Fredericks (Jim Bannon), Millie Flagle (Ros Twohey) and Sue Rigga (Toni Gilman).

HAWKINS FALLS

HAWKINS FALLS is a small Midwestern town, located 160 miles from a large city. It is a typical American community, overflowing with the life, laughter and love of its proud residents. Anyone who has lived in a small town finds a special kinship with *Hawkins Falls*, for its people and activities mirror the life and ways of every Smalltown, U.S.A. . . . Particularly outstanding in Hawkins Falls are Lona and Floyd Corey, who usually find themselves in the center of the most interesting and exciting local activities. In a town as small as theirs, it is scarcely possible to keep a secret—at least, not for long. But, because he is a doctor, Floyd

Corey has many times had to be a keeper of secrets. Consequently, he—and Lona—have been thrown into the midst of conflicts which have had both happy and tragic outcomes. . . . Although Lona and Floyd dearly love Hawkins Falls and all it stands for, the frequent difficulties they encounter serve, not only as a lesson in life, but as a reminder that their town is not heaven—nor are its residents angels. But, after all, it is *their* town, *their* friends—and that's what makes it home . . . sweet, satisfying, and enriching.

Hawkins Falls, written by Bill Barrett, NBC-TV, M-F, 4 P.M. EDT.

See Next Page—→



Working tirelessly with Quentin Andrews (Frederic Downs) on the development of a new jet engine, Zach James (Tod Andrews) is often ruthless, and his wife Laurie (Pat Barry) tries to temper his over-zealousness with patience and tact.

FIRST LOVE

ANY PHASE of living, when pursued to an extreme, is bound to create problems, as young Laurie James has learned in her marriage to Zach. When she became Zach's wife, Laurie left behind the loving warmth and comforting security she had known with her parents, and ventured into a life of unpredictability and possible insecurity. At first, love triumphed over all, and the waters of the James marriage flowed clear and smoothly. But ahead lay a deadly whirlpool, revolving about the Andrews Aeronautical Corporation and Zach's engineering job there, developing a new type of jet engine. . . . Zach is a man who is completely and wholeheartedly devoted to his work and, although he loves Laurie, it seems that nothing can stand in the way of his profession. The results of his uncompromising attitude toward his work have often made Zach

appear ruthless and heartless. His behavior has provided many lessons in patience and understanding for Laurie and, the more insight she gains into his nature, the better she is able to help Zach by tempering his over-zealousness with prudence and restraint. . . . But there came a time when Zach's extreme single-mindedness proved to be too much for Laurie and she left him. The separation was only temporary, however, and Laurie returned in time to stand beside Zach while he was being tried for a murder he did not commit. . . . Even though Zach's innocence is upheld, the air has not been entirely cleared of trouble. Many more turbulent seas will have to be crossed, but it seems now that they will be mastered with greater wisdom. For, although they still have far to go, Laurie and Zach have come a long way in learning to live and grow—together.

First Love, written by Many Starr, is seen over NBC-TV, M-F, 4:15 P.M., EDT, for Jergens-Woodbury products and others.

Album of DAYDRAMAS

(Continued)

THE WORLD OF MR. SWEENEY



Humorous surprises are usually in store for Mr. Sweeney (Charles Ruggles) when he starts problem-solving—especially when grandson Kippie (Glenn Walken) and his mother (Helen Wagner) are involved.

MAPLETON could be anyone's home town—provided it is small and has a general store run by a beloved "cracker-barrel psychiatrist" like Cicero P. Sweeney. Although Mr. Sweeney has never set foot outside of Mapleton, he possesses an uncanny worldliness and wisdom that make him the townfolks' most sought-after adviser and dearest friend. As he lives each day, getting himself humorously involved in others' affairs, Mr. Sweeney's gentleness and charm provoke a delightful nostalgia which adds sunshine to the dullest day.



Charlie Ruggles in *The World Of Mr. Sweeney*, NBC-TV, M-F, 4:30 P.M. EDT, is sponsored by R. T. French Mustard and other products.

In choosing a home, the Nelsons followed their hearts—and couldn't be happier.



Man of the House

I CAN REMEMBER the dreadful flu epidemic at the end of the first World War. I was about five then, and—except for my father—the only member of the family still on his feet. With hundreds of things to do, my father sat down for a talk with me. He explained that he had to go out for a while, and that made me the man of the house—in charge while he was gone. I have never been so proud. Here I was—head of the house at five, and during a time of real peril. The job was only temporary, but even so it just about fulfilled my dreams of glory.”

Continued ➔

Since he was five, Herb Nelson
has always sought his “brighter day”
in the sunshine of his own home

By ED MEYERSON

Family life has always meant more than careers to Herb and his wife, Joan DeWeese. They enjoy remodeling their “new” house, and are thrilled with the extra play space for their children: Dawn Ley, Erika Joan, and baby DeWitt.





Man of the House

(Continued)

It might be Max Canfield, that tower of strength in *The Brighter Day*, describing his own philosophy of life. For, as a leading citizen of New Hope and editor of its newspaper, the *Herald*, in CBS's popular daytime drama, Max feels a strong sense of responsibility for the welfare of the entire community.

Actually, however, it wasn't Max doing the reminiscing, but Herb Nelson—who is Max Canfield on radio and TV. And, while there's nothing unusual about a healthy youngster in a happy family dreaming of glory in terms of his own home, in real life Herb was to choose the one profession that makes such dreams the most difficult to fulfill. What actor has ever been guaranteed a normal life, or even the security it takes to establish a home and family?

But another childhood memory indicates the kind of actor Herb was to be: "So help me, I recall distinctly that, somewhere in my third year, a cousin or something of my mother's—an impressive, bulbous gentle-

man named Sven Ring—paid us a visit. I took the floor and sang him a beguiling little ditty which was very well received. He forced a nickel on me."

Which made Herb a professional actor, even at the age of three. He wasn't just posturing before a mirror or dreaming of one day being a star. He was actually putting on a performance good enough to get paid for it. And today, after twenty-four years in radio, TV, films and the theater, Herb is a professional in the finest sense of the word. He has all the security he needs. And as for that home and family. . . .

"Well, it happened in New York," Herb recalls. "It was the first day of rehearsal of a new play. We were waiting for the leading lady to show up. Finally, I heard the smart click of heels coming down the long hall to the rehearsal room. Something about the rhythm told me this was *the* girl. It was."

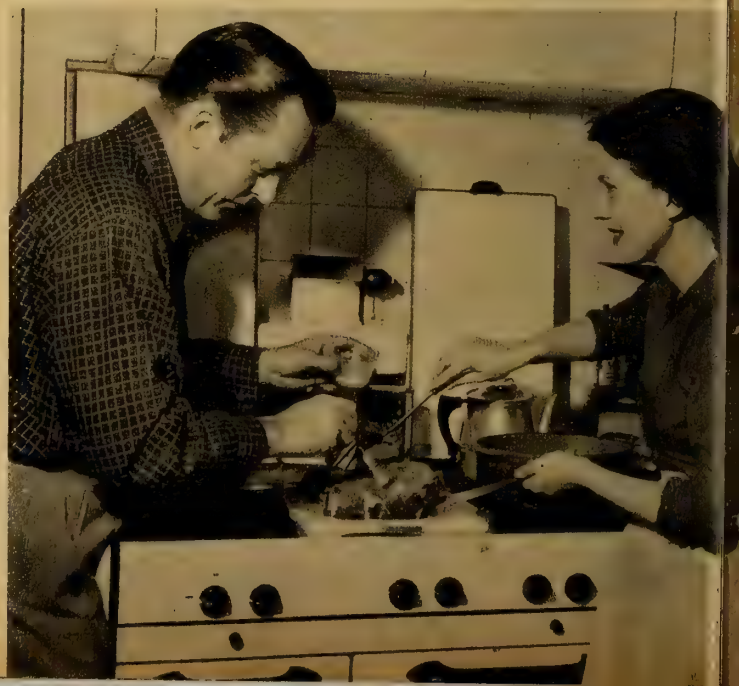
And so, Herb Nelson married Joan DeWeese. But if no one actor has ever been guaranteed a normal life, what about *two* actors? There is not only the problem of conflicting careers, but of keeping house with crazy hours and no possibility of a regular, scheduled existence. To make matters more difficult, Joan came from a home in Mississippi where there had always been plenty of household help. She was an excellent artist, and she had studied drama under Maude Adams at Stevens and at the Yale Drama School, but no one had ever taught her how to boil an egg or wash a dish.

And yet, some seven and a half years and three children later, the Nelsons have more than proved that they can successfully combine two theatrical careers with a normal, happy family life.

How do they do it? Well, like all actors caught without a script, they improvise, feeling their way through a new situation until they know they've got it right. And, like all persons mature enough to *know* themselves, they are content to be themselves. Their yardstick has never been how other people live but how they themselves want to live. And, somehow, it's always come out right.



Herb has more room to play, too, in their New Jersey home. A bit of "golf practice" can really build up an appetite for one of Joan's family-size steaks.





Dawn Ley and Erika Joan will also be enthusiastic homemakers someday, and are already practicing on miniature furnishings of their own. But even the biggest pieces of furniture can't dismay Herb, who does his own refinishing.

Herb calls it "playing by ear," and cites examples to explain what he means: "When Joan and I were married, we had no plans except to set the time and the place. We let the rest of the arrangements work themselves out, and as a result had a simple and beautiful ceremony much more memorable than anything we could have designed."

He also recalls the way they bought their home last August. There was an ad in the newspaper describing a house for sale in Leonia, New Jersey. *Shakespeare, wherefore art thou?* it was headlined. "Oh, no!" Joan winced, but they went to look, anyway. Leonia was an ideal community for their purposes—just thirty-five minutes from Manhattan, with an excellent elementary school for the children. (Continued on page 85)



Herb Nelson is Max Canfield in *The Brighter Day*, M-F, on CBS-TV at 4 P.M. EDT—and M-F, on CBS Radio at 2:45 P.M. EDT—sponsored by the Procter & Gamble Co. for Cheer and other products.



Sunlit waters at Miami Beach are a perfect setting for Steve and Jayne to prove that two can be mighty good company.

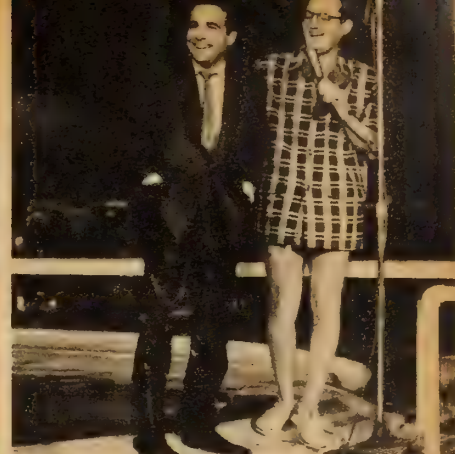


The crowd grows: Above, J. Fred Muggs shows them three can be fun, too—just for *Today*. In the big group below, *Tonight's* Gene Rayburn is perched at left and maestro Skitch Henderson is behind Jayne.



Steve Allen's show, *Tonight*, delayed his wedding trip with Jayne Meadows—then made up for it with a glorious





Midnight telecasts starred such varied funmakers as Milton Berle—a playful porpoise—George DeWitt and Steve himself.

Honeymoon in the Sun

By PHILIP CHAPMAN

IN HIS BIG MANHATTAN APARTMENT on Park Avenue one bitterly cold evening this past winter, Steve Allen was going over his notes for the upcoming *Tonight* show and waiting for Jayne Meadows, his bride of a few months, to finish dressing.

"I'm just putting on my face," she called from her dressing room. "I won't be a minute—"

The phone at Steve's elbow rang. "Hello? What? You mean the whole show? For a week? I don't know. Who'll pick up the tab for the extra cable expenses? What about the plane fares?"

Jayne came running in from her dressing room. "What—what—what?" she cried. "Take the show *where* for a week?"

Steve covered the mouthpiece with his hand. "We're invited to go to Miami for a week, the whole outfit, and do *Tonight* from there."

"Miami!" whispered Jayne, ecstatically. "Yes! The answer is yes!"

Into the phone Steve said, "The answer's yes," and hung up.

"Now tell me," he said to his bride, "why the answer's yes."

"You wonderful dope, it's our honeymoon! The one we never had. We've been trying for three months to get a day or two free for our honeymoon, and here it is (*Continued on page 83*)



Tonight, starring Steve Allen, is seen on NBC-TV, M-F, 11:30 P.M. EDT, 11 P.M. CDT, under participating sponsorship. *The Steve Allen Show* is seen over WRCA-TV (New York), M-F, 11:15 P.M., for Knickerbocker Beer. Jayne Meadows is seen on *I've Got A Secret*, CBS-TV, Wed., 9:30 P.M. EDT, as sponsored by the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company for Winston Cigarettes.



A tale of two redheads: Carmel of Ireland was discovered by Arthur of the *Talent Scouts*.



the magic of Erin

*Sure, 'twas the Little People
gave Carmel Quinn the gift of song
and made her a Little Godfrey!*

By FRANCES KISH

THE LEPRECHAUNS must have been whispering to her about things to come, because—all the time Carmel Quinn was growing up in Dublin—she used to imagine herself in America, singing and dancing for huge audiences. When her daddy and her two brothers and sister weren't around to hear, Carmel would go into the pantry of the big house where they all lived (her mother had passed away when she was only seven) and go through her whole repertoire of songs. If anyone caught her, singing and dancing alone in the freezing-cold room, Carmel was dreadfully embarrassed, for this longing to sing and to entertain and to make people's faces light up with joy was a secret which—for a long, long time—she shared with no one.

Not that she had to hide the fact that music was in her very heart, because all the Quinns understood that. They were all music-loving, and there was hardly an



Writing to the homefolks back on the Emerald Isle, Carmel finds her heart too full for words.

See Next Page ►

the magic of Erin

(Continued)



Between programs, Carmel shows Frank Parker and Tony Marvin how to "do it in jig time."

evening when the old organ wasn't giving off sonorous and beautiful hymns and delightfully lilting Irish melodies. Carmel's daddy is an excellent violinist, and some of the children would always be ready to accompany him on one of the other musical instruments they had around—everything from an accordion and mouth organ to quaint hand-fashioned instruments which had been in the family for years. And they would always sing, the men of the family in deep, rich voices, and Carmel and her sister Betty in high, sweet tones.

"The neighbors used to think we had parties all the time, but it was only the Quinns enjoying themselves,"

she says of those wonderful family concerts of childhood memory. "One of us would pick up an instrument, perhaps Daddy's violin, and he would say, 'No, you do it this way'—and, before you knew it, he would be playing and, suddenly, we were all crowding into the little room."

No one could have guessed then that this younger of the Quinn sisters would one day win a *Talent Scouts* contest on the other side of the vast Atlantic, with none of her homefolks there to witness her triumph, or to see her become one of the famous Little Godfreys. No one could have guessed that—in addition to the television and radio (Continued on page 95)

Carmel Quinn sings on: *Arthur Godfrey Time*, CBS Radio, M-F, 10 A.M., and CBS-TV, M-Th, 10:30 A.M., under multiple sponsorship—*Arthur Godfrey And His Friends*, CBS-TV, Wed., 8 P.M., under sponsorship of The Toni Co., Pillsbury Mills, Frigidaire—and *Arthur Godfrey's Digest*, CBS Radio, Fri., 8 P.M., under multiple sponsorship. *Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts* is simulcast over CBS-TV and CBS Radio, Mon., 8:30 P.M., under the alternate sponsorship of Thomas J. Lipton, Inc., and CBS-Columbia. (All times given EDT)



New World magic: On the great day honoring St. Patrick himself, Carmel gave a concert in fabled Carnegie Hall. And oh, the lovely things to be seen in the shops of New York! Then, during a Godfrey-show rehearsal break, the delight of listening as the McGuire Sisters—Dorothy, Christine and Phyllis—demonstrate those quaint folk songs of modern America.



the magic of Erin

(Continued)



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Never a dull moment

Larry's wife Judy is a TV actress, son David and daughter Jay have vivid imaginations—and even the dog is full of tricks.



**Take Mrs. Lawrence Weber's word for it—Valiant Lady's
Chris Kendall makes a very exciting husband!**



There's nothing "actorish" about the Webers' ranch house. And Larry plays ball with Jay like any suburban father after a day's work in town.

By GREGORY MERWIN

SOME OF THE THINGS to be said about Lawrence Weber are obvious. He is six-feet-one, dark and handsome, with a scattering of prematurely gray hair at the temples. His eyes are a dynamic brown and, when aimed at women, have an effect comparable to a brace of Buck Rogers disintegrator guns. Or so it has been said.

"But not by me," Larry grins. "That's a lot of hokum."

"It's not hokum," insists wife Judith. "I remember when we first met. It was like shaking hands with an earth tremor."

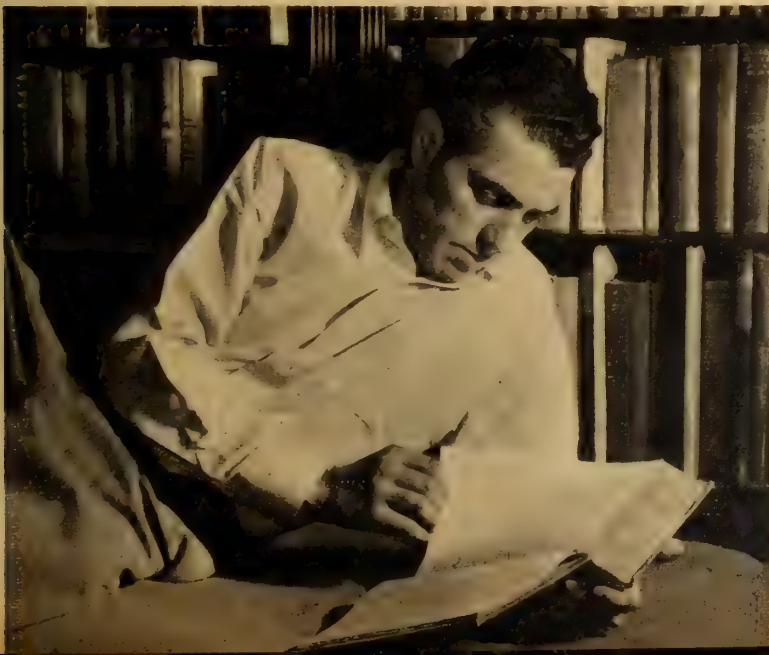
They've been married since January 16, 1941. They have two blond and blue-eyed children, a home on Long Island and a tree which produced two apples last summer. Their garden, however, is one of the most beautiful in Valley Stream—thanks to Larry's back.

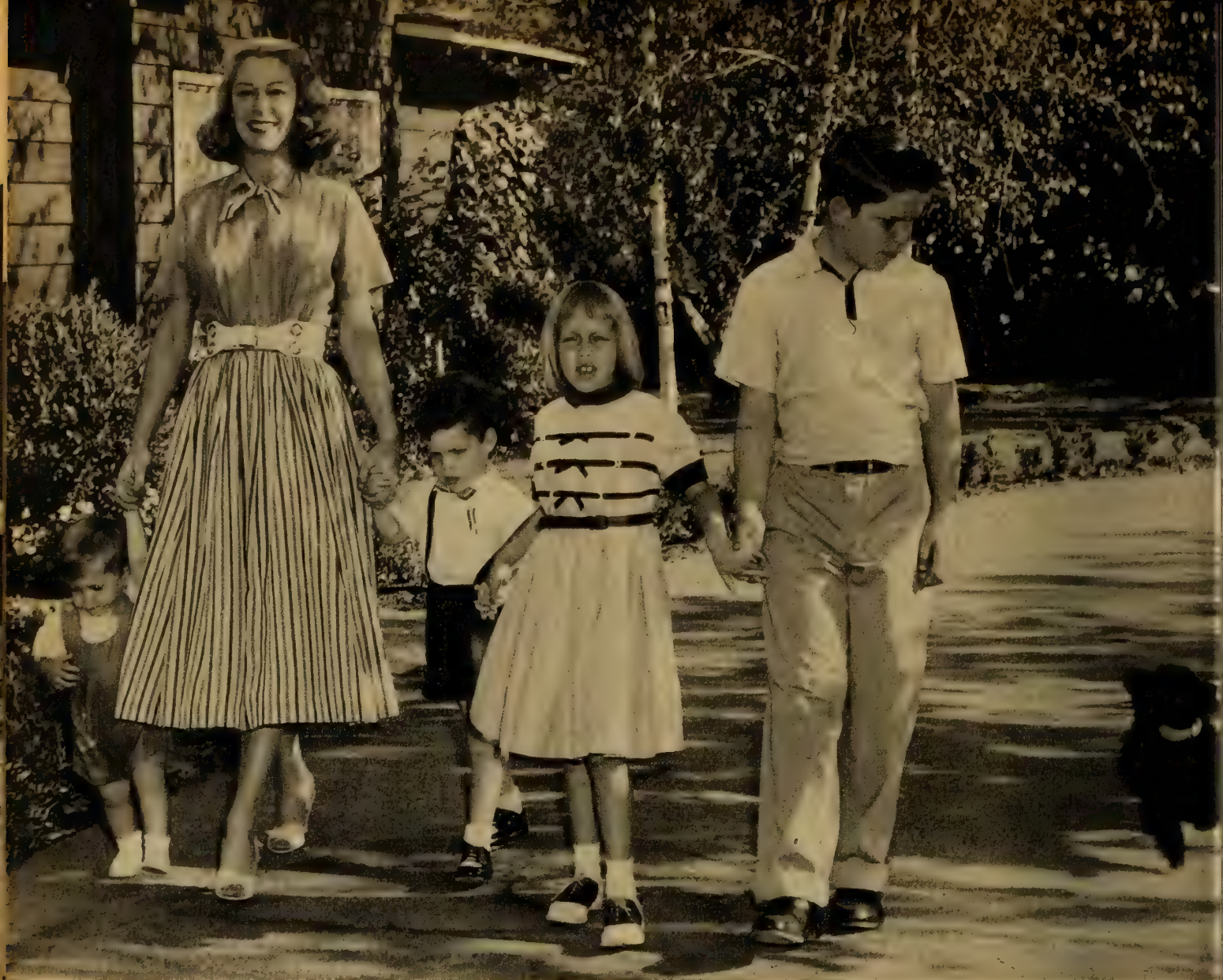
"I spaded the front lawn in three (Continued on page 93)

Lawrence Weber is Chris Kendall in *Valiant Lady*, as seen on CBS-TV, M-F, 12 noon EDT, sponsored by General Mills, Inc., and The Toni Co.



Reading is an old delight to Larry, a new world of discovery lying ahead for Jay and David as they set out for school.





Mitzi Green is a very proud mother, I can tell you! Here I am, parading just outside our house, with my four little "J's"—left to right, Jay, Jeff, Jan and Joel. There's also a fifth "J" bouncing along beside us—Junior, our dog.

Recognize this typical schedule? Homework with Jan—naptime for Jay (then Jeff)—after-school snack for Jan and Joel.



So This Is Hollywood

I've been here before. But now
I'm back, with Joe and our babies, and
know how right my grandmother was!

By MITZI GREEN

MITZI, CHILD," my grandmother said to me one day, "there may be times when we don't understand why certain things happen. But remember: *They always happen for the best!*"

As a child, those words didn't mean much to me. But today they have become almost a philosophy of life. In fact, they had a very special meaning on three of the most important days of my life: The day I signed my first Paramount Pictures contract. The day I signed my first television contract as the star of *So This Is Hollywood*. And the day I first met Joe Pevney.

I met Joe in the summer of '39. I had gone to Ivoryton, Connecticut, for summer stock, and had looked forward to a pleasant combination summer work-vacation. But, the first day there, it seemed as if everything were going wrong and I was in for a summer of misery.

First, I met a most irritating young man who didn't think I was right for the part of the (Continued on page 88)

So This Is Hollywood is seen on NBC-TV, Sat., 8:30 P.M. EDT, for Viv Lipstick, Deep Magic Cream, Bobbi Home Permanents, and Pamper.



Before even looking at a script with Virginia Gibson and producer Edmund Beloin, I know I'll see plenty of action in *So This Is Hollywood*.



Curls were my childhood idea of movie glamour when I played Becky Thatcher and Jackie Coogan was Tom Sawyer (above). Today, I find that just being with my husband Joe—even when he's fishing (left)—beats all the glamour in the world.

Where the Heart Belongs

For Cathleen Cordell, it proved to be her homeland of America and the very human drama of *Second Husband*

By MARY TEMPLE

LISTENING TO *Second Husband*, on CBS Radio, no one can doubt that Cathleen Cordell, who plays Diane Lockwood, is a girl of vivid personality. It spills over into the microphone, although listeners cannot see the vivacity of her face when she speaks, the shimmer of gold-red hair, the greenish-blue eyes, long slim legs and slender figure. . . . Cathleen's beauty is a mixture of American-Irish-English ancestry. She was born Kathleen (spelled then with a K but now changed to a C) Kelly, in Brooklyn. And she is the first of her family, as far back as she knows, to become an actress.

Cathleen is a girl of contradictions, of unexpected and interesting opposites. A glamorous woman who loves all the luxuries of life and yet adores working and can't imagine not being busy at something all the time . . . working hard, too, and putting her whole heart into it. A girl who wears simple clothes with elegance and elegant clothes with simplicity . . . who has lived in many foreign countries—India, France, England—and is at home practically anywhere in the world, yet brings a distinction of her own to a bachelor-girl, one-room hotel-apartment in New York. A girl who loves parties and fun, dining (*Continued on page 69*)



Cathleen's bachelor-girl apartment is a single room, but boasts a private terrace and a compact refrigerator (right).

Cathleen is Diane Lockwood in *Second Husband*, CBS Radio, M-F, 11:45 A.M. EDT. She is Millicent Loring in *Young Widder Brown*, NBC Radio, M-F, 4:30 P.M. EDT, for Phillips' Milk of Magnesia, Bayer Aspirin, Prom Home Permanent, White Rain, other products.





Her stage career has been an exciting one, both here and in England, but Cathleen appreciates the rare leisure which acting in daytime dramas has given her. There's time now to relax at home, reading or listening to the radio—to play with "Maya," pampered pet of the neighborhood—to dress for a date, knowing the whole evening is free just to have fun.



This Is Nora Drake



1. Stunned and heartsick over the death of her husband, Nora Drake avoids a breakdown by working to bring his murderers to justice. Then Nora begins to pick up the threads of normal life once again—and, at a party, meets publisher Alan Miller.



2. When Nora accepts an invitation to the Miller home, she hardly expects to stumble on an argument in which Alan angrily warns his wife Diana: "Stay away from that man. Stay away from David Brown!"

LIFE CATCHES US up in its activities, Nora Drake mused, calling us with a strident, insistent voice to come out of ourselves and meet its demands. This was a blessing, she knew, for only by catching up the threads of her life once again had she avoided the despair which had almost consumed her when Fred Molina died so tragically. . . . Nora's few months of marriage to Fred had been the happiest she had ever known. But, even before their marriage, Fred had been threatened by the underworld Syndicate run by Lee King and Dan Welch. Together, Fred and Nora had tried to destroy the Syndicate, and had eventually succeeded—at the cost of Fred's own life. . . . Heartsick, Nora had determined to bring Fred's murderers to justice. Eventually, Dan

Welch had confessed, and Lee King—in trying to escape from justice—had been killed in an automobile accident. Only Wynne Robinson—the wealthy, attractive socialite who had aided Welch and King—had avoided trial by fleeing to Europe. But Wynne doesn't escape punishment—for, when she arrives in Marseilles, she is penniless, and her once-glamorous life is no more. . . . With these tragic events now in the past, Nora sets about starting a new life. She throws herself into her work as a hospital nurse, which helps ease the pain in her heart. David Brown, the crime reporter who has become Nora's friend, also helps her find new interests. He persuades Nora to attend a party where she meets his publisher, Alan Miller. Invited to Miller's home, Nora meets

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This Is Nora Drake

(Continued)



3. Reporter David Brown, now Nora's friend, is assigned to a big story and works with Detective Caudill (left) to track down the murderer who scrawls this strange message.

his wife, Diana—and later overhears a quarrel between Alan and Diana. "Stay away from that man," Alan warns. "Stay away from David!" Puzzled, Nora wonders: *What is Diana's interest in David?* And what is it about David that makes Alan warn his wife? . . . Although both Alan and David's parents feel David should switch to writing editorials, David insists upon remaining a crime reporter. Mr. and Mrs. Brown are frankly worried about David, and Nora wonders what lies be-

Pictured here, as heard on the air, are:

Nora Drake.....	Joan Tompkins
David Brown.....	Michael Kane
Alan Miller.....	Craig McDonnell
Wynne Robinson.....	Claudia Morgan
Detective Charles Caudill.....	Paul McGrath

This Is Nora Drake is heard over CBS Radio, M-F, 2:30 P.M. EDT, sponsored by The Toni Company and Bristol-Myers Company.



4. Meanwhile, Wynne Robinson, the socialite involved with the Syndicate that murdered Fred, flees to Europe and meets punishment as she arrives penniless in a strange land.

hind Mrs. Brown's anxious remark: "If David goes on as a crime reporter, he may find out the truth about himself." . . . Currently, David has been working on the case of a series of shocking murders which have completely baffled the police—particularly because, near the body of each victim, the murderer has written: "*Please stop me before I kill again.*" . . . In tracking down every lead, David's trail of clues takes him to the hospital and one of Nora's new patients, John Dallas, who has shown definite signs of being mentally disturbed. David suspects Dallas is the psychopathic murderer, and seeks information about him from Nora. When—true to medical ethics—Nora denies David's request, they argue sharply. . . . But—if David is right, is there danger in Nora's workaday contacts with John Dallas? And what about David himself? What is the mysterious "truth" Mrs. Brown fears her son may discover? . . . As Nora Drake becomes more absorbed in her new life, is there a chance that in time she will find new happiness, to replace the love she has lost? And, even if the future may hold brighter promises, will it also reveal even greater danger than Nora has ever known before?



5. David's hunt for the psychopathic killer leads to a patient under Nora's care. David demands that Nora allow him to question the man and, when she insists on guarding her patient, they quarrel sharply. David's concern is over more than a newspaper headline. If his guess is right, is Nora in serious danger?

This Is Nora Drake

(Continued)



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THE LONG WAY HOME





Tom had known from teen-days that marriage to "Bo" would be his dream of happiness.

*The truth about Tom Moore's marriage
—and re-marriage—is as old as time,
as new as man's first love for woman*

By HAROLD KEENE

TOM MOORE stood at the water's edge in Cypress Gardens, Florida, staring out across the mirror-like surface to the far vista of flower-hung trees and deep green hammocks. A speed-boat towing a pair of water skiers, a boy and a lovely girl, sped past, but Tom's eyes didn't move to follow them. In fact, he wasn't even seeing the water or the glamorous setting.

Instead, strangely, he was watching himself as a younger man back in 1939, not gray-haired then, but certainly gray of face as he paced the hospital corridors waiting for Bo to have their baby. They'd been married six years, by then, and this was to be their first and—as it turned out—only child. And when at last he'd been allowed to go in to her, and she had told him wearily but triumphantly that she'd given him a son, it had seemed to him that he had achieved the greatest happiness a man could know.

Yet, twelve years later, he and Bo had been



His mother and Bo were proud of his success in Chicago—but that early fame brought heartbreak.

Florida Calling With Tom Moore is heard on Mutual, M-F, 11 A.M. EDT, for the Florida Citrus Commission. Tom also emcees *True Or False*, on Mutual, Sat., 8 P.M. EDT.

See Next Page ►

THE LONG WAY HOME

(Continued)

divorced. Now, tonight, when he returned to the gay stucco bungalow in near-by Winter Haven, it would be to a different girl, the pretty and charming Willie Lou, whom he had married shortly after he and Bo had parted. Now Tom, Jr., sixteen and already six-foot-three, was in a military school up North—and Bo was alone, he supposed, in their old house in Northfield, Illinois, and—well, Tom Moore was a confused and unhappy man.

He knew that, when he walked into his bungalow in another hour or two, Lou would be waiting for him, as she always had during the more than three years of their marriage. She would have done everything possible to arrange for his comfort and convenience, and she would be ready with laughter, or understanding, or patient silence. She was a grand girl, and a good wife.

But there was a loneliness in Tom's heart, a need that only one woman could fill, and that woman was Bo. Tom had known it for a long time. At first he had tried to deny the knowledge, forget it, put it out of his mind. It was a good try, but it couldn't work, because Bo had been a part of him too long, their love too much a part of Tom's entire adult life. . . .

So it was that, when I talked with Tom in Winter Haven, not long ago, he dropped a bombshell in front of me and nearly knocked my ears off. I had known him only during recent years, since his *Ladies Fair* show had moved to Florida. During that time he had seemed to be immensely happy with Lou, especially during the weeks when young Tom could be with them. Then they had given the outward appearance of a perfect family group—smiling and busy, active in sports, completely devoted.

I said to Tom, "I know we ran a story about you and

Lou only a little over six months ago, but your fans are screaming for more." And I added, innocently enough, "Anything important happen recently?"

Tom is nothing if not direct. "Yes. Lou and I have arranged for a divorce, and Bo and I are going to be re-married. In the same little church where we were first married in 1933, with the same minister officiating. We're only waiting till summer because then our son will be out of military school and can stand up with us."

When I had regained my voice, I said one word: "Why?"

He answered, simply, "Because I want to go home."

The story of Tom and Bo and Lou, and of the almost tragic mistake in which all three were involved—as Tom told it to me that afternoon—has had its counterpart in so many American homes that almost any person can understand some of the emotional turmoil of each of these thoroughly nice, very human beings. This is no casual Hollywood-type scenario of marriage, divorce, and reconciliation.

Tom, Bo, and Lou are people like you and me, trying to do their best, making mistakes, working hard at the pursuit of elusive happiness, and often, in the words of Thoreau, leading "lives of quiet desperation." We know them. They are our neighbors, they are ourselves.

Well, maybe Tom represents an exception, in that he was born in a trunk in the dressing room of his vaudeville parents, while they were touring a circuit. That meant that he grew up in show business and that his conception of home life was, even into his adolescence, a hopping succession of moves from one town to another. Seemed perfectly normal to a (Continued on page 92)

Three make a family. Bo and Tom want to be together, watching Tom, Jr. grow up, whether in the Midwest or Florida.



Where the Heart Belongs

(Continued from page 60)

out in good restaurants in good company, going to the races, travel . . . and yet is perfectly content to stay home alone many evenings and to read, or listen to the radio.

Even her tastes in food are contradictory. Since her parents took her overseas when she was only five (her father was an engineer whose work sent him to many parts of the world), Cathleen has been exposed to all varieties of foreign cooking, and she now lives in a part of New York that is honeycombed with fine restaurants. Yet the little refrigerator in her apartment (disguised to look like a modern-design TV set because it has to be out in plain sight) holds only such things as cottage cheese and salad, gelatin and fruit, milk and eggs. And the waiters at the Stork, "21" and similar spots will tell you that their orders for exotic dishes never come from Miss Cordell. ("I really like burnt toast, cake when it's a little stale, and overdone omelets," she says.)

She's a pushover for biographical books but doesn't care at all for books written about the theater: "It's odd, I suppose, but I don't." She was a "reader" for several London publishers when she was quite young, combining one of her favorite pastimes with some extra money to live on while she was learning her way about the theater.

Word games, like Scrabble, fascinate her, but figures frighten her. "I really can't add at all, and if it were not for my wonderful mother, who helps me with my accounts, I wouldn't know what was happening to my money. She sees that I invest some of it, and she keeps all the accounts straight."

Travel still beckons to Cathleen, but she has had to remain in New York the past three summers, and this one promises to be no exception. Friends with winter homes in sunny climes urge her to join them in winter. Friends with homes at the shore ask her out for summer weekends. But, because of her work, Cathleen has found it easier to settle for some comfortable lounging chairs on her outdoor terrace high above a street in the East Fifties, a terrace planted with greenery and flowers and made gay with bright cushions.

She loves animals, especially dogs, but because of her busy life she has had to compromise for a place in the affections of a beautiful tawny boxer named Maya, who belongs to a restaurateur friend in the neighborhood. Whenever she has time, she borrows Maya.

Her apartment has such limited closet room that Cathleen has to park some of her wardrobe at her mother's larger apartment, some with near-by friends, and store some away, but there are always half a dozen cocktail and evening dresses hanging in her own small wardrobe space, because she is a popular girl who is asked out a lot. She likes straight-line, simple, dark clothes, but looks devastating in full-skirted filmy frocks with tight bodices. Her favorite colors are gray, and blue and green to go with her eyes. She wears either a size 9 or 10.

Englishmen appeal to Cathleen strongly, but she doesn't want to marry an actor, even an English one. She admires Irishmen, too, thinks that Ed Slattery, the director of *Second Husband*, is "an utterly charming man and a wonderful director." She knew the late George Bernard Shaw and says she will never forget his special charm, the interesting face, the bright blue, piercing eyes.

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| 4. Clark Gable | 91. John Derek | 162. Ursula Thiess | 200. Barry Nelson |
| 5. Alan Ladd | 92. Guy Madison | 163. Elaine Stewart | 201. Ray Milland |
| 6. Tyrone Power | 93. Ricardo Montalban | 174. Rita Gam | 202. George Nader |
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| 9. Esther Williams | 103. Scott Brady | 177. Richard Burton | 205. Ann Sothern |
| 11. Elizabeth Taylor | 105. Vic Damone | 179. Julius La Rosa | 206. David Brian |
| 14. Cornel Wilde | 106. Shelley Winters | 180. Lucille Ball | 207. Eddie Fisher |
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| 22. Burt Lancaster | 111. Howard Keel | 188. Rosemary Clooney | 212. Grace Kelly |
| 23. Bing Crosby | 112. Susan Hayward | 189. Guy Mitchell | 213. James Dean |
| 25. Dale Evans | 113. Barbara Stanwyck | 190. Pat Crowley | 214. Sheree North |
| 27. June Allyson | 117. Terry Moore | 191. Robert Taylor | 215. Kim Novak |
| 30. Dana Andrews | 121. Tony Curtis | 192. Jean Simmons | 216. Richard Davalos |
| 31. Glenn Ford | 124. Gail Davis | 193. Richard Anderson | 217. Julie Adams |
| 33. Gene Autry | 127. Piper Laurie | 194. Audrey Hepburn | 218. Eva Marie Saint |
| 34. Roy Rogers | 128. Debbie Reynolds | 196. Steve Forrest | |
| 35. Sunset Carson | 135. Jeff Chandler | | |
| 46. Kathryn Grayson | 136. Rock Hudson | | |
| 50. Diana Lynn | 137. Stewart Granger | | |
| 51. Doris Day | 139. Debra Paget | | |
| 52. Montgomery Clift | 140. Dale Robertson | | |
| 53. Richard Widmark | 141. Marilyn Monroe | | |
| 54. Mona Freeman | 142. Leslie Caron | | |
| 56. Perry Como | 143. Pier Angeli | | |
| 57. Bill Holden | 144. Mitzi Gaynor | | |
| 65. Jane Powell | 145. Marlon Brando | | |
| 66. Gordon MacRae | 146. Aldo Ray | | |
| 67. Ann Blyth | 147. Tab Hunter | | |
| 68. Jeanne Crain | 148. Robert Wagner | | |
| 69. Jane Russell | 149. Russ Tamblyn | | |
| 74. John Wayne | 150. Jeff Hunter | | |
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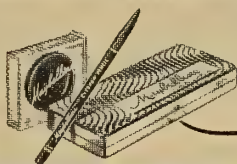


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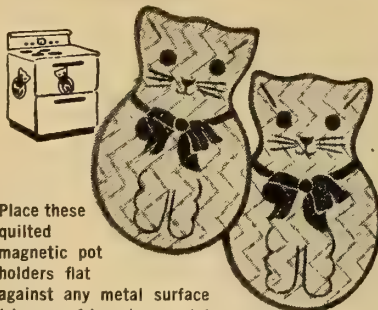


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It was Shaw himself who was partially responsible for changing her name to Cordell from Kelly, when she was about sixteen and beginning her acting career in England. He, and a well-known producer.

"I rebelled at first, and I didn't like the name Mr. Shaw suggested for me in a letter he wrote while I was doing his 'Major Barbara' in England, for the films. His choice of name was Kitty Kordant. I thought it had a harsh sound.

"At that time, I had lived abroad so long that I didn't know there was a wonderful and famous actress in America by the name of Katharine Cornell, so it was quite by accident that I chose a name so like hers. I should never have done it by design. It happened that Cordell Hull was much in the London headlines and I liked the name Cordell. I took it as my last name and replaced the K in Kathleen with a C. I am amused sometimes now when I ring people up and give my name, and get a reception out of all proportion to their interest in me, until they find out I am *not* Katharine Cornell!"

Except for a brief visit back to her native America when she was fifteen, Cathleen was largely influenced by the British stage. She went to the Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts in London, and it was there that Shaw came to direct them in a performance of "Heartbreak House."

A long apprenticeship followed, in a repertory company in the north of England—very much like our summer stock, except that this was an all-year-round company: "It was cold and foggy and I was often miserable, but it was good theater and I was learning some of the things I very much needed to know about my craft." It led to the London stage, to good parts in fine plays. When World War II broke out, Cathleen was in "Design for Living," with Rex Harrison.

These were times when everyone in England was called upon for special effort and, as a member of the BBC (British Broadcasting) repertory company, Cathleen was asked to join a group that was being sent out of London to a secret destination in the heart of the country, there to broadcast to England and the Empire. They did everything from wartime documentaries to gay musicals to help keep up morale. They worked hard, lived simply, almost austere at times. When they were shifted from country living to the city of Manchester, some of them were housed in a building which had been a shop, and Cathleen slept in a room which was formerly a show window. She had only to pull the curtains apart to find herself practically in the street.

It was in England that Cathleen did a British version of "Gaslight," playing the role which Angela Lansbury did in Hollywood. It was her first movie, and she thought it a terrific break because the film was to be shown in her native America. But it never got to this country until quite recently. She did "Major Barbara," the movie directed by Gabriel Pascal, but her part was cut down after filming was finished because the picture ran far too long. There had been one long speech of which she was very proud—and that was completely cut. The scene had been filmed near London Bridge, and when she did it, all the extras and the crowds that swarmed around the docks had burst into spontaneous applause as she finished her speech, and Mr. Pascal had told her she'd never get a greater compliment.

Cathleen's film career was terribly disappointing, but there were many stage successes and she was doing marvelously well—when suddenly she decided to come back to this country. For one thing, her father's health was not good. (He died a

little later. Her only brother, who was in the Air Force, had been killed during the war in the skies over England.) For another, this was her homeland.

It was fine to be home. But, after a while, Cathleen began to realize that if she wanted to work—and she simply could not imagine a life without her work—she would have to get out and do something about it. Cathleen Cordell had been a rising young actress in England, but New York was not completely aware of her. Once started, she was in Broadway show after show, but there were drawbacks to this: "They were all flops, even if extremely distinguished flops. I had a good part in Terrence Rattigan's 'While the Sun Shines,' but the play had no run. I was in 'Sheppy,' with Edmund Gwenn . . . in Guy Bolton's 'Golden Wings' . . . 'Yesterday's Magic,' with Paul Muni, which was written by Emlyn Williams and ran six weeks—a record run for me on Broadway . . . and my last one, Priestly's 'Linden Tree,' produced by Maurice Evans."

Radio was rather like a breeze, a sweet and lovely breeze that never stopped blowing. "I have never had what you would call a 'slump' in radio. Not from the day I started. A running part in *The Romance Of Helen Trent* had to be given up only because the time conflicted with my work in *Second Husband*. For almost two years, I have been Millicent Loring on *Young Widder Brown*. Even on television I have done many of the dramatic shows, such as *Studio One*, *Kraft* and *Philco*. I played a running part on *Search For Tomorrow* during its first months on the air. And I have done parts on many of radio's big dramatic programs.

"I used to do many German parts, countesses and the like. And French girls. And, of course, British. But, oddly enough, I am not particularly good in Irish roles, in spite of the fact that I am the daughter of a Patrick Kelly!"

Cathleen thinks she is very lucky to have worked with many different directors, each of whom "saw" her in a different sort of part. A few still think of her only as an "English actress." Actually, she can talk as American as anyone when she tries, forgetting the years she spent in England. "After all, I was born in Brooklyn, and I am an American."

Cathleen sometimes thinks she might have gone further in the theater if she had not fitted into radio with such ease. And, considering her English successes, she probably would have. But now she loves her life in radio, the regularity of her day's schedule, the time it gives her for a full and satisfying social life, and the way she can arrange her time for all the things she wants to do. There was a period, however, when she grew very tired of being cast always as the "other woman," and it has been a real joy to find a sympathetic role in *Second Husband*.

"In England my parts were usually sympathetic, but here I have been rather dreadful," she says. "Now, at last, I am a loving wife and a mother who is trying very hard to do her very best for her children. It's fun to be with the children who play my two youngsters, and a privilege to play opposite an actor of the stature of Richard Waring, who has the role of my husband, Wayne Lockwood. We have a fine cast, and everyone connected with the show is wonderful."

For a bachelor glamour girl, this is a challenging role, and Cathleen Cordell pours into it all the vividness of her own personality and her fine theatrical background . . . the vividness that makes Diane Lockwood an exciting woman as she daily struggles with the problems of being a good mother and a good wife to a *Second Husband*.

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Published!

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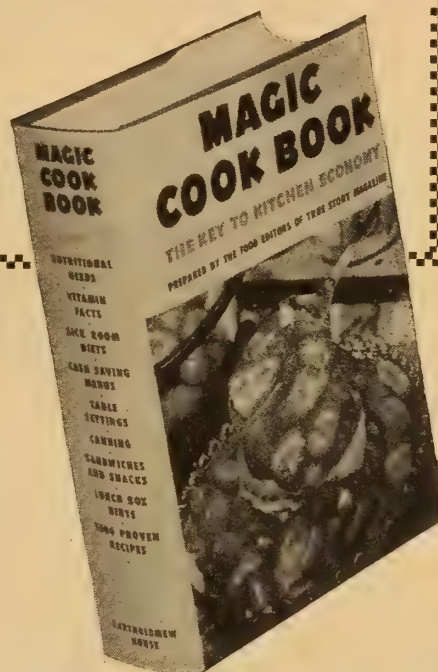
The *Magic Cook Book* is your cook book. It contains the very best—the most unusual—and the most highly prized recipes ever put into book form.

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Here is where your cook book will pay for itself over, and over again. You may be overpaying for your meat and not know it. For certain dishes you get better tenderness and more flavor by purchasing the lower grade of meat—and you save money be-



sides! Few people know this and, of course, your butcher won't tell!

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The *Magic Cook Book* is more than a collection of exciting recipes. It is a complete storehouse of cooking information. Here you will find in simple, easy-to-understand language, important facts on nutrition . . . special sickroom diets . . . everyday menus, as well as menus for holidays and important occasions . . . suggestions on cooking for two . . . lunch-box hints for children and workers . . . new ways to use package mixes . . . canning and preserving instructions . . . rules for table setting and service. Also many useful charts and tables that you will find of tremendous value.

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Inside Radio

All Times Listed Are Eastern Daylight Time.

Monday through Friday

NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
Morning Programs			
8:30 8:45	Local Program	John MacVane 8:55 Betty Crocker†	
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Robert Hurleigh Easy Does It News, Cecil Brown	Breakfast Club	
10:00	Cecil Brown	My True Story	Arthur Godfrey Time
10:05	Mary Margaret McBride 10:05 Norman Vincent Peale		
10:15	Joyce Jordan, M.D. Doctor's Wife	Guest Time News 10:35 Johnny Olsen Show	10:25 Whispering Streets
10:30	Break The Bank		
10:45			
11:00	Strike It Rich	Florida Calling With Tom Moore	Arthur Godfrey (con.)
11:15		11:25 Holland Engle Queen For A Day	
11:30	Phrase That Pays Second Chance	Albert Warner, News Your Neighbor's Voice	Make Up Your Mind Second Husband
11:45		M-W-F	

Afternoon Programs

12:00	Pauline Frederick Reporting	Noon News 12:05 Down At Holmesy's	Valentino Frank Farrell	Wendy Warren & The News Rosemary Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
12:15 12:30 12:45				
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45		News, Cedric Foster Luncheon At Sardi's Ted Steele Show	Paul Harvey, News Ted Malone	Road Of Life Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15		Luncheon With Lopez 2:25 News, Sam Hayes Wonderful City	Betty Crocker† 2:35 Martin Block	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason
2:30 2:45				This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00	News	Ruby Mercer Show	Martin Block (con.)	Hilltop House Art Linkletter's House Party
3:15 3:30 3:45	3:05 Woman In Love Pepper Young Right To Happiness			
4:00 4:15	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas	Bruce & Dan	Latin Quarter Matinee 4:25 Betty Crocker† Treasury Bandstand	Treasury Bandstand 4:55 News
4:30 4:45	Young Widdier Brown Woman In My House	Tex Fletcher's Wagon Show		
5:00	Just Plain Bill	Bobby Benson ² (Sgt. Preston) Bobby Benson	Musical Express	News 5:05 John Faulk
5:15 5:30 5:45	Lorenzo Jones Hotel For Pets It Pays To Be Married	America's Business 5:50 Wismer, Sports 5:55 Cecil Brown T-Th M-F W-Adventures Of Long John Silver	Bobby Hammack Gloria Parker Vincent Lopez	5:55 This I Believe

Monday

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Sports Daily with Mel Allen, Russ Hodges Three Star Extra	Local Program	ABC Reporter	Jackson & The News East Of Athens
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Alex Dreier, Man On The Go News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter In The Mood	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe The Lone Ranger 7:55 Les Griffith, News	Lowell Thomas
8:00	Henry J. Taylor	Top Secret Files	Jack Gregson Show	Joe Foss, Sports 7:05 Tennessee Ernie Edward R. Murrow
8:15 8:30 8:45	Best Of All	Broadway Cop	American Music Hall Voice Of Firestone	Mr. Keen, Tracer Of Lost Persons 8:25 Doug Edwards Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts
9:00	Telephone Hour	News, Lyle Van 9:05 Footnotes to History Spotlight Story Reporters' Roundup	Music Tent	Bing Crosby Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall 9:55 News
9:15 9:30 9:45	Band Of America		9:25 News Disaster—Red Cross Show	
10:00	Fibber McGee & Molly	Maxie Whitney Orch.	News, Edward P. Morgan	Music Room
10:15 10:30	Great Gildersleeve Wings For Tomorrow	Distinguished Artists	How To Fix It Martha Lou Harp	

Tuesday

Evening Programs

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Sports Daily Three Star Extra	Local Program	ABC Reporter Bill Stern, Sports George Hicks, News	Jackson & The News Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Alex Dreier, Man On The Go News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter Eddie Fisher	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe Saga 7:55 Les Griffith	Joe Foss, Sports 7:05 Tennessee Ernie Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	People Are Funny Dragnet	Treasury Agent	Jack Gregson Show 8:25 News 8:55 News	Suspense 8:25 Doug Edwards Disk Derby, Fred Robbins
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Biographies in Sound Fibber McGee & Molly	News, Lyle Van 9:05 Footnotes to History Spotlight Story Army Hour	Sammy Kaye 9:25 E. D. Canham, News Platterbrains 9:55 News	Rosemary Clooney Bing Crosby Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall
10:00 10:15 10:30	Great Gildersleeve Listen To Washington	Musical Almanac Dance Music	News, Edward P. Morgan How To Fix It Take Thirty	Joe Foss, Sports 10:05 Dance Orchestra

Wednesday

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Sports Daily Three Star Extra	Local Program	ABC Reporter Bill Stern, Sports George Hicks, News	Jackson & The News Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Alex Dreier, Man On The Go News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter Les Paul, Mary Ford	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe Lone Ranger 7:55 Les Griffith	Joe Foss, Sports 7:05 Tennessee Ernie Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15	Dinah Shore Frank Sinatra	True Detective	Jack Gregson Show 8:25 News	FBI In Peace And War 8:25 Doug Edwards Disk Derby, Fred Robbins
8:30 8:45	News 8:35 College Quiz Bowl	Sentenced	8:55 News	
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	You Bet Your Life News 9:35 Truth Or Consequences	News, Lyle Van Spotlight Story CBC Symphony	Sammy Kaye 9:25 News President's News Conference	Bing Crosby Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall 9:55 News
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fibber McGee & Molly Great Gildersleeve Keys To The Capital	CBC Symphony (con.) Sounding Board	News, Edward P. Morgan How To Fix It	Joe Foss, Sports 10:05 White House Report

Thursday

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Sports Daily Three Star Extra	Local Program	ABC Reporter Bill Stern, Sports George Hicks, News	Jackson & The News Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Alex Dreier, Man On The Go News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter Eddie Fisher	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe Saga 7:55 Les Griffith	Joe Foss, Sports 7:05 Tennessee Ernie Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30	Roy Rogers Dr. Six Gun	Official Detective	Jack Gregson Show 8:55 News	The Whistler 8:25 Doug Edwards Disk Derby, Fred Robbins
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	News 9:05 Barrie Craig Penitentiary	News, Lyle Van 9:05 Footnotes to History Spotlight Story State Of The Nation	Sammy Kaye 9:25 News Rhythm & Blues On Parade	Rosemary Clooney Bing Crosby Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fibber McGee & Molly Great Gildersleeve Jane Pickens Show	Musical Caravan Henry Jerome Orch.	News, Edward P. Morgan How To Fix It Front & Center	Joe Foss, Sports 10:05 Dance Orchestra

Friday

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Sports Daily Three Star Extra	Local Program	ABC Reporter Bill Stern, Sports George Hicks, News	Jackson & The News Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Alex Dreier, Man On The Go News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Men's Corner Gabriel Heatter Les Paul, Mary Ford	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe Lone Ranger 7:55 Les Griffith	Joe Foss, Sports 7:05 Tennessee Ernie Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Dinah Shore Frank Sinatra National Radio Fan Club	Counter-Spy Take A Number	Jack Gregson Show 8:25 News 8:55 News	Godfrey Digest 8:25 Doug Edwards Disk Derby, Fred Robbins
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Radio Fan Club (con.)	News, Lyle Van 9:05 Footnotes to History Heartbeat Of Industry	Sammy Kaye Notes & Notations 9:55 News	Bing Crosby Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall 9:55 News
10:00 10:15 10:30	Boxing—Cavalcade Of Sports Sports Highlights	Family Theater London Studios Melodies	News, Edward P. Morgan How To Fix It Indoors Unlimited	Joe Foss, Sports 10:05 Dance Orchestra

Inside Radio

Saturday

NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
Morning Programs			
8:30 Monitor 8:45	Local Program	Doug Browning Show	News
9:00 News 9:15 9:05 Monitor 9:30 9:45	News	No School Today	News Of America Farm News Garden Gate
10:00 News 10:15 10:05 Monitor 10:30 10:45	American Travel Guide	No School Today (con.) Breakfast Club Review	News 10:05 Galen Drake Show 10:55 News
11:00 News 11:15 11:05 Monitor 11:30 11:45	Lucky Pierre Johnny Desmond Show 11:55 Young Living	11:05 Half-Pint Panel All League Club-house	Robert Q. Lewis Show

Afternoon Programs

12:00 News 12:15 12:05 Monitor 12:30 12:45	I Asked You Tex Fletcher Wagon Show	News 12:05 101 Ranch Boys American Farmer	Noon News 12:05 Romance Gunsmoke
1:00 News 1:15 1:05 Monitor 1:30 1:45	Fifth Army Band Ruby Mercer	News 1:05 Navy Hour Vincent Lopez 1:55 News	City Hospital 1:25 News, Jackson Stan Daugherty Presents
2:00 News 2:15 2:05 Monitor 2:30 2:45	Ruby Mercer (con.) 2:25 News Sports Parade	News 2:05 Festival, with Milton Cross	Dance Orchestra Teddy Wilson Orch.
3:00 News 3:15 3:05 Monitor 3:30 3:45	Country Jamboree	News 3:05 Festival (con.)	String Serenade Skinny Ennis Orch.
4:00 News 4:15 4:05 Monitor 4:30	Bandstand, U.S.A.	News 4:05 Pop Concert Horse Racing Band Concert Promenade	Dance Orchestra
5:00 News 5:15 5:05 Monitor 5:30 5:45	Teenagers Unlimited 5:55 News	News 5:05 Dinner At The Green Room	Adventures In Science Richard Hayes News, Jackson 5:35 Saturday At The Chase

Evening Programs

8:00 News 8:15 8:05 Monitor 8:30 8:45	John T. Flynn World Traveler Report From Washington Basil Heatter	News 6:05 Pan-American Union Sports, Bob Finnegan Bob Edge, Sports Affair	News Sports Review Capitol Cloakroom 6:55 Joe Foss, Sports
7:00 News 7:15 7:05 Monitor 7:30 7:45	Pop The Question Have A Heart	News 7:05 At Ease Labor-Management Series	News, Jackson 7:05 Make Way For Youth Gangbusters
8:00 News 8:15 8:05 Monitor 8:30 8:45	True Or False Quaker City Capers	News 8:05 Dance Party	Gunsmoke Disk Derby, Fred Robbins
9:00 News 9:15 9:05 Monitor 9:30 9:45	Hawaii Calls Lombardo Land	News 9:05 Dance Party (con.)	Two For The Money Country Style 9:55 News, Jackson
10:00 News 10:15 10:05 Monitor 10:30	Chicago Theater Of The Air	News 10:05 Ozark Jubilee Ambassador Hotel	Country Style (con.) Dance Orchestra

Sunday

NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
Morning Programs			
8:30 Monitor 8:45		Light And Life Hour	Renfro Valley 8:55 Galen Drake
9:00 News 9:15 9:05 Monitor 9:30 9:45	Wings Of Healing Back To God	News 9:05 Milton Cross Album Voice Of Prophecy	World News Roundup Sidney Walton Show Organ Music, E. Power Biggs 9:55 News, Trout
10:00 News 10:15 10:05 Monitor 10:30 10:45	Radio Bible Class Voice Of Prophecy	News 10:05 Message Of Israel News 10:35 College Choir	Church Of The Air Church Of The Air (con.)
11:00 News 11:15 11:05 Monitor 11:30 11:45	Frank And Ernest Christian Science Monitor Northwestern Reviewing Stand	Sunday Melodies 11:05 Marines On Review News 11:35 Christian In Action	Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir Invitation To Learning

Afternoon Programs

12:00 News 12:15 12:05 Monitor 12:30 12:45	Marine Band News, Bill Cunningham Merry Mailman	The World Tomorrow	News, LeSueur 12:05 The Leading Question
1:00 News 1:15 1:05 Monitor 1:30 1:45	Global Frontiers Christian Science Lutheran Hour	Herald Of Truth News 1:35 Pilgrimage	Woolworth Hour— Percy Faith, Macdonald Carey
2:00 News 2:15 2:05 Monitor 2:30 2:45	Music From Britain	Dr. Oral Roberts Wings Of Healing	Symphonette World Music Festival
3:00 News 3:15 3:05 Monitor 3:30 3:45	Music From Britain (con.) Bandstand, U.S.A. Basil Heatter	News 3:05 Air Force Show Hour Of Decision	World Music Festival (con.)
4:00 News 4:15 4:05 Monitor 4:30 4:45	Salute To The Nation Nick Carter 4:55 Lorne Greene	Old-Fashioned Revival Hour	News, Trout 4:05 On A Sunday Afternoon
5:00 News 5:15 5:05 Monitor 5:30 5:45	Adventures Of Rin Tin Tin The Masqueraders 5:55 Cecil Brown	News	News, Trout 5:05 On A Sunday Afternoon (con.) 5:55 News, Trout

Evening Programs

6:00 News 6:15 6:05 Monitor 6:30 6:45	Public Prosecutor— Jay Jostyn On The Line, Bob Considine All Star Sport Time	Monday Morning Headlines Paul Harvey, News Evening Comes	Gene Autry Sunday Playhouse
7:00 News 7:15 7:05 Monitor 7:30 7:45	Richard Hayes Show Studio Concert	News 7:05 Showtime Revue George Sokolsky Valentino Travel Talk	Juke Box Jury
8:00 News 8:15 8:05 Monitor 8:30 8:45	West Point Band Enchanted Hour	American Town Meeting	Gary Crosby My Little Margie
9:00 News 9:15 9:05 Monitor 9:30 9:45	Fulton Lewis, Jr Success Story Manion Forum Keep Healthy	Walter Winchell News, Quincy Howe Sammy Kaye 9:55 News	Rudy Vallee Show
10:00 News 10:15 10:05 Monitor 10:30	Billy Graham Little Symphonies	Paul Harvey, News Elmer Davis Revival Time	News, Schorr 10:05 Face The Na- tion John Derr, Sports

See Next Page →

TV program highlights

NEW YORK CITY AND SUBURBS AND NEW HAVEN, CHANNEL 8, JUNE 8—JULY 7

Baseball on TV

DATE	TIME	CH.	GAME
JUNE			
8, W.	1:30	11	Mil. vs. Giants
	8:00	9	Cinc. vs. Dodgers
9, Th.	1:30	9	Cinc. vs. Dodgers
	1:30	11	Mil. vs. Giants
10, F.	8:00	9	Chi. vs. Dodgers
	8:00	11	St. L. vs. Giants
11, Sat.	1:55	2	Yanks vs. Cleve.—R
	2:00	9 & 8	Chi. vs. Dodgers
	2:00	11	St. L. vs. Giants
12, Sun.	2:00	9 & 8	Chi. vs. Dodgers—D
	2:00	11	St. L. vs. Giants
14, Tu.	8:15	11	Det. vs. Yanks
	9:00	9	Dodgers vs. Cinc.—R
15, W.	2:00	11	Det. vs. Yanks
	9:00	9	Dodgers vs. Cinc.—R
16, Th.	2:00	11	Det. vs. Yanks
	9:00	9	Det. vs. Cinc.—R
17, F.	8:15	11	Chi. vs. Yanks
18, Sat.	1:55	2	Cleve. vs. Boston
	2:00	11 & 8	Chi. vs. Yanks
	9:00	9	Dodgers vs. St. L.—R
19, Sun.	2:00	11 & 8	Chi. vs. Yanks—D
21, Tu.	2:30	9	Dodgers vs. Chi.—R
	8:15	11	Kan. C. vs. Yanks

D—Doubleheader

DATE	TIME	CH.	GAME
JUNE			
22, W.	2:00	11	Kan. C. vs. Yanks
23, Th.	2:00	11	Kan. C. vs. Yanks
24, F.	8:15	11	Cleve. vs. Yanks
25, Sat.	1:55	2	Chi. vs. Boston
	2:00	11 & 8	Cleve. vs. Yanks
26, Sun.	2:00	11 & 8	Cleve. vs. Yanks—D
28, Tu.	2:00	11	Balt. vs. Yanks
	8:00	9	Giants vs. Dodgers
29, W.	2:00	11	Balt. vs. Yanks
	8:00	9	Giants vs. Dodgers
30, Th.	1:30	9	Giants vs. Dodgers
JULY			
1, F.	2:00	11	Wash. vs. Yanks
	8:00	9	Pgh. vs. Dodgers
2, Sat.	1:55	2	Giants vs. Phila.—R
	2:00	9 & 8	Pgh. vs. Dodgers
	8:15	11	Wash. vs. Yanks
3, Sun.	2:00	9	Pgh. vs. Dodgers—D
	2:00	11 & 8	Wash. vs. Yanks
4, M.	1:30	11	Bos. vs. Yanks—D
5, Tu.	8:00	9	Dodgers vs. Phila.—R
6, W.	8:00	11	Phila. vs. Giants
7, Th.	1:30	11	Phila. vs. Giants
8, F.	8:00	11	Dodgers vs. Giants

R—Road game

- 4 Kraft Theater—Full-hour teleplays
 5 Impact—Hour-long tales of tension
 7 Masquerade Party—Costume quiz
 9:30 2 I've Got A Secret—Moore fun
 7 Penny To A Million—\$10,000 quiz
 10:00 4 This Is Your Life—Exciting bios
 7 Blue Ribbon Boxing
 10:30 4 Doug Fairbanks Presents—Stories

Thursday

- 7:00 4 Guy Lombardo—Heavenly music
 7:30 7 Lone Ranger—Bang, bang
 8:00 2 Meet Mr. McNulty—Merry Milland
 4 & 8 You Bet Your Life—Groucho
 8:30 2 Climax!—Hard-hitting drama
 4 Justice—Gary Merrill stars
 9:00 4 & 8 Dragnet—Webb at work
 7 Star Tonight—Original teleplays
 9:30 2 Four Star Playhouse—Telefilms
 4 & 8 Ford Theater—Good viewing
 7 Pond's Theater—Live plays
 10:00 2 Public Defender—Reed Hadley night
 4 & 8 Lux Video Theater—Full hour
 10:30 2 Willy—Comedy Havoc with June
 7 Racket Squad—Reed Hadley's encore

Friday

- 7:30 5 Life With Elizabeth—A cute beaut
 8:00 2 & 8 Mama—Ingratating
 5 Secret Files, U.S.A.—Adventures
 7 Ozzie & Harriet—Zestful
 8:30 2 Topper—Hocus-pocus comedy
 4 & 8 Life Of Riley—Beguiling Bill
 7 Ray Bolger Show—A happy show
 9:00 2 Playhouse Of Stars—Filmed dramas
 4 & 8 Big Story—Real reporters
 5 Mr. & Mrs. North—Whodunits
 9:30 2 Our Miss Brooks—Eve Arden stars
 4 & 8 Dear Phoebe—Peter Lawford
 7 The Vise—High-tension English films
 10:00 2 The Line-Up—City detectives detect
 5 Chance Of A Lifetime—Variety
 10:30 2 Person To Person—Morrow's visits
 5 Down You Go—First-rate panel quiz
 7 Mr. District Attorney—David Brian

Saturday

- 7:30 2 Beat The Clock—Stunts for prizes
 4 Show Wagon—Heidt's talent salute
 8:00 2 Jackie Gleason—Gleeeful comedy
 4 & 8 Mickey Rooney—Comedy series
 8:30 7 Dotty Mack Show—Musicmimics
 9:00 2 Two For The Money—Quiz, Shriner
 4 & 8 Imogene Coca—Impish
 9:30 2 My Favorite Husband—Very merry
 7 Ozark Jubilee—Red Foley's variety
 10:00 4 & 8 George Gobel—Clown Prince
 10:30 2 Damon Runyon Theater—Stories
 4 & 8 Your Hit Parade—Hit skits

Sunday

- 6:00 2 I Love Lucy—Repeat of 1951 shows
 6:30 7 My Hero—Bob Cummings in comedy
 7:00 4 & 8 People Are Funny—Linkletter
 7 You Asked For It—Art Baker, emcee
 8:00 2 & 8 Toast Of The Town—Variety
 4 Colgate's New Variety—Full hour
 9:00 2 G-E Theater—Ronald Reagan, host
 4 & 8 TV Playhouse—Fine teleplays
 9:30 2 Stage 7—Hollywood stars in drama
 5 Life Begins At Eighty—Panel panic
 10:00 2 Appointment With Adventure
 4 & 8 Loretta Young Show—Stories
 7 Break The Bank—Bert Parks, quiz
 11 Florian Zebach—Fiddle-faddle
 10:30 2 & 8 What's My Line?—Job game
 4 Bob Cummings Show—Farce
 7 Paris Precinct—Cherchez le crime

Monday through Friday

- 7:00 2 Morning Show—Jack's up to Paar
 4 & 8 Today—Getaway with Garroway
 9:00 2 George Skinner—AM Variety
 10:00 2 Garry Moore Show—Garry's great!
 4 & 8 Ding Dong School—TV nursery
 10:30 2 Arthur Godfrey Time—He talks good
 4 & 8 Way Of The World—Drama
 11:00 4 Home—Arlene Francis, homemaker
 7 Romper Room—Keeps the kids quiet
 11:30 2 & 8 Strike It Rich—Warren Hull
 5 Wendy Barrie—She'll delight you
 12:00 2 Valiant Lady—Day drama
 4 & 8 Tennessee Ernie—Music & fun
 12:15 2 & 8 Love Of Life—Story of a widow
 12:30 2 & 8 Search For Tomorrow—Serial
 4 Feather Your Nest—Bud Collyer
 7 Entertainment—Midday open house
 12:45 2 (& 8 at 2:30)—The Guiding Light
 1:00 2 Inner Flame—Portia faces life
 4 Norman Brookshire Show—Fun!
 5 Claire Mann—For beauty & health
 1:15 2 Road Of Life—Serial
 1:30 2 & 8 Welcome Travelers—From Chi.
 4 Here's Looking At You—Beauty tips
 2:00 2 & 8 Robert Q. Lewis—Lives it up
 2:30 2 Linkletter's House Party—Très gai!
 3:00 2 & 8 The Big Payoff—Nice prizes
 4 Ted Mack's Matinee—Homey
 9 Ted Steele—Music and relaxed talk
 3:30 2 Bob Crosby Show—Joint's jumpin'
 4 & 8 Greatest Gift—Fem medic
 3:45 4 & 8 Concerning Miss Marlowe
 4:00 2 Brighter Day—Daytime drama
 4 & 8 Hawkins Falls—Serial
 4:15 2 & 8 Secret Storm—Serial
 4 First Love—Story of newly-weds
 4:30 2 & 8 On Your Account—\$\$\$ quiz
 4 Mr. Sweeney—Ruggles with chuckles

EARLY EVENING

- 7:00 7 Kukla, Fran & Ollie—Whimsy
 7:30 2 News—The day reviewed
 4 Songs—Tony Martin, Mon.; Dinah Shore, Tues., Thurs.; Eddie Fisher, Wed., Fri.
 9 Million Dollar Movies—June 7-13, "So Young, So Bad"; June 14-20, "One Big Affair"; June 21-27, "Syncopation"; June 28-July 4, "Happiest Days of Your Life"; July 5-11, "Lucky Nick Cain."
 7:45 2 Songs—Como, Stafford, Froman: Be-

ginning June 27, Julius LaRosa every night

LATE NIGHT

- 10:00 9 Million Dollar Movies—Same schedule as shown at 7:30 P.M.
 11:00 11 Liberace—Concerts by candlelight
 11:15 4 Tonight—Steve Allen
 12:00 4 Moonlight Movie—Rain or shine

Monday P.M.

- 7:30 5 Life With Elizabeth—Betty White
 7 Name's The Same—Bob & Ray
 8:00 2 Burns & Allen—Gracie grills George
 4 & 8 Caesar's Hour—Sid stars
 8:30 2 Talent Scouts—Godfrey's showcase
 7 Voice Of Firestone—Long-hair recital
 9:00 2 & 8 I Love Lucy—An absolute Ball
 4 & 8 The Medic—Documentaries
 9:30 2 & 8 Ethel & Albert—Comedy begins June 20.
 4 Robert Montgomery Presents
 10:00 2 & 8 Studio One—Full-hour dramas
 7 Eddie Cantor—Filmed variety show
 10:30 4 Big Town—Mark Stevens as Steve

Tuesday

- 7:00 4 Science Fiction Theater—Weird
 8:00 2 Life With Father—Leon Ames stars
 8:30 2 Halls Of Ivy—The Ronald Colmans
 7 Who Said That?—John Daly, emcee
 9:00 2 & 8 Meet Millie—Sassy, saucy Elena
 4 Fireside Theater—Telefilms
 7 Make Room For Daddy—Comedy
 9:30 2 & 8 Red Skelton Show—Laughs
 4 Circle Theater—Drama, live & lively
 10:00 2 \$64,000 Question—\$\$\$\$\$ quiz
 4 & 8 Truth Or Consequences
 10:30 2 See It Now—Ed Murrow's video mag
 4 It's A Great Life—Eddie Dunn
 7 Stop The Music—Bert Parks with \$\$

Wednesday

- 7:30 7 Disneyland—Fascinating fun
 8:00 2 & 8 Godfrey & Friends—Variety
 5 What's The Story—News panel-quiz
 4 Request Performance—Dramas
 8:30 4 (& 8 at 9:30) My Little Margie
 7 Mr. Citizen—Stories of heroism
 9:00 2 & 8 The Millionaire—Stories

The Name's The Same

(Continued from page 39)

with the proper vitamins for animals, which just dropped to the ground when shot.) All of 1000 listeners, however, wrote in requesting the "Handy Home-Wrecking Kit."

Bob Elliott and Ray Goulding, who used to feature such give-aways on their network TV show, were invariably disappointed at the mail—not that it was so small, but that anyone wrote in at all. They have no objections to people being literate, of course, but when they're so literal that they actually want the kits as advertised . . . wow! As for the Smithsonian Institution—that foundation for the increase and diffusion of knowledge—it sent a dignified letter to Bob and Ray demanding that, henceforth, they stop giving the national museum as an address for premiums.

The boys stopped, but orders continued pouring in at a new address—this time for bargains "at laughably low prices" from Bob and Ray's "over-stocked surplus warehouse." The hottest item turned out to be the sweaters with "O" on them. "If your name doesn't begin with 'O,'" the sales-pitch ran, "we can have it legally changed for you. Sweaters come in two styles—turtle-neck or V-neck. State what kind of neck you have."

The point, of course, was not what kind of neck you have—but what kind of sense of humor. Apparently, as Ray commented at the time: "People are taking life pretty seriously these days, I guess."

For a growing cult, however, life didn't really get serious until Bob and Ray left the air. To their fans—as well as to most critics—this apathetic, dead-pan pair were the funniest combination in radio and TV. They could not only make you laugh at them, they could make you laugh at yourself. And if people were no longer able to do that—if there were suddenly no room for these two in network programming—then we were truly lost, and something clean and sweet and refreshingly tonic had vanished from the national scene.

Last April 11, however, the world could breathe easier. Civilization was saved! Bob and Ray returned to network TV—their first important show in three years—as dual moderators of ABC-TV's popular panel show, *The Name's The Same*.

While their own names are not the same—and they certainly don't look alike—there is confusion, nonetheless, about which is Bob and which is Ray. The reason may well be that they act alike. Each has the same bland stage personality—even to the straight-faced style of delivery, and the professional wit's horror of ever being caught laughing at his own jokes. Although they have burlesqued an amazing variety of characters in their radio and TV shows, either could take over the other's roles or speak his lines. For—unlike other comedy teams, where one plays straight and the other gets the laughs by insulting him—Bob and Ray both play the cutup. They are as one, for their battle is not with each other—it's with all the stuffed shirts of the world. Like the Katzenjammer Kids . . . only, which is Hans and which is Fritz?

In the case of Bob and Ray, the surest way to tell them apart is to look for the one with a mustache. That's Ray. He is also the taller, darker, and older of the two. Born in Lowell, Massachusetts, on March 20, 1922, he was seventeen when he was graduated from high school and got a job as an announcer at a local radio station. (Salary: \$15 a week.) A year or so later, he visited near-by Boston and auditioned for two stations there. When he returned home, two telegrams were waiting. Both stations had hired him. Ray took the job at WEEI because it paid five dollars

OPPORTUNITIES FOR EVERYBODY

Publisher's Classified Department (Trademark)

For classified advertising rates, write to William R. Stewart, 9 South Clinton Street, Chicago 6 (July-Wom.) 5

FEMALE HELP WANTED

EXTRA MONEY EVERY week. I'll send you full-size Blair Household products on Free Trial. Show them to friends and neighbors. You can make Big Extra Profits. Write Blair, Dept. 185NL, Lynchburg, Va.

SEW FOR BIG MONEY! Women 18-60 wanted. Earn to \$100 weekly. Experience unnecessary. Free placement service. Factory secrets, methods. Complete information, write Garment Trades, 6411-B Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 28, Calif.

BEAUTY DEMONSTRATORS: UP to \$5 hour demonstrating Famous Hollywood Cosmetics, your neighborhood. Free samples and details supplied. Write Studio-Girl, Dept. P-74, Glendale, Calif.

MAKE MONEY INTRODUCING World's cutest children's dresses. Big selection, adorable styles. Low prices. Complete display free. Rush name. Harford, Dept. N-8359, Cincinnati 25, Ohio.

IMMEDIATE OPENINGS. WORK at home. Part-time, full-time. All ages. Write Dept. 81. Webster-Kerr, 120 Elm Street, Orange, N. J.

HOME WORKERS. MAKE hand-made moccasins. Good pay. Experience unnecessary. California Handicrafts, Hollywood 46, California.

HOME WORKERS WANTED! Self employment home jobs listed. \$20 - \$50 weekly possible. No experience necessary. Maxwell, Dept. B-7, Cleveland 14, Ohio.

EARN EXTRA MONEY—Our instructions tell how. A. B. Dunbar, Dept. G-7, 4130 Mark Terrace, Cleveland 28, Ohio.

WOMEN. SEW READY-CUT Wrap-A-Round, spare time—profitable. Dept. D, Hollywood Mfg. Co., Hollywood 46, Calif.

FASCINATING PIECE WORK at Home! No selling! We pay you! Triant, Box 439, Pasadena, California.

ENJOY EXTRA INCOME sewing Baby Shoes. Dresses for established markets. Thompson's, Loganville 2, Wis.

\$30.00 WEEKLY MAKING Roses. Easy. Write, Studio Company, Greenville 7, Penna.

PERSONAL

BORROW BY MAIL. Loans \$50 to \$600 to employed men and women. Easy, quick. Completely confidential. No endorsers. Repay in convenient monthly payments. Details free in plain envelope. Give occupation. State Finance Co., 323 Securities Bldg., Dept. G-69, Omaha 2, Nebraska.

PSYCHIC VICTIMS: HOPELESS? New Discovery! Free Trial Offer. Write Pixalco, Box 3583-C, Cleveland, Ohio.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

WOMEN! SEW READY-CUT Neckties at Home. No experience Necessary. No Selling. No Machine Needed. Details Free. Neckwear Supply, P.O. Box 2066-P, Inglewood 4, Calif.

\$70 WEEKLY—HOME, spare time. Simplified mail Book-keeping. Immediate income—easy! Auditax, 34757CP, Los Angeles 34, California.

EARN \$25-\$75 WEEKLY Mailing Circulars. Complete details—25c. Siwasian, 4317-F Gleano, Elmhurst 73, N.Y.

\$200 WEEKLY CLEANING Venetian Blinds. Free book. Burt, 2434BR, Wichita 13, Kansas.

EDUCATIONAL OPPORTUNITIES

DENTAL NURSING. PREPARE at home for big pay career. Chairside duties, reception, laboratory. Personality Development. Free Book. Wayne School, Lab: BA-14, 2521 N. Sheffield, Chicago 14, Illinois.

HIGH SCHOOL DIPLOMA at home. Licensed teachers. Approved materials. Southern States Academy, Box 144W Station E, Atlanta, Georgia.

COMPLETE YOUR HIGH School at home in spare time with 58-year-old school. Texts furnished. No classes. Diploma. Information booklet free. American School, Dept. XB74, Drexel at 58th, Chicago 37, Illinois.

SALESWOMEN WANTED

ANYONE CAN SELL famous Hoover Uniforms for beauty shops, waitresses, nurses, doctors, others. All popular miracle fabrics—nylon, dacron, orlon. Exclusive styles, top quality. Big cash income now, real future. Equipment free. Hoover, Dept. R-119, New York 11, N.Y.

DENTAL PLATE RENEWAL & REPAIR

NEW FALSE DENTAL Plate. Guaranteed Dupont Plastic from old. \$18.95. Free details. All-State Dental Laboratories, 22 West Madison, Dept. 650, Chicago.

HOME STUDY TRAINING

PHYSICAL THERAPY PAYS Big Profits. Learn at home. Free Catalog. National Institute, Desk 6, 159 East Ontario, Chicago 11

MONEY MAKING OPPORTUNITIES

GROW MUSHROOMS, CELLAR, shed. Spare, full time, year round. We pay \$3.50 lb. We paid Babbit \$4165.00 in few weeks. Free Book. Washington Mushroom Ind., Dept. 164, 2954 Admiral Way, Seattle, Wash.

SELL - BUY TITANIA gem; \$9.75 carat wholesale. More brilliant than Diamonds. Free catalogue. Diamonite, 1404-H, Oakland 1, California.

60% PROFIT COSMETICS. \$25 day up. Hire others. Samples, details. Studio Girl—Hollywood, Glendale, Calif. Dept. P-75b.

STUFFING MAILING ENVELOPES. Our instructions tell how. Dept. G-7, Education Publishers, 4043 St. Clair, Cleveland 3, Ohio.

MAKE YOUR TYPEWRITER Earn Money. Send \$1.00. Hughes, 7004 Diversey, Chicago 35.

GUARANTEED PAY HOMEWORK! No Selling. Everything Furnished. Genmerco, Box 142P, Boston 24, Mass.

EARN MONEY AT Home! Must Have good Handwriting. Write for Details. Atlas, Box 188-A, Melrose, Mass.

EARN SPARETIME CASH at home, preparing mailings for advertisers. Tem-Let, Box 946, Muncie 2, Indiana.

EARN SPARE TIME cash mailing advertising literature. Glenway, 5713 Euclid, Cleveland 3, Ohio.

SEND OUT POSTCARDS. Cash daily. Write Box 14, Belmont, Massachusetts.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

\$200 for your child's photo (all ages) if used by advertisers. Send one small photo for approval. Print child's and parent's name—address on back. Returned 30 days. No obligation. Spotlite, 5880-GP Hollywood, Hollywood 28, California.

MATERNITY STYLES—FREE Catalog (Plain Envelope); fashions by famous designers; \$2.98 to \$22.98. Crawford's, Dept. 28, 8015 Wornall, Kansas City, Missouri.

\$2.00 HOURLY POSSIBLE doing light assembly work at home. Experience unnecessary. Crown Industries, 7159-B Beverly Blvd., Los Angeles 36, Calif.

EARN EXTRA MONEY Weekly Mailing Display Folders. Send stamped, addressed envelope. Allen Company, Warsaw 1, Indiana.

FREE, NEW DIRECTORY! 314 Companies looking for people to work at home. O. Economy, Rowley, Mass.

SEW OUR READY CUT aprons at home, spare time. Easy, Profitable. Hanky Aprons, Ft. Smith 3, Arkansas.

PROFITABLE HOME BUSINESS. Make Fast-selling chenille monkey trees. Literature free. Velva, Bohemia 32, N.Y.

EARN SPARE TIME cash mailing advertising literature. Glenway, 5713 Euclid, Cleveland 3, Ohio.

SEND OUT POSTCARDS. Cash daily. Write Box 14, Belmont, Mass.

HOME SEWERS WANTED

SEW BABY SHOES at home. No canvassing. \$40.00 weekly possible. Write: Tiny-Tot, Gallopolis 19, Ohio.

OLD COINS & MONEY WANTED

\$40.00 CERTAIN LINCOLN Pennies. Indianheads \$60.00. Others \$5.00 - \$3,000.00. Complete Catalogue Everything 25c. Illustrated Catalogue 50c. With Samples Coin Conditions \$1.50. Worthycoin Corporation, Boston 18, Massachusetts.

WE PURCHASE INDIANHEAD pennies. Complete allcoin catalogue 25c. Magnacoin, Box 61-DH, Whitestone 57, New York.

MALE & FEMALE HELP WANTED

EARN EXTRA MONEY selling Advertising Book Matches. Free sample kit furnished. Matchcorp, Dept. WP-15, Chicago 32, Illinois.

HELP WANTED

FOREIGN - U.S. JOB Information Directory. So. Pacific, Alaska, Canada, So. America, Europe, Africa, Spain. Unskilled - Skilled - Office. Contractors names, locations, addresses, amounts listed. Stamped self-addressed envelope appreciated. Job Information, (11E), Waseca, Minnesota.

NURSING SCHOOLS

PRACTICAL NURSING—LEARN Easily at Home, Spare Time. Big demand, good earnings. High School not necessary. Write for free booklet. Wayne School, Dept. AW-20, 2525 Sheffield, Chicago 14, Ill.

ADDITIONAL INCOME

EARN READY CASH doing mailing work. No experience needed—F. Wilson Business Service, 2875 Glendale Blvd., Los Angeles 39, California

Thrilling New Massage Cream Contains PC-11. Acts Instantly to DRY UP SKIN BLEMISHES



From Both Oily Skin and External Causes!

Have you tried in vain to get rid of oily pimples, "hickies," other externally caused skin blemishes? Well, you never had PC-11 before! That's POMPEIAN's name for Hexachlorophene. Wonderful discovery of science helps dry up such skin blemishes! Acts instantly to clean out dirt, helps remove blackheads like magic! Goes on face pink—rolls off muddy gray!

GENEROUS TRIAL TUBE—10 CENTS!

Send name, address and 10 cents to POMPEIAN CORP., Dept. P-7, Baltimore 24, Md. (Offer good only in U.S.) Or get Pompeian Massage Cream at any drug store.

**POMPEIAN
MASSAGE CREAM**



If monthly distress—pain, cramps, nervous tension and headache—get you down, be smart and try

CHI-CHES-TERS

If you don't get safe, quick, long-lasting relief we will refund your money. Fair enough? Get Chi-Ches-Ters and compare this medically proven, prescription-like "wonder" formula with any other product you have used. In doctors' tests 9 out of 10 women got relief—often with the first dose. Why not you? Feel gay every day with Chi-Ches-Ters. Purse Pak 50¢; Economy Sizes \$1.15 and \$2.25. If your druggist hasn't any, ask him to get some for you—or we will fill direct orders.

FREE—Illustrated booklet of intimate facts every woman should know. Mailed in plain wrapper. Write today! Chichester Chemical Company, Dept. 19-S, Philadelphia 46, Pa.

more a week. By 1942, when he left to enter the Army, he was already a veteran announcer.

It was at Fort Knox, Kentucky, where he was instructing in the Officers' Candidate School, that Ray met Liz—only she was Lieutenant Mary Elizabeth Leader then, a dietitian. "We got married on a three-day pass," Ray recalls, "at a little spa in Indiana. A sweet little church around the corner—around the corner from an arsenal."

A year later, in 1946, Ray Goulding returned to Boston, joined Station WHDH—and met Bob Elliott.

Bob was born on March 26, 1923, in Winchester, Massachusetts. After graduation from high school in 1940, he attended the Feagin School of Dramatic Art in New York City. "I thought I might become an actor," he explains. A year later, at eighteen, he auditioned at Boston's Station WHDH and got a job as staff announcer. (Salary: \$18.50 a week.) In 1943, he joined the Army, serving three years with the 26th Infantry Division.

Ask him about his Army career, and Bob reacts like a war prisoner who's only obliged to give his name, rank and serial number. "I was a T/5 in Regimental Special Service," he says.

"Oh, you entertained troops?" you say. "I ran movies," he says.

And then Ray, who understands Bob's reticence in speaking about himself, tries to help. "He was a malingerer," he says.

You have to consult the record to find out: Bob took part in the Battle of the Bulge.

After his discharge in 1946, he returned to WHDH, where he was given two disc-jockey shows—one in the morning, one in the afternoon. Ray Goulding was assigned to do the newscasts on the morning show. After completing his chores, he got in the habit of hanging around and kidding with Bob. That's how it began—casually, impromptu, without scripts or rehearsals, but just for fun. And that's how it's continued ever since.

Soon, their off-hand remarks had expanded into ad-lib sketches, then into a daily half-hour show ("just before the ball game") . . . and, finally—to meet audience demand—another show had to be added in the morning. After five years of this in Boston, word of the new comedy team reached New York. It was in July, 1951, that the audiences of two network shows

started hearing: "Bob Elliott and Ray Goulding take pleasure in presenting the National Broadcasting Company, which presents *The Bob And Ray Show*."

Two months later, they were given the morning show on NBC's local station in New York. Then two more network shows were added to an already impossible schedule. But even Bob and Ray can no longer remember all the shows they appeared on for NBC—both local and network, radio and TV—until the spring of 1953. Many of these shows were on daily—five to six times a week—so that, for sheer quantity, Bob and Ray set some sort of record. But there was quality, too. In 1952, they won a George Foster Peabody award for "best in radio entertainment." And even more gratifying, according to Ray, was "the testimony of returning GIs from all over the world who continue to report *The Bob And Ray Show* among the most popular on the Armed Forces Network."

To explain their popularity (about 4½ million people every week), it is necessary to explain the Bob and Ray brand of humor. They practice an art that has almost vanished from our time: the art of satire. It's the highest form of comedy and the healthiest, for it uses ridicule to expose the follies of the times. For example, you have only to listen to some Bob and Ray commercials to know what's wrong with so much radio and TV advertising. But you don't get mad about it. You laugh. It's criticism, but it's good-natured.

Since Bob and Ray work without a script, many of their most inspired moments are unrecorded. One critic, however—Philip Hamburger, of *The New Yorker* magazine—happened to be listening with pencil in hand one night. "Bob and Ray generally finish up their program," he wrote, "with a plug for one of their seemingly endless supply of (imaginary) products. The other night it was Woodlo, a product 'all America is talking about.' Speaking rapidly, Bob and Ray said that Woodlo was the sort of product 'that appeals to people who.' Moreover, it was 'immunized.' 'You can buy Woodlo loose!' one of them cried. 'Yes, mothers and dads!' cried the other. 'Available at your neighborhood!' cried Bob. 'Drop in on your neighborhood!' cried Ray."

In a simpler vein: "For the fellow who can brush his teeth only once a year, we recommend steel wool."

But Bob and Ray not only lambaste ad-

vertising, they lampoon the programs themselves. Playing all the roles, their "dramatic interludes" have included such gems as: *Mr. Trace, Keener Than Most Persons* (with one thrilling episode, "The Leaky Refrigerator in the Efficiency Apartment Murder Clue"), *Jack Headstrong, the All-American American* (he was making an inter-planetary motor-cycle), and *Mary Backstayge, Noble Wife* (the daytime drama that has supplanted *The Life and Loves of Linda Lovely*, since they killed off all the people in that one).

Then there's Mary McGoon, the composite of all women commentators and home helpers. Her cure for a cold? "Goose-fat in an Argyle sock, hung around the neck." Dining-room etiquette? "No, friends, beer should not be served in finger bowls. For quiet elegance, serve it in demi-tasse cups."

Curiously enough, no one has ever objected to their satire. In fact, the victims are delighted. Edward R. Murrow, for example, vows that if ever there's a mechanical difficulty or something goes wrong on his *Person To Person* show, he's going to run a kinescope of the take-off Bob and Ray did. Instead of going inside the home, "Edward R. Sturdley" (there's always a character named Sturdley in their shows) went outside his first celebrity's home. It was a "human fly"—and visiting him, person to person, the TV camera looked 'way up at a tall building and there, on top, was the "speck of a guy." The second celebrity visited was "a guy in jail." Showing the TV audience where he lived, "Edward R. Sturdley" pointed out the writing room, the warden's office, the place where the celebrity received visitors, etc. . . .

For TV, Bob and Ray had to augment their cast of two to include an actress for the women's parts. Making her TV debut with them at NBC was Audrey Meadows (Jackie Gleason's wife in "The Honey-mooners") who is now one of their permanent panelists on *The Name's The Same*.

In 1953, Bob and Ray switched to WABC-TV (New York) for a five-times-a-week show. In the summer of 1954, they took over the early morning show (6:30 to 10:00) at New York's Station WINS, which they still continue in addition to their current TV show. While this is still a heavy schedule, to Bob and Ray—after their marathon performances of several years ago—it is like a vacation. And now, there is time at last for the one thing that both take seriously. . . .

Last June, Bob married the former Lee Knight—a beautiful non-professional. They live in a charming Greenwich Village apartment with three children: Two by a previous marriage, and a baby born this May. Bob's one hobby is painting—water colors and oils—and he has had some exhibited at the Contemporary Galleries in Manhattan.

Ray, on the other hand, goes in for photography. His main subjects are Raymond, age nine; Thomas, six; and Barbara, three—for Ray is trying to keep a pictorial record of his children's "growing up." Mostly, however, he and Liz enjoy puttering around their new home in Plandome Manor, Long Island.

If Ray seems a more contented man than most, it is because he has had proof—while still alive—that he is not only loved, but that his family actually follow him on radio and TV. He and Bob were doing a burlesque of *Truth Or Consequences*. Ray did not know the answer. For his consequence, Bob nailed him up in a box and poised it on a window ledge—ready to push it into the Hudson River below. Ray's children never waited to see whether Bob pushed the box or not. They were already running out of the living room to go save their daddy.

\$1,000.00 REWARD



. . . is offered for information leading to the arrest of dangerous "wanted" criminals. Hear details about the \$1,000.00 reward on . . .

TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES

Every Wednesday Evening on MUTUAL Stations

The Oklahoma killer asked for a mercy he had not shown his 4 victims. Read "I Want to Die Quickly and Privately" in July TRUE DETECTIVE MAGAZINE at newsstands now.

This Life I Love

(Continued from page 41)

But Willy must make good for my husband and for Lucy and Desi, too."

Willy is a Desilu Production—and not by chance.

"Lucille Ball is one of my oldest and most violent friends," June says. The violence refers to Lucille's super-abundant enthusiasm. Lucy has definite ideas about what her friends should be doing and never stops promoting until they get to doing it. "She gives not only advice but opportunity, too. While she's selling you on doing a show, she's selling a producer on hiring you."

Lucy gets credit for promoting quite a few people into stardom. The list includes Van Johnson, June Allyson and June Havoc. Back in the Forties, Lucy thought Miss Havoc should come to Hollywood, and so Miss Havoc made twenty-six films.

More recently, Lucy decided June should have a television program, so she and Desi got together with June's husband Bill Spier, who is a famed producer in radio and TV. Together, they tailor-made Willy for June. It is comedy-with-heart about a pert, gentle woman lawyer.

"But the decision to make Willy came so suddenly," June recalls. "We were about to settle in a new house." The house is a brownstone in "Buskin Hill" in Manhattan. The street, off Park Avenue, is fast becoming an actors' colony—Maria Riva and Alfred Drake live there. The idea is to get a theatrical friend to buy into the block every time a "civilian" sells.

"Bill had been paying about \$350 a month rent and so I asked myself why shouldn't he be paying me, instead of a stranger, and I bought the building." Her building has an apartment on every floor, and the landlady has the first floor. It has not yet been furnished—for, exactly one week after its purchase, June and Bill came to Hollywood to film Willy. Since June has been spending most of her time in either New York or Hollywood, she bought a second house—this time, in Beverly Hills. It's a two-story, gray stucco with white trim. June is in love with it and calls the architecture "forever style." It is a large house with so many windows June had to store most of her paintings.

There's a reason for all the glass," June says. "The former owner spent twenty-thousand dollars on plants, shrubs and landscaping. He wanted to enjoy it whether he was in or out of the house."

She takes no credit for the gardening, but the interior is all her doing. Perhaps most striking is the drawing room, furnished in black and white contrasts with just a little tangerine for accent. June does all of her own planning and decorating, and just about makes the furniture herself. A lot of her stuff came from Barker Brothers' Basement, a kind of second-hand shop in Los Angeles where everyone sells their own furniture and buys someone else's.

"I got an impossible Jacobean style that no one else in the world would want," June notes. At home she stripped down the chairs and sofa and put on new fabric covers so they would mix with modern. She figures the average cost per chair was about five dollars.

June will buy no more houses, for she has no desire to be a realtor. To her, as to most actors, a house represents security, and that is about all. "As a landlady, I try to be fair," she says. "I charge Bill only a single rental. Just for the home his wife lives in."

Bill Spier, in the words of his wife, is "tall, dark and woolly." He has a crew-cut beard which conspicuously covers

ASK YOUR
DOCTOR
OR
DRUGGIST

If you want to BANISH BAD BREATH AND BODY ODOR PROBLEMS FOREVER

—Try "ENNDS"® Tablets containing
Darotol®—the only deodorant that gets to the
source of both problems internally

Neither a shower nor a "dab-on disguise" can assure you of being *always* free of possible odor offense. "ENNDS" Tablets, on the other hand, reach the *internal* cause—do not just disguise or mask external symptoms.

"ENNDS" contain Darotol—one of the most potent essences of Chlorophyll ever extracted from plant life. The Darotol in "ENNDS" acts *internally*, where odors start and where deodorant sprays, creams, mouthwashes, etc., can't reach. Result: Odor from foods, liquors, smoking and body odors in general are checked *before* they can embarrass you by coming out on your breath or through your pores.

Safe, pleasant-tasting "ENNDS" do not upset the stomach. Trial size at all Drug counters only 49¢. The larger sizes are even more economical. "ENNDS" are also available in Canada.



HELP

us take orders for magazine subscriptions and earn lots of money doing it. Write today for FREE money-making information. Subscription Sales Dept., 205 East 42 Street, New York 17, N. Y.

BIG MONEY FOR YOUR TV IDEAS

TV Producers are "crying" for your new story ideas. "CASH IN" on your hidden talent in your spare time. Let the "know how" of leading TV writers & directors turn your untapped talent into dollars. Write for free information & sample script actually used on recent TV Show.
Telecrafters, Inc., 6087 Sunset Blvd., Columbia Square
Hollywood 28, California

DISCOVERED! NEW! Makes You Look 10 Years Younger BY TONIGHT!



Say "good bye" to gray, streaked, dull, drab hair that looks old. New TINTZ CREME COLOR SHAM-POO tint makes hair shine with lasting, deep color tone so natural-looking no one ever suspects the beautiful color isn't your own. Easy... best for home use. Lanolin conditioner base makes hair softer, lustrous, easy-to-dress, wave beautifully. 14 nature's shades on color chart with every package. Ask at drug stores. Money back guarantee.

TINTZ CREME COLOR SHAMPOO

High School Course at Home Many Finish in 2 Years

Go as rapidly as your time and abilities permit. Equivalent to residential school work—prepares for college entrance exams. Standard H. S. texts supplied. Diploma awarded. Credit for H. S. subjects completed. Single subjects if desired. Ask for Free Bulletin.
American School, Dept. HB53, Drexel at 58th, Chicago 37

\$52.50 IS YOURS On Just 50 Boxes of TALL-GLOW or COLOR KODACHROME CHRISTMAS CARDS

New radiant color creations sell on sight, pay you \$1.05 per box! Tall Cards, 21 & 26-Card \$1 Ass'ts., Name-In-Red Parchment Cards at 3¢ each, Religious Kodachromes, 17¢ fast-sellers. Profits to 100%, plus \$10-\$50 in Bonus Gifts! Assortments on approval, Imprints Free. Act fast—get \$1.00 Gift FREE. Write TODAY!
CREATIVE CARDS, 4401 Cermak Rd., Dept. 86-B, Chicago 23, Illinois



BE YOUR OWN MUSIC TEACHER

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most of his face. When they first married, June's friends spoke of him approvingly, with but one qualification. "What about that beard?"—as if they expected her to see that it was shaved off. But it was so obvious and June, no trifling wag herself, would stare at them quizzically and ask, "What beard?"—and so they only sputtered.

In 1948, Bill and June were married in California or out of California. No one really knows. They had a big party before the wedding, and then Bill and June drove off with the wedding cake. But, to this day, nobody knows where they were married.

"Bill is unpredictable and charming," she says, "with a wonderful gentleness and sense of humor."

William Spier is a producer noted for his brilliance. He has produced and/or directed many shows, including *Sam Spade*, *Philip Morris Playhouse*, *Omnibus*, *Suspense*. He has received numerous tributes—including three Peabody Awards. ("He's so smart. He's a one-man *Information Please*.") At nineteen, Bill was a first-string music critic. He plays the piano like a concert artist—which he once was. But he's so modest that June has to coax him to play for guests.

The Spiers live alone. Alone? When they owned a beach house at Malibu, they had thirty-six birds, three dogs and eighteen cats. The disproportionate number of dogs is not favoritism. June explains, "Cats sleep in heaps, but dogs need separate places and make a housing problem."

When they gave up the beach house (June says there was so much work keeping up the polish and everything that it was like being in the Navy), they gave up most of the animal people. They kept only one dog and three cats—"But I found jobs for all the others." June and Mrs. James Mason, Pamela Kellino, are the self-appointed animal-placement bureaus in Hollywood. It is a labor of love, for they take no fees from owners or animals.

June's only dog, at present, is a Yorkshire terrier. She calls him Timothy Troll. A troll is a Scandinavian gremlin with fire-red hair, a devil's grin and green teeth. Timothy has the gremlin look minus Technicolor. And there are three pot-bellied cats, Cecil, Sam and Kelsey. "Cecil is a ham," June tells you. "He is always boring our guests with old jokes." He turns the radio off and on. The Spiers have photographic proof of this feat. Cecil is also a patriarch. He takes credit for many of the eighteen cats.

Anyway, the Spiers aren't really alone, but June keeps no servants: "I enjoy cooking, and Bill's a cinch to cook for. He's a meat-and-potato man—except he prefers rice to potatoes." June is an exceptionally good cook and her recipes have appeared in professional cookbooks. She comes up with slightly exotic dishes, such as Shoyu steak—strips of beef marinated for four hours in a mishmash of bourbon, soy sauce, ground ginger, garlic and a little sugar, then charcoal-broiled. "Mostly, though, I'm a practical cook," she says. "I can make three or four dishes and get them on the table hot. And I can do it without getting the kitchen in a mess."

So it doesn't take long to do dishes and pots—which is lucky, for they need most of the evening to get June asleep: "I'm a raving insomniac. Bill reads me to sleep with delightful things. Lately it's been Dickens."

June is a high-tension, wound-up-like-an-eight-day-clock type. It's a family trait. Neither she nor her sister, Gypsy Rose Lee, respect normal spans of time. They get to talking some evenings and go right through the night without blinking

an eye or fracturing a tongue. And everything is done with such intensity that many times June hasn't known that she was exhausted until she blacked out. Not surprisingly, she has many accomplishments. She paints, designs, dances, sails, sews, decorates, fences, plays top-flight tennis. No one knows all the arts, sports, hobbies and avocations she has mastered. It's quite a thing, for June hasn't been to school a day in her life. She went to work shortly after she was out of the cradle.

June, a first-generation American, was born in Seattle, Washington. Her Norwegian-born father was a newspaperman and the family name was Hovick. Her mother was zealously ambitious for her children and, at the age of two, June won a five-dollar gold piece, first prize for her dancing—so she bought a guinea pig.

She danced at club dates and benefits in Seattle and Hollywood. In a film starring Mary Astor, June played the part of an orphan. She was called on to do a lot of crying, and this was accomplished by telling her repeatedly that her dog had been run over. By this time, June was all of three years old.

She joined (or was joined to) the Henry Duffy Players, where she had fifty "sides" of dialogue to learn. When she approached the age of five, she struck out with an act of her own. She has a memento of those days: A picture of herself sitting on her trunk, inscribed, "Dainty Baby June, the Darling of Vaudeville. Reg. U.S. Pat. Off." She was Dainty June until vaudeville dried up and blew away, and then she was just plain June. At an age when she should have been puzzled by plane geometry, she was worried about where her next buck was coming from.

She headed for New York and Broadway. She wanted to be an actress. She wanted a leading or supporting role—or a spear to carry—or just a job in a chorus line. While she auditioned and waited, she worked as a model and saw service in seven dance marathons. (She was usually a prize winner—once, she and a partner split \$2500. This was hardly a windfall. The marathon ran three and a half months and the dancers were on the floor seven days a week, twenty-four hours a day, with only eleven minutes rest in each hour.)

Those years were not a complete loss. She had a bit part in an operetta, "Forbidden Melody." She toured with the road company of "The Women." She fell in with a crowd of young actors who talked her into giving up a stock experience in Pawling, New York, for a workout in the Eastern summer-resort circuit. The argument was that Danny Kaye and about fifty other big stars had been discovered there.

"I can't think of any time that I worked harder," she recalls. At the resort hotel, she did a play on Tuesday, a cafe show on Wednesday, variety on Thursday, a concert on Friday, a water show on Saturday, a revue on Sunday—and quit on Monday. June quit every Monday for two months. "There wasn't an instant of privacy. You had to tell jokes at breakfast or in the pool or the powder room."

And, besides, she didn't get discovered.

At the close of summer, she went from borscht to caviar, and took a role at the summer theater in fashionable Southampton. "I was cast as a prostitute," she recalls. "I was supposed to be sick and done-in, and that's exactly the way I felt."

But her resort-hotel buddies called from New York. They had hired a theater for a few hours and were inviting producers and theater managers—big, important people—to see their acts. Actually, June says, "There was only one important person in the audience that morning, and he was Forrest Haring. Everyone else sent office boys and receptionists. We didn't know that, of course, and killed ourselves for more than two hours on the stage."

The curtain fell and they waited for important people to rush back with contracts. It was quiet. Then one of the boys came back with a message for June that a tall, thin man wanted to see her. "In those days, I didn't ask questions," June says. "The thin man told me to bring the piano player along to the Barrymore Theater, and I did."

Several men were seated in the Barrymore orchestra seats. June went on the stage and sang for them. She sang and danced the same specialty numbers she had done during the summer. Then a mild, soft-spoken man stood up and asked her to sing just one un-funny song.

"I don't know any," she said.

"I'll give you the words," the man said, "and you sing them back." (The man was Richard Rodgers, the composer.)

So she sang a ballad and they asked for her phone number. All told, she had been on the stage forty-five minutes, and that is a long time.

"I was sick. Not a word from them." She remembers, "I went back to that fleabag of a hotel and filled up the bathtub. I got in and cried for an hour. Then I was called to the phone."

It was the George Abbott office and they wanted her to come over immediately. She was signed to one of the leads in a new musical which proved to be the smash hit, "Pal Joey." That was the fall of 1940, and June's star zoomed like a kite caught in a March wind. ("There's no elation—nothing else in the world—to match the feeling when you're in the producer's office and they hand you a script and say, 'We want you.'")

In 1941, June left "Pal Joey" for Hollywood and the movies. She toured Army camps during the war and returned to Broadway to win the Donaldson Award for her performance in "Mexican Hayride." She played Sadie Thompson in the musical version of "Rain." In those days, June was essentially a comedienne, flip and brassy. She was a blonde bombshell, a surefire show-stopper. "I used to stand in the wings listening to the applause and ask *why*? Friends who could really sing or dance used to tease me. I knew I was a faker with dancing or singing."

She was sensational as a female rough-neck but, unfortunately, found she was expected to play the same part off-stage. "It got me quoted. I was a star. I had fame and I was making a living. It was security born of desperation."

And this is the guts of the story, for June was almost swallowed up by the Frankenstein monster she had created. She began hating herself and her flip, flashy role. She became depressed. She withdrew. She dragged herself to parties, then hid in corners. One evening at a party she was trapped by the late Gertrude Lawrence—"She came up and introduced herself just as if everyone didn't know who she was."

Miss Lawrence praised June for her performance and then said, "The way you

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play comedy makes me think you have the makings of a fine dramatic actress."

June choked, shivered up a sob and then splattered Miss Lawrence with tears. The great lady said, "I knew something was wrong. Let's make a lunch date and talk."

When they met, June opened up. She told all about herself and her problems, personal and professional. Miss Lawrence understood. She had suffered a similar experience. "Don't say things because people expect you to be shocking. Be quiet. Be yourself," she counseled. "And, for the next eight or ten years, take only dramatic parts and starve a little."

June took the advice, but has never starved. She proved to be as effective in drama as in comedy. She has received high critical praise for her performance in such demanding and difficult stage roles as Amy, in "They Knew What They Wanted," and for her Sadie Thompson in the play—without music. She also took an Oscar for her supporting film role in "Gentlemen's Agreement." She put a curl in the coaxial cable with her TV rendition of Eugene O'Neill's "Anna Christie." Of course, she has played many other heavy roles and has even done some directing. In the latter job, she had her sister Gypsy as one of her stars. (June and Gypsy are very close, although both are stamped "Handle With Care.") Either can be explosive. Or convulsive.)

Off-stage, June's taste in clothes is simple. She favors plain, tailored clothes with a feminine touch—maybe a bit of delicate white lace or a slight flare to her skirt. She hasn't time to sew these days, but continues to design her clothes.

June is as concerned about Willy's appearance as she is about her own. Because Willy was a small-town lawyer in the beginning, she didn't dress for tomorrow. Letters from the female audience—whom June refers to as "my ladies"—complained about Willy looking a wee bit dowdy. They wanted smarter clothes and June gratified them. They didn't like her ponytail, complaining about the wiggle. In its place June has a chignon.

There is nothing pat about June's reaction to the audience. Like all fine performers, she respects her audience and is dedicated to giving her best. She belongs to that breed of show people who keep going so long as they can walk.

During a Broadway run, some years ago, June was so ill during a performance that when she left the theater she collapsed on the sidewalk. She was so exhausted that she couldn't even identify herself at the moment. And there was the year of 1952, when she was playing in "Affair of State" on Broadway, as well as appearing frequently on the TV program *This Is Show Business*. She was pregnant and terribly ill. In spite of a fever, she played a Saturday matinee and an evening show. She alerted only the stage manager. After the night performance they carted her off to the hospital. She missed the Sunday-night program of *Show Business*, but that was unavoidable, for she was under anesthesia—and had lost her baby.

If you read Broadway columns, you know that June has a teen-age daughter who, like mother, aspires to the theater. Her name is April and she is studying dramatics in New York but insists that she doesn't want to trade on her mother's prestige. June respects this and does not speak of her for publication.

"I don't give April advice. I don't give anyone advice," she says. "Nothing is going to separate someone from this business if they love it. I am personal proof of that." She adds, "When I'm eighty-five, I want to be on the stage and be a first-rate actress."

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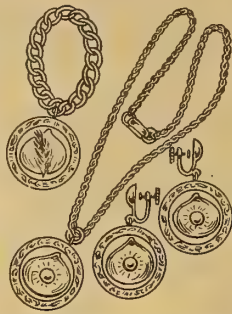
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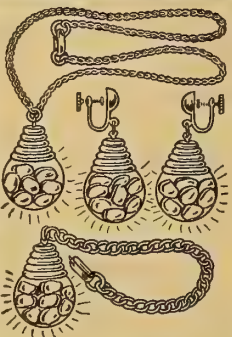
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Cinderella with a Song

(Continued from page 33)

From the time she was four, Peggy dreamed beyond her means. "I was born in Greensburg, Pennsylvania," she says, "during the Depression. There was only one factory in the town, and, when they went on strike, that was it. Half the time, my father was out of work." But poverty didn't keep Peggy from dreaming: "When I was four years old and friends or relatives asked me, 'What are you going to be when you grow up, Peggy?'—I always answered, 'A movie star.' I think it was my first complete thought."

Peggy remembers the struggle that goes hand-in-hand with the Cinderella tale. First, her dad was on relief, and later he worked for the WPA. Peggy particularly remembers two early hardships: The winter cold and her lack of proper clothing. "Nothing gets so cold as morning snow on the road to school," says Peggy. "Most of the kids had snow suits—at least, coats and bottoms that matched. I didn't. I had a few old leftovers. One of them had a hole in the seat of the pants. When my mother mended it, without realizing, she made the patch in the shape of a heart. You've heard of people who wear their hearts on their sleeves—I sat on mine."

When she was ten years old, Peggy's family moved from Greensburg to Ravenna, Ohio. Peggy remembers that trying to make financial ends meet was impossible. For every item bought, it seemed the family had to give up two of something else. But when, at five, Peggy had showed great talent, her family and grandmother together scraped up twenty-five cents a week for dancing lessons. Before the first recital, Peggy's teacher wanted to display this talent with a solo. "I was thrilled," says Peg, "but the twenty-five cents a week had taken all the money. We couldn't afford the costume."

After school, the other youngsters spent the afternoon seeing a ten-cent movie, but little Peggy couldn't afford even this small luxury. "I was always the one left at the desk," she says. It was here that Peggy learned to create her own amusements. Since she couldn't afford to be entertained, she decided to become the entertainer, and soon was cast in the lead of the school play. Even here, there was early heartbreak for Peg. Shortly before the performance, she came down with a bad cold. "My family couldn't afford to send for the doctor," says Peggy, "so I even had to miss out on this show. But I didn't give up. I had learned every line in that play—it wasn't going to be wasted. My mother understood. She helped me gather makeshift props at home and, with her and Dad as an audience, I did the show—played all the parts, moved every prop, everything!"

Peggy's parents, Margaret and Floyd King, always felt their daughter had great talent, but they seldom encouraged her toward a show-business career. They felt that, to succeed, "You had to know somebody." As Peggy grew older, still holding fast to her movie-star dream, her father would gently discourage her, saying, "Baby, don't dream beyond your means."

In spite of her father's continued discouragement, Peggy went right on dreaming: "I can't remember the time when I didn't want a career. I have always wanted to sing and act. I have to sing and act—I have to perform. I would sacrifice almost anything to do this, because it is part of me—the biggest part of me."

It wasn't until after her first big break with Charlie Spivak's band that Peggy understood the reason behind her family's discouragement of her dreams. Her father told her then, "I always knew you had

the talent, Peg. But I hated to think that if you continued to try—and failed—some day you'd end up with a broken heart."

Peggy's family had always had great faith in her. It was only out of this sense of protection that they had tried to dissuade her. Peggy says, "In spite of the discouragement—which I now understand—I think my parents did a great job with me. We may have been poor—that was a big enough obstacle for them to overcome—but what we lacked in money we made up in love."

From her experience, Peggy learned that it's not only good to dream big dreams, but even more important to be specific about those dreams, knowing what you want, right down to the smallest detail. This helps you realize your dreams, because it puts first things first. For instance, Peggy saw that, if she were to become a professional singer, she must first have a wardrobe. Wardrobes cost money. Where was the money coming from?

Following high school graduation, Peg went to Bohacker's Business College in Ravenna. She worked then as a secretary, continuing to sing "at all the doings, and with small bands." At one of these affairs, she was spotted and signed—at seventeen—for her first professional date at the Bronze Room of the Cleveland Hotel in Cleveland. But she still didn't have enough money for a wardrobe... and here's where the Cinderella story began to come true for Peggy. Every Cinderella has a fairy godmother. Peggy's was Miss Sorki, the owner of a small Ravenna dress shop. Miss Sorki had great faith in Peggy's ability, too, and for Peggy's first job advanced her three gowns.

"With my first pair of high-heeled shoes," says Peggy, "and my three borrowed dresses, I began my professional career." Peggy, at this point, was very much like Cinderella—if she had lost one of those slippers, she'd have been out of a job! She stretched her wardrobe by changing the three dresses around each night, adding flowers and different accessories. Peggy never forgot Miss Sorki's help, though it is only recently that she has been able to fully repay her first fairy godmother.

The low spot in Cinderella's own story always comes when she's returned to the scullery. In Peggy's life, this moment had to come, too. Not long after she started singing in the Bronze Room, she also won a job on Cleveland's radio station WGAR, as the result of a contest. Peggy found herself riding a wave of success—two jobs at once!—though she had to work harder than any storybook Cinderella: After her 2 A.M. singing chore at the hotel, Peggy arose at 8 A.M. daily for the Open House show on WGAR.

Then the ax fell. Peggy lost both jobs at once. During this despondent period, she returned home to Ravenna. But she continued to tell herself, "I've dreamed along this far... and I'm not going to give up now." With her last five dollars, and some money borrowed from her parents, she started off again for Cleveland to make the rounds.

Again, fate stepped in—as it must, in every Cinderella story. First, Peggy missed her connecting bus to Cleveland and had to stay overnight in Akron. Then she remembered that Akron was her parents' honeymoon town, and she searched out the little hotel she'd so often heard them speak about. Next, while at the hotel, she picked up the evening paper and read that a previous Cleveland friend, whistler Fred Lowrey, was performing at the large Akron hotel directly across the street.

Lowrey had heard Peggy at the Bronze Room and had written a glowing letter to his friend, bandleader Charlie Spivak.

Feeling lonely, Peggy called Fred and his wife. They immediately invited her over, and Fred asked her to stay an extra day to see his show. It was at 6 P.M. of this second day that the phone rang. It was Charlie Spivak. He was in town for a one-nighter, he had received Fred's letter—he wanted to see Peggy about a job!

When Peggy signed with Spivak, she thought her Cinderella dream was truly coming within reach—for his band was world renowned—but there were still some four or five years of struggle ahead of her. After eight months with Spivak, Peggy was film-tested at Twentieth Century-Fox. Everyone encouraged the move. But nothing came of the test, and Peggy once again found herself playing small club dates in Cleveland. It seemed to her then that, for every step she took up the ladder of success, she slipped back two.

Prince Charming came into Cinderella's life at this time, in the person of Knobby Lee, a young trumpet player with Ralph Flannagan's band. Peggy, too, signed with Flannagan. She says: "When I was introduced to the members of the band that first day, I thought Knobby was cute. The second and third day, I *really* began to look at him. And, on the fourth day, I decided he was the man I would marry!"

"This is how it happened: The first night we travelled four hundred miles on the bus—you can't help getting to know someone well when you sit beside him from Stillwell, Oklahoma, all the way to Phoenix, Arizona! Knobby made his first big impression when everybody woke up the next morning and he was the only one on the bus who wasn't grouchy. The second morning his rating went even higher in my book, when he said, 'Are you still tired? Can I get something for you?' It isn't hard to see how I *knew* by the fourth day that Knobby Lee was the man for me!"

Once again, Peggy's dream was coming within reach. She and Knobby went to New York with Flannagan's band. Then she sang with Mel Torme, did the first color TV tests at NBC, and was again spotted by the studios, this time by M-G-M. In 1952, she went to the West Coast for tests. And, this time, she was signed by the studio, beginning immediately to study dramatics, dancing and singing in their classes. "The Post Office Department," says Peggy, "needed extra help in Culver City and New York to handle the mail Knobby and I sent back and forth."

Six months later, after working toward his union card in New York, Knobby came to Hollywood. They were thinking seriously of marriage, when Peggy went to Korea to entertain the troops over Christmas, 1952—and, once more, the ladder seemed to have been pulled out from under her. Korea was colder than the snowdrifts in Ravenna, Ohio, had ever been. Entertaining the troops on open stages, with the thermometer dipping to five below zero, was too much for Peggy. But she sang for the boys in khaki up to the day she passed out.

Peggy was so sick she very nearly died. Confined to her room in Tokyo's Imperial Hotel, she desperately fought the virus which nearly robbed her of her hearing. Debbie Reynolds, Peggy's close friend, stayed with her in Japan, nursing her back to health.

Cinderella and her Prince Charming finally got together on Peggy's return in 1953. Their marriage took place February 2, in the Little Brown Church in San Fernando Valley, attended by a small gathering of friends. "We only knew about thirty people at the time," says Peggy. "Since my father wasn't able to be here,

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Mr. Reynolds, Debbie's father, gave me away, and Debbie stood up with me.

"At the church, poor Knobby thought I'd changed my mind. He was left waiting at the altar for eighteen minutes—we were halfway there, with Mr. Reynolds driving, when Debbie remembered we'd left the flowers at home! We were all so anxious to get back to the church, that Mr. Reynolds accidentally drove up on the lawn."

Although M-G-M dropped Peggy after her return from Korea, she had agreed to go on one of their tours—so Jimmy Stewart, Vera-Ellen, Bob Ryan and about thirty other people were on Peggy's and Knobby's five-day honeymoon flight to Denver. Romance wasn't exactly proceeding in traditional storybook style. But, in real life, Peggy's Cinderella story was just about to come true.

And it wasn't a pumpkin that did it. It was a can of tomato sauce! After recording the now-famous Hunt's commercial jingle, which was immediately a great hit with listeners, Peggy was called by Columbia's vice-president, Mitch Miller. But, when he introduced himself over the phone, Peggy thought she was being kidded. "Oh, yes?" she said, "And this is Snow White!"

What she should have said was: "This is Cinderella." Peggy's first record with Columbia was "The Hottentot Song," another immediate success.

It was then that Peggy had to make a momentous decision. "I was offered a huge sum of money for a program of cross-country exploitation," she says. "It was a question of that—or an offer to sing on a new television show." The new program was *The George Gobel Show*, which had not yet been seen by the American public.

Peggy naturally discussed the decision with Knobby. They had long ago reached the point in their marriage where they did not give one another advice in regard to their careers. "In a marriage which involves two careers like ours," says Peggy, "you cannot be running around giving advice to each other. I learned this early from Knobby, when I wanted to sign with an agency. He felt that I shouldn't, because of his own experience with them. But he told me to go ahead, because if I didn't sign—and then lost out on some big job—I might think it was because I hadn't joined the agency. So Knobby said, 'For your peace of mind, sign.' I did, and it turned out to be very bad . . . and I had nobody to blame but myself.

"So Knobby and I 'discussed' taking the *George Gobel Show* offer, but he made me make the decision on my own. He did point out that being seen once a week on network TV was more important than anything else—including the fantastic offer I already had. Knobby liked the idea of the Gobel show, but the decision was still mine.

"And now," says Peggy, "suppose Knobby had advised me *not* to take the Gobel show, and the girl who took it had everything happen to her that has happened to me! Then what would I have done . . . ? Well," she says in mock seriousness, "I'd probably have shot him!"

Actually, there was more than a touch of magic in the way Peggy was signed for the *George Gobel Show*. George, who was then unknown to TV, had been looking for a singer for his upcoming show, but hadn't wanted to audition some 300 singers, explaining: "After the first three, they all begin to sound alike."

It was while George was in Chicago that Cinderella Peggy's second fairy godmother, Ethel Daccardo, columnist on the *Chicago Daily News*, heard Peggy sing. Knowing that George was looking for a songstress, she suggested to George they get together. "Have you heard this little

girl named Peggy King?" she asked George one day over lunch.

"No," said George, "I haven't."

"Well," said Columnist Daccardo, "you're in luck. She's guesting on *The Saturday Night Review*."

"All right," said George, "I'll watch her." In the meantime, George listened to Peggy's recording of "Hottentot," liked it, and—fortunately for Peggy—her two numbers on the *Review* were, as she says, "good for me." After the show, George called his producers, saying, "Get Peggy King . . . I want her for the show." Peggy was signed—although she'd never met George.

Their first meeting took place later in Hollywood, at Mike Lyman's restaurant. Peggy says: "I'd been rehearsing all morning—I was a physical wreck. But, when I walked in and saw this darling little face, I *knew* I'd made the right decision!"

Today, as a result of the *George Gobel Show*, Peggy and Knobby are settled in their own little North Hollywood home. Knobby is a member of the Liberace band, but—since the latter is on the road only two or three times a year—he and Peggy are together constantly.

"In fact," says Peggy, "we're the greatest 'together' family you've ever seen. We paint. We practice. Knobby plays his trumpet for me—it's the only rehearsal I get, music-wise. We shop for furniture together. I'm a great one for decorating—I even like to decorate the closets! Knobby is responsible for the outside of the house—he's got a sea-green thumb. If I get near the flowers, they die. As for 'family,' we've got Mr. McGoo, our short-haired miniature dachshund, and temporarily we also have the long-haired Brunhilde. We took Brunhilde as a gift for Arthur Hamilton (he wrote my new record, 'Any Questions?') then found that Arthur was allergic to long-hair dogs! Now that she's been with us for a few weeks, I'm trying to figure out some way for us to keep her. Our business manager says she's too expensive for us to keep. But Knobby has a birthday coming up; maybe I can swing it that way.

"We've fallen in love with Brunhilde. Knobby says now, that if Brunhilde goes, he goes with her. I'm sorry to say that Mr. McGoo is unimpressed. He spent all last week sleeping outside, under Knobby's rose bushes. Brunhilde has her bed inside."

As for a family, Peggy says, "Yes, Knobby and I want children very badly."

Children are very definitely part of Peggy's dream. And there is one other part of her dream which hasn't been realized: Peggy still wants to be a movie star. If her recent test at Paramount is any measure, Peggy's dream will soon come true. It's hard for her to realize that her already hard-earned success as a television singing star has made her as popular with the fans as one hundred motion pictures could. This was proved on the night of the Academy Awards, when she was chosen to sing "Count Your Blessings" on NBC's Oscar show. The moment she stepped from the car into the mob of stars in the foyer of Hollywood's Pantages Theater, the fans raised a great cry of "There's Peggy King!" The photographers clamored for pictures and more pictures. As Peggy says: "I was just there to sing . . . I hadn't even figured on being recognized!"

"Dreaming beyond her means" has paid fairy-tale dividends to Peggy. Cinderella-like, she has had hard work and disappointment in her struggle for success, but she has always kept the grand dreams foremost in her mind. For Peggy King, the grandest dreams have developed a happy habit of coming true.

Honeymoon in the Sun

(Continued from page 51)

handed us on a platter, for free. Miami, Nassau, Havana. . . ."

"As a matter of fact, it's Miami Beach and the Sea Isle Hotel—period—and five shows to do. This is a honeymoon?"

"Oh, you don't work all the time. Just being away from New York together is a honeymoon," said Jayne.

That, in essence, is why you watched Steve Allen's *Tonight* show telecasting from the pool and private beach of the Sea Isle in Miami Beach during the second week in January, and incidentally caught some of the most famous acts in show business—acts which would have cost you a fortune in night-club tabs to see and hear.

Since I was in Miami that week, the editor of TV RADIO MIRROR wired me to hurry over to the Sea Isle and find out how Steve and Jayne were faring. The story published just after their marriage had deplored the fact that the Allens had not had time for a proper honeymoon. Now, though belatedly, a sequel to that story was obviously indicated.

At the Sea Isle, I was whisked ten stories to the desert of rooftop high above the Miami Beach waters. "Just follow the path to Penthouse A," the elevator operator instructed, and sank abruptly out of sight. Across acres of gravel, I followed a boardwalk to a gate in a cypress fence, trucked on through, and found Penthouse A, a fenced and patioed bungalow straight out of the latest architects' annual.

As befitted a suite which, during the fifty-five-day Miami Beach season, would rent for several hundred dollars a day, this one had an enormous living room complete with everything—including an indoor garden—a kitchen and bath, bedroom and dressing room, and a solarium—patio the size of most people's back yards, all walled for privacy so that the occupants could get tanned all over, if they chose to do so.

In the bathroom, Jayne, clad in a light blue bathing suit and a smidgen of a sweater, was washing out a pair of Steve's shorts in the basin. Another pair hung from the shower rod. "Hi," she said. "I'm just beating the laundry situation—he didn't bring enough shorts. He's out there in the sun. Holler if you guys want tea or anything."

Steve, in swim trunks, was basking on a lawn couch. They were having their honeymoon, all right.

Steve looked as if he had nothing more on his mind than the magazine he was holding. And, as I sat down, I could hear Jayne singing merrily as she sudsed away at his shorts. She had spent three days in Nassau, preceding Steve because he was tied up with the show and business matters, then had flown to Miami to join him.

Steve's earlier prediction that, with five consecutive shows to do, he wouldn't have time to play at a honeymoon turned out to be wrong. The talent that happened to be in town at the time—Milton Berle, Gordon MacRae, Henny Youngman, Debbie Reynolds, Vaughn Monroe, Gene Baylos, George DeWitt, Patti Page, and dozens of other top stars—had all been so generous with their time that Steve had hardly had to work at all. Evenings, he'd kicked the show around with his writers and directors until show time, then just let it roll. This had left Steve and Jayne the daylight hours for just fun and relaxation.

"Of course," Jayne explained, "he got off to a typical Allen start. No sleep the night before he got here—because he can't sleep on planes. Then a day of conferences. And then, when anybody else would

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fall into bed, he accepts an invitation to the fights—and, furthermore, takes most of the staff with him, so nobody gets in until dawn. But he's a big boy, and I guess he can take it."

Steve seemed to be taking it very well indeed. That very day, for example, he'd gotten up at nine (after some late night-clubbing earlier that morning) and, rousting a sleepy-eyed Jayne out of bed, had led her down to the surf in front of the hotel. There they found some pedal-boats, individual sea-scooters with a paddle in back which are operated the same way as a bicycle.

Ordinarily, these temperamental little machines are used in a pool or quiet lagoon, but Steve thought it would be fun to try them in the surf. He and Jayne capsized two or three times before they made it beyond the waves and into the quieter, clear green depths of the Atlantic offshore. Let us leave them there in the sun, paddling about and looking down at the pretty little fishes, for a while. . . .

And now, after a suitable lapse of time, let us journey once again to the Sea Isle to witness, in person, one of Steve's *Tonight* shows: I walked through the chic lobby and out into the pool area—and found bedlam. What I remembered, from a previous visit, as a casual pool and cabana area—with the beach beyond (and beyond that, Atlantic Ocean stretching straight to Africa)—was now a writhing welter of cables, seething with technicians and audience. After a sunny day, the evening had gone cool—well, it was down as far as fifty-seven, and everyone was wearing jackets and mink coats. People who had braved a 27-degree temperature in New York, only twelve hours before, now shivered and cursed the unseasonable weather.

Milton Berle came out, frankly engulfed in a topcoat, and did a stint for Steve. (Said Steve, "Milton may be wearing a topcoat, but I'm wearing sport clothes—lots of 'em. But I'm darned if I'm going to wear a topcoat, after everything the Miami Chamber of Commerce has done for us. After all!")

Then Steve introduced George DeWitt, a veteran and famous comedian from a near-by Miami Beach night club. DeWitt, clad in a \$350 suit just delivered from his New York tailor, chose to do his stint on the low diving board. Perhaps because of the chill weather, the laughs were slow in coming and he began working harder and harder for them. He worked himself right off the end of the diving board, in fact, and I can still see the look of utter astonishment on his face as he disappeared below camera range. The suit was a total loss, but to date Steve has received no bill for it. That's pretty typical of the entertainers who lent him their services. If they gave at all, they gave their all.

The problems caused by running two major network shows (Garroway's *Today* as well as Steve Allen's *Tonight*) simultaneously, from the same hotel, are best described by the Sea Isle's press agent, Sam Kaplan. When I caught up with him he was a spent and beaten man.

"Crazy," he said, "just crazy." Of course, he and the management had spent weeks making plans so nothing could possibly go wrong. They had arranged with the phone company for thirty extra trunk lines and fifteen extra operators to handle additional calls. They had worked out a security program to screen visitors and keep crowds of the curious from bothering the artists. Then they sent a note to the hotel's resident guests, telling them how lucky they were to be sitting in on this great show-business event, and politely asking their cooperation.

The guests weren't so sure who was co-

operating with whom, the next morning at 4 A.M., when pandemonium broke loose in the skies above them. It was merely a jet pilot and a helicopter rehearsing for one of the shows, but it was the end of sleep for that night, and from then on the guests had the privilege of paying twenty to forty dollars a day to live in the swankiest television studio in the world.

Because that's what it became for one week. Kaplan, for instance, was entertaining an important director at dinner when a harassed man in working clothes came up to the table and asked plaintively, "Who do I see? Where do I put it?"

"Put what?" asked Kaplan.

"The alligator, of course."

Kaplan excused himself and went outside, to find a van containing, sure enough, a monstrous—and very much alive—alligator. "Mr. Allen ordered it this morning," the man said. "Shall I put it in the pool?"

"You'd better tell those people to get out first," Kaplan said dazedly. "They might scare the alligator and we wouldn't want to ruin one of Mr. Allen's props."

That was the night Allen had a Seminole Indian dive into the pool, capture the alligator and wrestle it onto the poolside (while guests scattered hastily). The night before, Steve had surprised Mr. Kaplan by installing an enormous porpoise in the same pool, and allowing Milton Berle to crouch on the diving board and lure the thing out of the drink with fish. They ran out of fish before the porpoise ran out of appetite, and had to send to the dining room for a number of \$4.50 Pompano Amandine entrees, complete with lemon butter and asparagus Hollandaise, to keep the animal quiet.

The fantastic things that happened because Kaplan and the hotel management couldn't possibly foresee them were legion, and there is no room for them here. These things a public relations man can accept fatalistically. But what does he do when—after all those weeks of careful planning against the invasion of unwelcome, unauthorized people—Jayne's sister, Audrey Meadows, arrives for a show, walks into her room, and finds two giggling teen-age girls waiting for her, holding out autograph books? At *three in the morning*? No one ever found out how they got there, because they grabbed their autographs and disappeared in the maze of corridors.

But even that incident didn't shake Kaplan as much as the one which happened next day, when Jayne arrived from Nassau. After the thirty trunklines and fifteen operators had been installed to handle the television business, it had been decided that all incoming calls would clear through a chief operator who would inquire whether the calls were for business or personal purposes. Business calls would be routed to the staff, personal calls to Suite A.

Very well. Strictly on schedule, Jayne turned up at the Miami International Airport, from Nassau, and of course phoned the hotel to tell Steve she'd be with him in half an hour. To the chief operator she said, "Mr. Steve Allen, please."

"Is this a personal call?"

"This is Jayne Allen."

"Is this a personal call?"

"Look," said Jayne, "I'm Mrs. Allen—Steve Allen's wife!"

"Yes, madam. And is this a personal call?"

After all, how personal can a phone call get?

That long-delayed honeymoon must have clicked about as well as any honeymoon ever did, for Steve and Jayne immediately began planning further junkets—with the show. After all, if one honeymoon can be so pleasant, why not more honeymoons, every three or four months?

Man of the House

(Continued from page 49)

It turned out to be a nine-room house—half brown shingles, half fieldstone. There was a large yard, with a Lombardy poplar and peach and crab-apple trees. There were even flower beds and the remains of an old greenhouse. Inside the house, the living room was one-and-a-half stories high with a balcony "that has absolutely no purpose." But it also had a large cathedral window, an open fireplace, a beamed ceiling—and, underneath, there was a large playroom for the children.

"Its rapsallion personality appealed to us," Herb admits. "We didn't even bother to have any architects or engineers inspect the place. We just felt it was right for us, so we bought it on sight." And although, according to the laws of real estate and human nature, the Nelsons should have been stung—they weren't. As for Shakespeare—wherever for he art—it can't be in heaven . . . because that's where the Nelsons are.

When it comes to raising their children, Joan and Herb also "play it by ear." "Kids have a peculiar habit of impressing you with their needs," he says. "Joan and I, for instance—we aren't very authoritarian by nature. It's the children themselves who demand authority, so we give it to them as needed. Otherwise, we just love them and let them live."

The result is an obviously happy brood: Dawn Ley, going on seven; Erika Joan, going on five; and DeWitt, born last November. For "playing it by ear" means trusting your instincts, as our parents did before the day of the "How To—" books. And if Herb places such confidence in his own instincts, it's because he knows they are sound—rooted in the happy, healthy home life his own parents gave him. That's what he's trying to do for his own children—"love them and let them live"—as he was allowed to live when he was a child back in Stillwater, Minnesota, dreaming that first dream of glory. . . .

"My mother, Anna Magnusson, of Uddevalla, Sweden, and father, Frank Nilsson (now Nelson), of Malmo, Sweden, migrated to America in 1905." According to Herb, "Their interest in learning a new language was a major factor of life and undoubtedly inspired the same deep interest among their four children. I suspect they also took an inordinate pride in hearing their progeny spout pieces in the new tongue at church and school programs: At least, we were always doing it."

Which may account for one son becoming a professor of English literature, and the other becoming an actor.

"I was born on December 17, 1913," Herb says and, having dispensed with the one important fact, gives way to a rush of memories. "I recall sitting in my high chair at the kitchen table one day, attempting to pucker up a whistle in imitation of my older brother. All of a sudden, I emitted a beautifully clear, bird-like note—my first real triumph. . . . As a grade-school thespian, my outstanding success was as Washington telling the truth about the cherry tree incident. Or, as Lincoln scratching his lessons on a wooden shovel, I was great. As any one of the three Kings of the Orient, unbelievable! . . . I sang in the choir of the Trinity Lutheran Church. I also took ten lessons on the piano before the teacher and my parents gave up, but I had 'The Off-to-the-Circus March' in pretty good shape. . . . I had a paper route for the *St. Paul Daily News* in Stillwater when I was ten. And the snow was really deep, too. . . . Oh, and I think I got as far as first-class Scout—I can't be sure."

At sixteen, after graduating from high school: "I loafed for a month or two, then went to work as an usher at the Riviera Theater in St. Paul. I can remember making a bet with the doorman, who wanted to be a fighter—possibly because his name was John L. Sullivan—that I'd have my name on a Broadway marquee before he won a title."

In 1930, Herb acted in a production of "Michael and Mary" put on by the Little Theater in his home town. "The night of our only performance," he recalls, "a bat got loose. The dead man came to life to see what was going on and then expired again. And a wonderful time was had by all." Herb also enrolled in the University of Minnesota so he "could get into their little-theater group." These were Depression days, however, and he only remained a year. . . .

In addition to those early jobs as a newsboy and a theater usher, Herb has also been a caddy, tobacco-store clerk, house-to-house salesman, cab driver, bus driver, house painter, counter clerk at a Glacier Park hotel, lumberjack in the CCC, government livestock reporter, odd-jobs man, sergeant-major in the Army, radar repairman, rifle instructor, and manager of a theatrical company.

"Once," he adds, "I was offered a job as a flagpole-sitter during that craze, but I turned it down, feeling that it was work suitable only for a recluse—which I am not."

Most of his life, however, Herb has been able to make a living at the business he likes best. It was only those first six years that were "mighty lean, and mostly a sideline to regular work." In 1930, he auditioned for a staff job at Station WCCO, Minneapolis.

"I floundered through a tremendously erudite book-review and wound up last," he recalls. "A similar audition at KSTP, St. Paul, several years and some experience later, resulted in the suggestion that I consider some other line of work, because there was a quality in my voice that would cause cheaper sets to vibrate. In 1932, I joined a tent repertory outfit playing 'Toby shows' out of Fort Dodge, Iowa. I was handed a bundle of 'sides' that would have choked a horse, and also informed that I would have to do a specialty in the between acts 'oleo.' I came up with an uncertain rendition of 'St. James Infirmary Blues,' with gestures and tramp costume, which stunned both audience and producer. I stayed three weeks, got homesick and quit."

By 1934, Herb was in St. Paul and Minneapolis, broadcasting livestock reports, as well as appearing in local dramatic shows. Three years later, he felt he was ready to try his luck in Chicago. At Station WGN, a radio producer needed an Englishman for a part in a daytime serial. Herb sat through four showings of a David Niven movie, then auditioned—literally "playing it by ear." He not only got the part but played it for two years.

"The producer subsequently used me for all of his English parts on other shows, and was mighty surprised some time later when he found out I was from the Midwest, not Middlesex."

For the next three years, Herb acted in some twenty daytime serials, then shifted to New York, where he hoped to "have a go at the legitimate theater on Broadway." One year later, he was the juvenile lead in S. J. Perelman's "The Night Before Christmas." The following year, he was in Arnold Sundgaard's "The First Crocus." Meanwhile, he continued on radio, play-

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ing in everything from *Stella Dallas* to *Just Plain Bill*, *Portia Faces Life* to *John's Other Wife*, *The Prudential Hour* to *Lincoln Highway*. It was during this period that he acted his most difficult radio role—that of a ghost.

"At one point," Herb remembers, "the director instructed me to achieve the effect of a green fog rising slowly up from a swamp. So I did it."

Drafted into the Signal Corps in 1942, Herb was made a sergeant-major in charge of a hundred-man administrative staff, and was stationed in England, France and Germany. At the end of the war, he toured the ETO in a Soldier Show Company production of "Golden Boy." Discharged in 1946, he joined the Barter Theater in Virginia, touring for the next three years in twenty-eight states through the South and Midwest. He played everything from Patsy in "Three Men on a Horse" to Prospero in "The Tempest."

Returning to New York, he continued his career in radio and broke into TV. In addition to his regular role as Max Canfield in *The Brighter Day*, Herb now acts in all the top dramatic shows. Each summer, in between TV engagements, he manages to do some summer stock as well as a smattering of film work. And recently, he appeared in two Broadway plays: "His and Hers," with Celeste Holm, and "The Seven Year Itch."

That Herb has done so well in so highly

competitive a profession is a tribute to his acting ability rather than his ambition. He has none, except "to live to be a hundred and to die happy."

"I am not a subscriber to the success theory," he says. "I think it gets in the way of enjoyment of life." Enjoying life, he has never been unhappy enough to want to "give his all" for the theater. But, although he lacked the drive, he did have the direction. For a man, part of the enjoyment of life is enjoying the work he does, so that Herb's goal has always been in the theater. And, just as he has guided his life by instinct—"playing it by ear"—so with his career.

"Whenever I come to some crossroad," Herb says, "when I have a decision to make about which direction to take, there's a monitor in me which acts as a direction-finder. 'Hey, Bub!' it warns—any time I'm about to get off the main track or lose sight of my goal."

And today, Herb has reached his goal. He has found success . . . not the kind that ends in a penthouse on Park Avenue, New York, but in a nine-room house on Park Avenue, Leonia, New Jersey . . . with a wife and three children, and his own workshop in the basement—so he can do a bit of carpentry once in a while, like his father before him. By playing one's life by ear, Herb has found, one often gets a melody that's new and fresh and all one's own.

Live Up to Your Dreams

(Continued from page 36)

why. Vainly, Mama DeSimone reminded him that the lessons had been his own idea and that the family was making sacrifices to pay for them. Johnny simply balked.

His vivid recollection of the stress of that moment could still put emotion into his voice as he explained, "The trouble was, I had been faking. I had a terrific ear and I was quick to mimic what anyone did. I'd watch while the teacher played a piece through. Then I would imitate her. But I had not learned to read a single note of music. She was bound to discover it. I knew I had outsmarted myself."

Her patience exhausted, Mrs. DeSimone had issued a direct order: "Go take your lesson." Johnny gave a flat refusal. "I won't."

Ruefully, he recalls, "My mother locked the door. She snatched off her slipper. And she took after me. For more than a hour, we went 'round and 'round. When that spanking was over, I don't know who was crying the worse, my mother or me. But I do know that is when I realized that everyone has to answer for something and I had better start doing it."

It was a thoughtful little boy who was ready to obey when his mother unlocked the door. "She called my older brother, Harry," said Johnny, "and told him to take me to the teacher, to see to it I confessed, and also to see that I took my lesson."

In the recounting of it, Johnny paused long enough to clear something suspiciously like a lump from his throat. "My whole attitude changed after that. I buckled down. My father helped me get a paper route and I used the money to pay for more music lessons. Eventually, I went to the Detroit Conservatory. I also studied dancing and acting. Once I had admitted I had to work for what I wanted, I really went after it."

The episode had an unexpectedly sentimental little sequel. Smiling, Johnny recalled, "My mother never threw away that slipper. She still keeps it wrapped in tissue paper."

It also had the practical effect of start-

ing Johnny's professional career early. At eleven, he began singing on a children's program. He had acting parts on both *The Lone Ranger* and *The Green Hornet*. He danced in night clubs and he sang with a vocal group called The Downbeats.

Bob Crosby renamed them The Bob-O-Links when he took them out on the road with his band. In Kansas City, a new girl singer, Ruth Keddington, joined up. A year later, Johnny married her.

He sang alone, he sang with Gene Krupa's band and, when war came, he enlisted in the Air Force and sang with Major Glenn Miller's outfit. As a soldier soloist, Johnny Desmond was a well-heard hit. Tagged "The GI Sinatra," he found top bookings waiting for him when he got home.

"I was just about the hottest thing along Broadway," Johnny recalled. "I headlined in a theater, I had two national radio shows. And, the day that Petrillo lifted the ban on live music on TV, I started doing CBS's first musical program."

Here was overnight success of proportions to satisfy the most flamboyant daydream. The Desmond star was shooting through the show business horizon. Then, still like a shooting star, it burned out fast. The TV show went first. "The trouble was," says Johnny, "we wanted to charge for it. It cost \$675 a day for a five-station network. No sponsor had that kind of money for TV in those days. A fellow named Perry Como has my time now."

Everything seemed to cancel out at once. "I just plain wasn't ready," Johnny explains. "I couldn't handle it. My income dropped from \$3600 a month to zero. For four months, we lived on our savings, without a dime coming in. Once you've had star billing, you can't go back. No one wants you. You've had it."

In the pleasant house they had bought out on Long Island, things were beginning to get tight. Ruth, with Diane a toddler and Patti on the way, had a strained look around her eyes every time she had to make another subtraction from the diminishing bank balance.

A solution for Johnny's dilemma came

when Don McNeill invited him to fill in for vacationing Jack Owens on *The Breakfast Club*. Shortly thereafter, when Owens moved to California, Don offered Johnny the permanent spot.

"I sure hated to go to Chicago," Johnny now admits. "I sulked during my whole first year. I'd stand back on the edge of the stage and think to myself, 'What corn!' I can tell you fast what the audience thought of me. After he had been gone a year, Jack Owens was still getting more mail than I was. I could have dropped dead and no one would have noticed. I kept expecting McNeill to throw me back to the lions."

Instead, Don led Johnny back to his own sound old system. "Let's go to work on this," he suggested.

"Well," says Johnny, "we'd try one thing and Don would decide it wasn't quite right for me, so we'd try another. The other cast members helped me out. I worked at home, too, with Ruth coaching me. Bit by bit, I got interested myself. I came off the sidelines and began to participate."

Johnny credits *The Breakfast Club* audience with putting on the final touches. "There's nothing like that day-to-day contact to let you know where you stand. The audience is part of the family and they expect you to be, too. I quickly found out what people liked or didn't like. When I began to relax and have fun, it showed in the mail."

With returning confidence, Johnny again reached out toward the teenagers. He sang the "prom" circuit, he cut some records, he ran a local high-school TV show. The Johnny Desmond fan clubs multiplied.

As he looked forward to swinging out as a single again, the mature knowledge he had gained shaped his plans. He paid attention to the way songs are plugged and he took the trouble to learn how records are distributed. He found a new manager, Dick Gabbe, who understood his needs.

But, most of all, he began thinking about the teenagers and the influence music and recording stars could have on them. "Ruth and I would talk it over," says Johnny, "and we would both have a feeling we were sort of standing in the middle. We could well remember how we used to get all gassed up about a recording star and, for a while, think he was absolutely the greatest—that his music was the only thing to express how we felt. And don't get me wrong. That can still happen to both of us."

"But now we saw the other side, too. We'd notice a headline which coupled jazz with juvenile delinquency, and we'd think about our own little girls growing up. We'd hope that they would always get a real charge out of music, but also that they would hold a sound balance."

Out of such husband-wife conversations came a plan, based on a do-unto-others principle. To put it into effect, Johnny, with the backing of his sponsor, the Philco Corporation, began organizing what they call "Phonorama" clubs.

A fan club, Johnny believes, should do more than feed a star's ego. The way he looks at it, a fan club should, first of all, give its members an opportunity to have fun listening to music together. It should also encourage them to develop their own abilities and talents.

"What every kid wants more than anything else," Johnny says, "is recognition. That's the way it ought to be, for the most important part of growing up is learning to use your imagination, talents and abilities. Yet, too often, it is easier for a kid to get noticed for doing something violent than it is for him to find an opportunity to do something worthwhile. Well, we're looking beyond those juvenile delinquency headlines on the front pages to search out the small headlines on the back pages—the ones that tell when a kid has achieved something."

For such young winners, there's a weekly interview on *Phonorama Time*, an award of the month, and, at the end of the year, a college scholarship, presented by Philco, for the grand champion. Says Johnny, with satisfaction, "There's that chance for a kid to stand in the spotlight."

But, in the planning, Johnny has not overlooked the advice, based on his own hard-earned lessons, which he gave to the Philadelphia girl reporter. "If you want to be a successful singer—or anything else—work at it."

He's suggesting to club members that they develop their civic muscles by participating in community drives. In his opinion, "Teenagers constitute a tremendous community resource. When they pitch in, they can put over anything, whether it is fund-raising or a clean-up campaign. They have the energy, the enthusiasm, the ideas. You'd be surprised what they can dream up while sitting around listening to a stack of records."

He bets his own stack of platters—the new releases which the recording companies send out to disc jockeys—on a different club each week. "I'm sending them along for the kids to enjoy and I expect, in turn, to hear about their achievements," he said.

For Johnny, too, the achievements again are impressive. As this is written, there's talk of a role in a movie. Then, on August 15, he goes into rehearsal for a Broadway show by George Axelrod and Jule Stern, titled "Tinsel Time." Johnny Desmond, taking his own advice, is finding that his personal formula for success—"Work at it"—is working just swell.



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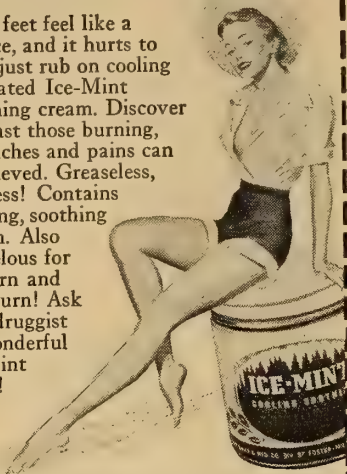
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So This Is Hollywood

(Continued from page 59)

show's ingenue. He remembered me, he said, as "that fresh kid from the movies." I went looking for the director to complain about this young man's remark—only to find that the young man, Joe Pevney, was the director.

Of all the stock companies to choose from, I wondered how I managed to end up in Ivoryton! Then I remembered my grandmother's words: "Everything happens for the best!" She was right. Two weeks later, Joe and I were holding hands. And, three years later, we were married!

Our wedding took place in 1942, on our lunch hour. At the time, Joe and I were rehearsing for a Broadway play. I came to rehearsal that morning all dressed up in white gloves and white hat. The gang had a "hunch" that something was going to happen—after all, we usually all showed up in slacks.

When we broke for lunch, Joe and I raced to City Hall, to the chambers of Supreme Court Judge Morris Eder. He was the father of my girl friend Shirley, and she guaranteed he'd give us fast service. But, when we came panting into his chambers, he said, "Wait... slow down... don't be in such a rush. I don't even know this boy. At least, I would like to talk to you before I marry you..."

"Believe me," I said, "it's all right. Please, do hurry—we have to be back at two o'clock!"

We did get back by two o'clock. But there was no rehearsal—just rice and champagne for the newlyweds. Later, when the champagne was all gone, the director said, "That's enough for today." He was right.

Joe and I started out by taxi for his folks' home in Brooklyn. On the way, we were stopped three times by air-raid black-out tests. It took us over three hours to get there. Since Joe was about to go into the service, that three-hour taxi ride was our honeymoon.

In December, 1942, Joe went into the Army. A few months later, he had his first leave and we went to Florida for a real honeymoon.

I'd been to Florida before, but Joe never had. I so much wanted him to have a good time. But, the day we arrived, I came down with what I thought was ptomaine poisoning. Poor Joe was trotting me back and forth to the doctor's and fetching me pills. I called my mother, telling her, "I've eaten something bad. I feel sick and upset. I think it's history's worst case of ptomaine."

"I don't think you're sick," she said. "I think you're pregnant!"

Wouldn't you know everything would happen for the best? My mother was right—it wasn't ptomaine!

Joel was born on January 8, 1944, while Joe was still in Camp Crowder. After the baby was born, Joe came through New York on his way overseas, staying for three weeks. Then, for eighteen months, he sent pictures to us by mail. Which meant that, when Joe finally came home, Joel recognized him immediately. For weeks, it was "Daddy, Daddy, Daddy," all day long.

Joe came out to Hollywood for "Noc-turne," an RKO picture, in 1946. I finished "Billion Dollar Baby" on Broadway and joined him. We liked it and decided to stay. For a while, we lived with friends. But, when Jan, our second baby, was due, we bought a house in a hurry.

I suppose you can't help having a certain amount of jealousy in the family when the second child arrives. Our solution to this problem was to have two more real soon. Jeff was born on April 3, 1951. Jay

was born December 12, 1953. Today Jan—the only girl—is the queen bee.

It seemed that Joe (now a director at Universal-International) was always working when I had the first three children. It was ridiculous, the way we spent our time when the babies came. Joe took me to the hospital in the middle of the night, waited and waited—and nothing ever happened. Then, finally, he'd rush off to work—only to be called back to the hospital! By then, the baby had been born.

What with Joe's being called from the set, missing his work and his sleep, my having the babies was harder on him than it was on me. In addition, he still was never there when the baby was actually born! So, before Jay arrived, I told Joe I was going to do it for him on Sunday.

Saturday night, December 12, 1953, we were at a friend's house when I reminded him that Sunday was "his" day, kiddingly adding: "Maybe if I dance around a bit, I could help nature along."

Sure enough, Sunday morning about ten A.M., I told him, "Joe, I think it's time to call the doctor."

He said, "I don't believe it!" But we did go to the hospital, the baby was born, and Joe—with an amazed look on his face—stuttered: "You said you would do it, and you did it!"

Joe understands my love of show business. He even thinks I have talent, and he doesn't want to see me waste it. So, whenever I get fidgety around the house, from want of work, he senses my mood. "You ought to go out and play a club date for a few weeks," he says. "I'll check the office tomorrow and see what I can find."

But we're also great homebodies. We decorated our Valley home together—or almost. First we picked out the colors, and some of the furniture, but then it got too close to baby-time again, and we had to call in a decorator for the finishing touches.

And we have a record collection we love to listen to, made up of the works of Crosby, Sinatra, Ella Fitzgerald, and the classics, too. New Year's Eve at the Pevneys' is usually confined to a small family dress-up dinner. Then we play records.

Of course, the show, *So This Is Hollywood*, takes a good deal of time. But it isn't as demanding as some people think. I've just finished six days off when I was with the children all day long. On work days, the three older ones are in school, so I couldn't be with them, anyway. I see them all in the morning, in the evening, and on weekends. They do get plenty of love and affection—and that's what's important.

My brother and I travelled all over the country with our parents, who had an act called Keno and Green—everybody in the business loved them. When I was a child star at Paramount, Will Rogers once told me my mother and father were the most loved people in the business. My mother danced in the chorus of the Ziegfeld shows with Mr. Rogers, and later as a solo. When I think now of the wonderful things he said about them, it makes me mighty proud.

I was a regular mimic from the start—as most children are. I remember watching George Whiting's and Sadie Burke's act one day. She told a story about a little girl named Mabel—and I ran to my mother saying: "I can do what Aunt Sadie can do!" (The other performers were all "aunt" or "uncle" to me.)

"Oh, really," Mother said, "show me." So I told her Aunt Sadie's "Mabel" story. She was very surprised. "That's wonderful," she said. "Would you like to do it on the stage?" I didn't need two invitations. My

dad went to Sadie, asking if I could use her material. She said, "Yes." I later told my dad I didn't want to do it with *them*—after all, it was Aunt Sadie's act and I wanted to be out there with *her*!

After my first stage performance in Aunt Sadie's routine, I didn't go on again for a while. My mother was pretty wise, and very much down to earth. She never forced me into anything. If I didn't feel like going on, I didn't have to. In fact, there were times when I got homesick for Long Island and Mother said, "Come on, Joe, let's take a trip home so Mitzi can see the kids..."

But I was happy as a child traveling with my parents. Besides, there were other kids on the road, too—I wasn't lonesome for playmates. Today, people ask me if my children are going to be performers. I say, "That's up to them." Of course, things are different now from when I was growing up—I seldom take my children on the set with me. But, even so, I don't think that show children miss anything. I didn't.

I remember, after I learned Aunt Sadie's routine, I also picked up a skit from Moran and Mack, the "Two Black Crows." Pretty soon my reputation had reached the booking office—they wanted Mother and Dad and me out as a trio. When we auditioned for them, my dad forgot his lines and I cued him. It panicked the office. Needless to say, we were all on the road together.

Later, I played the Orpheum Theater in Los Angeles. One Sunday, in the hope of spotting new talent, the "brass" from Paramount studio came to watch the show. Elsie Janis saw me doing a Fannie Brice imitation—a bit she used to do—and thought I'd be great for a picture the studio intended making called "Paramount on Parade."

But it took them a year and a half to get around to making it—and I was broken-hearted. After all, I was *growing*! But I really should have known better, for it hadn't been too long before that my grandmother had spoken those now famous words: "Everything happens for the best."

And it did. Because I was free at the time—and lucky—I signed my first contract with Paramount. It happened this way: "The Marriage Playground," another picture, was being cast. With a change of clothes over her arm, my mother took me into the casting office to test. My heart sank. There must have been nine million children waiting and there I sat, a very plain Jane with bangs and a tailored dress. But, when the director finally saw me, he said, "That's the little girl!" No test, no nothing, just a contract.

I became part of the Paramount studio's "stock company," meeting people like Will Rogers, Carole Lombard, Jack Oakie, Gary Cooper, Eugene Pallette, Clara Bow. To them, I was sort of a mascot. Wherever I went on the lot, I met people who knew my mother and father. Everybody loved them. Those days at Paramount are still bright in my memory.

I went to school on the lot, too. Our teacher, Rachel Smith, made schooling a pleasure—everything I know, I owe to her. When there was a big picture-shooting, our classroom was filled. At one time or another, I went to class with Ida Lupino—fresh over from England—Jackie Coogan, Jackie Cooper, Junior Durkin and Jackie Searle. But, generally, there were just two in the class—Jackie Searle and me.

"Tom Sawyer" was made while I was at Paramount, and playing Becky Thatcher was one of the highlights of my career. They gave me a wig with long blonde curls that made me look, I thought, just the way I had always *wanted* to look! Oh, I was so glamorous—and all of ten years old.

So, again, I can say everything happens for the best. If it hadn't been for the delay

in starting "Paramount on Parade," I might never have been signed for my first picture, "The Marriage Playground."

"Everything happened for the best," on *So This Is Hollywood*, too. I was in one of my "go-to-work" moods and had been preparing another act for the Latin Quarter in Florida. It was the Tuesday before last Thanksgiving, and Joe was in San Diego, scouting locations for a new picture, when I got a call from his studio telling me that agent Lester Linsk wanted to know who my agent was—he had something he wanted me to see.

I called my agent to find out what was up. "A TV show is cooking," he said. "You'll be perfect for the part. Would you like to look at the script?"

"Okay," I said. A copy of *So This Is Hollywood* came over immediately. Sure, it was a cute idea, a cute script, I liked it very much—and I told the agent so.

"That's fine," he said. "Glad you'll do it. It starts shooting Friday!"

"Wait a minute!" I said. "I haven't said I'd do it. I've got to talk to my husband. What do I know about television?"

So I made him wait until I talked to Joe. I finally reached him by phone on a launch somewhere in the San Diego harbor. I was worried about signing the TV contracts and the short time—and it was a new medium and, naturally, I was a little bit afraid. Joe said, real matter-of-fact, "Oh, if you like the script, go ahead and do it."

But every new venture makes me nervous, and on Wednesday morning I still hadn't made up my mind.

Then Wednesday night the producer, Ed Beloin, called. "Listen, Mitzi, we'd love to have you and I know you'll be happy over here..."

"Yes," I said, "but I still don't know..."

"Look, don't worry about a thing. By the way, what size are you?"

"I'm a ten; but what has that to do..."

"That's fine—" I still hadn't said "yes," but he continued—"and I would like you down here for a fitting. I'm so glad you're going to do it!"

"But..."

"Tomorrow morning, I want you to see our production man. We'll probably run through scene two and three..."

"But..."

"And you'll want to have your hair fixed. I'll set an appointment with Florence Erickson. You'll love Florence, the greatest hair stylist in the business..."

I got in one last "But..." before he hung up. The next day, instead of cooking a turkey—as most Thanksgiving housewives were doing—at 9 A.M., I was sitting in the studio chair having my hair done. We rushed through things so fast that, Friday morning, I was being hit on the head with a breakaway bottle—by a man I'd never even been introduced to!

Since then, of course, I've fallen out of buildings, into rivers, been hit on the head with every movable piece of furniture on the set—and, at first, I lay awake nights wondering if I'd come out of the next day alive or not!

Last week I was daydreaming off into space, thinking, "What will we have for dinner? Duck? Pot roast?"—just as they were about to throw me into a pool. Seeing my smile, the director said, "Well, Mitzi, seems you're beginning to like it!"

"I am getting used to it," I said.

Actually, television is a lot of fun. In fact, it's proved to me once again how true my grandmother's words were: *Everything happens for the best*. It does. Look, for example, how I got into motion pictures; how, at first meeting, I didn't like my future husband; and how, in the beginning, I fought television—now I wouldn't give it up for the world!

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A Family to Cherish

(Continued from page 30)

has always been: "Work—hard work—and do the best you can." So, with Mary's blessing, he accepted the role, went on to New York... and one of the most coveted honors in television.

"If you want to understand Bob," says Mary Elliot Cummings, his wife of ten years and mother of their four children, "you have to go back to his early life in Joplin, Missouri. His father was a small-town doctor—a difficult life at any time, because of the little money he made, and he was too kind-hearted to keep much of even this meager income. The first years of the Depression only magnified their financial plight."

Bob, early interested in aeronautical engineering, soloed when he was still in high school, became a flight instructor at sixteen and, two years after that, went to Carnegie Tech to study engineering. "The Depression stopped me cold in the middle of my last year," says Bob. "Until then, I had worked my way through school as a Colorado cowhand, commercial flight instructor, a Sunday airplane bus pilot carrying passengers at \$5 a ride, a soda jerk—and, in school, as 'busboy' and carving man behind the steam table. We had beef dinners there on Thursdays. During the Depression, Thursdays were always my fattest days."

The opposite sides of Bob's character were established early in his life. He left school to take a job as a student actor in the American Academy of Dramatic Arts—fully intending to save his money and return to engineering. The acting job was as diametrically opposed to his aptitude for engineering as any job could be. Says Bob: "My roommate, a would-be actor, found the job for me—it paid \$14 a week. The Academy had 100 girls for every boy. In order to put on their plays, they had to pay men to come there to study."

After the dramatic schooling ended, Bob tried his luck as a professional actor. "That was during the 1929-to-1935 period," he says. "Unless you were British, you couldn't get cast in any of the Broadway shows. We had a regular wave of British plays on the American stage—'Journey's End,' 'Berkeley Square'—everything was British. Except me. I was too American."

"In utter desperation, I took \$683 from a life-insurance policy and bought a round-trip steerage ticket on a slow boat to England. I stayed there twenty days—long enough to pick up an authentic British accent. I bought a British suit, had pictures taken in it, then wrote to New York producers, saying I was 'Blade Stanhope Conway, the youngest actor-author-manager-producer in England.' I added that I wasn't particularly interested in money, but only wished the experience of playing before American audiences. In my letters, I gave the day of my arrival, a Park Avenue address (that of a friend)—and then left for New York."

The ruse worked. Within a week, "Blade Stanhope Conway" was in rehearsal for Galsworthy's play, "The Roof." His training in the American Academy of Dramatic Arts stood Bob in good stead—he opened to good notices.

After five years of being a professional Englishman on Broadway, plus playing on radio as straight man to Milton Berle, Bob came to Hollywood on tour. Here he decided to make a try at pictures. Unfortunately, he was caught in a trap of his own making—only Westerns and adventure yarns were being filmed, and Englishmen were no longer in demand.

So the man of opposites changed char-

acters again. "Can you imagine?" says Bob. "When I tried out for 'Lives of a Bengal Lancer,' the casting director said I was too British! So I trooped off to Texas, stayed there long enough to garner a Southern accent, and then returned to Hollywood."

"I told everyone I was from San Angelo, suh, a real routin', tootin' Texan. In twenty-four hours, I had a role as a Texan in 'So Red the Rose.' After that, Hollywood began making a series of English pictures. 'Lloyds of London' was one. I read for it but naturally wasn't accepted—because I had just played the role of a Texan. Tyrone Power got the part. And me with the perfect English accent! It took me two years to become my American self again."

World War II came along. Bob entered the Army Air Force as a pilot instructor... and, shortly before his discharge, he met Mary Elliot. "Photographer Paul Hesse," says Bob, "was always trying to pair me off. He called me one day, saying, 'I've just shot pictures of a girl you have to meet. I'm having a party tonight—how about coming over?' So I did. But, when I got there, Mary had brought a date—about six-foot-six tall—and I think I said hello to her just once in the entire evening. Hesse asked me the next day what I thought of her. I said, 'What I saw of her was fine.'"

"Six weeks later," Bob continues, "I flew a batch of performers to Muroc Air Base for a show. We were flying on instruments, trying to get up out of the mountains, and I couldn't understand why the plane wouldn't climb! I asked the co-pilot to look back aft. He returned, saying, 'The whole gang has formed a dance line and are practicing their routines!'"

"Well, of course, that couldn't go on much longer or we would all be doing our routines—with wings. I had them pile forward and sit down. In the crush, one of the gals was shoved into our compartment. I asked her to come in—the co-pilot gave up his seat—and we talked for a few minutes. But I didn't recognize her as Mary Elliot because I was too busy flying the plane, and she didn't recognize me because I had my earphones on."

"After the show, the air base commander thanked the troop, then announced, 'I think we ought to give a round of applause to the pilot who flew you up here tonight—who is also a motion picture actor—Robert Cummings!'"

"Mary caught me outside afterwards and said, 'Hi! How are you? Remember me? I'm the girl at Paul Hesse's.' That's how we met—again. I called her when I came into Los Angeles on leave a week later. A month after that, I was discharged. And, a month after that, we were married!"

Bob and Mary were married by Bob's mother, a minister, on March 3, 1945, in the Flyer's Chapel at the Mission Inn in Riverside, California. "I was doing a picture at Paramount," Bob adds. "We had the whole afternoon off for the wedding."

"In those rent-restricted days," he says, "there wasn't a vacant house, a vacant apartment, or even a vacant room to rent. Believe it or not, in order to find a place to live, Mary and I had to buy an apartment house."

Bob's and Mary's first child, Robert Richard, was born in 1946. The small family lived in the apartment for two years while planning the home they intended to build.

The home which they built was carefully planned from the lowest cement basement step to its highest shingle. The

thought which went into this planning is a direct contrast to the scatterbrain thinking with which Bob has so long been associated on the motion picture and TV screens.

The house was built with childhood ills in mind, for the protection of the youngsters—and their parents, too. As Bob says, "You have to protect the goose that lays the golden egg." Though he doesn't like the analogy, he thinks it is rather apt: "It was Mary's idea and she is right. When an actor is ill, he's out of business. I just can't afford to be sick. So we had an 'isolation ward' built—a special kitchen upstairs, special silver, special cups and saucers, everything for the kids' needs. And I haven't had a cold since we've lived here.

"Of course," Bob adds, "we still suffer along with every childhood ailment. Recently, they came down with the measles. First, it was Robert, now nine. Then it was Mary Melinda, 7. And then, after a ten-day incubation period, Sharon Patricia, 3—bless her little heart—became our spotted daughter. Fortunately, the baby, Laurel Ann, then only one month old, has a built-in anti-measles machine—she was not supposed to get it, according to the doctor, even if exposed. But, believe me, we took no chances."

As opposed to the comic character he plays, Bob leads a quiet, well-ordered life at home. But there is one aspect of the *Bob Cummings Show* which matches his real-life personality. It's his sense of responsibility for others, which is touched on lightly in the script, through his relationship to his "sister." At home, with his wife and four children, Bob's responsibilities are much greater. "When you have children," says Bob, "your attack on life automatically becomes more intense. As a parent, you grow to hate the slightest suggestion of immorality. I don't mean to say that you become a prude. But, when you hear people talk about teen-age delinquency and similar problems, you say to yourself 'That could happen to my boy—or my daughter!'"

"As a consequence, you try to protect them in every way you can. Even with the more mechanical things in life, I try to teach them and to protect them from accidents. They all learned to swim—underwater, too—before they could walk. We have safety belts in our plane and in our car. And, as soon as they are old enough to hold a wheel, I teach them to drive."

The complete thoroughness with which Bob is approaching this program of training is again in direct contrast to the light-hearted comedy he plays. But thorough he is. "The little car," says Bob, "is a gasoline-powered Eshelman built in Baltimore by a man who had an ideal: He thought, 'If every child could learn to drive before he was ten years old, twenty years from now we would be able to eliminate all highway accidents.' By introducing children to power-driven autos at an early age, the edge is taken off the sudden excitement of having a car at sixteen—and the possibility of releasing another untutored, murdering, roaring juggernaut on the highway is reduced to a minimum.

"All of the children, except the baby, can drive. They have no fear of the auto. In fact, they learn in about five minutes. When they can steer, I set up an obstacle

course of aluminum chairs and we practice figure-eights around them, much as the pilots did during the war.

"Speaking of airplanes, everyone in the family is a 'flyer'—including the baby. We all take weekend trips in our seven-place Beechcraft. Mary's had five hundred hours in the air, and she's a good navigator. As with swimming and driving, the children fly as soon as they can get up in Mary's arms and are old enough to go out of the house for a weekend. We don't make a production out of it—we just do it, that's all. As a result, the kids accept air travel as if it had been going on since Pharaoh's time. As far as they're concerned, it's the thing to do. Robert, only nine, can land and take off as well as I do—if not better. And because he's been introduced to airplanes early in life, as with the car, he won't be a daredevil. He'll be more cautious and probably a better pilot than I ever will be—and I've been flying since 1927."

In addition to his children, Bob is also interested in his fellow man. This is another facet of his serious side which the TV audience does not see. Bob is a crusader for safety belts in every American car; he hopes to educate the public through the distribution of physicist William Harper's book, *Mangled Millions*; and he has a very special little crusade to have all legal holidays fall on Monday.

"I ordered a new safety belt for our car," says Bob. "It's one of the shoulder-harness type. Right now, there is a bill before Congress to make it a federal law that all automobiles engaged in interstate commerce must be equipped with safety belts, and the passengers must be wearing them. Life-insurance companies, I think, will soon offer lower premiums as an inducement to people to wear the harness-type belt. I know I would gamble twelve to fifteen dollars to cut my chances of being killed in an accident by six hundred per cent! I'm not interested in dying. I'd like to be 150 years old.

"Physicist William Harper has written this forty-page booklet, *Mangled Millions*, to tell the public about the dangers of driving. We want to make it available to as many people as possible. I think that, if enough people read it, it will make it much more difficult for them to forget that 100,000 die each year—and literally millions are mangled!"

Bob's last crusade, putting all legal holidays on Mondays, is a subject dear to his heart. "Take July Fourth for example," he says. "Why should we celebrate it precisely on the fourth? After all, the Declaration of Independence was signed on June 23. Think of what regular scheduled three-day holidays could do to our way of life: Our lives would be more orderly, resort business would be improved, the very mood of the people would be improved. It would help business and help the country."

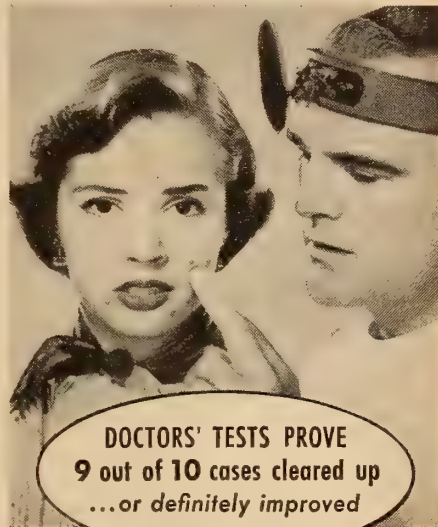
But it doesn't make any difference to Bob—the man of opposites, the man of many talents—whether he's working on his crusades or on being a family man, or on entertaining his millions of fans. Whatever it is, he's always working. "Work, hard work, that's the stuff for me," he says, with a happy grin. "I'll be satisfied as long as I can tell myself I've done the best I can with every job I've had."

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The Long Way Home

(Continued from page 68)

boy who had never known anything else.

At three, he was doing a song-and-dance routine with Field's Minstrels, and at fifteen he was a member of a showboat company on the Mississippi. His folks, however, did like a little town in Illinois, named Mattoon, enough to settle there for increasingly longer times between tours.

It was during one of these "settled down" periods in Mattoon, when Tom was fourteen, that he went to a kids' party and met Bernice Wood, then an already pretty, maturing twelve. She was dressed in something blue, her skirt a good deal longer than her mother's (it was, after all, 1926), and from the time he got to the party he couldn't keep his eyes off her. He was glad he'd worn his new two-toned shoes. He looked like a real sheik.

By ten-thirty that evening, the party had progressed to the "post-office" stage and, when finally he got her in the closet in the dark, he planted a firm kiss on her lips and said, "You may not believe this, Bo, but I'm going to marry you when you get old enough!"

There is no record of her reply. Possibly she giggled and said, "Write it on the ice," or "So's your Aunt Emma"—very hep replies in those days. Anyway, his technique worked, because he kissed her again on her front porch, and made a date with her for the following Saturday.

It was almost seven years after that evening when, bringing Bo home from a movie to that same front porch, he sat on the top step beside her and said, "You're old enough now, Bo. How about it?"

She knew what he meant, but she had to play hard to get, just a little. "Old enough for what?"

"For me. Well, Bo?"

"Why else," she said then, abandoning all pretense, "have I been sitting here waiting, these seven mortal years?"

It wasn't quite as simple as that, of course. Bo had always been a homebody, a girl who wanted a stable family life, with a husband whose whereabouts she could be sure of, and a house she could keep and tend and make a home in, and children to care for. She was pretty sure, now, that Tom would stay put. He'd stayed in Mattoon long enough to finish high school, Marion Military Institute, De Pauw University, the University of Illinois, and twenty-two months at Annapolis.

And, for a long time, it seemed that her security was real. Tom got a job in radio, first in Tuscola, Illinois, and later in Chicago, on a big-time network. The baby finally came along, at long last, about the time Tom began making more money.

The little family was supremely content. As the years passed, Tom, Jr. grew tall and started showing signs of being a fine athlete. They bought and furnished a home in Northfield, and Tom worked at his job, and there was laughter at midnight and in the mornings when Tom and Bo were together.

And then it happened. "I don't know quite how to explain it," Tom told me, ruefully. "It was one of those things that happen when you're in this business. Suddenly there was all that success, and I had so many things on my mind and so much to do, that Bo and I just never seemed to be together any more. We'd always been so close, before. Now I was away most of the time, traveling around, and—even after eighteen years of marriage—Bo and I began to see each other as strangers."

That wasn't really true, of course. It was only that they had been so very close to one another, physically and emotionally,

so sure of the warmth of their companionship and love and shared happiness—so terribly dependent on one another—that they saw their new situation as out of context with ordinary living. Most married couples, less interdependent, less deeply in love, could have accepted the changed circumstances in stride.

It didn't work for Bo and Tom. He began to put his career, his incredible success, ahead of Bo's wishes and her requirements as a wife and mother. . . . Bo, bewildered by a situation she had never before encountered, was alternately patient and furious, until finally she didn't know what to be. . . . There were a few tormented months of wrangling and deep misery. Then, by mutual consent, they parted and Bo got her divorce. . . .

Tom Moore is not the kind of man who can live alone. Still bristling with pride and, perhaps, a sense of outrage, he began to see more and more of Willie Lou, the girl from Georgia whom he had known and liked for some time. I don't think it's any discredit to Lou that Tom says, now, "She reminded me of Bo. She looked a little like her, and she was always laughing, just as Bo was—"

It seems evident enough now that all Tom wanted was to go home, even then, but he was too proud and stubborn to admit it. Instead, he married Lou, and for almost three years it seemed as if he had exchanged one degree of happiness for another, just as good. Lou did everything within her power to give him happiness. She learned to water-ski when she couldn't even swim, because Tom was fascinated with the sport. She went on camping trips, accompanied Tom and Tom, Jr. on wild pig and turkey shoots.

It may seem strange that it took them both more than three years to find out that it wasn't working for them. And it took additional months of misery and endless talk and tears before they knew that divorce was their only answer.

It was then, only then, that Tom went to Bo in Northfield and said, "We made a mistake. How about it, darling?"

When she didn't answer at once he said, "It's been over three years. What've you been doing all this time, Bo?"

She smiled. "Waiting here," she said. "Waiting for you to come home. . . ."

So, this summer, when Tom, Jr. finishes at Shattuck Military Academy in Minneapolis, he will stand with his father and mother in a little Illinois church while the minister who married his mother and father twenty-three years ago again reunites them in a marriage that was meant from the beginning to last forever.

Then Tom and Bo will have to decide about their future. Tom's contract with Mutual will still be in effect; he will still be talking to millions of women through more than 500 station outlets across the country. And, besides, he's bought a radio station in Winter Haven, and is beginning to build houses on a contracting deal.

That means they may not be able to spend as much time as they used to in the old Northfield house, but no matter. Bo has had time to do some thinking on her own, and she isn't so set against movement and change any more.

Of course, Lou received Tom's Florida house and other material property—there is no reason to print the terms of Tom's settlement with her. But Tom has the answer to that little problem, too. "I'm building Bo a new house here in Florida," he said. "Northfield or Florida, wherever Bo is, that's home to me. And, in a few months, that's where I'll be . . . home."

Never a Dull Moment

(Continued from page 57)

days," he says, "and then, ten days later, I got out of bed and did the back yard." Their ranch-style home is painted in Pennsylvania Dutch red with white trimmings. Their furnishings—like Judith herself—are noted for an air of serenity. Put it all in a picture-postcard and you've set the scene for the family of a successful, happy young businessman, rather than an actor. But . . .

It's a complex but. Larry is a serious but never somber, imaginative but not whacky, lively but never frivolous kind of guy. "He's volatile," says Judy. "There's never a dull moment with him. He makes decisions on the spur of the moment. He walks at a run and he does nothing halfway. If he's tired, he takes a ten-minute nap then snaps back like a rubber band."

"The but has to do with the actor's ego," Larry says, "which keeps you living in a couple or more worlds. Now, I remember when I was overseas in an anti-aircraft outfit and, the first night we were in combat, I climbed out of the control dugout where I was supposed to stay. Like an officer in the movies, I figured my place was with my men. And then one of the men came up to me and said, 'Lieutenant, we can't fire. You're standing right in front of the gun.' So I went back to my dugout, but my actor's ego was sure trying hard to be a hero."

In his part of Chris Kendall, on CBS-TV's *Valiant Lady*, there is a bit of the swashbuckler, a worldly, sophisticated quality, a trace of glamour. This is not accidental, either. It is all part of the complex make-up of Lawrence Weber.

Larry is literally a child of the theater. An uncle was one-half of the famous Weber and Field comedy duo. Larry's mother was Edith Hallor, a Ziegfeld star and one of the most beautiful singing actresses of her day. She sang in Victor Herbert productions and opposite such greats as John Charles Thomas. Larry's father, Lawrence Weber, Sr., was a theatrical producer.

His parents were divorced when he was an infant, and Larry was raised by his father. He was soon as much at home in a box office and backstage as he was in a nursery. He traveled widely and met famous people in business and government and the arts. Among his father's friends and his "uncles" were such men as Arthur Hammerstein and the Shuberts. He lived in a fashionable Park Avenue apartment. He had a nurse and a governess and tutors. He was a lonely boy. Many of his best friends were the service men in his apartment building, elevator boys and the doorman, and cab drivers.

He "prepped" at Horace Mann School, where one of his friends and classmates was Keenan Wynn. It was there that Larry won a silver cup in the senior boxing division. "The pride over the boxing cup lasted only ten minutes," Larry notes. "Right after I got it at a school assembly, a guy who had neglected to sign up for boxing walked up to me and said, 'You're not so tough,' and knocked me down."

In his early teens, Larry already had his heart set on being an actor. His father wasn't very encouraging. "Fathers are funny," Larry observes. "They'll back you up in everything except the career you choose. They never trust your judgment there."

But Lawrence, Sr. got Lawrence, Jr. his first job, which was in summer stock at Deer Lake, Pennsylvania. In the same company was another youngster, beautiful Celeste Holm. Larry was fifteen.

"My first part was that of the servant, Mose, in 'Pursuit of Happiness,' and my father came down to see me." He recalls: "I was anxious to impress him. It was one of the important auditions in my life." After the show, Larry drove his father to the station to catch a train. His father said simply, "Son, you've got it."

He asked only that Larry finish his education, and Larry tried. He got as far as college at New York University, and stuck through his first year, before he quit to go into stock again. A little over a year later, he appeared in his first Broadway play, "The Man Who Killed Lincoln," and the play opened in his father's own theater.

Larry has appeared in other Broadway productions—"My Romance," "Of Thee I Sing," "Courtin' Time," "Hazel Flagg." It is not sheerly coincidental that these are musicals—and therein lies a story. For years, Larry had been kept doing things about his voice. "You know, people would hear me sing and say, 'You've got a fine voice. You should do something about it.'"

His voice teachers were most enthusiastic. In Larry they thought they had a great big, strong tenor, and in the operatic business a great big, strong tenor is as rare as solvency. A man who can roast peanut heaven with a high C names his own price. "So I kept studying to be a tenor," Larry says, "but some friends suggested I was a baritone."

One of the teachers insisted that Larry beg, borrow or steal to get to Paris and make his start as a tenor in French opera. She was so insistent that he felt he had to prove a point, so Larry sang for John Fearnley, who was auditioning singers for the musical "South Pacific." Mr. Fearnley listened, and then Mr. Fearnley said, "Thank you, Mr. Weber. We will consider you for the understudy of Ezio Pinza." And, as the world knows, Ezio Pinza is quite a baritone.

At that precise moment, Larry gave up thoughts of opera, but he's never stopped studying voice, for one of his ambitions is to succeed as an actor-singer. He hopes that, one of these days, Chris Kendall may have a chance to sing. "Chris is one of my favorite parts, anyway," he says. "A story like *Valiant Lady* is concerned with beauty and warmth, and I enjoy doing it."

There is a lot of excitement in playing the role of an airline pilot, and it isn't all in the make-believe. Things happen. For instance, there was the day that Flora Campbell made her debut as Helen Emerson. "I remember telling her how extremely well-coordinated and smooth the production was," Larry grins.

That day, the script called for Flora to be at the airport anxiously awaiting Larry's arrival. Larry was piloting his plane from Johannesburg and was in somewhat desperate circumstances. Larry and his co-pilot were flying blind, lost over the ocean. They were in one of the worst storms of the season. They hadn't much fuel—maybe enough to fill a half-dozen jelly glasses. And the radio wasn't working. And one engine was on fire.

There was a camera on Flora at the airport, and two on the cockpit of the plane itself. There were a total of ninety "camera cues" in eleven minutes of script—or an average of about one cue every seven seconds, which calls for mighty quick thinking and the closest kind of coordination. Naturally, nerves were on edge and the situation was very tense.

"There was a humorous side to all this, for I had told Flora how easy it always was. But she was amused, too. After it



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was over, she asked, "Now what do we do for an encore?" (Incidentally, during the whole, taut performance, there wasn't a cue missed or a line of dialogue lost.)

Larry's previous television experience, to mention a few shows, includes *Kraft Theater*, *Love Of Life*, *Studio One*, and *Robert Montgomery Presents*. But, to trace the first meeting of Larry and his wife Judy, you must go back to the very early days of his career—back in 1939, when both were acting in stock companies. The circumstances were not unusual—but the people were.

"We were rehearsing for a summer theater at Wilkes-Barre," Larry recalls. "Most of us were together for the first time." He and Judith Cargill were complete strangers, but she didn't want to keep it that way. At rehearsal she introduced herself. "I remember my reaction," Larry says. "I remember turning to a friend, after Judy went back to her corner, and saying, 'I wonder who that old girl is?'"

The "old girl" was barely twenty-one and fresh out of the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. She had been raised in Milwaukee by a non-show-business family. She was a brilliant student who broke scholastic records and won scholarships everywhere. But, when Judy graduated from the Academy, she had a notion she was destined to do character parts—and she dressed like one. "At rehearsals," Larry recalls, "she was usually over in a corner half-hidden behind owl glasses and a book."

Luckily, they were to play summer stock. Summer meant hot days, and hot days meant that, when they arrived at Wilkes-Barre, one of the first things the company did was to head for a lake and a swim. "And when I saw Judy in a swim suit," says Larry, "I knew positively that she wasn't an 'old girl.'"

By fall they were unofficially engaged. The following summer, Larry had a diamond stickpin of his father's converted into an engagement ring for Judy. In January of 1941, they were married, and moved into a small apartment until Larry was drafted.

As an enlisted man, Larry was stationed most of his first two years in Panama. As an officer, he spent the next couple of years in Europe. His outfit was on the beach at Normandy and then, for a few weeks, he fought the "Battle of Champagne" in Paris, finally moving to the much-bombed port at Antwerp.

Judy was working in a noisy medium, too—though in quite a different sense—for that was when she did radio work in a big way. Today, she is among the top ten or so "most employed" television and radio actresses. In the past few months, she has been seen on *Justice* and the Philco and Ford dramatic programs, to name a few. Since stock days at Wilkes-Barre, she has appeared in two Broadway shows, "Years Ago," with Fredric March, and "How I Wonder," with Raymond Massey.

Judy Cargill Weber is a stunning young woman who could be a living testimonial for either of Larry's sponsors on *Valiant Lady*. She has lustrous reddish brown hair, which should be a smiling matter for Toni, and she bakes delicious chocolate cakes—which certainly shouldn't make General Mills mad.

"And she's got it up here," Larry says, tapping his forehead. "When we tuned in to the old *Information Please* program, she not only answered questions before the experts, but most of the time she answered questions they couldn't!"

There are three other members of the Weber household: Jay, seven, David, four—and Penny, a kind of miniature Doberman who barks every time Larry comes on TV. Jay was legally named Judith, after

her mother and so, for a while, they called her Judith, Jr., then J. J. and now, simply, Jay. Larry still carries in his wallet the first note Jay wrote him. Whenever Jay is reprimanded by her mother, she turns to Judith, Sr., and says, "You're upsetting me." And, whenever Jay thinks Larry is singing too loudly, she reprimands him.

As for living in the suburbs, Larry says, "My wife and I prefer the city, but we moved out for the children's sake." David has made great strides in the country. He has discovered that all you do to kiss a girl is ask her to say, "Prunes"—and he is improving the diction of most little girls in the neighborhood.

For economical reasons, the Webers enjoy do-it-yourself projects. They painted their house, dug vegetable and flower gardens, converted a dining table into a coffee table, put up shelves, and decorated the kids' rooms. Perhaps their most ingenious do-it-yourself project was making do without a television receiver. That was during their first summer in the country, when they sat on the lawn and focused binoculars on a neighbor's set.

"We found his taste in shows agreeable," Larry recalls, "but he hadn't made any provision for keeping us warm when summer passed, so we had to move inside and buy our own set."

Their home is furnished in a pleasant potpourri of modern and Victorian and needlepoint. The reason for this is that much of their furniture has been inherited.

As you come through the front door into the foyer, you walk into a pair of Dickens silhouettes and Judy's family crest from Rolleston-On-Downs. About this time, if you are partial to olives or grass, you feel at home—for Judy is partial to green. All of the carpeting downstairs and parts of the walls in the living and dining rooms are green. There are two antique mirrors on the parlor wall and—symbolic of Judy's desire to visit England—a decorative map of London.

The bedroom walls are papered in cheerful blues and yellows. David has plaid and Jay has pussy willows. The master bedroom boasts a couple of massive, stately English bureaus, with marble tops, which Larry inherited from his father. The bedroom also serves as the music room: "We have no piano, and so I just go into the bedroom, close the door and sound off."

Larry enjoys music and will sing when he's showering or when he's weeding the garden. It hasn't damaged the plumbing, and his vegetables and flowers did well, except for the aforementioned apple tree.

"This is a different kind of life," Larry observes, "at odds with the kind of show business my parents knew." It's not just the fooling around with cucumbers and rutabaga. There's the continual puttering and repairing of the house, as well as the teaching of Sunday school. There's the business of getting up between six and seven-thirty, a time when self-respecting actors of other days were just going to bed. Larry and Judy take turns getting the beef tea and toast for their kids, so that every other day one parent gets to sleep until eight—except on days when Larry is in *Valiant Lady*. Those days, he must be up before six, in order to make the eight-thirty rehearsal in Manhattan.

But Larry's not complaining about the hours or the uncooperative apple tree or the lack of seats on his commuter train. He just smiles and says, "You know, they say artists are supposed to suffer." Then, more seriously, he adds: "I've got a lot to be grateful and happy about..."

As Judy has phrased it, "There's never a dull moment with Larry." But it makes for peace and contentment in the Weber family, and that's just the way they love it.

The Magic of Erin

(Continued from page 54)

programs—her Columbia album of twelve recordings would carry her voice all over America and even back to her native Ireland. That she would sing in American night clubs where sons and daughters of Erin, long years away from home—but not ordinarily frequenting American night clubs—would come hesitantly but hungrily to hear the old melodies, feeling almost as if they were back across the sea once more, moved by the memories Carmel's songs stirred up in them.

There had been dancing, too, in those days of Carmel's growing up. Some of her relatives disapproved of her wanting to dance, but this was also in her heart, and she could no more keep her feet from following the music than she could her voice. She used to slip off to dancing classes, worrying her sister Betty—a year and a half her senior—who, while she sympathized with Carmel's ambitions, felt an older sister's responsibility toward her.

Carmel would love every minute of the classes—until there came the inevitable day when the teacher would begin to prepare the pupils for some little charity performance or a hospital benefit. "Public performances meant costumes, and that meant exit, for me. Because of them, I left more dance classes than I can remember. Without confessing to the family, there was no way of my getting a costume. But, up to that point, I always had a marvelous time."

Singing, of course, was something different—as long as it wasn't professional. So Carmel went on singing, all the years she was becoming a pretty and slim young woman of five-foot-six, with masses of waving auburn-red hair, gentle blue eyes, and a speaking voice so soft and melodious it would charm a bird off a branch. (Even now, when she comes out on the stage of the television theater, audiences gasp a little at how much prettier she is in person than she actually photographs. "It's better that way, than that they should be disappointed," she says.)

Then Carmel's sister Betty married Christy Keough, who knew people in the theater, especially in Dublin's famous Theater Royal. Christy heard that the Royal was looking for a girl singer, and he told Carmel about it, made an appointment for an audition, and off they went.

Her voice still carries some of the excitement of that first audition, as she talks

about it. "Up to this time, I was just fooling around with my singing, but this was a real job and I got more scared every minute, as we waited my turn. There were a lot of girls ahead of me—and, about three quarters through, I suddenly ran out of the theater, with Christy at my heels, urging me to come back. It was dreadful of me, after him getting the appointment. He made another one for the next day, and I promised to see it through.

"There was another long line-up of girls, all sopranos, all singing bits of operatic songs, the same as the day before. This man who was listening, an Englishman who is a fine musician and showman, kept stopping them short in the middle of a song and saying, 'Leave your name and address, please.' He seemed to be getting more and more bored. I could see it was the same old story to him. I wondered what would happen when my turn came."

Memories of that afternoon surging through her mind, Carmel says: "The less you know, the simpler life is. Now I am learning that it isn't as simple as I thought then. I was so very young, so green, so inexperienced. I had walked in, without music—the other girls all carried music cases. My hands were thrust into my coat pockets. The other girls were dressed up. I wore my simple everyday clothes. No one at home even suspected I was auditioning for a job.

"I was the last of the girls that day, and I could see how tired this man was getting. He asked what I was going to sing for him, and I answered, 'Anything.' Can you imagine anyone saying such a thing at an audition? When he wanted to know what music I had with me, I had to tell him I had brought nothing.

"You must be wonderful," he said, and I heard the sarcasm in his voice. 'You can sing anything, and you need no music! Do you know Brahms' Lullaby?' I had learned it at school but, because I had never taken singing lessons, I had never been coached in any songs. I said I could sing it, and he asked what key. 'Any key,' I told him. Now he was really annoyed. 'You must be marvelous!' He looked toward the organist who was going to accompany me. 'Play it,' he said.

"To this day, I don't know what inspired me to sing an octave lower than the accompaniment, which was keyed to a soprano. Perhaps it was because my voice is naturally lower than that, but

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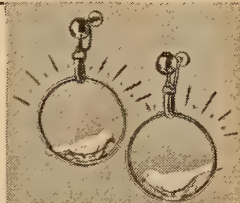
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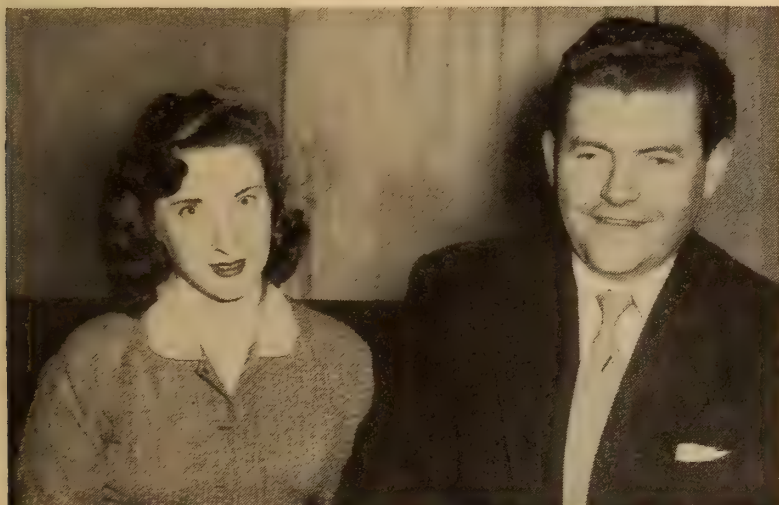
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Carmel and her husband Bill first met in Dublin when she sang in one of his ballrooms, were married in 1953, and have a "wee baby."

more probably it was because I, too, was tired by then of listening to all those high notes. He listened attentively, and some of his boredom seemed to fall away and he let me finish. And he gave me the job."

It was the beginning of facing audiences and of forgetting herself in her music, of learning to remain completely natural on any stage. After the Royal engagement, she sang in other theaters and ballrooms in Dublin and in London. In Dublin, a young man named Bill Fuller gave her a job in his Crystal Ballroom, and later Carmel sang in his London ballrooms. Today, Bill says he fell in love with Carmel the first time he saw her, but she was too career-minded then to think of romance. Two years later, however, Carmel said yes to Bill's proposal and they were quietly married in London on April 20, 1953.

Of course, Carmel was still devoted to her singing. She had long engagements with Johnny Devlin's orchestra and the famous Ambrose orchestra, and she made her radio debut on the BBC.

All the while, however, the leprechauns went on whispering, telling her to save her money and go to America. Bill's own business interests kept him going back and forth across the Atlantic and he felt sure that, if Carmel could get over her fright about American audiences, she would do very well. There were close friends of the Quinns with whom they could live in New York and—while Bill was over here to help her get started—she decided to chance it and fly over—for a visit, at least. That was in March of last year. Her family was almost too excited to realize she was really going, and she wasn't feeling any too calm about it herself—especially since she was expecting her first child in three months.

Not having sung professionally for a few months before leaving Ireland, she decided she might need coaching before she faced new audiences. Freddie Romano, a voice coach, listened to her one day and liked her voice. "But now we must teach you a nice, popular American number," he said.

She went to him several times. "He was a very good coach and very kind and helpful to me, and one day he telephoned to say my name was down for a *Talent Scouts* audition, on the following Wednesday. He said that he felt I was ready for it.

"I had been listening to radio and watching television and wondering if I would ever have a chance to be on them. I was thrilled—and scared, too. We rehearsed

and rehearsed the number I was going to sing—a popular melody, 'What Is This Thing Called Love?' It was the first song Mr. Romano had taught me. But, when it came time for the audition, Esther Stoll of the Godfrey staff—a wonderfully expert and understanding person—suggested that a girl from Dublin ought to do an Irish song.

Carmel looked at the pianist, Graham Forbes. He had never heard the melody she named, but he followed her flawlessly and everyone seemed pleased. They asked her to return the next day to sing for some of the others.

Jack Carney (Art Carney's brother) was one of them, and he suggested a little song he knew. She said she knew it, too, but she sang it in Gaelic, the only way she had ever sung it at home. They didn't seem to mind that, at all, and she was asked to return that night for a third audition. So, once more, she sang some of her Irish songs, and then they told her she would be on the *Talent Scouts* program the following Monday, October 18.

"I was a wreck by this time," Carmel smiles, "after three auditions in two days! The excitement was getting me down. I had never dreamed they would put me on so fast. Others had waited months before the right spot for them opened on a show. Here I was, going on before I scarcely knew what was happening to me!"

Mary Corrigan, Carmel's cousin, who had come to America a year before she did, acted as her Scout—and made such a personal hit on the show that Carmel thought she herself would never get a chance to perform. "I thought Mary would be shy, but she felt at home with Mr. Godfrey right away and he liked her and they got along famously. She is one of fourteen children, and they talked about life in a big family of kids in Ireland. I was the last to appear—and there I was, waiting, wondering if they would ever get finished before the time was up."

Carmel finally came out, and sang "How Can You Buy Killarney?" The audience loved it and, when it came to the "curtain calls" of all the talent—and of course Carmel was last again—she never even got to open her mouth because of the applause. She couldn't believe it was happening, and she just stood there crying with excitement and happiness.

"Mr. Godfrey saw how it was with me, and he came over and patted me and put his arm around my shoulders. I can't find

words to say how good he was then, and how good he has been ever since."

Even with all the help and kindness Carmel has had from everyone—from Godfrey and all the others responsible for the programs, from husband Bill, who has been managing her career—all this is still just a bit overwhelming for a girl in her twenties who has been in this country only a little more than a year and has shot right up to one of the top entertainment spots and become a personality known to millions. When the St. Patrick's Day program of *Arthur Godfrey And His Friends* was built around her last March, she wondered how she could possibly be good enough to live up to all the things that were expected of her.

The very next evening, March 17, she gave a St. Patrick's Day concert of her own in Carnegie Hall—a name synonymous with great musical talent for several generations—and, once more, she was afraid she could not live up to it. But, on both evenings, the thing happened that always happens to Carmel Quinn—she faced all those people and forgot everything but the joy of making music and knowing that it was bringing joy to others.

When Carmel came here, her brother-in-law Christy warned her that New York is a hard place and she must not let anyone ask her to do more than she reasonably could. She hasn't found it hard, but she sometimes misses the long walks she took at home, and the window-shopping, and stopping for tea with the girls while they talked about the new clothes they had bought. Now she scurries from place to place in taxis, and buys clothes wherever she can, on the run! Weekdays, her routine is getting up at 6:30 A.M. for early rehearsals at the CBS studio, and going to bed at 9:00 P.M. so she can look and do her best the next morning. Every spare moment and every weekend, however, are devoted to her little daughter, Jane Ann, who is just one year old. With true motherly pride, Carmel says Jane is a darling child and very good. "And I'm so pleased that Jane looks exactly like Bill," Carmel is sure Jane will be musical, too. "Already," she says, "when we put Jane near the television set, she dances in time to the music."

Carmel and Bill now have their own apartment in uptown New York, within easy driving distance of their work. In addition to being Carmel's manager, Bill owns a restaurant called The Dublin, which is located in mid-Manhattan.

Sometime this summer, Carmel hopes to go back to Dublin for a visit. To see the green of the Emerald Isle—"like no other green in the world." To see her daddy, who is so excited about her success—and can hardly wait to see little Jane—that he can talk of little else. To see Betty and Christy and their little girl, and her brother Naoish and his wife, and her brother Kevin and his wife and children.

"At first, I planned to surprise them with a visit," she says. "I thought it would be dramatic to walk in unexpectedly. Now I know that would not be fair at all. But when I go back, if I can't walk in and sit down and visit a while and talk, and then do the things I always did at home—like sweeping the floor and helping with the dishes and all the things like that—it will not seem like home.

"I want to remember just how I felt, so long ago, when I stole away to sing and dance in that cold little pantry—and saw myself in America, up on a stage. And to think about all the wonderful things that have been happening to me ever since, and to take time to be grateful for them."

Sure the leprechauns must be waiting there for Carmel Quinn!

I learned about MY OWN DAUGHTER!

Countless listeners have been amazed to learn vital things about their own families on radio's "My True Story." The reason is that this thrilling program presents moving stories that are as real as life itself—taken right from the files of "True Story Magazine." So be sure to hear these emotion-packed dramas that may help you to a better understanding of the ones you love!

TUNE IN
"MY TRUE STORY"

American Broadcasting Stations

Her demands for luxuries pushed him into a life of crime. Read "THEY SENT HIM TO PRISON" in July TRUE STORY MAGAZINE at newsstands now.





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The Three Breck Shampoos are available at Beauty Shops, Drug Stores, Department Stores and wherever cosmetics are sold.

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Young America has it...

You can have it in 7 days!

Baby's in the pink . . . with That Ivory Look!

Why not you? Pure, mild Ivory cherishes her pink and precious skin . . . yours, *too!*
For the *milder* your beauty soap, the prettier your skin . . . more doctors advise Ivory for your complexion than *any* soap!



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look younger, fresher, finer. It's the pink of perfection—That Ivory Look!



99.44% pure...it floats

More doctors advise Ivory than any other soap

★ **TV RADIO MIRROR**

RADIO MIRROR'S N. Y., N. J., Conn. Edition

AUGUST

NEW!

GARY CROSBY

BETTY CLOONEY

FLORA CAMPBELL

"Valiant Lady"

THE

McGUIRE SISTERS

Kristine, Phyllis, Dorothy



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YOU CAN HAVE IT IN 7 DAYS!

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the milder your beauty soap, the prettier
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for Baby's skin—and *yours*—than any other
soap! Ivory takes care . . . so tenderly!



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clearer, fresher, younger. You'll
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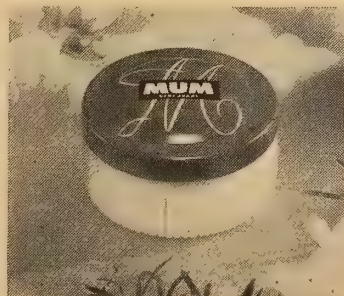
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AUGUST, 1955

TV RADIO MIRROR

N.Y., N.J., Conn. Edition

VOL. 44, NO. 3

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Cover portrait of The McGuire Sisters by Jay Seymour

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LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC STOPS BAD BREATH

4 times better than any tooth paste

Laughs Unlimited



Gene Klavan and Dee Finch: For two years, these two zanies have delighted listeners with *Anything Goes*.

THE WNEW airwaves crackle with hilarity as Gene Klavan and Dee Finch conduct

RECIPE for merry mayhem: 1 radio, dial set at 1150—Station WNEW—tuned in, with moderate volume, Monday through Saturday from 5:30 to 9 A.M. Stir in Gene Klavan and Dee Finch, then prepare for a round of music and chatter spiced with some of the tangiest and most explosive wit to hit any airwaves. Aptly called *Anything Goes*, this recipe-for-fun show has long enjoyed a top rating in the New York area.

Perhaps the greatest reason for Klavan's and Finch's success—other than their talents—can be found in their opposing natures and backgrounds. Easygoing Dee Finch has always approached life with a devil-may-care attitude and, since boyhood days, has known, and gotten, exactly what he wanted. By the time he was ten, Dee was broadcasting over Station WNBC in his home town, Binghamton, New York. After graduation from high school, he became a staff member at WNBC for four years, followed by one year at WAGE in Syracuse. Then, Dee felt he was ready for the "big time." "Big-time deejays and New York's WNEW," he says, "meant the same to me, so I figured I'd get my first refusal at the top." True to the Finch luck, he was hired—almost on the spot—as a staff announcer at WNEW. Four years later, Dee was summoned into the Army. Upon his discharge, he returned to New York, wondering if he still had a job at WNEW. He did and, just a few months

later, when Jack Lescoulie left the station, Dee took his place, co-starring with Gene Rayburn, next Gene Klavan. . . . Dee's good fortune spills over into his personal life: he married Bette, whom he met in junior high school and decided then she'd be his wife, and has the family he hoped for—Greg, 3½; Virginia, 1—and a comfortable home on Long Island. His main hobby is operating his ham radio set. His one big indulgence, he says, is a 31-foot cabin cruiser. Bette sums up Dee's happy state in a nutshell by saying, "Dee goes to work like a lot of people go to golf." One of the nicest things about Dee's good fortune is that he has never taken it for granted.

On the other side of the mike is Gene Klavan, whose life has been filled with the unexpected, and who—even though he's "arrived"—can't stop worrying if he's going to stay there. Born in Baltimore, Gene decided to try law as a career and was studying at Johns Hopkins when the Army requested his services. He became a radar engineer in the South Pacific. Once out of the service, Gene took a fling at being an assistant editor on *Coronet Magazine*, then resumed his law studies at the University of Maryland. Finally, he went to work at Station WCBM in Baltimore. "The reason was simple," says the complicated Klavan. "I had to make a living and was able to talk someone into paying me for being a disc jockey." Next, Gene went to WITN, then

Gene's wife Phyllis and Dee's wife Bette get a day off as the two fathers become baby-sitters.

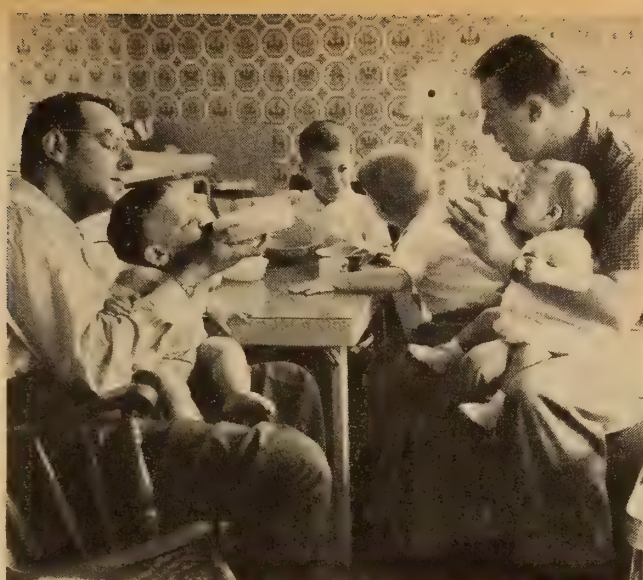


a daily circus of music, chatter and comedy

moved to Washington and WTOP—to fill the vacancy made by one Arthur Godfrey—and was a tremendous success there. Then, one day, after Gene Rayburn had left WNEW and Dee Finch was looking for a partner, Gene was asked to audition. After that, there was no doubt in anyone's minds that Klavan and Finch were "meant for each other"—and for WNEW listeners. . . . At home in a Cape Cod cottage on Long Island, not far from the Finch residence, Gene and his wife Phyllis—whom he met while they both were students at Johns Hopkins—keep busy with their two children, Ross, 4, and Andrew, 1. An amateur shutterbug, Gene has taken "thousands" of pictures of his children. When asked to describe Gene "at home," Phyllis' reply is, "It depends on what minute you're talking about." One minute he's happy, the next he's worrying.

While Finch tends to be the calmer, "straight man" of the two, Klavan sallies forth with a madcap approach, using the dozens of dialects or "character voices" he has mastered. The boys are backed up by a recorded "gimmick" file of 750 different sounds. And, believe it or not, *Anything Goes* is completely unrehearsed.

Close friends at work and in private life, Gene Klavan and Dee Finch provide happy proof that, although they may be opposites, they are two of a delightful kind when it comes to pleasing WNEW listeners.



Meal-time problem: How to keep calm while feeding Andrew and Ross Klavan, Greg and Virginia Finch.



Shades of Davy Crockett! Ross "covers" Daddy Gene while Greg has a grand time lassoing Daddy Dee.



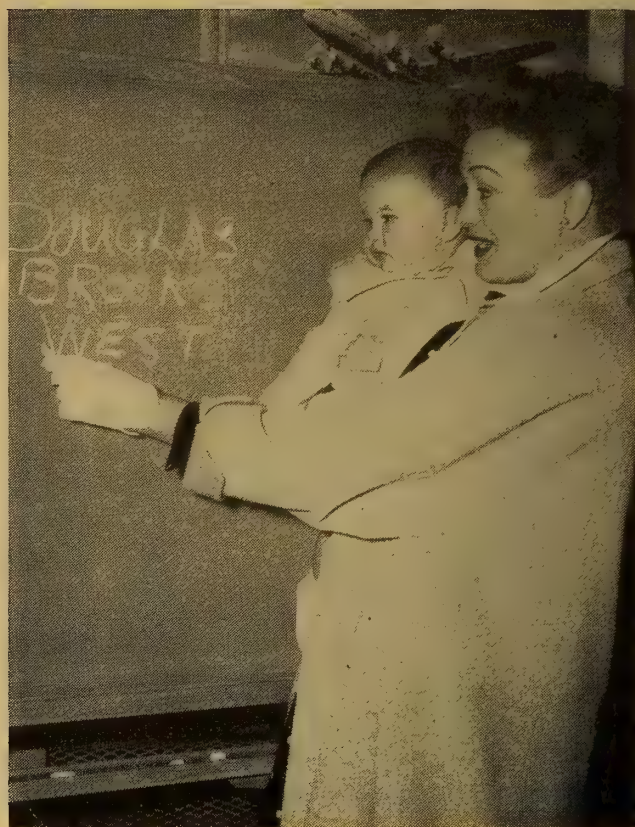
Who's having more fun? Finch seems to be holding his own, but Klavan tries calling up for reserves.

WHAT'S NEW FROM COAST TO COAST

• By Jill Warren



He's a whirly bird: George Gobel takes a helicopter ride while in Fort Worth to entertain the Texas Bankers Assn.



Our Miss Brooks: On a visit to New York, Eve Arden gives her year-old son Douglas his first lesson in "penmanship."



Imogene Coca—with Apri the poodle and Ganser the cat—is scheduled to guest star on TV next season.

SOME interesting fare has been lined up by NBC-TV for their "summer specials"—or, as they're being called, "spectaculars in slipcovers." On July 30, "Svengali and the Blonde" will be presented as an hour and a half musical adaptation of George de Maurier's classic, *Trilby*. Carol Channing will be Trilby, Basil Rathbone will be her Svengali, and Russell Arms, from *Your Hit Parade*, will play the romance. Ethel Barrymore will narrate the show, which will originate in Hollywood, with Alan Handley producing and directing. For August 27, NBC-TV has planned another super-duper, "One Touch of Venus," which will co-star Virginia Mayo and Russell Nye, with George Gaines. More details on this one next month.

The Lawrence Welk Show is a brand-new musical hour program seen on ABC-TV Saturday nights. The show originates in Hollywood, where Lawrence Welk and his "Champagne Music" have been a local television click for some time.

CBS Radio has signed another Godfrey—Katherine, by name—sister of the red-headed rebel, Arthur. She has just started her own radio program, called *The Kathy Godfrey Show*, heard Sunday afternoons for twenty-five minutes. Kathy serves as commentator, humorous observer and interviewer, and hopes to include among her weekly guests important figures in the world of entertainment, as well as people who make good news. Just for laughs she might invite some of the ex-Little (Continued on page 22)

"I've Waited a Long Time for a Woman Like You!"

—and I don't care if you belong to another man!"

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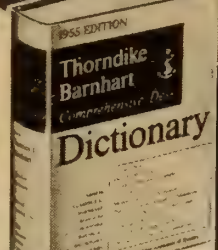
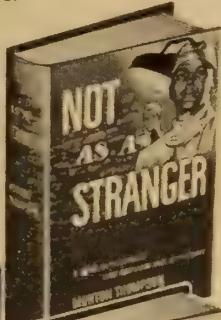
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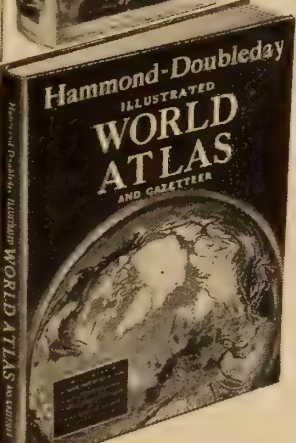
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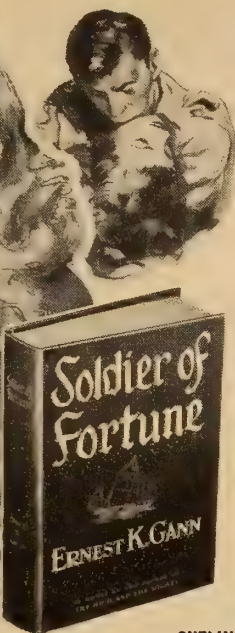
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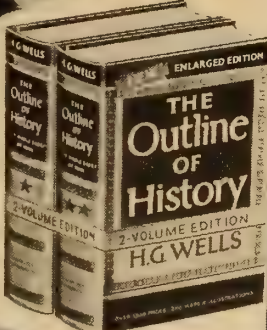
LOVELY JANE HOYT had come 6000 miles in search of her missing husband. She had searched everywhere—in Hong Kong's hotels, bars, waterfront dives. But each lead only pointed to Hank Lee, the notorious American adventurer, who was supposed to know everybody.

So she had gone to his mansion in the hills, and he had agreed to help her. Many times she was to return there... too many times! Why? Was it because of Hank's promise to find her husband, or for a new reason—a reason filled with confusion... and torment?

"I love you, Jane," Hank had whispered as his strong arms held her, "and though I'll get your husband back—you'll have to choose between him and me!"

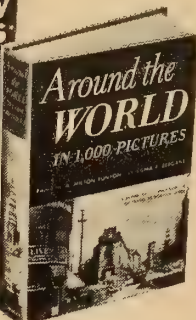
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Would you give me some information on Gene Rayburn, the announcer on NBC-TV's Tonight?

B.L.S., North Truro, Mass.

Gene Rayburn, *Tonight's* six-foot-one announcer and buffoon, was bitten by the theatrical bug while still in grammar school in Chicago. As he recalls, "I was bitten so hard that when I first went on stage I couldn't say my lines." When Gene got his voice back, he was cast as George Washington, but in place of the scheduled stirring speech, he began "Lizzie Borden took an ax, gave her mother forty whacks." . . . After graduation from Knox College, in Galesburg, Illinois, Gene pounded the New York pavements, finally landed a job as a page boy and enrolled in announcers' school. He worked for Station WGN in the Hudson Valley, then for stations in Baltimore and Philadelphia. In 1942, he joined Station WNEW in New York, then left for three years in the Air Force where he claims he made the world's distance record for holding the rank of second lieutenant. Back at WNEW, after the war, he did a morning radio show with Jack Les-coulie, then formed the hilarious team of Rayburn and Finch, which entertained New Yorkers for six years and, for a short while, had the whole country laughing with their night-time network show. When the team disbanded in 1952, Gene went on to star on several of his own shows and to appear also on *The Name's The Same*, before taking his stand on *Tonight*. . . . Gene is married to Helen Tichnor, a model who has been a personality in her own right on a number of Gene's shows. They live in a Dutch colonial home in suburban Mamaroneck, New York, and have a twelve-year-



Bea Benaderet

old daughter, Lynn. Gene still likes to fly, spends his vacations on Nantucket. Remembering his own early hard-times, he has established a scholarship at Columbia University for career-minded page boys.

Mystery Lady

With the closing of Jimmy Durante's TV program, he always says, "Good night, Mrs. Calabash, wherever you are!" Can you tell me who she is?

A.B., Coopers Mills, Me.

Sorry, but Jimmy isn't telling about who Mrs. Calabash is. His answer to all questions about her is to grin and say: "Everybody is entitled to his secrets. This is mine!"

Next-Door Neighbor

Would you tell me something about the woman who plays Blanche Morton, Gracie's neighbor on CBS-TV's Burns And Allen Show?

D.F., Birmingham, Ala.

Gracie's feminine foil is played by Bea Benaderet, who had her first fling at television on the *Burns And Allen Show*. But her long-time radio career on such shows as *My Friend Irma*, *Adventures Of Ozzie And Harriet*, *The Great Gildersleeve* and *Fibber McGee And Molly* has made her voice familiar to most Americans. . . . Born in New York of Spanish-Irish ancestry, Bea studied voice and piano from the time she was knee-high to a piano bench. She participated in school dramatics, then studied at the Reginald Travis School of Acting. Next came stock companies, little-theater work and her first radio job at San Francisco's KFRC as actress, singer, writer, producer, announcer—"really a

maid of all work," she recalls. She tried Hollywood and network radio in 1936, got her first big breaks with Orson Welles and Jack Benny.

A Good Start

Would you tell us a little about Kort Falkenberg, who plays Ma Perkins' son Joe in the CBS Radio serial?

H.B., Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Now that he's established as Joe Perkins, Kort Falkenberg claims that his acting career was launched during his first year of school, when his classmates applauded his debut as a song-and-dance man. But he was a senior in high school before he decided to capitalize on his dramatic talent. Meanwhile, he had learned photography at his father's studio, won awards for his work in fabric design and been active in a local church drama club. A few years were filled with summer stock, and off-Broadway experimental productions. To add to his meager stage earnings, Kort worked as a stock-exchange clerk, an usher, a mailman and a museum lecturer, and continued to study on a scholarship at the New School of Social Research. Then Uncle Sam made him an Entertainment Specialist, giving him a chance to do a national radio show every week before shipping him to the Pacific to organize, direct and perform in GI productions. When he was discharged, Kort enrolled in the American Theater Wing Professional Training Program. Soon his age and dialect characterizations began to be heard on such shows as *Gangbusters*, *Crime Photographer* and *City Hospital*. Kort is married to Gerry Lock, an actress. They have a two-and-a-half-year-old son and live in Manhattan. (Continued on page 10)



Gene Rayburn



Kort Falkenberg

Now-be a Pin-up Girl with the Pin-up Curl!

PIN-IT

WONDERFUL NEW EASY-TO-DO PIN-CURL PERMANENT

NEW! For today's softer hair styles...
gives that picture-pretty look!

NEW! No ammonia odor!

NEW! Exclusive hair styles in every kit!

In hairdos, today's look is the soft look, and Procter & Gamble's wonderful new pin-curl home permanent is especially designed to give it to you. A PIN-IT wave is soft and lovely as a pin-curl set, *never* tight and kinky. PIN-IT is so *wonderfully* different. You can tell the minute you open the bottle. It contains absolutely no ammonia. It's *easy* on your hair, too, so you can use it more often. And PIN-IT is *far* easier to use. Just put your hair up in pin curls and apply PIN-IT'S Waving Lotion. Later, rinse and let dry. With self-neutralizing PIN-IT, no resetting is needed. You get a permanent and a set in one step. For a wave that looks soft and lovely from the very first day and lasts weeks and weeks—try PIN-IT!



\$1.50
plus tax

PIN-IT

BY PROCTER & GAMBLE for the curl of your dreams



...look for it in the smart gold-foil package



When invited to a formal tea, should you —

- ☐ Be punctual ☐ Go formal ☐ Talk about people

Sooner or later comes the bid to your first formal tea. Must you dress formally? Stay the full two hours? What should you say to the V.I.P.s you meet? Answers: Wear your best *daytime* outfit. Arrive and leave when you like. As for the Very Important People:

a word from you about their interests and your what-to-say worries are *phf-f-ft!* No problems! That goes for calendar worries, as well—with Kotex* to keep you comfortable. For Kotex gives softness that *holds its shape*. Doesn't chafe! Made to *stay soft!*



Do you think the lady in the limelight is —

- ☐ Devastating ☐ Obnoxious ☐ Dramatics coach

Her captive audience—*they've had it!* But Cora the Cube "must" act out the merest trivia she tells. Overworked gestures mar your word power, your poise. Practice describing a spiral, a dance step, a circle without demonstration. Poise on "those" days, too, is a matter of being self-confident. So, you choose Kotex—assured no revealing outlines show, thanks to *flat pressed ends*.



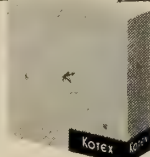
Which gives your sports outfit a new "ladylike" look?

- ☐ Bermuda shorts ☐ Bermuda skirt ☐ Ruffles

If you like shorts, but find they *de-flatter* your figure—the Bermuda walking skirt is for you. It's the feminine, flattering version of Bermuda shorts: but newer, smarter! On certain days, why not be smart about getting the right-for-you size of Kotex? Try all 3: Regular, Junior, Super; each gives the *complete absorbency* you need. See which suits you exactly.

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins

Have you tried new Delsey? It's the 2-ply toilet tissue with Kleenex* softness. Only Delsey is clean-cut to tear evenly. It ends waste — saves money — because it can't shred like ordinary toilet tissues. And Delsey* comes in your favorite towel colors: pink, yellow, blue and green, as well as white. Be thrifty—buy quality—buy Delsey.



*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

information booth

(Continued from page 8)



Steve Gethers

Actor-Author

I would like to know something about Steve Gethers, who is Hal Craig in Love Of Life on CBS-TV. E.P., Monessen, Pa.

Handsome Steve Gethers can work both sides of a script. As a player, he's nightclub operator Hal Craig in *Love Of Life*. As a playwright, he's been represented on TV with "Baseball Blues" on *U. S. Steel Hour* and "Departure" on *Kraft*. . . . The versatile Mr. Gethers was born June 8, 1922, studied at the University of Iowa and the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. He toured the country in "Joan of Lorraine," with Sylvia Sydney, and in "Open House." During the war, he served with the field artillery in the Pacific. Steve has eight years of radio work behind him and has been seen on such dramatic TV programs as *Lux TV Theater*, *Robert Montgomery Presents* and *Suspense*. He lives in Manhattan with his wife Julia and sons Eric, 8, and Peter, 2.

Calling All Fans

The following clubs invite new members. If you are interested in joining, write to the address given—not TV RADIO MIRROR.

Peggy King Fan Club, c/o Pat Brust, 319 Good St., Jeannette, Pa.

John Cameron Swayze Fan Club, c/o Pearl Weber, P. O. Box 85, Hurley, N.Y.

Joan Alexander Fan Club, c/o Hal Howard, 5303 Wriley Rd., Westhaven, Md.

Marion Marlowe Fan Club, c/o Helen D'Avolio, P. O. Box 107, East Boston, Mass.

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—If there's something you want to know about radio and television, write to Information Booth, TV RADIO MIRROR, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. We'll answer, if we can, provided your question is of general interest. Answers will appear in this column—but be sure to attach this box to your letter, and specify whether your question concerns radio or TV.



STEVE ALLEN'S TURNTABLE

HERE I am in Hollywood, the land of sunshine and movie stars, and I must say it's fun to be "home" again, back where I started. We're just beginning production on "The Benny Goodman Story," but I brought my trusty turntable along. We've got everything from bounce to ballad this month, so let's lend an ear.

Gary Crosby's baritone seems to get better with each new record he makes. He sings right out on his latest, "Ayuh, Ayuh," a jump novelty which he introduced on Ed Sullivan's *Toast Of The Town* TV show. Gary backs it up with the swingy "Mississippi Pecan Pie." Buddy Bregman's orchestra and The Cheer Leaders vocal group supply the backgrounds. (Decca)

Leave it to Jackie Gleason to do the unusual, especially with his recordings. Now he has come up with an album called "Lonesome Echo," an instrumental set of sixteen great old tunes, such things as "There Must Be a Way," "Deep Purple," "Come Rain or Come Shine," "Speak Low," and "Dancing on the Ceiling." The orchestrations are the most unusual, and feature cellos, guitars, marimbas, and twenty-count 'em—twenty mandolins! It all adds up to a terrific sound and a terrific album. Salvador Dali, the famous surrealist artist, did the colorful cover, and you'll have to admit that Dali and Gleason are some combination! (Capitol)

Decca has waxed the whole score of the new Broadway musical, "Seventh Heaven," with the original cast, which co-stars Gloria DeHaven and Ricardo Montalban, and they've also etched several single records of the top tunes from the show. Gloria has a platter of "If It's a Dream," and "Where Is That Someone for Me?" both pretty ballads. Kitty Kallen has also done "If It's a Dream," coupled with another ballad, not from the show, "Forgive Me." "Blessings" is done by Marian Caruso, Decca's young Philadelphia discovery, and Sammy Davis, Jr. croons "A Man with a Dream."

Eydie Gorme and Steve Lawrence, the vocal kids on my *Tonight* TV show, have done up a cute duet called "Knickerbocker Mambo," inspired by our lager sponsor, "Old Father Knickerbocker." It's a cute tune, with kind of a crazy, mixed-up lyric. On the backing, Eydie solos on a lovely ballad, "Give a Fool a Chance." Dick Jacobs' orchestra on both. (Coral)

Davy Crockett is still with us, and a fine lad he is. "Be Sure You're Right" (Davy's motto) has been recorded by Burl Ives, and the song lends itself well to Burl's familiar folk style. On the reverse Burl sings all about "Old Betsy" (Davy Crockett's gun). The Ray Charles male chorus helps out with the lyrics. (Decca)

"Old Betsy" gets the Steve Allen treatment, too. But we lost our mind on the other side with something called "The Goo

Goo Song," and the idea for this one came from those little Goo Goo dolls you may have seen on my TV show. We had a lot of fun recording the thing, especially with the sound effects of the Goo Goo squeak, etc. Dick Jacobs conducted the orchestra and chorus. (Coral)

Billy Eckstine comes forward with two new ballads, and does a terrific job on both. On the first, "Careless Lips," he gives out with the sultry treatment in tango tempo, with vocal assistance by The Pied Pipers. The second is "A Man Doesn't Know," one of the loveliest songs from the Broadway musical, "Damn Yankees." Lou Bring's orchestra. (M-G-M)

"The Best of Fred Astaire" is the title of a new album by the famous song-and-dance man. The album has twelve sides, all re-issues of the tunes and numbers associated with Astaire during his long movie career. Included are such remembered songs as "Cheek to Cheek," "A Fine Romance," and "Dig It," and Fred tap-dances on some of the sides. This album will be a must for Astaire fans. (Epic)

Movie star Jeff Chandler made his debut on records a few months ago, and now he has added songwriting to his accomplishments. Jeff wrote a ballad, "Fox Fire"—which, incidentally, is the title of his new Universal-International picture—and he has chosen the tune, natch, for his latest release. "Shanermadel"—which means "beautiful girl" in Yiddish—also receives the Chandler ballad delivery, with the help of The Rhythmaires vocal group. Sonny Burke conducts both sides. Nice goin', Jeff. (Coral)

Ray Anthony has a fine new instrumental record, "Mmmm Mamie" and "Learnin' the Blues." "Mamie" is an Anthony composition, in honor of Ray's movie starlet pal, Mamie Van Doren. There are tip-top Anthony trumpet solos on both, especially on the "Blues" side. This record is good for dancing—or just plain listening, as you wish. (Capitol)

"Pete Kelly's Blues"—with a narrative by Jack Webb—is the name of a new album put together by the *Dragnet* boy. It's a collection of standards played by a small jazz band, done up in the style of the Roaring Twenties. You'll hear such oldies as "Breezing Along with the Breeze," "Somebody Loves Me," "Bye, Bye Blackbird," "Sugar," and "What Can I Say, Dear, After I Say I'm Sorry?" and others. Webb introduces the tunes, with some short patter about each. "Pete Kelly's Blues," incidentally, is also the title of Jack's forthcoming movie for Warner Brothers, and many of the album tunes are also in the picture. (Victor)

Julius La Rosa has recorded a new Italian rhythm novelty, "Mama Rosa," which could ring the bell for him the way "Eh Cumpari" did. Julie sings part of the side

in Italian, and there's also a friscaletto solo for good measure. That's Italian for piccolo, they tell me. On the backing the La Rosa baritone is heard on a pretty ballad, "Domani"—which means tomorrow—and it's all in English. Accompaniment is by Archie Bleyer's orchestra. (Cadence)

Sister teams have really come into their own this past year, and now look—my wife and my sister-in-law have joined the parade. Jayne and Audrey Meadows have cut their first record together, hooray, hooray. The gals sing out in gay style on a couple of new novelties, "Hot Potato Mambo" and "Japanese Rhumba," with Hugo Winterhalter's orchestra on the Victor label. Now I won't be in trouble with the family for not mentioning their wax debut! (All kidding aside, it's a cute record.)

The Cowboy Church Sunday School has recorded two semi-religious songs, "Go On By" and "The Little Black Sheep," both written by Stuart Hamblen. The children's chorus, well-known in California, uses only an organ accompaniment. Their first record of "Open up Your Heart" sold almost a million copies, and this, their second release, may do just as well. (Coral)

The "X" Label has signed a new instrumental group, The Back Bay Boys, and an amusing group they are. For their first two sides the lads play—and look out for these titles—"Rondo Chi Wutsi" and "Yogi Amo." The end result is sort of a cross between barrelhouse and razz-a-ma-tazz.

Well, that about wraps it up for now, but I'll be coming at you from Hollywood again next month. See you then.



The Benny Goodman Story: The master and myself "on a toot" for my film role.



Dynamic Jim DeLine daily leads his "Gang" through three merry shows which keep WSYR listeners and viewers asking for "More!"

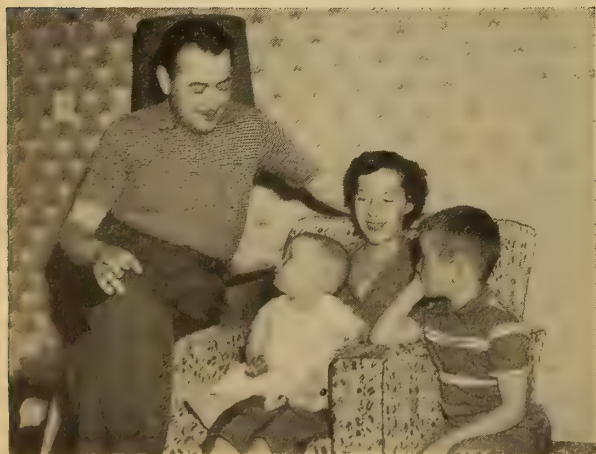
Master Cut-up



Comedian Nancy Walker, guest "fiddler," amuses some of the DeLine Gang: Ken Drumm, Norman Coleman, Carl Mano, Jim and Myron Levee.

WITH a twinkle in his eye and an ear-to-ear grin, Jim DeLine provides Syracuse's Station WSYR audiences with some of the best fun and music to be found anywhere in the Lake Ontario region. Starting at 9:15 A.M. daily, the *Jim DeLine Gang* breezes through a fun-filled hour on WSYR Radio. Next, the Gang hops over to WSYR-TV studios to present their noontime show. At 12:45, they all race back to the radio studio for their third merry show of the day at 1 P.M. . . A typical DeLine show—if any can be called typical—finds Jim kidding with members of the band

or with vocalists Patti Hammond, Dick Workman and Fran Walsh. Interspersed with the songs and witty bantering, are interviews with guest stars. Jim's favorite guest is Pat O'Brien, "the only man the Gang hasn't been able to talk down!" Himself a master ad-libber, Jim has coached the other show members in delivering fast comebacks. The results have always met with unanimous audience approval. . . . No "Jimmy-come-lately" to the entertainment field, the dynamic DeLine gained his initial radio experience as a student at Syracuse University. After graduation, Jim says his first attempts to break into radio were "completely unsuccessful. I made many auditions—but never made the grade." Finally, however, he did get a job at WMBO in Auburn. Four months later, he had moved to WFBL in Syracuse, where the original DeLine Gang was born. Then, in 1951, the whole Gang moved to WSYR where they have been making merry ever since. . . . "I love the show and my work," says Jim, recalling that, through his work, he met his wife Geri. This occurred when Jim was conducting an interview show at a Syracuse restaurant where Geri was a hostess. A very successful marriage resulted, and today the DeLines' new split-level home in Bellewood houses four vigorous offspring: Jim, Jr., 13; Linda, 8; Charles, 5; and Dickie, 1. An avid, in-the-90's golfer, Jim also likes to fish, but never does too well. His children, Jim says, "have mixed emotions about my work. However, I have overheard them brag that their dad has the best show on the air. I try never to correct them on this point!" . . . Jim receives much mail from his audience—which extends into Canada—praising him for his "clean, wholesome program, ideal for children and adults." And they all agree that the humor and good fellowship which typifies the *Jim DeLine Gang* is the perfect daily dose to happily "cure whatever ails you."



The DeLine family (minus Jim, Jr. and Linda): Jim and Geri with Dickie and Charles, who is called "Chipper."

NOW! SOFT, GLOWING HAIR IN 20 SECONDS!

*"Liven-up" your hair with this
Amazing Non-oily Hairdressing!*

Now it's so easy to have soft, perfectly-groomed, glowing hair . . . instantly . . . always! Just a few drops of miraculous new SUAVE daily makes hair obey, tames wispy ends, stubborn strands. Yet leaves it soft, natural looking . . . adds satiny glow, not oily shine . . . relieves and prevents dryness and brittleness. Get New Improved SUAVE, with Helene Curtis' amazing new "beauty find" —greaseless lanolin!



**GIVES HAIR
HEALTHY-LOOKING
GLOW—NOT OILY SHINE!**

SUAVE makes hair sparkly as it *should* be—twinkling with new highlights! No oily look—ever! And *never* any oily feel.



**HAIR DRY, BRITTLE,
ABUSED? NOTHING
WORKS LIKE SUAVE!**

SUAVE solves hair woes—brings back softness, luster to dry, parched, frizzy hair instantly. *Protects* your hair!



**MAKES ANY HAIR STYLE EASY TO ARRANGE!
PROTECTS ITS CHARM!**

No matter which of the new summer hair styles you choose —artfully casual yet neat . . . formal "sculptured" hairdo . . . or the new "loose classic" styles—SUAVE makes your hair *eager* to form into the hairdo you want . . . *happy* to shape into deep rippling waves.



**EVEN AFTER HOURS IN THE SUN—
KEEP YOUR HAIR SILKEN, SUN-SAFE!**

You don't have to let the sun dry or parch the natural beauty of your hair. Just a few magic drops of SUAVE daily not only protects your hair —it actually recaptures lost sun-damaged beauty! Relieves frizz and dryness. Keeps hair soft, silken —radiant as the sun itself! Get SUAVE today!



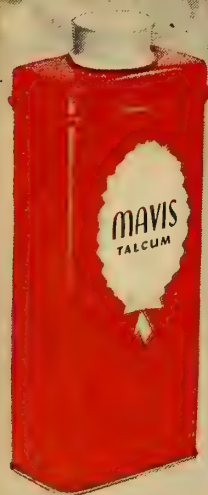
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Suave

**HAIRDRESSING
& CONDITIONER**

59¢ and \$1 (plus tax)

NEW! With amazing greaseless lanolin

Stay as Sweet as you are



Only Mavis keeps you flower-fragrant, flower-fresh, alluringly feminine all over. This velvety imported talc, exquisitely perfumed, insures your daintiness... absorbs moisture, helps prevent chafing. With Mavis you are always your loveliest self... in 29¢-43¢ and 59¢ sizes at all toiletry counters.

MAVIS
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Irresistible you!

Men want to kiss the girl with Irresistible lips... made thrillingly lovely with creamy, Irresistible lipstick. Try it... and exotic Irresistible perfume—your invitation to romance!



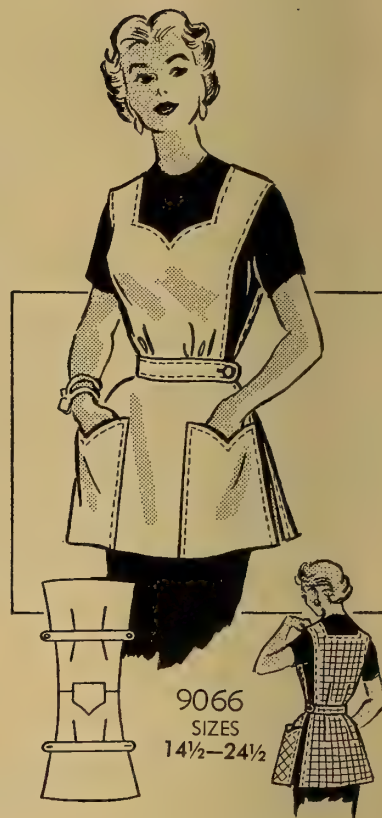
Irresistible
PERFUME • LIPSTICK

at all 10¢ stores

New Patterns for You



9238
SIZES
12—20
30—42



9066
SIZES
14½—24½



9249 SIZES 14½—24½

9238—Easy to sew—jiffy to iron. This is the dress you'll reach for most often. Misses' Sizes 12-20; 30-42. Size 16 takes 4 yards 35-inch fabric. 35¢

9066—Half-sizers: Three ways you can wear this style—as apron, sport jerkin, or terrycloth beachcoat. Cut to fit the shorter, fuller figure. Half Sizes 14½-24½. Size 16½ takes 2⅞ yards 35-inch fabric. 35¢

9249—Designed to slenderize—the paneled hipline makes you look inches slimmer. Half Sizes 14½-24½. Size 16½ takes 4¾ yards 39-inch fabric. 35¢

Send thirty-five cents (in coins) for each pattern to: TV RADIO MIRROR, Pattern Department, P. O. Box 137, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, N. Y. Add five cents for each pattern for first-class mailing.

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ALL DAY LONG...FOR EVERY SUMMER ACTIVITY



NEW PLAYTEX *living* BRA[®]*

At last, a bra so beautifully designed that it gives heavenly comfort and a gloriously youthful look to all sizes... A to D cups!



The bias-cut elastic side panels self-adjust to your every motion . . . give you complete comfort and a gloriously youthful look at all times.

Elastic and Nylon! It's "custom-contoured" of elastic and nylon to give perfect fit and comfort . . . no matter what size or in-between size you are! Sculptured nylon cups lift and lure, round and raise excitingly! Snowy white, wonderfully washable—without ironing. At department stores and better specialty shops everywhere.



A, B or C Cups
32 to 40 **\$3.95**
D Cups 32 to 42
\$4.95



Girl on the Go

Each day is a challenge and an inspiration for Paula Carr and her Ohio-West Virginia friends



Paula interviews radio veteran Sandy Guyer of WMOA.

NEW YORK doesn't have all the commuters," grins Paula Marie Carr, who conducts five programs on three different stations. She's thinking of the time the tape recordings for her Marietta, Ohio, programs were accidentally thrown away and she had to rise at dawn, race to Marietta to remake them, then speed back to Parkersburg, West Virginia, in time for a nine o'clock broadcast. "My schedule," she says, "is every bit as hectic as the one I used to have in Manhattan, where the cabs used to wait at the studio door to get me across town to another one—except that I'm now my own cab driver!" . . . Paula's current weekday schedule in-

cludes *Meet Me At Millie's*, on Station WCEF at 9 A.M.; *Just Between Us*, on Station WMOA at 9:30 A.M.; *Over The Back Fence*, Station WCEF at 10:30 A.M.; *Five Till Noon*, Station WPAR at 11:55 A.M.; and *From The Scrapbook*, Station WCEF at 3:45 P.M. . . . Always poised and good-humored, Paula can laugh even about the time, last March, when the Ohio River went on the rampage, flooding her hotel-basement studio in Marietta. The flood chased the station up to the second floor, but by the time all the equipment had been installed in the temporary broadcasting quarters, there was no room for Paula. Her program came from out in the hallway. "I thought I'd have to do that one by boat," she recalls. . . . Born in McConnelsville, Ohio, Paula has lived with her family in the same little white house in Parkersburg since she was six years old. As a child, she produced plays in the family garage, but, at Parkersburg High School and Marietta College, she intended acting as a hobby, teaching as a career. Then two school vacations in summer stock changed her mind and, after graduation, Paula went to work for Station WPAR. . . . Although all her present programs—except *Just Between Us*—are done "live," Paula still finds time to act as president and executive director of the Wood County United Cerebral Palsy Fund. She relaxes by collecting poems and inspirational bits for her fourteen scrapbooks. "If there were ever a fire," Paula laughs, "I'd save the scrapbooks first." When there's time, she also enjoys riding and golf. . . . Every day, to Paula, is a happy one, "just living and having my friends, my listeners and my family. I'm a very lucky person." And, she adds, "Each day is a challenge and an inspiration. That's not very dramatic, I know, but it's the way I feel." Letters and phone calls from her many listeners in Ohio and West Virginia—and four little Parkersburg girls named after her—clearly show how everyone feels about talented and personable Paula Carr.



Coffee with her dad, a teacher, and mom, a dramatic reader, is a welcome break. Both always backed Paula's career.

Wonderful New Super-Lather* Shampoo!

OUT-SHINES OTHER SHAMPOOS, SHOWS HAIR'S HIDDEN BEAUTY



Highlights Are "Love-Lights"! Poise, charm—and romance—belong to the woman whose hair shimmers with dancing highlights. And how can you have this sparkle on every date? By using amazing new double-rich Helene Curtis Lanolin Lotion Shampoo! Try it and see!



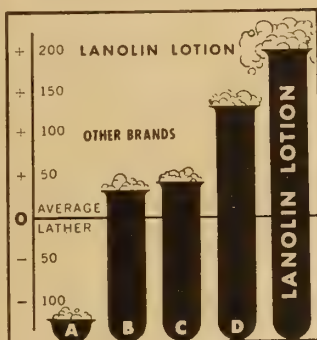
Leave It To The Ladies . . . At parties, club meetings, over the fence . . . the word gets around: "Something new and wonderful is here!" Especially when it "does things" for your hair, the news spreads fast. So it's no wonder thousands are switching to "out-shining" Helene Curtis Lanolin Lotion Shampoo!

**"Lanolin-Lively" Foam . . .
Oceans Of It . . . Leaves Hair
Gleaming, Obedient, Lovely!**

Only the genius of Helene Curtis could produce such an amazing shampoo as Lanolin Lotion . . . a shampoo that brings such glimmering, shimmering radiance to your hair!

The secret lies in the lanolin-rich lather of Lanolin Lotion Shampoo. You've never seen such oceans of rich, velvety suds . . . suds which are actually twice as rich in lanolin!

***PROOF IT OUT-LATHERS
OTHER BRANDS**



Helene Curtis Lanolin Lotion Shampoo out-lathers four other brands given the Cylinder-Foam test.

And what this does to your hair is amazing to see! Suddenly any hair—even problem hair that's had its beauty oils dried or bleached away—captures new beauty, new polish, and a new manageability that makes your waves ripple into place.

Try Helene Curtis Lanolin Lotion Shampoo for a revelation in hair beauty!



**Get Helene Curtis
Lanolin Lotion Shampoo
Today!** You'll find that never before has your hair had so much softness, so much beauty! 29¢, 59¢ or \$1.

ASK YOUR
DOCTOR or DRUGGIST

END THAT
"Certain Time"
Odor Problem

with
"ENNDs"

Tablets containing Darotol®
that absorbs odors within
the body—before they start!

Biologically most women, during certain calendar days, emit a particular odor. This has been so since pre-historic times—and the deodorants and perfumes of civilization have sought to cover it.

Now, however—after many centuries—a substance has been found that absorbs "certain time" odors within the body. This substance—Darotol—is found only in "ENNDs" Tablets.

Darotol—one of the most potent essences of chlorophyll ever extracted from plant life—works by entering the blood stream through the digestive system. It is thus carried to all parts of the body—where it removes the odor from certain organic compounds before they are excreted through the pores as perspiration or as other waste material.

The regular use of "ENNDs", not only ends the worry over "certain time" odor, but also purifies and sweetens the breath—keeping it that way for hours.

For the assurance of personal daintiness every day of the year, no woman should be without "ENNDs". At all Drug counters. Trial size only 49¢. Larger sizes even more economical. "ENNDs" are also available in Canada.

For free booklet, "What You Should Know About a Woman's Problem of Odor Offense" (mailed in plain envelope), write "ENNDs", attention Kathryn Morse, Dept. TS-D, P.O. Box 25, Long Island City 1, New York.



Daytime Diary

All programs are heard Monday through Friday; consult local papers for time and station.

BACKSTAGE WIFE Mary Noble, wife of actor Larry Noble, is almost happy over the trouble actress Elise Shephard is causing for Larry. In an effort to make Larry increasingly dependent on her, Elise is undermining his self-confidence to the point where his career is in danger—and this means that he must turn to Mary for help and strength as he used to do before Elise came into their lives. Will this renew their love? NBC Radio.

THE BRIGHTER DAY On the surface, Don Harrick is a talented architect hired to plan the new Youth Center, and Lydia is his charming, devoted sister-in-law. But Reverend Dennis suspects the emotional strain underlying this relationship. Will he be able to help Lydia free herself from the bondage into which Don's selfishness has tied her ever since her husband's death? What happens when editor Max Canfield becomes important to her? CBS-TV and CBS Radio.

CONCERNING MISS MARLOWE When actress Maggie Marlowe first met Jim Gavin, she knew he was the kind of man who left his mark on the lives of those in whom he was interested. Money, position, and personal force made it impossible to consider him lightly, and Maggie was a little amused at herself but not too surprised when she fell in love. But the death of Jim's estranged wife—and its aftermath—causes Maggie to review her feelings. NBC-TV.

THE DOCTOR'S WIFE Dr. Fred Conrad is a fine assistant, and Dan has no intention of losing him. Even the difficulty that might have arisen from Fred's feeling for Dan's wife Julie seems to have been smoothed away. But as time goes on a curious situation develops—a situation which cannot go unnoticed in a town as small as Stanton. Will Julie be making a mistake if she tries, with her usual efficiency, to handle it herself? NBC Radio.

FIRST LOVE Zach James is a hard man to live with and to work with because it is hard for him to live with himself. Only his wife Laurie knows the exacting standards toward which he constantly pushes himself, and the bitter criticism he turns on his own shortcomings. Even when the truth about Petey's death emerges, will Zach forgive himself for the stubborn bad judgment that helped to place him in a false position? NBC-TV.

THE GREATEST GIFT As a doctor, Eve knows all too well the difficulties faced by an alcoholic's family—and often the hopelessness of attempting a cure. But when the problem is in her own family it becomes something entirely different. Will Eve be able to evaluate it honestly as she watches her sister Fran struggling and succumbing? If happiness is the only real cure, must she watch Fran give up all hope? NBC-TV.

THE GUIDING LIGHT The knowledge that her former husband, Dr. Dick Grant, is alive and apparently well raises an irresistible hope in Kathy's heart—a hope that Dick's friend, Dr. Jim Kelly, tries instinctively to discourage even before he knows about the new friendships and loyalties Dick formed in New York. Is Kathy to know heartbreak again after realizing the depth of her love for Dick? And what about the Bauers' new domestic problem? CBS-TV and CBS Radio.

HAWKINS FALLS In the case of Lona and Floyd Corey, familiarity does not breed contempt, for even though every bit of Hawkins Falls is as familiar as the backs of their hands—including its less attractive aspects—neither of them would wish to live anywhere else or find life anywhere else quite so rewarding. Is it possible that not everyone in town feels quite so warmly toward them? NBC-TV.

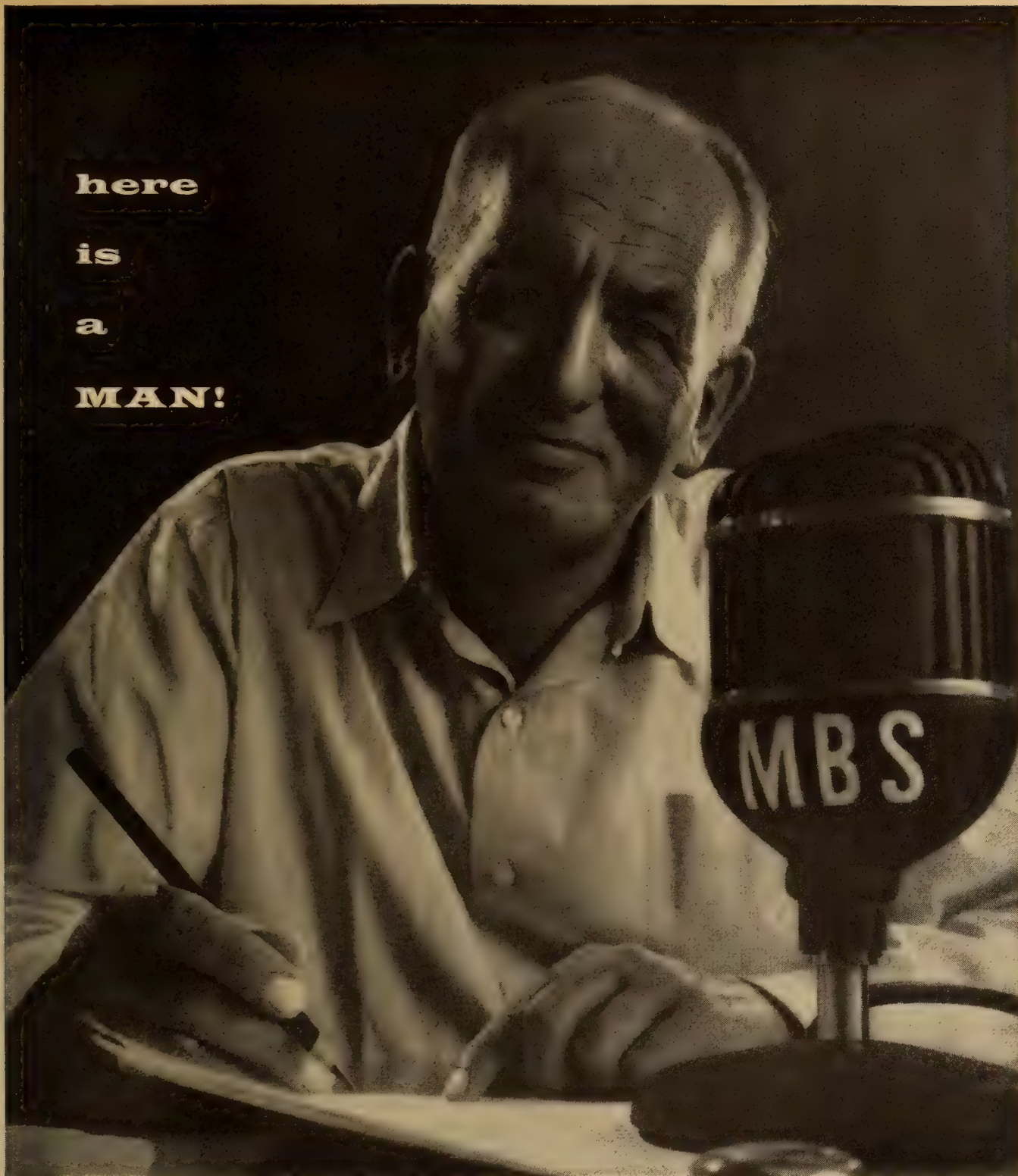
HILLTOP HOUSE A pathetic problem in loyalty occupies Julie as Alvin Butler, released from prison, finds he can only clear his name at the expense of his wife's health. Knowing that she cannot stand the shock of learning that her father was the real criminal, Alvin must content himself with regaining the love and faith of his children, who have been Julie's charges at Hilltop. Meanwhile, will Julie's cousin Nina really wreck her marriage? CBS Radio

THE INNER FLAME A wife facing the possible break-up of her marriage has a bitter enough problem, and Portia Manning has no illusions about the future even as she stands by Walter during his time of need. But Dorie Lawlor's problem is bad enough, not because she will stand accused as the woman who broke up the Manning home but because—though she will not admit it—her frenzied attraction to Walter has run its course. CBS-TV.

JOYCE JORDAN, M.D. Joyce Jordan is a self-reliant career woman—even more, a scientist. Accustomed to clear, logical thinking even about her own emotional problems, she is ready to take in stride all the objections she knows will be raised to her romance with Mike Hill. But has she underestimated her own conniving little sister, Kitty? With Mike's mother as an ally, will Kitty cause far more harm than Joyce ever dreamed? NBC-TV.

JUST PLAIN BILL Bill Davidson and his daughter Nancy stand at opposite sides of an important question. Nancy believes everyone should mind his own business, and has pleaded with her father to keep out of trouble by letting his friends solve their own problems. But Bill's deepest belief is that all men must help one another. Despite his love for Nancy and her family, he refuses to turn a deaf ear to any friend in trouble. Will he regret it one day? NBC Radio (Continued on page 24)

**here
is
a
MAN!**



Yes, here *is* a man and probably one of the greatest in modern American radio — GABRIEL HEATTER. Monday through Friday his deep, understanding and accurate appraisal of events of the world in which we live and the people with whom we live, is brought into millions of homes throughout the United States.

Hear Gabriel Heatter on any of hundreds of easy-to-dial stations of the MUTUAL Network, the world's largest radio network...the *ONE* network that reaches *ALL* America.

Tune in

**Gabriel
Heatter**

on the MUTUAL Network

Mon. thru Fri.— at:

7:30-7:45 PM EASTERN TIME

6:30-6:45 PM CENTRAL TIME

6:00-6:15 PM MOUNTAIN TIME

6:00-6:15 PM PACIFIC TIME

NEW DESIGNS FOR LIVING

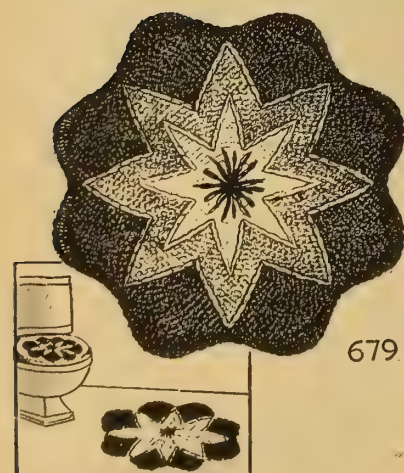
22
INCHES



7025



7360



679

7025—Combine dainty filet with regular crochet to make this doily or centerpiece. Use No. 30 mercerized cotton for 22-inch doily; No. 50 for smaller; bedspread cotton for larger. Crochet directions included. 25¢

882—Just *two* main pattern parts to this gay, cool maternity top. Trim with colorful embroidery. Maternity Misses' Sizes 12-20. Tissue pattern, transfer. *State size*. 25¢

7360—Rows of pineapples, baby-size at the waist, grow bigger toward the hem. Crochet blouse and skirt of straw or wool yarn. Skirt, Waist Sizes 20-22; 24-26; 28-30. Blouse 32-34; 36-38. All sizes included. 25¢

7318—You'll have baby's new booties, cap and jacket finished in a jiffy. Made in open and closed shell-stitches in 3-ply baby yarn. Use white with pastel. Crochet directions included. 25¢

679—Jiffy-crochet this lovely set for your home. Use inexpensive rug cotton to make both bathroom rug and seat cover. Make one for your bedroom, too. 25¢

7037—Embroider the Bluebirds of Happiness on kitchen towels, pillowcases, and other linens. So pretty—and easy. Transfer of six embroidery motifs, 4 1/4" x 4 1/2" to 5" x 8 1/2"; sixteen, 2" x 3". 25¢

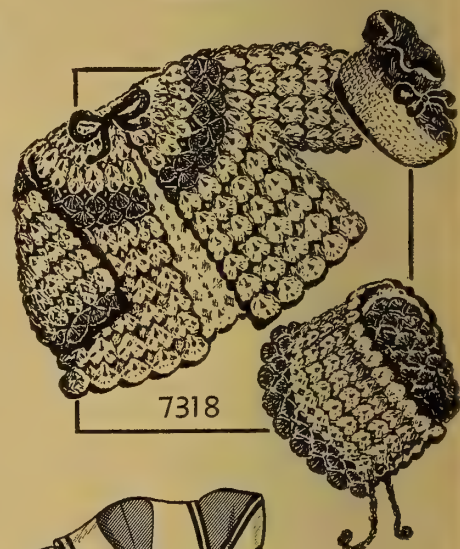
536—Daughter will be so proud of her new middy dress. Anchor motif is easy to embroider—sew another version without embroidery. Child's Sizes 2,4,6,8,10. Tissue pattern; transfer. *State size*. 25¢



7037



882
SIZES
12-20



7318



536
SIZES
2-10



Send twenty-five cents (in coins) for each pattern to: TV RADIO MIRROR, Needlecraft Service, P.O. Box 137, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, N. Y. Add five cents for each pattern for first-class mailing. Send an additional 25¢ for Needlecraft Catalog.



WHAT'S
HAPPENED?

NEW PACKAGE...
NEW
EASY-GRIP BOTTLE...
WONDERFUL NEW
LOTION SHAMPOO!



Feel what's happened! More lather... gentler
lather... kinder to your hair and scalp!

NEW *White Rain*

First thing you'll notice about new, improved White Rain is more lather. Not just *some* more lather, but loads more of the richest, gentlest lather that ever caressed your scalp. Makes you sure wonderful things will happen to your hair... and they do.

And New White Rain improves on *everything* this famous shampoo was famous for... like leaving your hair sunshine bright, soft and manageable, fresh as a spring breeze. Because this is an exciting new formula developed especially for *you*...

BY *Toni* THE PEOPLE WHO KNOW YOUR HAIR BEST!

T
V
R

WHAT'S NEW FROM COAST TO COAST

(Continued from page 6)

Godfreys over for a coast-to-coast chat.

Also on the CBS Radio schedule is the new *Gary Crosby Show*, starring Bing's boy in his own half-hour every Sunday night. Gary will also continue his vocal spot on *Tennessee Ernie's* Monday-Wednesday-Friday broadcasts, and in the fall is set for several TV guest spots. There's the possibility of his own television show looming in the future, too.

ABC-TV has set a couple of hillbilly hoedowns on their summer schedule, both telecast live from Springfield, Missouri. The *Slim Wilson* musical show will be seen every Tuesday night for an hour, and on Saturday nights *Ozark Jubilee* will go network, also for an hour.

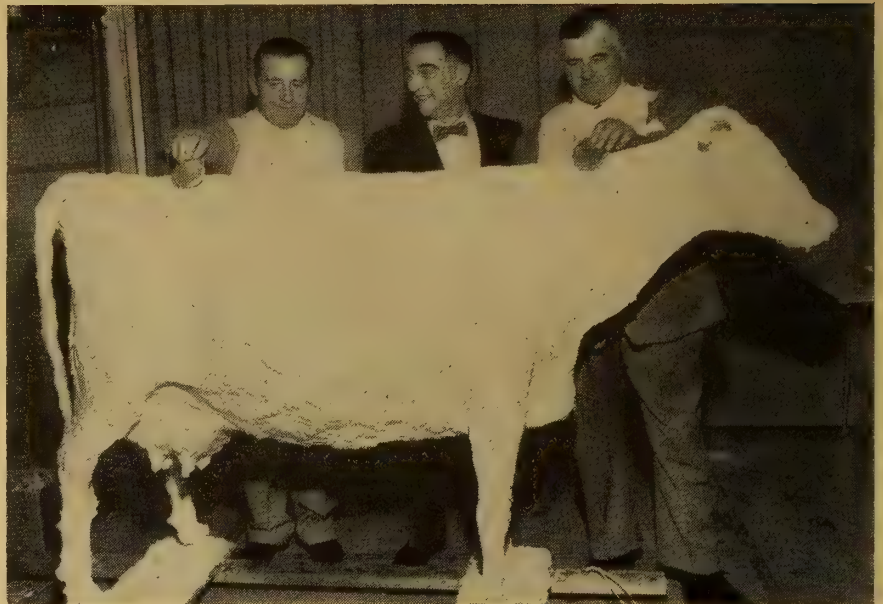
A few changes on the CBS-TV log: *Music '55*, starring *Stan Kenton* and his orchestra, replaces the *Ray Milland* show on Thursday nights. *Life With Father* is moving to Sundays, replacing *Lassie*, until September 4. On that date CBS-TV hopes to find a permanent time spot for *Father* for the fall season. *Halls Of Ivy* is switching from Tuesday night to Thursday night for the summer, with its fall berth still to be set. Comedian *Sam Levenson* will pinch-hit for *Herb Shriner* on *Two For The Money* Saturday nights, while the Hoosier humorist takes a summer vacation. Shriner will return on September 10. The *U. S. Steel Hour* will be seen every other week, alternating with a new dramatic show, *Front Row Center*. Songstress *Lois Hunt*, of the *Robert Q. Lewis* show, and her husband, writer *Morton Hunt*, are awaiting a visit from the stork, so *Lois* has given up television temporarily. *Jane Wilson* has taken her place on the *Robert Q.* programs. You'll remember *Jane* as the beauteous brunette soprano on the old *Fred Waring* programs.

The Arthur Murray Party is back on NBC-TV, on Tuesday nights, at least until September. As usual, the program will star *Katherine Murray*, the vigorous forty-eight-year-old grandmother, who does cartwheels for the cameras.

Bishop Fulton J. Sheen will switch from the Du Mont network to ABC-TV this fall and he will present his *Life Is Worth Living* series on radio as well. The actual figures of *Bishop Sheen's* "salary" have never been officially released, but he is said to have received \$16,000 a week from Du Mont, with a promise of an increase from ABC—all of which, of course, goes directly to charity.



Hit Parader Russell Arms is soon to be a "spectacular" performer.



Butter—400 pounds of it—went into making this cow which was the highlight of Garry Moore's *I've Got A Secret* show when it featured a "country fair" theme.

This 'n' That:

NBC-TV has signed *Maurice Evans* to produce and direct the *Hallmark Hall Of Fame* series this fall, with the first hour-and-a-half production scheduled to be a musical adaptation of "Alice in Wonderland."

Marlin Perkins, of the popular *Zoo Parade* TV show, is taking off for Africa in search of rare creatures for the fall series of the program. When he comes back through customs, *Marlin* hopes to have such cozy little specimens in his luggage as pangolins and rare snakes.

Congratulations to *Lawrence Spivak* and *Meet The Press* on the tenth anniversary of their news-making panel.

Actor *Gig Young* has been set as the host for the forthcoming *Warner Brothers Presents* television series, which debuts this fall. *Young* will serve as emcee, and will also be featured in the "Behind the Cameras at Warner Brothers" segment of each show.

Looks like *Imogene Coca* won't have her own half-hour show next season, after her unfortunate experience this year. However, she still has a contract with NBC-TV and the network plans to spot her in selected guest appearances on some of their big shows.

Susan Strasberg, the teen-age dramatic television actress, has been signed by Columbia Pictures to play the role of the younger sister, *Millie*, in "Picnic," which will star *William Holden* and *Rosalind Russell*.

Ex-Godfrey singer *Marion Marlowe* has been signed to a record contract by the Cadence label. *Marion* was formerly under contract to Columbia Records, but asked for and received her release. Cadence also has *Julius La Rosa* and *The Chordettes* on their roster, all former Little Godfreys.

Songstress *Connie Haines* has taken leave of the *Frankie Laine* filmed television show to become a mama, but plans to return to work later on.

Georgiana Carhart, the "Grand Dame" of Du Mont's *Life Begins At Eighty* show, recently celebrated her ninetieth birth-

day, and quite a celebration she had. *Georgiana* received congratulatory wires from *Bishop Fulton J. Sheen*, New York's Governor *Averell Harriman*. Even President *Eisenhower* telegraphed her: "Please accept my sincere congratulations upon your birthday. May good health be yours through many more happy years." "Young" *Miss Carhart* is starting her seventh year on television, having joined *Life Begins At Eighty* when she was a "kid" of eighty-four.

Mulling The Mail:

Miss H.M.V., Cleveland, O.: You might write *Bill Lawrence* at Station WPIX, New York City. . . . Mrs. C.R., Ellinwood, Kans.: Yes, *Charlie Applewhite* is married. And *Jan Arden* has been doing club work since she left the *Robert Q. Lewis* shows. *Robert Q.* departed *The Name's The Same* because of the pressure of his other television and radio work. . . . View Street Neighbors, Oakland, Calif.: *Mary Livingstone* has not retired from show business, but she rarely appears on *Jack Benny's* television shows, unless they're filmed, as live TV makes her too nervous. . . . Miss W.W., Parrish, Ala.: For a picture of *Julius La Rosa*, I suggest you write him c/o CBS, 485 Madison Avenue, New York City. . . . Mrs. B.L., Ann Arbor, Mich.: *Ding Dong School* now originates in New York instead of Chicago because *Dr. Frances Horwich*, *Miss Frances*, has been given an executive position with NBC, as Supervisor of Children's Programs for the network, and this necessitated her presence in Manhattan. . . . Miss J.L., Troy, N.Y., and others who asked about *Gene Rayburn*: *Gene* has been off the *Tonight TV* show because of a bad bout with hepatitis. He is in the hospital at this writing, but hopes to leave the hospital soon, recuperate at home, and return to work sometime this summer. . . . Mr. M.R., Chicago, Ill.: The catchy theme song on *The George Gobel Show*, is an original melody composed by conductor *John Scott Trotter*, and it is titled "Gobelues." . . . Mrs. L.N.McM., St. Louis, Mo.: The



Four generations of *One Man's Family*:
Nancy Lou Harrington; Barbra Fuller;
baby Kimberly Smith; and Minetta Ellen.

Chicago Theater Of The Air was broadcast steadily for almost fifteen years, and only went off a few weeks ago, following the death of Col. Robert R. McCormick, publisher of the *Chicago Tribune*, who started the program on WGN in Chicago, the station owned by the *Tribune*.

What Ever Happened To . . . ?

Jane Harvey, who sang on many television shows a few seasons back, and was also quite active in night-club work? Jane has more or less given up her career since she married **Bob Thiele**, director of artists and repertoire for Coral Records.

Teddy Wilson, the jazz pianist, who starred on his own radio show over CBS on Saturdays? Teddy's program went off a few weeks ago and he journeyed to Hollywood, where he has just started work at Universal-International, playing himself in "The Benny Goodman Story." He is not set for any radio or television work until the picture is finished.

Harry Prime, former vocalist with **Ralph Flannagan's** orchestra, who also sang on several network radio shows out of New York City? Harry has recently joined the staff of Station WCAU in Philadelphia and has been singing on local radio shows there.

Bob Hawk, one of radio's most popular emcees and quizmasters? Bob seems to have given up all plans for returning to radio or television. At the moment he is living quietly in Santa Barbara, California, where he is a partner in a building and construction company.

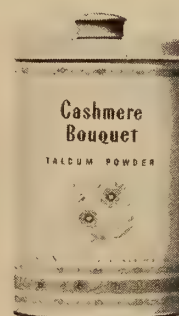
If you have a question about one of your favorite people or programs, or wonder what has happened to someone on radio or television, drop me a line, Miss Jill Warren, TV RADIO MIRROR, 205 East 42nd St. New York 17, N. Y., and I'll try my best to find out for you and put the information in the column. Unfortunately, we don't have space to answer all questions, so I try to cover those personalities and shows about whom I receive the most inquiries. Sorry, no personal answers, so kindly do not enclose stamped envelopes or postage, as they cannot be returned.

How to make your life a bed of roses...

*Relax to the satin feel of flowers
on your skin, the heady scent
of flowers in the air... the sheer luxury
of having every inch of you
soothed and sweetened with*

cashmere bouquet

Talcum Powder



59¢ 29¢

Plus Tax



Replies From Survey Reveal:

9 OUT OF 10 NURSES SUGGEST DOUCHING WITH ZONITE FOR FEMININE HYGIENE



What Greater Assurance Can a Bride-to-be or Married Woman Have

Women who value true married happiness and physical charm know how *essential* a cleansing, antiseptic and deodorizing douche is for intimate feminine cleanliness and after monthly periods.

Douching has become such a part of the modern way of life an additional survey showed that of the married women who replied:

83.3% douche after monthly periods.
86.5% at other times.

So many women are benefiting by this sanitary practice—why deny yourself? What greater “peace of mind” can a woman have than to know ZONITE is so highly regarded among nurses for the douche?

ZONITE's Many Advantages

Scientific tests *proved* no other type liquid antiseptic-germicide for the douche of all those tested is so **POWERFULLY EFFECTIVE** yet **SAFE** to body tissues as ZONITE. It's positively non-poisonous, non-irritating. You can use ZONITE as often as needed without the slightest risk of injury. A ZONITE douche immediately washes away odor-causing deposits. It *completely* deodorizes. Leaves you with a sense of well-being and confidence. Inexpensive. Costs only a few pennies per douche. Use as directed.



If any abnormal condition exists, see your doctor.

Daytime Diary

(Continued from page 18)

LORENZO JONES Still suffering from a complete lapse of memory, Lorenzo feels that Belle is a threat to his happiness rather than the wife he once loved so deeply and—Belle believes—would still love if he could regain his memory. Only when Belle is on the verge of giving up and leaving does Lorenzo show any sign of recalling the past, but the vague flicker has never lasted. Is there any hope for Belle? NBC Radio.

LOVE OF LIFE Vanessa's miscarriage takes second place in her thoughts as the full truth about Paul's first marriage is finally revealed—the truth Paul hoped she would never have to know. But the knowledge of the miserable fate of the child born to Judith Raven has a strange and unexpected effect on Van—an effect which may change her whole life and keep her marriage from foundering. CBS-TV.

MA PERKINS A problem unhappily reminiscent of one that King Solomon solved faces Ma as Gladys and Joe discover their missing baby—in the home of a young couple who innocently hoped to adopt her and have grown to love her. There seems no way of avoiding heart-break, but fate takes a hand. What about the future of the young family so dear to Ma's heart? And what about the new—and unexpected—problem? CBS Radio.

OUR GAL SUNDAY The death of Leslie Northurst removes the most serious threat that has ever menaced the happiness of Sunday and Lord Henry, for now Lord Henry's title and estates can no longer be endangered by Leslie's false claim. But Sunday quickly realizes that it has given way to another danger—for Lord Henry had an excellent motive for wanting Leslie out of the way. What happens as suspicion gathers around Henry? CBS Radio.

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY While the Youngs search desperately for Peggy's husband Carter, Carter himself is clumsily trying to establish a new life for himself in New York, convinced that if he returns to Elmdale criminal charges against him will disgrace the family. What part will pretty, helpful Noel play in this life? And what of Peggy, who finds Biff Bradley and Dave Wallace taking up more and more of her time? NBC Radio.

PERRY MASON Sam Merriweather is a very wealthy, powerful man—and this, Perry knows, explains the strange events that have suddenly begun to upset the smooth efficiency of his organization. Is Sam's secretary Lois really losing her grip? Or is Sam's daughter Eve responsible for the odd things Lois appears to have done? Whatever the plot is, will it succeed before Sam learns that Lois is his real daughter, Eve an impostor? CBS Radio.

THE RIGHT TO HAPPINESS Ever since Miles Nelson first embarked on a political career, Annette Thorpe has made herself a powerful force in both his public and private life. Not even Miles himself can remain blind to Annette's unconcealed hatred of Carolyn, but he believes he can retain control of the situation and still avail himself of Annette's considerable influence. But Carolyn knows Miles is deceiving himself. NBC Radio.

THE ROAD OF LIFE Dr. Jim Brent continues his attentions to Sibyl Overton Fuller, hoping to unmask her role in Jocelyn's deportation. But Sibyl has deceived herself into believing that Jim really loves her and will divorce Jocelyn. What will happen as Sibyl tries to force the issue and as she herself is subjected to pressure by those who know her secret? And how will Jim react when he learns that Jocelyn, too, has a secret—the child she is to bear him? CBS-TV and CBS Radio.

THE ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT Buoyed up by hope that Gil Whitney's divorce from his wife Cynthia will at last clear the way for his marriage to her, Helen refuses to take seriously the constant pursuit of millionaire Brett Chapman. But Chapman has vowed that he will recapture Helen's interest. Has he found an unwitting ally in Gil's own jealousy—and another in Gil's pretty secretary, Fay Granville? CBS Radio.

ROSEMARY Bill's newspaper campaign against the drug-pushing criminals who have been getting to Springdale's youngsters has brought him up against bigger opposition than he realizes. Time after time he and the police find themselves on the verge of success only to have it slip out of their reach. How soon will Bill realize that Ray Calder, considered a friend by Rosemary, has a lot to do with this? CBS Radio.

SEARCH FOR TOMORROW Stu Bergman's boss unwittingly turns a hurricane force loose in Henderson when his Southern niece, Melissa, comes up for a visit. Ruthless and determined, Melissa has a single-minded plan to capture a rich husband for herself and the charm, when she cares to turn it on, to make this possible. Will it matter to her that the man she selects is married—or that she may indirectly aid an evil plot? CBS-TV.

SECOND HUSBAND Despite her faith in Wayne's love, Diane Lockwood cannot help wondering if her second marriage will turn out to be a mistake. Her two children are still not completely reconciled to accepting Wayne as their father, and Wayne's family have never given up hoping that his cousin, Claire Walcott, would become his wife. Will Claire, with the subtle help of Wayne's mother, manage to cause real trouble in this new marriage? CBS Radio.

THE SECOND MRS. BURTON Terry's mother-in-law, the dowager Mrs. Burton, is so determined to run the lives of her children that she seems willing to damage her own interests to keep them from acting independently. In the recent fracas over the paper she and Stan jointly own, she very nearly defrauded herself as she tried to teach Stan a lesson. If she got married—as the family hopes she will—would she really be less of a problem? CBS Radio.

THE SECRET STORM Some time ago, after the death of his wife, Peter Ames decided to stay in the town where he had built his life, despite the fact that his sister-in-law's neurotic hatred of him promised little peace for the future. Now that Peter has found a new chance for happiness, would he be wiser to pull out before Pauline ruins not only his future but that of his children? CBS-TV.

STELLA DALLAS Lovely Janice Benet had thrown new complications into the already tangled situation involving Stella's daughter Laurel. In an effort to save Laurel's marriage, Stella has encouraged a pretended romance between Janice and Stanley Warrick, whose mother has tried to engineer a divorce between Laurel and Dick Grosvenor. Has Stella only hastened disaster? NBC Radio.

THIS IS NORA DRAKE The bitter aftermath of her husband Fred's death is slightly relieved for Nora as she and the police succeed in bringing to justice the criminals responsible for it. But punishing them is another problem—a problem complicated for Nora by a new and puzzling friendship. What part will the attractive young reporter David play in her life—and what strange relationship develops with his sister? CBS Radio.

VALIANT LADY Bill Fraser's accident has left him in a peculiar psychological condition—a fear of the outside world that Margot intends to turn to her own advantage by exaggerating. Helen's affectionate effort to help Bill is hampered not only by Margot's wiliness but by her own inability to offer the kind of love Bill really wants from her. Meanwhile, in New York, Diane falls deeper into a web she cannot even understand. CBS-TV.

WENDY WARREN AND THE NEWS Busy days as editor of a small-town paper give Wendy the illusion that her life is fully occupied. But she knows all too well that it is an illusion, for the happiness of her marriage to Mark—even though it ended in tragedy—has left her with the knowledge that a career is not enough to fill her life completely. CBS Radio.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES The trumped-up accusation of bribery against which Harry Davis must defend himself has caused Joan to undertake some dangerous activities. Probing for the secrets of the gambling underworld which threatens them, she has made more enemies and some odd friends—and loyalty to these new friends leads Joan to a crisis. Will she have to call on Phil Stanley for help? ABC Radio.

WOMAN IN MY HOUSE Now that the Carters are more or less grown-up, there aren't so many of them around the Carter house much of the time. And yet, no matter how far they roam, they keep coming back to the center of the family when there are problems to be solved. Jessie Carter knows that it is now her function to know when to help, how much to help—and when not to help at all. NBC Radio.

YOUNG DR. MALONE Marcia Sutton Mason finds herself caught in her own trap as the friendship she invented for Tracey Malone turns out to be the real thing. Will she continue with the plan she and her ambitious husband conceived—the plan that, if successful, will destroy Jerry Malone's position as head of the Dineen Clinic and put Ted in his place? Or will loyalty to Tracey make a startling change in her whole life? CBS Radio.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN Though he knows that he was tricked into marriage with Millicent, Dr. Anthony Loring is at last forced to realize that at the moment there is no legal way of ending that marriage. Faced with the knowledge that he must renounce all hope of a future with Ellen Brown, Anthony becomes strangely ill, and his illness causes an important change in Ellen's life. NBC Radio.

The one—the only—the original
Charles Antell—who put Lanolin
in the language—makes this
special offer for beautiful hair!



Super Lanolin Formula 9 puts
new life in dead-looking hair

Before Charles Antell came on the scene, you hardly heard of the word LANOLIN. Now there are hundreds of products for hair care, all trying to imitate the original.

But now they're all outdated! Old fashioned! Now there's Charles Antell Formula 9 with SUPER-Lanolin, that gives you a clean, healthy scalp and beautiful, lustrous hair. SUPER-Lanolin is actually three times more beneficial to hair and scalp because it retains three times the vital moisture and natural oils healthy hair needs.

To get you to try this new, improved Charles Antell Formula 9, with SUPER-Lanolin, we make the very special offer above. Try it! If you don't like it—your money will be cheerfully refunded!

Remember! There's only one Charles Antell! There's only one SUPER-Lanolin! Beware of imitations!

CHARLES ANTELL, INC., BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

*As Tinker the Toymaker
and Corny the Clown over
WABC-TV, genial
Bob Keeshan proves he's*



Tinker's Work Shop: "Tinker" and his young viewers chat and breakfast together.

DOUBLY DELIGHTFUL

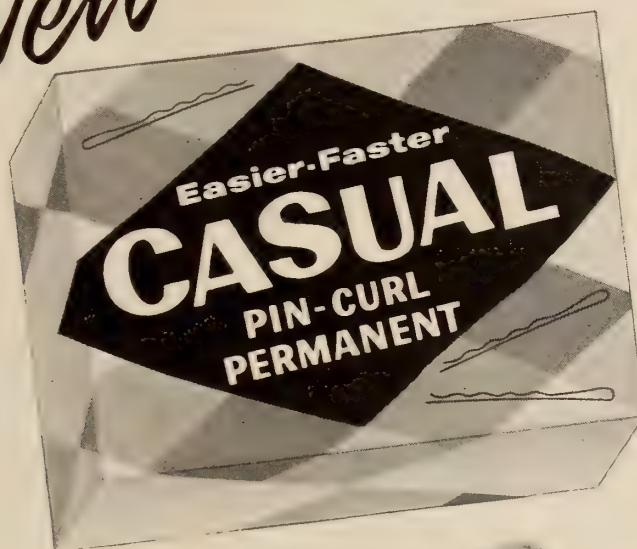


Time For Fun: Bob is back at noon, as Corny the Clown, with his spaniel, Pudgie, to have lunch with youngsters.

NEVER underestimate the wisdom of a child" is a motto quiet-spoken, gentle-mannered Bob Keeshan has lived by with tremendous success. As Tinker the Toymaker on *Tinker's Work Shop*, seen daily over New York's Station WABC-TV from 8 to 9 A.M., and as Corny the Clown on *Time For Fun*, at noon on the same station, Bob is the rage of the junior TV viewing set. Entertainment and instruction keynote both Bob's shows as he deals with everything from good safety and living habits to advice on how to dress, what the weather's like, and why youngsters should *not* "hide yourself in the refrigerator." And, of course, Bob tells stories, plays records, and features little comedy sketches. Scores of letters of approval and gratitude from children and adults testify constantly that Bob possesses an unusual and invaluable understanding of children. This is backed by nine years of continuous experience with little ones. . . . Bob had his first introduction to show business as an NBC page boy. After time out during the war when he served in the Marines, he returned to NBC, still as a page, and much of his work centered about Bob Smith's office. At the time, Smith had a TV show called *Triple B Ranch*. Later, when *Howdy Doody* was created, Smith asked Bob to join him as a special assistant. As a general "utility man," Bob would occasionally appear on-camera. Eventually, this led to his being dressed as a clown, and making regular appearances. For five years, Bob delighted children as Clarabell the Clown. Then he decided to branch out on his own. Eight months later, he joined WABC-TV as Corny the Clown and, a year later, he doubled his delightful efforts and became Tinker the Toymaker as well. . . . In addition to his understanding of children, Bob has always shown a great love for them. A model family man, he is the father of three: Michael, 4; Laurie, 2; and Maeve, 6 months. Bob met his wife five years ago when she was a receptionist at ABC. At the time, Jeanne was bent on a career in radio, but Bob soon changed her mind. The Keeshans now live in West Islip, Long Island, where Bob is active in community affairs, serving on the Board of Education and taking part in many civic activities. Bob's fondest leisure-time activity is gardening, which, he says, "I enjoy very much, though I'm not very good at it." . . . Nine years as a youngsters' delight have convinced Bob that this is the kind of work he wants to keep doing indefinitely. It has long been obvious that his thousands of little followers hope he will do just that.

**For the Easiest Permanent
of Your Life . . .**

New



SET IT!



Set your pin-curls just as you always do.
No need for anyone to help.

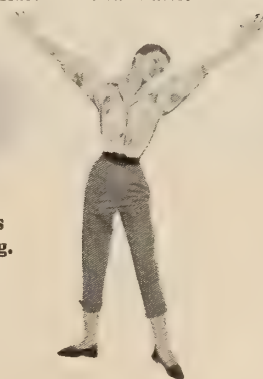
WET IT!



Apply CASUAL lotion just once.
15 minutes later, rinse with clear water.

FORGET IT!

That's all there is to it! CASUAL is
self-neutralizing. There's no resetting.
Your work is finished!



**Naturally lovely, carefree curls
that last for weeks . . .**

CASUAL is the word for it . . . soft, carefree waves
and curls—never tight or kinky—beautifully manageable,
perfect for the new flattering hair styles that highlight the softer,
natural look. Tonight—give yourself the loveliest wave
of your life—a CASUAL pin-curl permanent!



takes just 15 minutes more than setting your hair!

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YOUR PRECIOUS COMPLEXION DESERVES

Camay's Caressing Care!



THERE'S FINE
**COLD
CREAM**
IN
CAMAY

"I just love new cold cream Camay," says Mrs. William Albert Neff, a beautiful Camay Bride. "It's so mild and gentle, and it always leaves my skin feeling wonderfully soft and smooth."

No other Beauty Soap pampers your skin like Camay!

**Let It help you to a softer, smoother,
more radiant complexion!**

With that skin-pampering mildness, exclusive fragrance, and luxurious lather, Camay with cold cream is the beauty secret of so many exquisite brides. And it can be the best friend your complexion ever had. Let it bring new loveliness to you. Change to regular care . . . Camay's Caressing Care. You'll be delighted as your skin becomes fresher, smoother, softer. Remember, too, there's precious cold cream in Camay, extra luxury at no extra cost. For your beauty and your bath, there's no finer soap in all the world!



THE SOAP

OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

Always, reading from
left, it's Christine,
Phyllis and Dorothy.



always in Harmony

To the three lovely singing McGuires, "sisters" is much more than just a word

By MARTIN COHEN

THE AMAZING STORY began with the arrival of Asa and Lily McGuire's first little girl on July 30, 1928. Mrs. McGuire cradled baby Chris and crooned: "You're so cute, you should have been twins." About a year and a half later, Dot came along, and Mrs.

McGuire put Chris and Dot together, shook her head in wonderment, and purred: "You should have been triplets." A year later, Phyllis was born. Three little girls. No more, no less.

If Mr. McGuire had expected a boy—after all, his

See Next Page →



Chris, Phyl and Dot work hard—but it's fun when they read the McGuire Sisters' growing, glowing fan mail.



Time out for a snack—but you can be sure the girls are discussing their songs, or at least humming a happy tune.

always in Harmony

(Continued)

brothers each had sons in their families—he has long since forgotten any fleeting disappointment. Today, he ranks first among the McGuire Sisters' fans, and the tuneful trio has fan clubs in such farflung areas as the Philippines, Mexico, Cuba, Japan, Holland, Brooklyn, and Texas. They have definitely arrived.

But, no matter how triumphant the McGuire Sisters have been, no matter how chic and sophisticated they seem, Chris and Dot and Phyllis are essentially a home

product, like real corn fritters or old-fashioned angel cake. Before they ever left home, they had poise and dignity, discipline and endurance, faith and sincerity. Even their singing is a home product, for they began harmonizing when Phyllis, the baby, reached three and was old enough to memorize. The girls—with shingle bobs and fashionable bangs—sang for fun, as did their parents, who played the mandolin and guitar.

Home was a frame house, always freshly painted in

Biggest part of their professional life to date, of course, has been their appearances on the great Arthur Godfrey programs. In the number below, Arthur himself "goes Dutch" with the McGuire Sisters for the all-seeing TV cameras.





Then back to their piano and their constant practice—this time, rehearsing for a song they'll record next day.



Under the guidance of manager-director Murray Kane, the McGuire Sisters harmonize a disc for Coral Records.

white with cream trimmings, in Middleton, Ohio. "Our living room was like a hotel lobby," Chris recalls. "People were visiting every night. There were always games and singing."

Chris, today a lithe beauty, was then the plump one and wore chubby sizes. Her early years were spent mostly in running away. "It's no trick for a young child to wake up first," she says, "so I quietly went about my own business—which was looking for China."

As a toddler, they'd find Chris sitting in the middle of the street in her nightgown. As her legs grew, so did her ambitions, and then she got as far as Main Street. Eventually, she reached her favorite highway, Route 25, still in her nightgown.

"When Chris wasn't hitchhiking, she headed for Mother's vanity," Dot says. "That's the picture of her I'll never forget. Very methodically she would powder each of her feet, her right knee and the top of her head until powder fairly dripped from her long eyelashes."

These delightful and sometimes delirious damsels are all the same height, five-eight. They wear the same size dress—ten—but they buy twelve for the length. They favor black pumps and gray or black skirts and harmonizing blouses. They are all brunettes, with brown eyes and brown hair, though Dot is a touch on the exotic side, with charcoal-brown eyes that smoke, smoulder or burn—take your choice.

Dot, too, is the only one who has retained the full flavor of their Dixie accent, which was picked up at home from their Kentucky-born parents. But you don't hear much of it, for Dot is quiet, just as she was as a child. "Mother used to say Dot was perfect," Chris remembers, "until she (Continued on page 89)

The McGuire Sisters sing on: *Arthur Godfrey Time*, CBS Radio, M-F, 10 A.M., and CBS-TV, M-Th, 10:30 A.M., under multiple sponsorship—*Arthur Godfrey And His Friends*, CBS-TV, Wed., 8 P.M., under sponsorship of The Toni Company, Pillsbury Mills, and Frigidaire—and *Arthur Godfrey's Digest*, CBS Radio, Fri., 8 P.M., under multiple sponsorship. (All times given are EDT.)



Above, they pack for a night-club engagement—under the golden disc which shows their recording of "Sincerely" topped a million sales. Below, they give their triple autographs—as their mother (at right) watches proudly.





As Martin Block sp



By
IRA
H.
KNASTER

it's on the RECORD

MARTIN BLOCK's "Ballroom" is bigger and better than ever. Once its dimensions stretched merely from say, upper Connecticut to southern New Jersey, and west, perhaps, to points in Pennsylvania. Today—thanks to the ABC Radio network—his "Make Believe Ballroom" spreads its melodic enticements clear across the continent. A lot more listeners are pleased about this, and ABC Radio is right proud. Meanwhile, the United States Post Office—readily adaptable to sharp upswings in its work-

load—has probably taken a philosophical view of Martin Block's expansion from local station to network status.

On Martin's desk, the morning batch of mail was stacked high. Correspondence from bandleaders and vocalists. Communiques from recording companies. A miscellany of press releases. But mainly, and in great numbers, letters from listeners.

Impeccably dressed in a slate-blue suit, soft-toned shirt and subdued tie, Martin leaned (*Continued on page 81*)

The Martin Block Show is heard over the ABC Radio network, M-F, from 2:30 to 4 P.M. EDT. *Martin Block's Make Believe Ballroom* is heard over Station WABC Radio (New York), M-F, from 2:30 to 6:45 P.M., and Sat., from 9 A.M. to noon and from 6 to 7:30 P.M.

the tunes, a third generation listens—and hears a message of service and devotion



Above—Martin Block not only believes that teenagers deserve a chance for wholesome recreation. He does something about it, with his frequent high-school get-togethers. "I've got a personal ax to grind in this matter," he grins. **Below**—Martin and Esther with their sons Martin, Jr., 14, Joel Christopher, 10, and Michael, six-going-on-seven.





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MEET LINDA PORTER

Alias Mrs. Jack C. Louis—Gloria at home with her husband, sons Ashley, 9, and "J.C.," 6, and daughter Tish, 1½.





*Gloria Louis, wife and mother,
speaks to all wives and mothers on
Way Of The World and Justice*

By ALICE FRANCIS

WHEN Gloria Louis—who is Linda Porter on the dramatic TV programs, *Way Of The World* and *Justice*—goes home at noon to have lunch with her children, she slips back as easily into the role of wife and mother as if she had never heard of television. It's different with the kids, however. Nine-year-old Ashley, a "Davy Crockett" fan, may have put on his coonskin cap and thereby turned into that famous frontiersman. Six-year-old J. C. (called by his initials to distinguish him from his daddy, Jack C. Louis, Sr.) may have turned into his idol, "Superman" Clark Kent, and insist that his mother answer to the name of Lois Lane, Kent's girl friend. Only Tish (baby (Continued on page 88)



Her sons agree that Gloria's great on TV as Linda Porter in *Way Of The World* (above, with director Fred Carr)—but not as great as either "Superman" or "Davy Crockett"!



Gloria Louis is seen and heard as Linda Porter, hostess and narrator on *Way Of The World*, NBC-TV, M-F, 10:30 A.M. EDT, and *Justice*, NBC-TV, Thurs., 8:30 P.M. EDT, under sponsorship of the Borden Co.



Not following his father's footsteps—
Gary's marching side by side with Bing.

NEW STAR IN THE SKY

*It's hard to shine when your dad's
a whole constellation, but
Gary Crosby's doing it—on his own*

By MAXINE ARNOLD

NOT MANY MONTHS AGO, a husky blond young man drove away from his fraternity house and the tree-shaded campus of Stanford University and headed his red hardtop Mercury south to show business. Driving away, Gary Crosby had one regret: Disappointing a dad who'd followed that same magic beat which—like the Pipes of Pan—for Gary, too, was ever-beckoning.

For, like another Rhythm Boy before him, Gary Crosby was born with a beat in his very bones. A beat that wouldn't be denied. Born to music inside him that wouldn't stop. And he, too, was destined eventually to get (Continued on page 94)

Gary Crosby sings on *The Tennessee Ernie Show*, CBS Radio, M-F, 7:05 P.M. EDT, as sponsored by Philip Morris Cigarettes, Campana Cosmetics, and NoDoz. *The Gary Crosby Show* is heard Sundays over CBS Radio (check local papers for exact time).



Today, he sings with Tennessee Ernie (above) and on his own show (below, left, with musical director Buddy Bregman). Yesterday, he was a "Happy Inmate" at Bellarmine Prep (below, center—Les Gargan in foreground, Father Costa at right).

36





Happy, Happy Time



*Patti O'Neill, just turned 18, has
her own role in *The Secret Storm*
and a big date for the senior prom!*

By LILLA ANDERSON



At left, Patti's mother helps her dress for the prom in "the prettiest formal yet—all white nylon tulle!"

THIS is the summer when petite Patti O'Neill faces the most important question in any pretty young girl's life: Should she plan, next fall, to work, go to college, or marry? She was graduated from high school in June and on July 5 celebrated that super-important eighteenth birthday.

The O'Neill phone rings frequently. The male voice which asks, "Is Patti home?" may belong to a senior at Yale, a sophomore at Pennsylvania, a youthful actor in TV, the boy across the street, or any one of a half-dozen nice young men-about-Manhattan.

But because it may also belong to a big-name magazine photographer, a fashion coordinator or a television producer, the classic problem is intensified in Patti's case. Daydreams of future romance must compete with the excitement of a present career. She is Debbie Ness on the CBS-TV serial, *The Secret Storm*, and has had parts on big dramatic programs. In *Mr. Peepers*, she was one of the pupils, "until I outgrew it." She also has appeared in one Broadway play, "Anniversary Waltz," playing with Macdonald Carey.



Above, Patti gives a fashion preview for her parents, John and Paula O'Neill, just before her date arrives.

Directors seek Patti when they need a pint-sized girl with a perfect figure. She is five feet, two inches tall, weighs one hundred pounds, wears a size five or seven, junior. Her brown hair has auburn highlights, her dark eyes are expressive, and her warm, creamy skin needs little make-up.

Loving every moment of the studio excitement, Patti has almost ruled out college. "It would be nice to go away to school," she confides. "Living on campus sounds like so much fun. But I really don't like to study—and I hate to think of starting work all over again, four years from now. I'm just going to take a few general classes at Columbia."

The boy friends add to her liking of the *status quo*. "They're all wonderful," she says. "And all equally important. Today, I mean. That may change tomorrow."

She did go steady for a while. "But then I went out on the road with 'Anniversary Waltz'—and I really don't think it is practical to go steady when you're in different towns, do you?" Then candor



And here he is—with an orchid corsage for Patti in that box—Eddie Benjamin, from the U. of Pennsylvania.



Meet the folks! Patti introduces Eddie to her parents —then it's off to the prom, for one enchanted evening.

See Next Page

Happy, Happy Time



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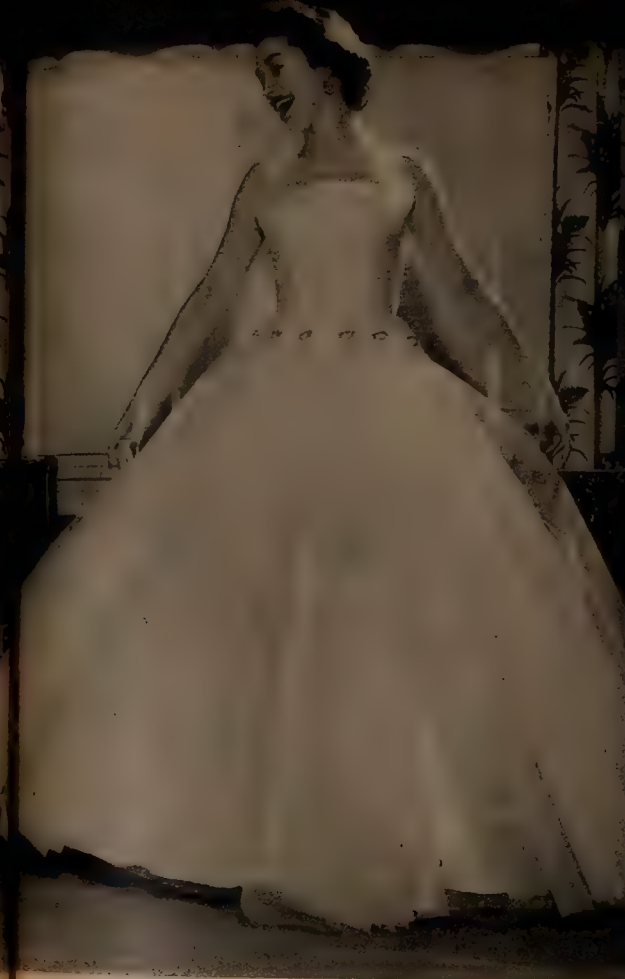
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See Next Page

Happy, Happy Time *(Continued)*



Patti will always treasure these moments: Their arrival at the Delmonico, the dances with Eddie and her classmates at the Professional Children's School senior prom.



Back to work: Photographer Jerry Ungo and producer Dick Dunn

overcomes her. "Besides, I was meeting so many interesting people and being invited to go so many places. I didn't want to miss that. I had such a happy time."

Happiness, perhaps, is that extra and distinctive quality which Patti has to offer audiences. It carries through in the sparkle of her eyes, the lilt of her voice, the quick grace of her movements.

Happiness, one also gathers during a visit to the O'Neill home, is a family habit. Their sense of humor keeps life in good balance. Patti's father, John O'Neill—a hearty Irishman, quick with a joke or a story—has worked twenty-six years for one of the major milk companies. Her mother, Paula, who has virtually been a partner in Patti's career, is endowed with a rare combination of gentleness, wit and good sense. Originally, there were five O'Neills, but Gloria and Vivian, the older daughters, have now married and left home.

Mrs. O'Neill has a vivid and quick characterization of their life together: "We have a hard time getting away from the dinner table before nine o'clock. We like to sit around talking to each other."



watch Patti (center) playing Debbie in *The Secret Storm*, with Warren Berlinger (left), Peter Hobbs and Haila Stoddard.

Their home is a comfortable two-story brick house in Queens, one of New York's least-crowded and most pleasant boroughs. Patti—who describes her father as “the original do-it-yourselfer”—proudly shows off the basement playroom which he tiled and the bathroom he rebuilt and decorated in a most luxurious fashion.

Together, the family has given Patti a heritage of security—the security which comes, not from wealth, but from love and peace of mind. Her earnings have never influenced their standard of living. She has never been under pressure. She has been free to grow and advance naturally. Says Mrs. O'Neill, “We have never put her on a pedestal. She does her share of the household chores. We're all members of this family.”

None of them had any previous connection with show business. “It happened almost by accident,” says Mrs. O'Neill. “Sometimes things just seem to be mapped out for you.” (Continued on page 77)

Patti O'Neill is Debbie in *The Secret Storm*, CBS-TV, M-F, 4:15 P.M. EDT, as sponsored by Whitehall Pharmacal Co. and Boyle-Midway.

It was Jerry Ungo who “discovered” Patti for the cameras—and is he proud of her now!



Happy, Happy Time (Continued)



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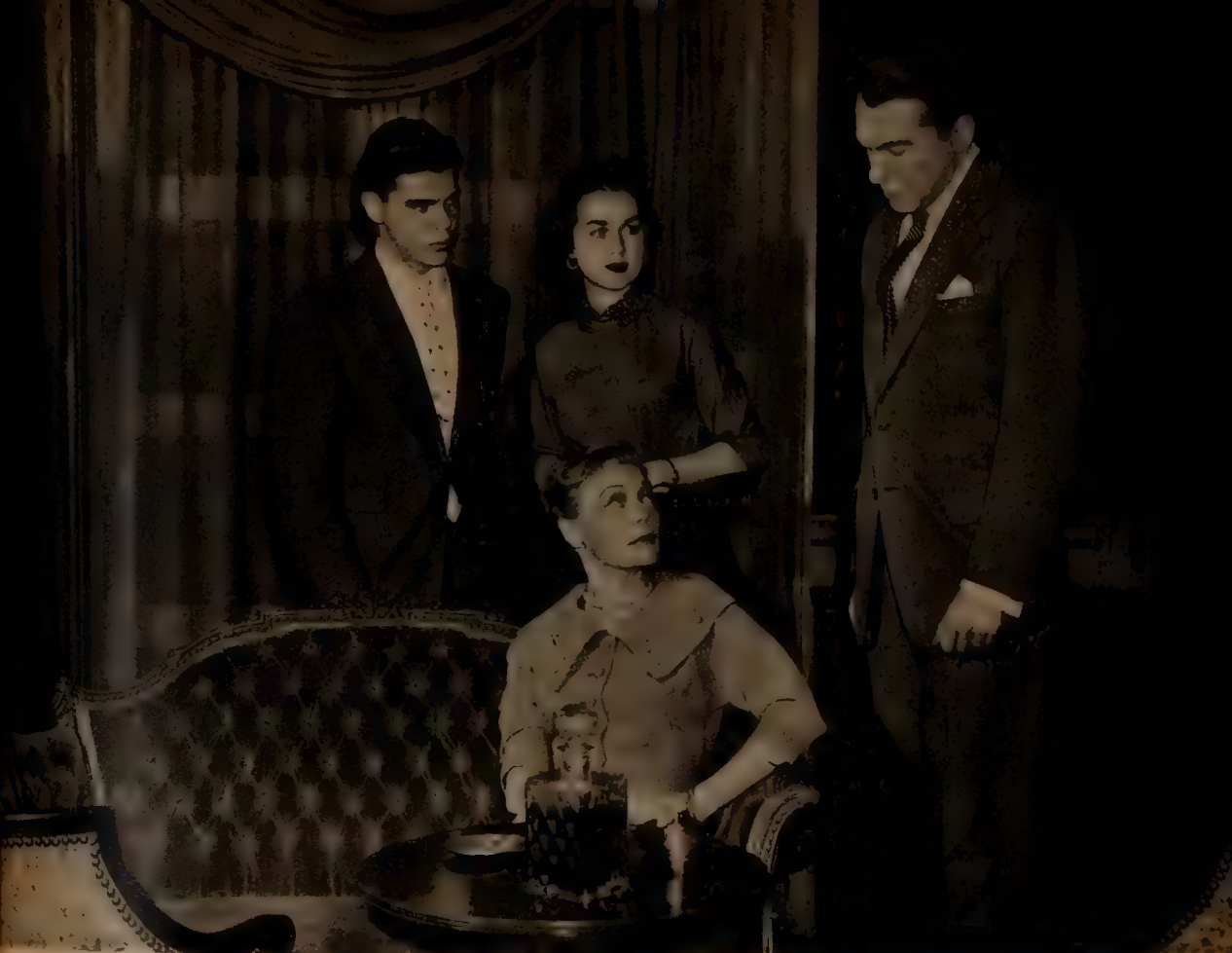
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WITH A

*TV's Welcome Travelers is welcome
news, both to its singing host
and to Jack Smith's many loyal fans*

By ED MEYERSON

SOONER OR LATER, every American in Paris visits the Eiffel Tower. Here, he can not only see the French capital from the air, he can see all the other Americans in Paris, as well. So it was not surprising, when Mr. and Mrs. Jack Smith entered a restaurant in the Tower, that friends from "back home" recognized them. "Hey, Smitty!" someone called, and soon there was a happy reunion in the middle of the restaurant. That's how the diners happened to notice that there was a celebrity in their midst. Back (Continued on page 70)

Jack Smith is host of *Welcome Travelers*, on CBS-TV, MF, 1:30 P.M. EDT, as sponsored by the Procter & Gamble Co. for Camay, Ivory Snow, Oxydol and Dreft.



Hostess Pat Meikle helps Jack "welcome travelers" to a fun-filled, prize-packed show.

SMILE IN HIS VOICE



Jack met his "Vickii" because they'd been born on the same day—and friends later gave one party for both of them. They wed on the birthday when both became eighteen!



Vickii has been by Jack's side throughout his early cross-country tours to the triumph of that first show of his own and the purchase of their first real home—where "Buff" (above, left) has become very much a part of the Smith family.

*An anxious vigil in the
hospital teaches Julie Palmer
a new lesson in courage
as a child fights for its life*

The Doctor's Wife

DRIVING HOME from the hospital with her husband, Dr. Dan Palmer, Julie's thoughts focused on the nightmare of events just passed. It had started at Twin Oaks—the home for cardiac children—where the roof had collapsed, critically injuring little Patsy Lewis. Again, Julie felt the dread of the anxious hours which followed. Patsy was taken to the hospital, where Dan had assisted a noted brain surgeon in the fight for the child's life. . . . Julie could not help feeling responsible for Patsy and the tragedy at Twin Oaks, which she herself had worked so hard to help establish. For she realized, with horror, that Peter Collette—the builder she had recommended—had not followed the specifications demanded. . . . Julie had felt another pang of guilt at the hospital when Dr. Fred Conrad, Dan's assistant, tried to reassure her about Patsy. Fred was so deeply, unhappily in love with Julie—and for this, too, Julie felt responsible. . . . The hours of waiting had preyed upon Julie and she had felt her usual confidence slipping away. Russell Swayne, head of Twin Oaks' board of directors, had resigned, placing the blame for the accident squarely on Julie and Dan. This meant that the Carver Foundation would

probably withdraw its financial support, forcing Twin Oaks to close. Although many dear friends had remained loyal to Twin Oaks, Julie could not stifle her disappointment and apprehension about all the others who had withdrawn their help. . . . The fears of the future, however, had been washed away when Dan emerged from the operating room to tell Julie, "The operation was a success. Patsy's a fighter and she's fighting hard for her own life. It's a lonely battle, but I think she'll win." When Julie looked puzzled, Dan explained: "Young or old, small or large, there are times when we have to fight alone, Julie." . . . Now, driving home to her own Timmy, those words echoed in Julie's mind. She realized that, while brave little Patsy was fighting for her life, she—grown-up Julie Palmer—had been ready to give up, had almost lost the courage to fight for the life of Twin Oaks. A light came into Julie's eyes as she vowed: "Tomorrow, I will go to the Carver Foundation and beg them to continue their support of Twin Oaks. As surely as Patsy will live, I will convince them. I know I will." Moving closer to Dan, Julie felt more than ever, the wisdom of his words: *There are times when we have to fight alone.*

The Doctor's Wife, NBC Radio, M-F, 10:30 A.M. EDT, stars Patricia Wheel and John Baragrey (see facing page) in the roles of Julie and Dan Palmer, with Donald Buka (standing) as Fred Conrad.

At home with young Timmy, her husband Dan, and Fred Conrad, Julie Palmer knows that, somehow, Twin Oaks must be saved.



The Colmans of IVY



The Halls Of Ivy—Toddy and Vicky—have only their students as "children" on TV. But the Colmans of Hollywood—Ronnie and Benita—have a ten-year-old daughter, Juliet!

Ronald and Benita are very like Toddy and Vicky Hall—except that they have a child all their own

By BUD GOODE

AS EVERY TV WATCHER can see, *The Halls of Ivy*—better known as "Toddy" and "Vicky" Hall to both Ivy College and their nationwide audience—are quite extraordinary people. Dr. William Todhunter Hall is the only college president currently starring in a popular situation-comedy series. Victoria Hall is the only college president's wife who was once a reigning belle of the British theater. And, aside from these distinctions, the Halls are also extraordinarily wise, extraordinarily witty, and extremely charming people to know.

This state of affairs is no surprise to anyone who's ever met the Colmans of Hollywood—Ronald and Benita Hume Colman, who play the Halls of Ivy. The Colmans are also wise, witty and very, very charming. And nothing about them is ordinary. The way Ronnie and Benita live, work and play—their every attitude—is marked by a certain "uniqueness" which is the key to their combined personalities. (Continued on page 69)



Toddy and Vicky at Ivy College (above, left) have much in common with Ronnie and Benita in real life (above, right). At far left, Benita chooses the clothes for Vicky to wear.

The Colmans star in *The Halls Of Ivy*, seen on CBS-TV, Tues., 8:30 P.M. EDT, sponsored alternately by the International Harvester Co. and National Biscuit Co.

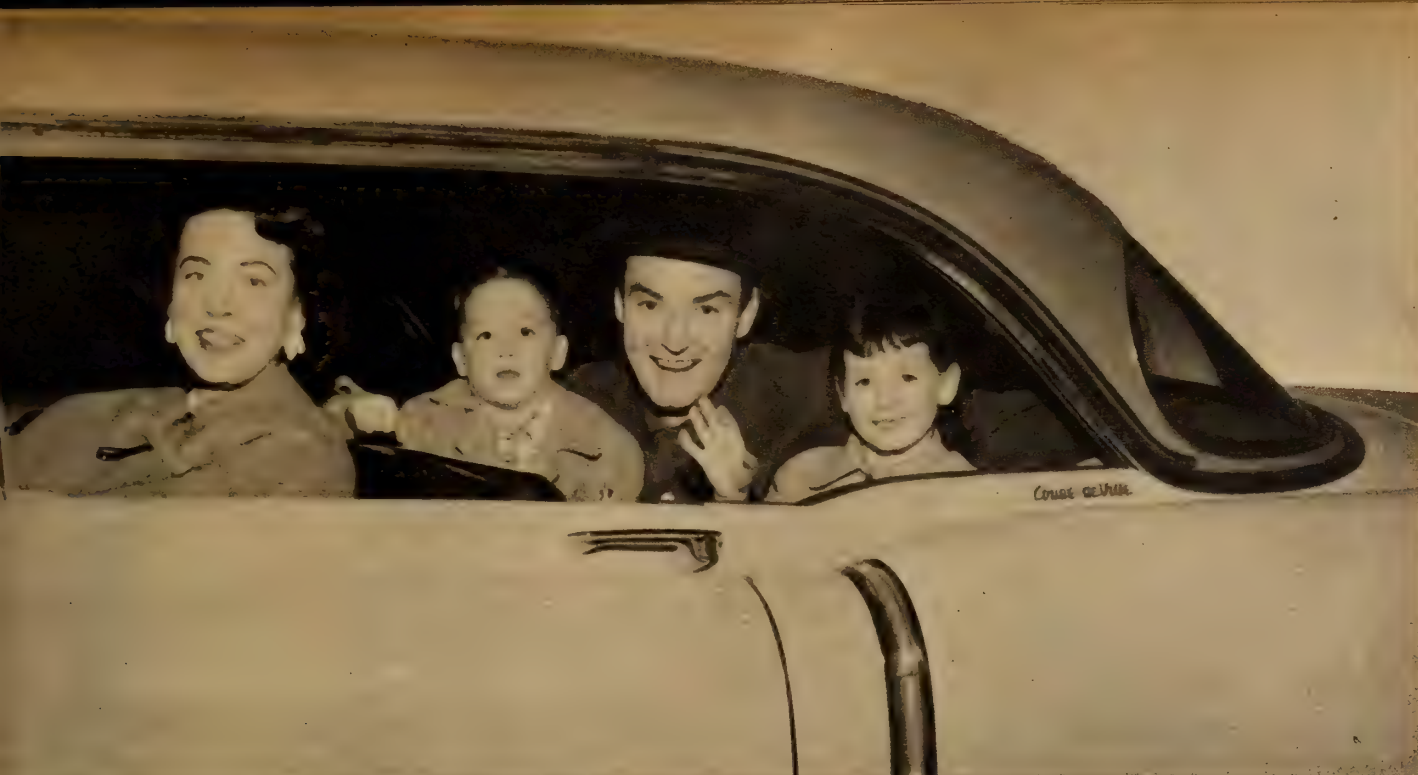


the Heart knows best



Left: That was quite

That's why Paul Dixon came back to Ohio, to the wonderful town Marge and Pam and Greg always call "home"



house they had in the East, but Pam kept asking when they were "going home." So they piled into the car—and back they went.

By HELEN BOLSTAD

IN BROADCASTING, the road to fame and fortune inevitably runs from west to east—or to the far, far west. The ambitious head for New York or Hollywood. And, when a performer at the peak of popularity reverses the direction and leaves the show-business capitals, it is "man-bites-dog" kind of news.

Yet Paul Dixon was doing it. Within six months of his New York welcome, and in spite of an impressive competitive rating, he was leaving the network. He announced he would return to Cincinnati and transfer his show to the three-station Crosley hookup in Ohio.

Why? Paul had a three-word answer: "Marge, Pam, Greg."

With the contented look of a man who has settled a major problem and is pleased with his decision, Paul leaned back in his chair and contemplated surroundings which were virtually a symbol of what he was giving up.

We were lunching in a fashionable restaurant in New York's swank East Sixties. The carpets were deep, the draperies rich, the view of an expensively spacious terrace was charming. The waiters were quietly attentive and you could get a good beef stew—if you were sufficiently bilingual to order it in French.

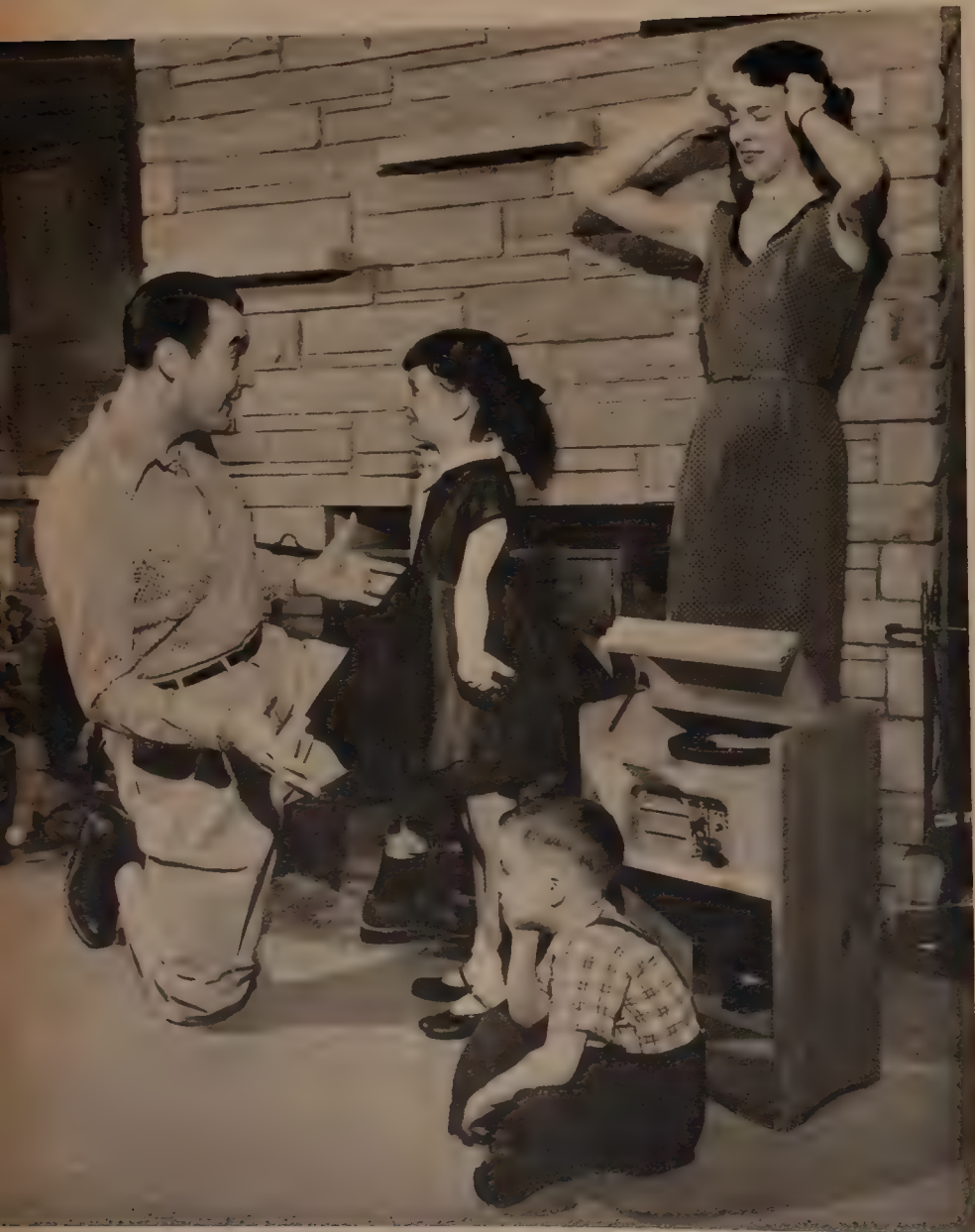
Yet the opulence was (Continued on page 79)

The Paul Dixon Show is now seen over the Crosley Broadcasting Corp. Stations, WLW-T (Cincinnati), WLW-D (Dayton), WLW-C (Columbus)—M-F, 3 to 4 P.M. EDT.



Packing and unpacking seemed like endless chores to Paul and Marge, Pam and Greg. But, this spring, it meant good news—for the Dixons themselves and for all their friends in the Midwest.

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HER LIFE IS A

Song



Betty Clooney finds her place in the sun on the Robert Q. Lewis shows and it's all simply "wonderful!"

By FRANCES KISH

THERE'S ALWAYS been a special kind of radiance about those singing Clooney sisters, Rosemary and Betty. But there's a very special kind of radiance about Betty Clooney these days, now that she's singing on Robert Q. Lewis's lively shows over CBS-TV and CBS Radio. It puts a light in her big dark eyes, which seem more a Latin heritage than a gift from her Irish forebears (but sure and 'twas the Guilfoyles on her



Three happy notes from Betty's present day: Left, Robert Q. Lewis makes Betty an official member of the Lewis troupe—with a pair of "specs." Above, she looks at toys for sister Rosemary's son. Below, at home with her ever-helpful mother.



mother's side and the Clooneys on her dad's, and what could be more Ould Sod than these?). It puts a gleam on the masses of thick, dark hair, and on the five feet, four inches and 110 pounds packed with energy.

"I'm happy," Betty says, as if that should explain everything. "Happier than I have ever been in my twenty-four years. Even though I am doing more than I ever did before. Working (Continued on page 86)

The Robert Q. Lewis Shows—seen on CBS-TV, M-F, 2 P.M. EDT, as sponsored by Helene Curtis Industries (Spray Net, Lanolin Discovery, Shampoo Plus Egg), Miles Laboratories (Alka-Seltzer), General Mills (O-Cel-O Sponges, other products), Johnson's Wax, Mazola, Viceroy Cigarettes, and others—and heard on CBS Radio, Sat., 11 A.M. EDT, as sponsored by Pine-Sol, Perma-Starch, S-7, and other products.



Flora Campbell's proud to portray such a valiant woman as Helen Emerson. That's one of many, many reasons why Flora is



Harmony is the keynote of Flora's own home life. Her husband is Ben Cutler, of society-orchestra fame, and both Tommy, 14, and Creel, 5, love music as well as outdoor sports and other family projects.



A VERY LUCKY LADY

By MARY TEMPLE

IF you walk down a certain elm-shaded street in a pleasant Connecticut town on a summer evening, your feet may start to shuffle to the sound of orchestral music. Following the trail of melody, you might find yourself in the living room of a converted carriage house—a house painted barn red on the outside, cheery and homey inside, with the lamplight highlighting a family musicale.

Standing close to the piano, where fourteen-year-old Tommy presides, will be Flora Campbell Cutler, playing her violin as if she had never deserted it for an acting career and starring role as Helen Emerson in television's daytime drama, *Valiant Lady*. Ben Cutler, a society-orchestra leader by profession, will be doubling on the sax and trombone, and their five-year-old daughter Creel blowing a miniature horn—or forsaking it suddenly to do a twirl on her toes.

Creel will start to hum a little tune and Ben's rich operatic baritone will join her, filling the high-vaulted room, while Flo and Tommy join in. The neighbors will confirm that this is the way the Cutlers like to spend many an evening together. Even Fanny, the pet French poodle, is always ready to add a few well-pitched barks when the family music begins.

Flo, known on TV by her maiden name of Flora Campbell, is a slender five-foot six and one-half inches. Her eyes are blue and kind and direct, her features well-drawn, her burnished brownish hair simply arranged, her manner gracious and outgoing. Ben is darker, a half-inch over six feet, a handsome, friendly man who likes his work and his life. The kids are blond, Tommy favoring his mother in looks and Creel beginning to look more like Ben. Tom is wrapped up in sports and the Boy Scouts at the moment, and is learning to do a real rock 'n' roll on the drums.

Creel thinks she might like to be an actress, on television. She has been watching Bonnie Sawyer, the little girl who plays



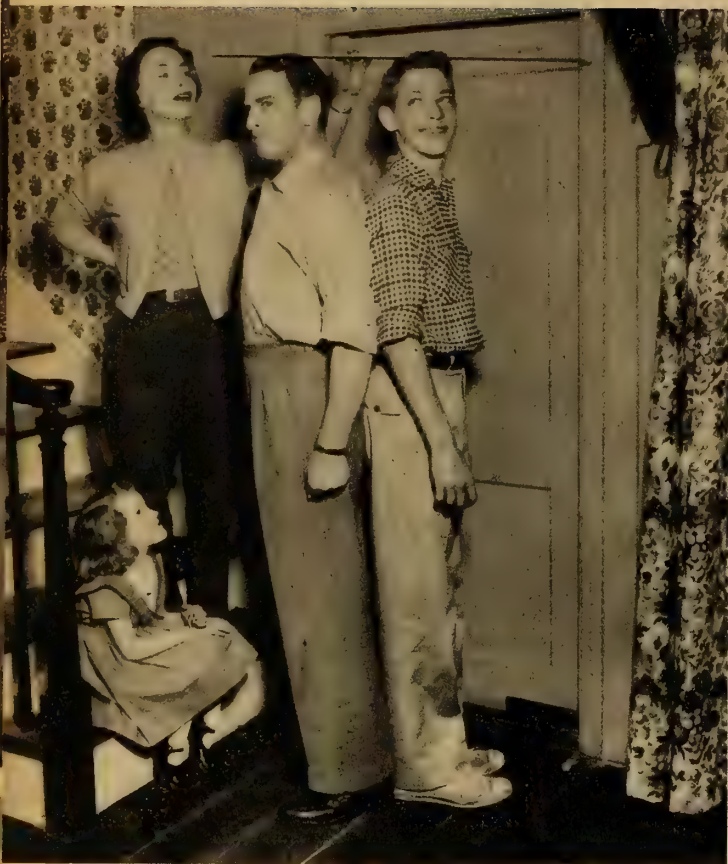
The Cutlers live in a converted carriage house, and are turning the back yard into a garden and playground.



Continued →

A VERY LUCKY LADY

(Continued)



Ben and Flora are never too busy for fun and games with little Creel and not-so-little Tommy—who, in mid-teens, is getting taller than his handsome, six-foot dad!



Kim on *Valiant Lady*, and can't quite understand why she can't be Kim, too—although she loves Bonnie dearly and knows she is only Flora's "pretend" daughter on the program. Creel even mimics some of Kim's lines, to prove to her mother, when she comes home after a show, that she herself is prepared to go before the cameras immediately!

The Cutlers are still working on their house, which they moved into the Christmas before last. Their big project this summer is the large back yard, which forms a pretty panorama from the picture window in the living room. When they moved in, this was nothing but mud and weeds, but gradually they are turning it into green lawn and gardens, with a corner dedicated to batting tennis balls around and for baseball and football practice by the men of the family. There is a barbecue for cook-outs and a terrace for outdoor eating.

The Cutlers used to live in an old farmhouse with a small living room, so this new, huge cathedral-roofed living room, once housing old family carriages, is their great pride. The fireplace of rough native stone is in an inglenook, flanked by twin modern sofas. There is a long, bright red couch in the main part of the room and there are many comfortable chairs and convenient lamps, and a harmony of color which starts with the soft yellow-green of the walls, is picked up in the rich fabric of the drapes, where it is mingled with bits of red and gold and other flecks of color, and set off by neutral shades in the carpeting.

The bedrooms reflect the tastes of their occupants. Creel has a dainty, light blue room. Tommy's is typical of an athletic teen-age boy, right to the sports wallpaper and the solid-looking furniture and all the pennants and paraphernalia that a fellow needs when he goes out for most of the teams.

The kitchen is large and bright and much-used in this home-loving family, and the den is comfortable and quietly inviting. There is a competent maid who takes over, except on the days Flo is home. Sometimes, on a Saturday, Flo will let the dishes pile up after breakfast and lunch so she can take care of some of the outside chores which come with home-owning. Ben will be out working at night, with one of his orchestras, Tommy off with his friends, and Creel in bed, and suddenly there will be all those dishes from three meals—waiting to be washed and put away—while there are a couple of TV programs she is simply dying to see. "It's my own fault, when that happens," she sighs. "Later on, I can watch. Or read. I love to read, and do as much of it as I can."

The family has to do without Daddy frequently on weekends when his orchestras (sometimes as many as ten at a time with from three to twenty or twenty-five musicians) are much in demand. That's when Flo spends as much time as possible with the children and catches up on all the home (Continued on page 84)

Flora Campbell is Helen Emerson in *Valiant Lady*, CBS-TV, M-F, 12 noon EDT, for General Mills and The Toni Co.



It's a musical, multi-instrument family—and even Creel toots a mean horn, though her specialty is dancing.

No Time for LOVE



Steve Allen presents two stellar singers on *Tonight*—Eydie Gorme and Steve Lawrence.

*Young Eydie Gorme's having a ball as Tonight's Cinderella,
but where is tomorrow's Prince Charming?*



Papa Gorme relaxes happily, as Eydie rehearses a song at home.



Eydie catches up on fan mail, while listening to a recording.



Mama Gorme pours coffee for Ken Greengrass (back to camera).



Sorry, no date—Eydie has an out-of-town booking this weekend.



Quick goodbye kiss from Mama, then Eydie dashes for her plane.



Ken—Eydie's manager—helps to carry her luggage to the airport.

By PHILIP CHAPMAN

TONIGHT's singing star, Eydie Gorme, is more than a young, dark-haired girl with a smile and a singing voice that have a peculiar charm all their own. She's a shining example of today's TV business and its frantic pace—a lovely, warm, human girl who would like a husband, children, a home of her own—and who just doesn't have time to fall in love, now that her talents are finding nationwide recognition.

It was about a year ago that Eydie did a song for Coral Records called "Frenesi." Up until that time, she had

been a hard-working, fairly successful singer with popular bands such as Tex Beneke's, and she'd been doing a lot of night-club dates in New York and around the country. What Eydie Gorme had, she'd fought for, as all aspiring young performers must fight. And then the great, unexpected break that such hopefuls pray for—and secretly wonder if they will ever get—came to Eydie.

Steve Allen walked into the offices of Coral Records one afternoon and, after a couple of hours there, realized that from somewhere among the (Continued on page 91)

Eydie Gorme sings on *Tonight*, NBC-TV, M-F, 11:30 P.M. EDT, 11 P.M. CDT, under participating sponsorship, and *The Steve Allen Show*, as seen over Station WRCA-TV (New York), M-F, 11:15 P.M. EDT, sponsored by Knickerbocker Beer.

THE ROAD OF LIFE

*Jim and Jocelyn Brent pray that their love
can bridge the forces working to separate them*

TIME and distance, as scientists have proved, are relative. And from Merrimac to the island of Jamaica is only eight hours by air. Jocelyn Brent, in her new job with a Caribbean airline, watches the planes wing in and out, knowing that in just a few short hours they will land in the United States. . . . These planes are barred to Jocelyn, who was deported because of an oversight in her papers when she first arrived in the United States—and because of a technical conviction for kidnaping after an innocent afternoon's outing with Sibyl Overton Fuller's child. The time and distance between Jocelyn and her home in Merrimac, her husband, Dr. Jim Brent, and her stepdaughter, Janie, seem like a void that grows wider and wider with each passing day. . . . At first, when Sibyl had instigated the deportation proceedings against her, Jocelyn and Jim had thought Sibyl could be tricked into betraying her part in the hoax which had led to Jocelyn's kidnaping conviction. Sibyl's motives were clear: She hoped to separate Jim and Jocelyn and to win Jim for herself. . . . In order to unmask Sibyl, Jim had begun to pay her the attentions she had long coveted. Jocelyn in turn had encouraged Armand Monet's strong attraction to her, believing that he knew Sibyl's secret and could help prevent the deportation. Yet, both Jim's and Jocelyn's efforts had come to nothing. . . . Several incidents had prompted Jim and Jocelyn to suspect that Jim's continued presence in Merrimac—and his continued attentions to Sibyl—might soon reveal her secret. Therefore, Jocelyn had urged Jim to stick with his promising medical career while she took up what she hopes will be temporary residence in Jamaica. . . . Yet Jocelyn knows that Sibyl—whose desire for Jim amounts to an obsession—is nevertheless an attractive, strong-willed woman. Jocelyn cannot help but feel the danger to her marriage increases in the time Jim and Sibyl spend together. . . . In their separation, Jocelyn has kept her first important secret from Jim. She is to bear him a child, but has said nothing—will say nothing—until it is certain that they are to be together again. . . . Meanwhile, Jocelyn yearns for her family back in Merrimac and is forced to face the knowledge that, in her absence, Aunt Reggie is work-

ing to usurp her place in the lives of Janie and Jim. . . . Well-meaning but lonely, Aunt Reggie has nobody of her own whose life she can regulate and dominate. Yet she has very definite ideas as to what is best for other people. Now she has determined that it would be "all for the best" for Janie to forget Jocelyn and accept herself as a substitute mother. . . . Jim Brent is brought face-to-face with this problem when he comes upon Aunt Reggie as she is about to remove Jocelyn's picture from its place in their home. Aunt Reggie protests that it is wrong for the child to be constantly reminded of the mother who is so far away. . . . Even as Jim pleads with her not to tamper with the love that Janie bears for Jocelyn, he must realize that Aunt Reggie's influence is subtle and insistent. Amid the pain of his separation from Jocelyn and the maddening demands made upon him by Sibyl, Jim must also find a way to keep Aunt Reggie from insinuating herself in the place which rightfully belongs to Jocelyn. . . . Jim knows Sibyl is "sick," that her mind may even one day become unbalanced. She has lied to herself for so long about the possibility of a marriage between herself and Jim that now Sibyl can only preserve her sanity by persisting in these lies. Each day, her demands on Jim grow, as she convinces herself that now Jim will divorce Jocelyn. Sibyl half- longs, half-fears to force the issue, to propel Jim into declaring that he shares her love, and into setting an actual date for a divorce. . . . At the same time, in Jamaica, Jocelyn sees the tragic consequences of her friendship with Armand Monet. Restless and unhappy, Armand had fallen in love with Jocelyn during the days when she had accepted his admiration in the hope that he might help prevent her deportation. Now Armand impulsively walks out on a three-million-dollar musical because it seems that filming delays might keep him from seeing Jocelyn for many months. Despite the protests of Mooch, a hanger-on who practically lives off Armand, and despite the phone calls and letters in which Jocelyn insists she doesn't love him, Armand flies to Jamaica. Feeling responsible for Armand's unhappiness and for the sacrifice of his career, Jocelyn cannot simply refuse to see him. Instead, she continues to insist that she does



1. When Jim finds Aunt Reggie about to hide Jocelyn's picture, she protests that young Janie and Jim are unhappily reminded of the absence of Jocelyn, who has been deported to Jamaica. Yet Jim cannot help but realize how far Aunt Reggie will go to replace Jocelyn in young Janie's life.

See Next Page—→

THE ROAD OF LIFE

(Continued)



2. Despite Moomch's pleadings, and Jocelyn's letters saying that she does not return his love, Armand Monet forsakes his career to follow Jocelyn to Jamaica.

not love him and makes every effort to turn his love toward his estranged wife, Lil. . . . Meanwhile, Jim flies to Jamaica, too, having learned about the baby Jocelyn expects. But, when he asks why Jocelyn had kept this a secret from him, she cannot explain the fears which made her want to wait until they were once again together—in Merrimac. . . . As she and

Pictured here, as heard on the air, are:

Dr. Jim Brent.....	Don MacLaughlin
Jocelyn Brent.....	Virginia Dwyer
Sibyl Overton Fuller.....	Barbara Becker
Aunt Reggie.....	Dorothy Sands
Armand Monet.....	Michael Kane
Moomch.....	Frank Behrens

The Road Of Life, CBS Radio, 1 P.M. EDT, CBS-TV, 1:15 P.M., M-F, for Ivory Soap, Spic 'n Span, Crisco, Drene, Ivory Flakes.

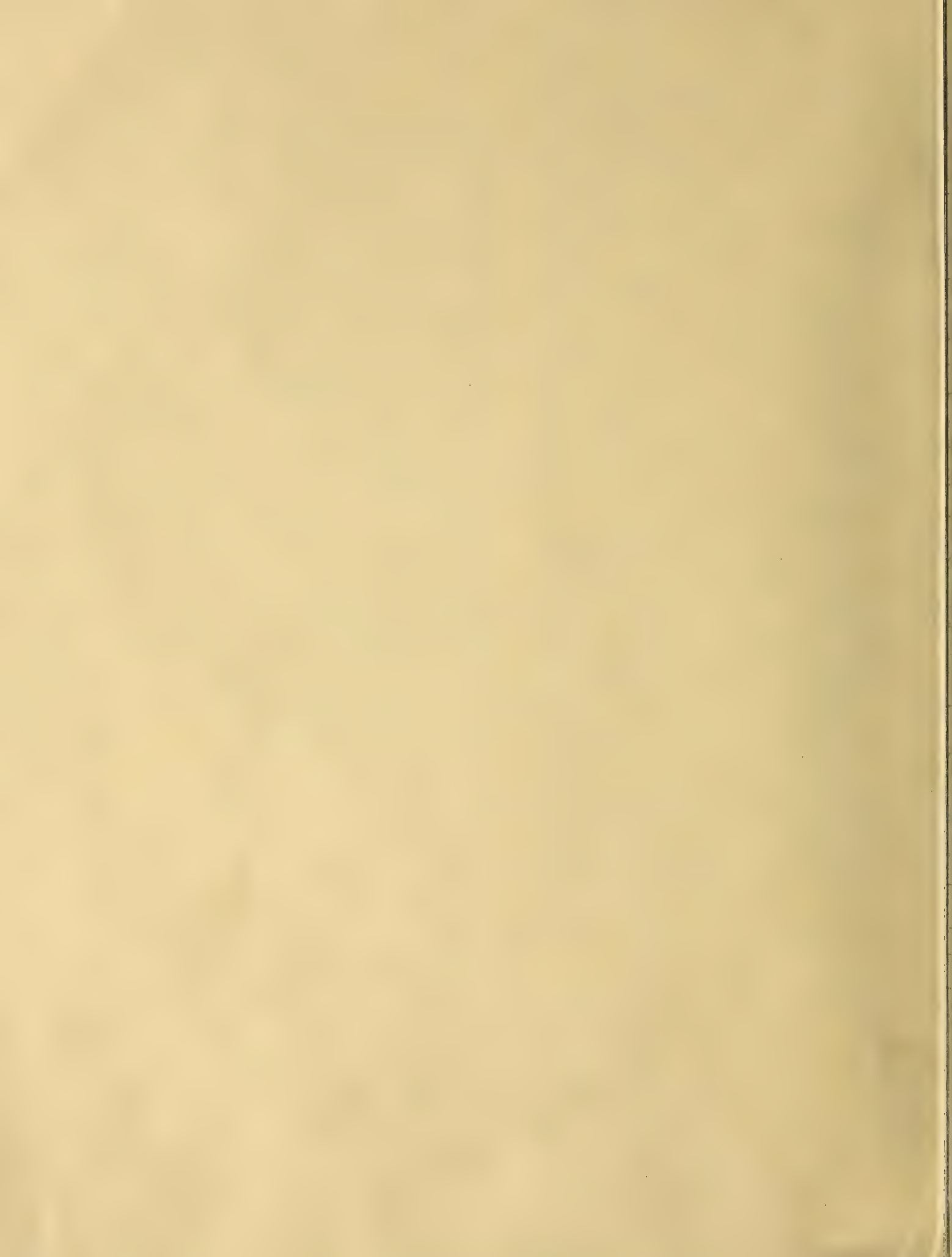


3. Sibyl has deceived herself about Jim for so long that now, as she tries to get him to say that he loves her and will divorce Jocelyn, she half-fears forcing the issue.

Jim share a few precious hours on this exotic Caribbean island, Jocelyn wonders when that day will come—whether it will ever come. Jim stifles her doubts but he, too, wonders how long their separation will drag on. He also wonders about the problems that will still exist when Jocelyn returns—the continued schemings of Sibyl; Aunt Reggie's growing influence on young Janie's life; and even the difficulties that come hand-in-hand with the rewarding joys of Jocelyn's pregnancy. As Jim returns to Merrimac and Jocelyn stays behind, both wonder how far each must travel before the road of life brings them together again.



4. When Jim learns at last that Jocelyn is to bear him a child, he flies to Jamaica. He cannot understand why she has kept this a secret, but Jocelyn had wanted to wait until they were once again together—in Merrimac. Both wonder when this will be—and whether the forces keeping them apart will be a challenge even then.



THE ROAD OF LIFE

(Continued)



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Those Whiting Girls!





Like all sisters, they borrow each other's clothes and kid on the phone—but they cook spaghetti for breakfast!

Life with Margaret and Barbara is
a ride on a merry-go-round, but the
ring of sisterly love is pure gold

By FREDDA DUDLEY BALLING



Left, Barbara joins in, as Margaret "practices." Above, their mother plays, too. At right, Margaret's daughter Debbie is obviously queen of the household.

BY THE TIME you read this, it will be possible for you to pull up your chair before your TV set on Monday night and laugh at the zaniest pair of sisters your eyes and ears have ever feasted on. Their surname is Whiting and their program, *Those Whiting Girls*, came about as naturally as a sneeze: Pepper was wafted upon the air. A friend, recipient of the "pepper," dropped in upon the Whitings on a routine day, listened, compressed his ribs, and announced from the top of the nearest hill that the sisters, Margaret and Barbara, could live a truly hilarious TV show. "More whimsy than *Disneyland*, more speed than *Winchell*," was part of his sales pitch.

After an almost imperceptible interval, two writers were ensconced in the Whiting guest (Continued on page 75)

Those Whiting Girls, CBS-TV, Mon., 9 P.M. EDT, is sponsored by General Foods and Procter & Gamble.



RALPH PAUL

TO THE millions of *Strike It Rich* listeners and viewers throughout America, Ralph Paul's warm voice is as familiar as an old friend's. Ralph himself is an old friend of radio, having spent half his life announcing, starting from the time he was sixteen. Born in Denver, Colorado, he worked at his hometown station, KVOO, and at the same time was a brilliant student at the University of Denver. That was during World War II, and Ralph had only one semester to go when he enlisted in the Army. Nevertheless, he squeezed in four special courses, acquired the necessary amount of points to graduate—and received a Phi Beta Kappa key. After his discharge in 1945, Ralph became a "rolling stone," announcing in cities from El Paso, Texas, to Baltimore, Maryland. When he reached New York, he landed a job as staff announcer with local Station WOR. Before long, however, Ralph decided there wasn't too much future in being a staff man, so he became a free-lancer, appearing on such programs as *The Aldrich Family* and *Robert Trout And The News*. He "struck it rich" in 1948 and has enjoyed his successful stay with the show ever since. Now, Ralph makes his home in Greenwich, Connecticut, along with many other TV personalities. Married to his childhood sweetheart, he and his wife Betty Jane have two lively young children, Marty and Susie.



Spotlight on

JACK LESCOULIE

HAVING worked both on and behind the scenes in show business since he was 7 and made his vaudeville debut, Jack Lescoulie now faces the TV cameras with complete confidence, ease and sincerity. Although today his big smile and suave voice are familiar to millions who have watched *Today*, *The Buick-Berle Show*, and *The Jackie Gleason Show*, Jack hasn't forgotten his struggles in getting to the top. Born in Sacramento, California, Jack finished high school, then became an announcer at Station KGFJ in Los Angeles. After spending three days and nights covering the Long Beach Earthquakes of 1931, he decided to return to school. He joined Los Angeles City College, then the Pasadena Playhouse, after which he landed a job in "Achilles Had a Heel," with Walter Hampden. His role? The off-stage voice of an elephant. When the show played in New York, it lasted but seven performances, and Jack found himself broke and alone in the big city. To keep from starving, he delivered clothes for a cleaner, was a soda jerk, had a few small parts in Broadway plays, then decided to return to Los Angeles. There he joined NBC and created *The Grouch Club*. World War II found him in the Air Force as a combat reporter in Italy. Returning to New York after his discharge, Jack teamed up with Gene Rayburn and was heard over local Station WNEW. In 1950, Jack moved to CBS to become a TV producer, then associate program director. When *Today* debuted in 1952, Jack was a part of the show. Since then, success has been his byword. Jack lives with his wife Birdie and their two-year-old daughter Linda Ann, on Long Island. For pleasure, he says, "I shoot a miserable game of golf, which I dearly love, and I'm a pretty good horseback rider—but I never do that any more."



JULIA MEADE

A NATIVE New Yorker, lovely Julia Meade was born while her mother—a Shakespearean actress—was in Boston. When she was ten, her family moved to Ridgewood, New Jersey. There, as a high school student, Julia showed early show-business promise by winning a recitation contest two years in a row—once with a selection from “The Taming of the Shrew”; the second time with “something from ‘Cyrano’”—and appearing in the senior class play. Diploma in hand, Julia headed for the Yale Drama School. Although this famous school is for graduate work, Julia was accepted after passing the entrance exam. After completing her studies, she spent several years as a TV actress, then received an offer to join Ed Sullivan’s *Toast Of The Town*. At first she turned it down, but, a while later, she reconsidered and decided to try it—just once. She’s still there, and happily so. “I love the show and I love Ed,” Julia says. “He introduces me as though I were one of his big acts.” Also familiar to viewers of *Your Hit Parade*, Julia has not given up acting entirely. Last season she appeared on Broadway in “The Tender Trap,” and hopes to do another play soon. Married to Worsham Judd, a commercial artist, Julia and her husband share their Manhattan apartment with two cats. In addition to making home movies, she loves to cook and “adores” the Yankee baseball team.



Announcers

REX MARSHALL

LIFE, for handsome Rex Marshall, has been a series of gambles—some good, some not so good. Born in Jamestown, New York, the thirty-six-year-old announcer has had broadcasting in his blood since he was a young lad and worked for small and medium-sized stations throughout the East. After establishing himself in Boston as a capable announcer-salesman-emcee, Rex decided to try his luck in New York. After a series of menial jobs, none of which were in broadcasting, he returned to small stations. A few more years of developing his talent and stature on local stations, and Rex was again ready to gamble on New York. Uncle Sam, however, detoured him, and he entered the Air Force. The day he won his wings, he also took his home-town sweetheart, Barbara, as his bride. After five years of war flying, during which he survived four crack-ups, Rex resumed his “Invasion of New York Broadcasting” and finally landed an announcing job with the ABC network. Then, eyeing television in 1948, Rex took a chance and joined New York’s Station WPIX before it even opened. Soon, he was on his way to the top, highlighting his stay at WPIX with his brilliant coverage of the 1948 political conventions. Offers began pouring in, and Rex was hired to handle the commercials, and later served as narrator and host, on numerous leading network shows. *Suspense*, *Ellery Queen*, *Mr. Peepers*, are only a few of the programs on which his friendly face and manner have appealed to millions. Often busy seven days a week, Rex still finds time to play some handball, go skeet shooting and make recordings for the blind. His happiest moments, however, are spent with his wife Barbara and their children—Pamela, 12, and Peter, 8—at home in Greenwich, Connecticut.



Ted Mack and his Matinee are dedicated to turning the spotlight on others—



The Honey Dreamers got their musical start in college—and two of them are now husband and wife. Left to right, the girls are Nan Green and Marion Bye (Mrs. Davis)—the boys, Bob Mitchell, Bob Davis, Stewart Vannerson.



Such **VIPs** as Mrs. Dale Carnegie visit Ted's program to share their secrets of success with the *Matinee* audiences.

PERSONAL MEMO to Ted Mack fans: After years of devoting himself to America's amateur talent, as emcee of the *Original Amateur Hour*, your Mr. Mack is now helping "undiscovered" professionals on this season's new daytime variety show, *The Ted Mack Matinee*, over NBC-TV. That's great news, for it means that . . . if you are a young and talented performer, amateur or professional . . . if you are young and talented in any art—or just young, and not quite sure what talent you may have . . . Ted Mack is your best friend.

Most people in show business are generous with their time and money, public-spirited, warm of heart . . . but, when you find a performer who doesn't want to talk about himself, who can think of practically nothing to wish for himself, whose ambition is more for others than for himself . . . this is something new under that make-believe paper moon! For all his years on stage, before the camera, behind the mike, your Mr. Mack is that "something new."

Because he is, it's very hard to get a story about Ted Mack himself. One recent afternoon, I sat in the audience at the Ambassador Theater in New York, watching the *Ted Mack Matinee*, enjoying the singing of Dick Lee, Elise Rhodes, the Honey Dreamers. Enjoying maestro Mack's enjoyment, too . . . taking note of the pleased and proud expression on his face as the audience

and it might be you

Most sincerely yours

By GLADYS HALL



Ted Mack couldn't be prouder of Elise Rhodes and Dick Lee if he were their dad!

See Next Page

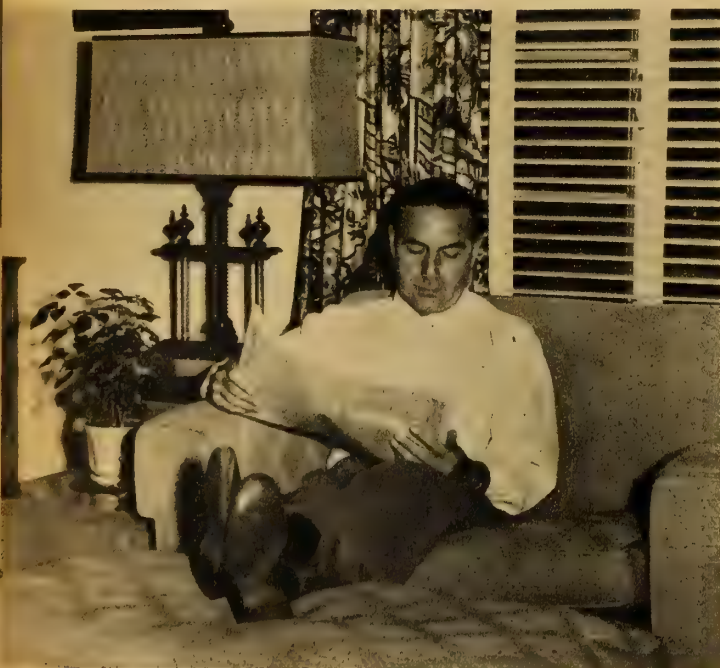


Most sincerely yours

(Continued)



Off-camera, Ted Mack would rather go riding than do almost anything else—particularly if his saddle-pal is that "wonderful Arabian horse, my good friend Khidaan."



The Macks live quietly, and Ted spends most of his rare leisure hours catching up on the newspapers and other reading—or playing an occasional round of golf.

applauded his talented youngsters . . . liking the verbal pats-on-the-back he gave them when their songs were done. But when, after the *Matinee*, we repaired to his dressing room so that we might talk about veteran showman Mack himself—which was, after all, my purpose in being there—we didn't. That is, he didn't.

He talked about the youngsters then appearing on his *Matinee* . . . about Dick Lee, his "Young Man of Song" who—Ted said happily—is rapidly becoming the No. 1 favorite of the nation's bobby-soxers. He told me that the twenty-four-year-old Lee was born in Philadelphia, the son of a Police Department detective. Boxing had been the boy's first love, and his sturdy build and lightning reflexes soon made a mark in amateur contests. Dick also loved to listen to music, all kinds of music from be-bop to classical, and thus discovered—and soon was testing—his own voice. Still planning on a boxing career, however, Dick made a successful start in the ring, was a Golden Gloves contender. But, when he fractured his nose in one of his bouts and his worried mother begged him to hang up the gloves, he decided to turn to his second love and become a singer.

Dick Lee's first professional engagement was at a small night club in New Jersey, where he was such a smash hit he was held over for twenty-six consecutive weeks. Since then, he has won first honors on *Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts*, his recordings under the Essex label (among them, "Infatuation," "Eternally," "I Thought You Might Be Lonely") have become favorites with disc jockeys and listeners, and his personal appearances at night clubs (Continued on page 92)

The *Ted Mack Matinee* is seen over the NBC-TV network, M-F, 3 to 3:30 P.M. EDT, under participating sponsorship.



The Colmans of Ivy

(Continued from page 46)

Dr. and Mrs. Hall never make sensational headlines in the newspapers. Neither do Mr. and Mrs. Colman. Despite their long and distinguished careers in movies, radio and television, Ronnie and Benita have never been "good copy" for the gossip columns. Their attitude toward publicity about their private lives is just what one would expect from Toddy and Vicky themselves. As Benita sums it up, succinctly: "I'm sure the high life in the headlines is stimulating, but I doubt if it is nourishing!"

In Hollywood, this is a unique attitude indeed. But even the Colmans' show is unique. *The Halls Of Ivy* might best be described as "sparkling entertainment—with a moral." It is one of the first television series, in a comic vein, to comment on the structure and foibles of our society.

The TV *Halls Of Ivy* evolved naturally from their Peabody Award-winning radio series, brainchild of writer Don Quinn. Asked about the Colmans' own contribution to the show's development, Benita says: "It has been very much 'the three legs on one stool,' with Don Quinn, Ronnie and myself, because many of the shows have developed from incidents that have happened to Ronnie and me. The episode we call 'Traffic and Cocoanuts' is an example. That's the one in which Victoria gets into trouble over four traffic tickets. I was the one who was what might be called the 'inspiration' for that! Need I say more?"

As a family, the Colmans are unique in the fact that their ten-year-old daughter, Juliet, is not included in the show. In fact, Vicky and Toddy Hall have no children. "Juliet is doing her best to get in, however," Benita laughs. "She keeps saying, 'I don't see why you haven't got a child!'"

But the near future looks bleak for Juliet, in that respect—even if the *Ivy* script should miraculously produce a child for the Halls overnight—for the Colmans think school is a much better place for Juliet, just now, than a TV studio. "I don't believe Juliet would think much of it," says her mother, "if she had to stay on the set some eight hours out of each day."

Ronnie and Benita have found that TV demands five times as much time as their one-day-a-week radio show. "It takes a lot more of getting up early," Benita explains, "and learning and all that sort of thing. It is absolutely a 24-hour project. We get up at half-past six, arrive home at seven that night, and are in bed by nine. That is the story of our lives at the moment."

However, though the hours are hard, Benita says the work itself is not. "It's very gay on the set. We have a lot of fun." As for working together, the Colmans enjoy it very much. "Nobody," she adds, "blacks anybody's eyes here!"

There is a very definite Colman touch to their lunch hour, too. Harry, a sort of handyman around the Colman household for nearly sixteen years now, prepares a substantial box lunch which has been ordered by Benita. This she lays out in her dressing room, and then the meal is shared by their producer, Bill Frye, and their director—either Norman McLeod or William Cameron Menzies. According to Benita, such a lunch, without all the time-consuming elements of a restaurant, is very functional. "We can," she says, "spend the time running lines or discussing the action. It makes it easier when you are so terribly short of time."

The Colmans' home is in San Ysidro, near Santa Barbara, California. While working in Hollywood, they live in an apartment. Juliet, who goes to school in



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Santa Barbara, spends every other weekend with them in Hollywood. And, every ten days, they go to Santa Barbara for four days of relaxation.

Asked how she feels about the separation from Juliet, Benita says: "We miss her like mad, of course. We talk on the phone a lot—and we do go up every ten days." She definitely does not think that their absence hurts their relationship with their child. "When we are together," she says, "we are together *all* the time. I think that makes up for a few days' separation."

The most unique thing about the Colmans is the manner in which they spend their four-day vacations on their San Ysidro ranch. As Benita describes it: "We lie prone—or is it supine?—I never know. Anyway, we lie about in little heaps like uncounted laundry, waiting for time to put the starch in us again."

"Actually, we have piles of books in the back of the car, and everything at the ranch is set to receive us. The fireplace is

burning, the record machine is waiting—and Juliet is playing the piano. At the moment, she is long on enthusiasm and short on repertoire. I play the piano myself, and we sometimes have very hot duets going.

"We are extremely 'occupied' people," Benita continues. "We have no trouble in taking care of our time. Ronnie likes to paint. He paints rather well, though he's apt to complain a bit. 'The light's not right,' he'll say, or 'The color's bad,' or 'The perspective is a problem.' Yet his landscapes and flowers are truly charming. I don't know his 'sale value,' because nobody has really made a purchase yet. However," she adds, smiling, "I understand Juliet has opened negotiations for a still-life. The last I heard was a good deal of haggling in the neighborhood of seventy-five cents."

As for Benita's own artistic endeavors, she reports: "Painting is a nice absorbing occupation. That is why I took up sculpture. *Everybody* was painting, so I thought I'd go off on a branch of my own. It turned

out to be exceedingly unwieldy, because—once you've made something—you can't take it anywhere. It is awful. And then," she adds wickedly, "all those naked models are so impractical for the average household and are apt to give the casual caller quite a turn! I finally had a piece of mine carted up from Hollywood to Santa Barbara. It arrived cracked all over. But I think it is improved. The rough treatment lent it a slightly Pompeian air!"

Yes, this life of the Colmans is the most unique thing about them. In fact, it's this very thing that they are so reluctant to talk about. But Benita has explained their feelings, their reasons for wanting to keep their private lives private, and logic agrees with her. It's only when she tells you just a little bit about this life together, that one gets more curious than ever.

All in all, it's a simple yet completely charming existence. Perhaps it isn't too surprising that the Colmans want to keep it so much to themselves!

With a Smile in His Voice

(Continued from page 42)

went their chairs, out came their autograph books, and the rush was on!

Now, the friends who had gathered about the Smiths were Ralph and Barbara Edwards, and Bert and Annette Parks. The autograph-hunters, however, were only interested in Bert Parks—for the year was 1950, and he was the only one who had yet appeared on TV. It didn't matter that Ralph Edwards and Jack Smith were two of America's top radio personalities. None of their countrymen recognized them. Ralph and Jack didn't say anything. There was no need. Each knew exactly what the other had seen. He had seen the handwriting on the wall. . . .

If this same meeting were to take place today, the autograph-hunters would have a field day, for Ralph Edwards is now host and emcee of NBC-TV's *This Is Your Life*, and Jack Smith is host and emcee of CBS-TV's new *Welcome Travelers* series. And, while it all started in Paris, success didn't come overnight—nor did it come easily. Ralph tried the first TV version of *Truth Or Consequences*, his long-popular radio show, before really coming into his own with *This Is Your Life*. As for Jack—well, the story of his success would give Ralph a happy, heart-warming program, but you'll never see it dramatized on *This Is Your Life*. Ralph figures too importantly in that story himself. . . .

The most unusual thing, of course, about "The Jack Smith Story" is the name of the hero. "What's in a name?" Shakespeare asked, but he was thinking of roses—not entertainers.

When it came to giving his children names, however, Major Walter Smith was scarcely concerned how they might sound on radio or television. "My father was a New Englander," Jack recalls, "descended from a long line of Smiths. And none of them had ever been actors." The Major himself was a former Annapolis man who had transferred to the Army.

Jack was born at Fort Ward on Bainbridge Island, Seattle, Washington—which explains why his middle name is Ward. "Dad didn't try too hard," Jack says with a fond smile. (He named his younger son Walter Reed Smith—and he, too, was to become a performer, dropping the Smith when he went to Hollywood.)

When Jack was five, the Major moved his family to Honolulu, where he was stationed for the next four years. Then, retiring from the Army and entering private business, he moved the family to Los Angeles. It was there, at Hollywood High

School, when he was only fifteen-and-a-half, that Jack formed a trio which was to become "The Ambassadors," and a duo which was to become Mr. and Mrs. Jack Smith. But the first was easier to achieve than the second!

"I always liked to sing," Jack recalls. "I was in the school glee club, and then I got together with two of my classmates to make up a trio. Well, in those days—if you were girls, you copied the Boswell Sisters. If you were boys, you copied 'The Rhythm Boys'—Harry Barris, Al Rinker, and Bing Crosby."

The newly formed trio was lucky. The Rhythm Boys were appearing at Hollywood's famous Cocoanut Grove. "We used to go nightly," Jack admits, "and copy their style. And, when they finished their engagement, we auditioned as their replacement. We were young enough to have the nerve and, somehow, we got the job."

They called themselves "The Ambassadors" because the Cocoanut Grove is in the Ambassador Hotel. (Jack's father, apparently, wasn't the only one who "didn't try too hard" when it came to names.) After six months at the Grove, singing with Gus Arnheim's band, the trio accepted an engagement in San Francisco. Then Phil Harris asked them back to the Grove. When he took his band on tour, the next two years, The Ambassadors went along.

That two years away from California turned out to be a blessing in disguise, for while he was away, Jack found that he was missing someone more than he anticipated—the soon-to-be Mrs. Jack Smith.

Her name was Victoria Stuart, and she was fifty-five minutes younger than Jack. In fact, that coincidence of birth accounted for their meeting! Vickii's cousin was giving her a birthday party, and then decided it might as well be for Jack, too, since he was born on the same day—November sixteenth.

"We started going together," Jack recalls, "but Vickii was also dating another fellow at the time. I remember that, when I couldn't get my wife-to-be to go out with me, I used to take out her mother, who is a wonderful person—and, thanks to her I won out. She helped do a good selling job on me."

After going together for two and a half years, Jack and Vickii were married on their eighteenth birthday. "From the very start, we were inseparable. Life's too short," he says. "We don't go for being apart." So everywhere The Ambassadors went—and they covered most of the coun-

try—Vickii went along. But the thing she and Jack really wanted was to settle down, in a home of their own—and, thanks to another singer named Smith, they got their wish. The Ambassadors were engaged for the Kate Smith radio show.

"We set up housekeeping in a New York apartment," Jack says, then sighs in happy reminiscence. "Our first home!" But *The Kate Smith Show* was important to them for another reason, as well. From the very start, the trio had been singing on radio along with the bands which engaged them. Now, however, they were on their own—"strictly radio, and away from the band business," as Jack puts it. After four years with Kate, The Ambassadors were engaged for the Eddie Cantor radio show. And then it happened. . . .

"I'm a grateful guy," Jack says. "I've been led into every fortunate thing that's happened to me." Apparently, however, there's such a thing as being too lucky. One radio show led to another, and somehow Jack found himself singing on eleven major shows (including those with Rudy Vallee, Frank Fay, *Lucky Strike*, three *Philip Morris* shows, *Texaco*, *Prudential Family Hour*). In addition to being one third of The Ambassadors he was one fourteenth of "The Swing Fourteen," as well as a *Hit Parader* and one of *Beverly's Boy Friends*.

"While one show went off," he recalls, "the other went on." It proved too much for Jack. Normally a completely relaxed person who sings because he enjoys it—in 1941, he broke out in shingles. "I had reached the end of my rope as far as nerves were concerned." Luckily, he had become a soloist on *The Prudential Family Hour*. The time had come, he felt, to strike out completely on his own. Giving up his ten other shows, he made the break. From now on, he was "strictly solo."

That was when his name became important. To distinguish him from "Whispering" Jack Smith, he was called "Smiling" Jack Smith—thanks to Deems Taylor, *The Family Hour*'s host who used to introduce him as "the fellow with the smile in his voice." And, when Jack would sing his Spanish numbers, Deems would call him "Juanillo Foriador"—which means "Little John, the Smithy," but how else can you say Jack Smith in Spanish?

But if Jack had been overworked before, that was nothing compared with what he got into next. With World War II imminent, he enrolled in a course in aircraft instrument maintenance—"so when we did go in, I'd be prepared to do something."

The course was to last a year—six days a week—but, after six months, Jack was made an instructor. That meant six nights a week, as well.

"Now I really started to work," he recalls. He taught from 1941 until the beginning of 1946, doing *The Family Hour*—on his "day off"—Sunday—so he could keep his own family going. By 1945, however, when the war looked as though it might be coming to an end, his manager thought it was time Jack took on a few more shows. With the result that Jack was back where he was before the war—on radio seven days a week. Only now he was teaching six days a week, as well!

But, on August 19, 1945, all this hard work was more than repaid—for that was the night *The Jack Smith Show* first went on the air. A quarter-hour musical show, on five nights a week, it was to continue on radio for the next eight years. In 1948, the show moved from New York to the West Coast—so, at long last, the Smiths were home. And, at long last, they had the security to buy the house they had always dreamed of.

"Three years ago this summer," Jack says, "we found just the place—high in the Hollywood Hills, with a view of the Pacific and all of Los Angeles. It had to be a big home to accommodate all the furniture we had been accumulating. Every weekend while we lived in New York, we'd go to Connecticut, New Hampshire, and even Maine, in our search for Early American antiques. We'd do our refinishing on the roof of our apartment house."

With his own show, Jack not only had the security to do what he wanted, but the time. "I think simplicity is the answer to everything," he says. "You can't be rushing. You've got to have time to take a look at other people—and to take a look at yourself."

And that was why, in 1950, when Ralph Edwards and Jack saw that TV was the coming thing, Jack had reason to reflect. It wasn't just his security which was threatened, but his serenity, as well. His yardstick was no longer the number of shows he could appear on, but the number of days he and Vicki could spend together.

Curiously enough, it was Jack's quality as a human being—even more than his ability as a performer—that got him his first break in television. And it was Ralph Edwards who sold the sponsors of *Place The Face* on using Jack. They knew he could sing, but how did they know he could emcee?

"Because he's sincere," Ralph said. "He genuinely likes people and they like him. What's more, he's honest, he's real—there's nothing manufactured about him."

The sponsors were convinced. For, in July, 1953, Jack appeared as emcee of *Place The Face*—his first regular TV show. It was a start, but Jack wasn't sure he wanted a night-time spot "where you've got to keep socking all the time, and you're only as good as your last show." The place for him, he felt, was in daytime TV.

"It's the friendlier part of the twenty-four hours," he explains. "That's when the type of person I want to appeal to is watching. They want you to just be yourself, and—if they like you—they're loyal."

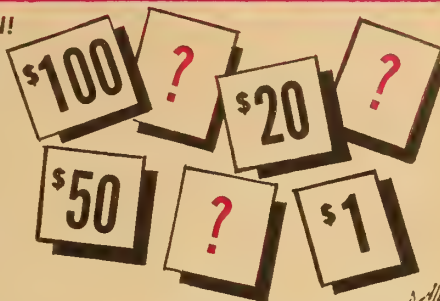
Last May ninth, when Jack became emcee of *Welcome Travelers*, he not only "found the show I'd been holding out for, but fulfilled a tremendous hope." Now, at long last, he is free to be himself—not "Smiling" Jack Smith or "Juanillo Forjador," but just plain *Jack Smith*. And he can thank his father for giving him the name. It's friendly and real down-to-earth. And, somehow, it's just right for the man who bears it—and perfect for the daytime TV he loves, so well.

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Inside Radio

All Times Listed Are Eastern Daylight Time.

Monday through Friday

NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
Morning Programs			
8:30 8:45	Local Program	John MacVane	
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Robert Hurleigh Easy Does It News, Cecil Brown 9:35 Easy Does It (con.)	Breakfast Club	
10:00	Mary Margaret McBride 10:05 Norman Vincent Peale Joyce Jordan, M.D. Doctor's Wife	Cecil Brown	My True Story
10:15 10:30	Guest Time* News 10:35 Johnny Olsen Show	10:25 Whispering Streets	Arthur Godfrey Time
10:45	Break The Bank	When A Girl Marries	
11:00	Strike It Rich	Florida Calling With Tom Moore	Companion— Dr. Mace Paging The New
11:15		11:25 Holland Engle Queen For A Day	Arthur Godfrey (con.)
11:30 11:45	Phrase That Pays Second Chance	Albert Warner, News Your Neighbor's Voice	Make Up Your Mind Second Husband
		*Wed., Faith In Our Time	

Afternoon Programs

12:00	Noon News 12:05 Down At Holmesy's	Valentino	Wendy Warren & The News
12:15 12:30 12:45		Frank Farrell	Rosemary Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	News, Cedric Foster Luncheon At Sardi's Ted Steele Show	Paul Harvey, News Ted Malone	Road Of Life Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15	Luncheon With Lopez 2:25 News, Sam Hayes Wonderful City	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason	
2:30 2:45		Martin Block	This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	News 3:05 Woman In Love Pepper Young Right To Happiness	Martin Block (con.)	Hilltop House Art Linkletter's House Party
4:00 4:15	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas	Latin Quarter Matinee	
4:30 4:45	Young Widdier Brown Woman In My House	Treasury Bandstand	Treasury Bandstand 4:55 News
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Just Plain Bill Lorenzo Jones Lone Ranger	Musical Express Bobby Hammack Gloria Parker Vincent Lopez	News 5:05 John Faulk
5:55	Davy Crockett	5:55 Cecil Brown	5:55 This I Believe
		†M-W-F	

Monday Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Local Program	ABC Reporter	Jackson & The News
	Three Star Extra	Bill Stern, Sports George Hicks, News	East Of Athens
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter In The Mood	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe Strange Saga 7:55 News	Lowell Thomas
8:00	Henry J. Taylor	Scoreboard 7:05 Tennessee Ernie Edward R. Murrow	
8:15 8:30 8:45	Berkshire Festival Broadway Cop	Red Benson	Mr. Keen, Tracer Of Lost Persons 8:25 Doug Edwards Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts
9:00	Telephone Hour	Voice Of Firestone	
9:15 9:30 9:45	News, Lyle Van 9:05 Footnotes to History Spotlight Story Reporters' Roundup	Music Tent	Disk Derby
	Band Of America	9:25 News	Bing Crosby Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall 9:55 News
10:00	Fibber McGee & Molly		
10:15 10:30	Great Gildersleeve Wings For Tomorrow	News, Edward P. Morgan How To Fix It Martha Lou Harp	Scoreboard 10:05 Dance Orchestra

Tuesday

Evening Programs

NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Local Program	ABC Reporter	Jackson & The News
	Three Star Extra	Bill Stern, Sports George Hicks, News	Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Alex Dreier, Man On The Go News Of The World One Man's Family	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe Strange Saga	Scoreboard 7:05 Tennessee Ernie Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	People Are Funny Dragnet	Red Benson 8:25 News Alan Dale Show 8:55 News	Suspense 8:25 Doug Edwards Disk Derby, Fred Robbins
9:00	Biographies In Sound	Music Show 9:25 E. D. Canham, News	Rosemary Clooney Bing Crosby
9:15 9:30 9:45	News, Lyle Van 9:05 Footnotes To History Spotlight Story Army Hour	9:55 News	Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall
10:00	Fibber McGee & Molly	News, Edward P. Morgan How To Fix It Take Thirty	Scoreboard 10:05 Dance Orchestra
10:15 10:30	Great Gildersleeve New England	Men's Corner Dance Music	

Wednesday

Evening Programs

NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Local Program	ABC Reporter	Jackson & The News
	Three Star Extra	Bill Stern, Sports George Hicks, News	Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Alex Dreier, Man On The Go News Of The World One Man's Family	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe Strange Saga	Scoreboard 7:05 Tennessee Ernie Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15		Red Benson	FBI In Peace And War
8:30 8:45	News 8:35 College Quiz Bowl	8:25 News Alan Dale Show 8:55 News	8:25 Doug Edwards Disk Derby, Fred Robbins
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Best Of Groucho Truth Or Consequences	Music Show 9:25 News President's News Conference	Disk Derby (con.) Bing Crosby Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall 9:55 News
10:00	Fibber McGee & Molly	News, Edward P. Morgan Blue Ribbon Bouts	Scoreboard
10:15 10:30	Great Gildersleeve Keys To The Capital	Medical Press Conference Sounding Board	White House Report

Thursday

Evening Programs

NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Local Program	ABC Reporter	Jackson & The News
	Three Star Extra	Bill Stern, Sports George Hicks, News	Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15	Alex Dreier, Man On The Go	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe	Scoreboard 7:05 Tennessee Ernie
7:30 7:45	News Of The World One Man's Family	Strange Saga	Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30	Roy Rogers Dr. Six Gun	Red Benson Alan Dale Show 8:55 News	The Whistler 8:25 Doug Edwards Disk Derby, Fred Robbins
9:00	News 9:05 Barrie Craig	Music Show	Rosemary Clooney Bing Crosby
9:15 9:30 9:45	The Loser 9:55 News	9:25 News Rhythm & Blues On Parade	Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall
10:00	Fibber McGee & Molly	News, Edward P. Morgan How To Fix It Front & Center	Scoreboard 10:05 Dance Orchestra
10:15 10:30	Great Gildersleeve Jane Pickens Show	Book Hunter Henry Jerome Orch.	

Friday

Evening Programs

NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Local Program	ABC Reporter	Jackson & The News
	Three Star Extra	Bill Stern, Sports George Hicks, News	Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Alex Dreier, Man On The Go News Of The World One Man's Family	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe Strange Saga	Scoreboard 7:05 Tennessee Ernie Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Counter-Spy National Radio Fan Club	Red Benson 8:25 News Alan Dale Show 8:55 News	Godfrey Digest 8:25 Doug Edwards Disk Derby, Fred Robbins
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Radio Fan Club (con.)	Music Show	Disk Derby (con.) Bing Crosby Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall 9:55 News
10:00	Ted Heath Orch.	Notes & Notations	
10:15 10:30	Forbes Report London Studios Melodies	News, Edward P. Morgan How To Fix It Indoors Unlimited	Scoreboard 10:05 Dance Orchestra

Inside Radio

Saturday

NBC

MBS

ABC

CBS

Morning Programs

8:30 8:45	Monitor	Local Program	Doug Browning Show	News
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Monitor		No School Today	News Of America Farm News Garden Gate
10:00	Monitor		No School Today (con.)	News 10:05 Galen Drake Show
10:15 10:30 10:45		American Travel Guide	Breakfast Club Review	10:55 News
11:00	Monitor	Lucky Pierre	11:05 Half-Pint Panel	Robert Q. Lewis Show
11:15 11:30 11:45		Johnny Desmond Show 11:55 Young Living	All League Club-house	

Afternoon Programs

12:00 12:15	National Farm & Home Hour	I Asked You	News 12:05 How To Fix It	Noon News 12:05 Romance
12:30 12:45	Monitor	Tex Fletcher Wagon Show	101 Ranch Boys American Farmer	Gunsmoke
1:00 1:15 1:30	Monitor	Fifth Army Band Ruby Mercer	News 1:05 Navy Hour Vincent Lopez	City Hospital 1:25 News, Jackson Stan Daugherty Presents
1:45			1:55 News	
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Monitor	Ruby Mercer (con.) 2:25 News Sports Parade	News 2:05 Festival, with Milton Cross	Dance Orchestra Teddy Wilson Orch.
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Monitor	Country Jamboree	News 3:05 Festival (con.)	String Serenade Sinnay Ennis Orch.
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Monitor	Bandstand, U.S.A.	News 4:05 Pop Concert Horse Racing World Tourists	Treasury Show
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Monitor	Teenagers, U.S.A.	News 5:05 Dinner At The Green Room	Adventures In Science Richard Hayes News, Jackson 5:35 Saturday At The Chase
		5:55 News		

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Monitor	John T. Flynn	News 6:05 Pan-American Union Sports, Bob Finnegan Bob Edge, Sports Afield	News Sports Review Capitol Cloakroom 6:55 Joe Foss, Sports
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Monitor	Pop The Question Wonderful City	News 7:05 At Ease Labor-Management Series	News, Jackson 7:05 Make Way For Youth Gangbusters
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Monitor	True Or False Quaker City Capers	News 8:05 Dance Party	Gunsmoke Disk Derby, Fred Robbins
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Monitor Grand Ole Opry	Hawaii Calls Lombardo Land	News 9:05 Dance Party (con.)	Two For The Money Country Style 9:55 News, Jackson
10:00 10:15 10:30	Monitor	CBC Symphony	News 10:05 Ozark Jubilee Ambassador Hotel	Country Style (con.) Dance Orchestra

Sunday

NBC

MBS

ABC

CBS

Morning Programs

8:30 8:45	Monitor		Light And Life Hour	Renfro Valley 8:55 Galen Drake
9:00 9:15	Monitor	Wings Of Healing	News 9:05 Milton Cross Album Voice Of Prophecy	World News Roundup Sidney Walton Show
9:30 9:45		Back To God		Organ Music, E. Power Biggs 9:55 News, Trout
10:00 10:15	Monitor	Radio Bible Class	News 10:05 Message Of Israel Album Voice Of Prophecy	Church Of The Air
10:30 10:45		Voice Of Prophecy	News 10:35 College Choir	Church Of The Air (con.)
11:00	Monitor	Frank And Ernest	Sunday Melodies 11:05 Marines On Review	Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir
11:15		Christian Science Monitor		
11:30		Northwestern Reviewing Stand	News 11:35 Christian In Action	Invitation To Learning
11:45				

Afternoon Programs

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Monitor	Marine Band		News, LeSueur 12:05 The Leading Question Foreign Affairs Washington Week
		News, Bill Cunningham Merry Mailman	The World Tomorrow	
1:00 1:15 1:30	Monitor	Global Frontiers Christian Science Lutheran Hour	Herald Of Truth News 1:35 Pilgrimage	Woolworth Hour—Percy Faith, Donald Woods
1:45				
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Monitor	Music From Britain	Dr. Oral Roberts Wings Of Healing	Kathy Godfrey World Music Festival
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Monitor	Music From Britain (con.) Bandstand, U.S.A. Basil Heatter	News 3:05 Air Force Show Hour Of Decision	World Music Festival (con.)
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Monitor	Salute To The Nation Nick Carter 4:55 Lorne Greene	Old-Fashioned Revival Hour	News, Trout 4:05 On A Sunday Afternoon
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Monitor	Adventures Of Rin Tin Tin The Masqueraders 5:55 Cecil Brown	News 5:05 Disaster Church In The Home	News, Trout 5:05 On A Sunday Afternoon (con.) 5:55 News, Trout

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Monitor	Public Prosecutor—Jay Jostyn On The Line, Bob Considine All Star Sport Time	Monday Morning Headlines Paul Harvey, News Evening Comes	Gene Autry Summer In St. Louis
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Monitor	Richard Hayes Show	News 7:05 Showtime Revue George Sokolsky Valentino Travel Talk	Juke Box Jury
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Monitor	West Point Band Enchanted Hour	American Town Meeting	Our Miss Brooks Gary Crosby
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Monitor	Fulton Lewis, Jr Success Story Manion Forum Keep Healthy	Walter Winchell News, Quincy Howe Sammy Kaye 9:55 News	Rudy Vallee Show
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fibber McGee & Molly Great Gildersleeve Monitor	Billy Graham Little Symphonies	Paul Harvey, News Elmer Davis Revival Time	News, Schorr 10:05 Face The Nation John Derr, Sports

See Next Page—>

TV program highlights

NEW YORK CITY AND SUBURBS AND NEW HAVEN, CHANNEL 8, JULY 8—AUGUST 7

Baseball on TV

DATE	TIME	CH.	GAME
JULY			
8, F.	8:00	11	Dodgers vs. Giants
9, Sat.	2:00	2, 11	Dodgers vs. Giants
10, Sun.	2:00	11	Dodgers vs. Giants
14, Th.	8:00	9	St. L. vs. Dodgers
	8:00	11	Chi. vs. Giants
15, F.	1:30	9	St. L. vs. Dodgers
	1:30	11	Chi. vs. Giants
16, Sat.	2:00	2, 8, 9	Cinc. vs. Dodgers
	2:00	11	Mil. vs. Giants
17, Sun.	2:00	8, 9	Cinc. vs. Dodgers
	2:00	11	Mil. vs. Giants
18, M.	8:00	9	Cinc. vs. Dodgers
	8:00	11	Mil. vs. Giants
19, Tu.	1:30	11	St. L. vs. Giants
20, W.	1:30	11	St. L. vs. Giants
	8:00	9	Chi. vs. Dodgers
21, Th.	1:30	9	Chi. vs. Dodgers
	1:30	11	St. L. vs. Giants
22, F.	8:00	9	Mil. vs. Dodgers
	8:00	11	Cinc. vs. Giants
23, Sat.	2:00	2, 11	Cinc. vs. Giants
	2:00	8, 9	Mil. vs. Dodgers
24, Sun.	2:00	8, 9	Mil. vs. Dodgers—D

D—Doubleheader

DATE	TIME	CH.	GAME
24, Sun.	2:00	11	Cinc. vs. Giants—D
26, Tu.	8:15	11	Chi. vs. Yanks
	9:00	9	Dodgers vs. Cinc.—R
27, W.	2:00	11	Chi. vs. Yanks
	9:00	9	Dodgers vs. Cinc.—R
28, Th.	2:00	11	Chi. vs. Yanks
	9:00	9	Dodgers vs. Cinc.—R
29, F.	8:15	11	Kan. C. vs. Yanks
30, Sat.	2:00	2	Det. vs. Boston
	2:00	8, 11	Kan. C. vs. Yanks
	9:00	9	Dodgers vs. St. L.—R
31, Sun.	2:00	8, 11	Kan. C. vs. Yanks—D
AUGUST			
1, M.	10:00	9	Dodgers vs. Mil.—R
2, Tu.	8:15	11	Cleve. vs. Yanks
	10:00	9	Dodgers vs. Mil.—R
3, W.	2:00	11	Cleve. vs. Yanks
4, Th.	2:00	11	Cleve. vs. Yanks
5, F.	2:30	9	Dodgers vs. Chi.—R
	8:15	11	Det. vs. Yanks
6, Sat.	2:00	8, 11	Det. vs. Yanks
	3:00	2	Giants vs. Cinc.—R
7, Sun.	2:00	8, 11	Det. vs. Yanks—D

R—Road game

- 9:30 ② I've Got A Secret—Panel quiz
 ⑦ Penny To A Million—Higher finance
 10:00 ② & ⑧ U.S. Steel Theater—July 13, 27;
 Front Row Center, July 20 & Aug. 3
 ④ This Is Your Life—Re-runs
 ⑦ Blue Ribbon Boxing
 10:30 ④ Doug Fairbanks Presents—Stories
 10:45 ⑦ Henry & Rocky Show—Variety

Thursday

- 7:30 ⑦ Lone Ranger—Hi yo, Silver!
 8:00 ② Meet Mr. McNulty—Re-runs
 ④ & ⑧ Best Of Groucho—Re-runs
 ⑦ Soldier Parade—GI entertainers
 8:30 ④ Make A Connection—Quiz-panel
 9:00 ④ & ⑧ Dragnet—Webb in re-runs
 ⑦ Star Tonight—Filmed teleplays
 9:30 ④ & ⑧ Ford Theater—Re-runs
 ⑦ Dotty Mack Show—Musicimimics
 10:00 ② Public Defender—Reed Hadley
 ④ & ⑧ Lux Theater—From Hollywood
 10:30 ② Willy—June Havoc in July
 ⑦ Racket Squad—Hadley stars

Friday

- 7:30 ⑦ Adventures Of Rin Tin Tin—Arf!
 8:00 ② & ⑧ Pantomime Quiz—Stokey's bit
 ④ Midwestern Hayride—Hillbilly music
 8:30 ② Topper—Comedy re-runs
 ④ & ⑧ Life Of Riley—Comedy re-runs
 ⑦ T-Men In Action—Crime catchin'
 9:00 ② Playhouse Of Stars—Filmed dramas
 ⑤ Mr. & Mrs. North—Whodunits
 9:30 ② Our Miss Brooks—Re-runs
 ④ & ⑧ Dear Phoebe—Comedy re-runs
 ⑦ The Vise—Suspense from England
 10:00 ② The Line-Up—City police in action
 ⑤ Chance Of A Lifetime—Variety
 10:30 ④ So This Is Hollywood—Comedy
 ⑤ Alec Templeton—Music-maker
 ⑦ Mr. District Attorney—David Brian

Saturday

- 7:30 ② Beat The Clock—Stunts for prizes
 ④ Show Wagon—Heid's talent salute
 ⑦ Ozark Jubilee—90-minute hoedown
 8:00 ② America's Greatest Bands—Paul
 Whiteman emcees this summer replacement
 ④ The Soldiers—Comedy, starring Hal
 March and Tom D'Andrea
 9:00 ② Two For The Money—Sam Levenson
 ④ & ⑧ Musical Chairs—July 30 only:
 Spectacular
 ⑦ Lawrence Welk—Champagne music
 9:30 ④ Durante-O'Connor Show—Re-runs
 10:00 ④ & ⑧ George Gobel Summer Show
 ⑦ Compass—Filmed dramas
 10:30 ② Damon Runyon Theater—Stories
 ④ & ⑧ Your Playtime

Sunday

- 6:00 ② I Love Lucy—Repeat of early shows
 7:00 ④ & ⑧ People Are Funny—Linkletter
 ⑦ You Asked For It—Art Baker, emcee
 7:30 ② Private Secretary—Comedy re-runs
 ④ Spectacular—July 17
 8:00 ② & ⑧ Toast Of The Town—Variety
 ④ Sunday Hour—George Murphy, emcee
 9:00 ② G-E Theater—Ronald Regan, host
 ④ & ⑧ TV Playhouse—Hour teleplays
 9:30 ② Stage 7—Stories filmed in Hollywood
 ⑤ Life Begins At Eighty—Lots of fun
 10:00 ② Julius La Rosa—Musical
 ④ & ⑧ Cameo Theater
 ⑦ Break The Bank—Bert Parks, quiz
 10:30 ② & ⑧ What's My Line?—Job game
 ④ Bob Cummings Show—Farce re-runs
 ⑦ Paris Precinct—Louis Jourdan stars

Monday through Friday

- 7:00 ② Morning Show—News & Collingwood
 ④ & ⑧ Today—Garroway wakes the sun
 8:55 ④ Herb Sheldon—With Jo McCarthy
 9:00 ② George Skinner—Songs & chatter
 10:00 ② Garry Moore Show—Songs & laughter
 ④ & ⑧ Ding Dong School—TV nursery
 10:30 ② Arthur Godfrey Time—The gang
 ④ & ⑧ Way Of The World—Drama
 11:00 ④ Home—Arlene Francis, homemaker
 ⑦ Romper Room—TV baby-sitting
 11:30 ② & ⑧ Strike It Rich—Here's Hull
 ⑤ Wendy Barrie—Slightly delirious
 12:00 ② Valiant Lady—Heart-tugging drama
 ④ & ⑧ Tennessee Ernie—Noodling
 12:15 ② & ⑧ Love Of Life—Serial
 12:30 ② & ⑧ Search For Tomorrow—Serial
 ④ Feather Your Nest—Bud Collyer
 ⑦ Summer Entertainment—Variety
 12:45 ② (& ⑧ at 2:30)—Guiding Light
 ① Dr. Norman Vincent Peale
 1:00 ② Inner Flame—Portia faces life
 ④ Norman Brokenshire Show—Fun!
 ⑤ Claire Mann—Glamorize yourself
 1:15 ② Road Of Life—Daytime drama
 1:30 ② & ⑧ Welcome Travelers—From NYC
 ⑨ First-Run Feature Films
 2:00 ② & ⑧ Robert Q. Lewis Show—Lively
 ④ Here's Looking At You—Beauty hints
 2:30 ② Art Linkletter's House Party—Gay
 3:00 ② & ⑧ Big Payoff—Mink-lined quiz
 ④ Ted Mack Show—Variety
 ⑨ Ted Steele Show—Variety
 3:30 ② Bob Crosby—Cats and all
 ④ & ⑧ Greatest Gift—Serial
 3:45 ④ & ⑧ Concerning Miss Marlowe
 4:00 ② Brighter Day—Daytime drama
 ④ & ⑧ Hawkins Falls—Serial
 4:15 ② & ⑧ Secret Storm—Serial
 ④ First Love—Drama of newlyweds
 4:30 ② & ⑧ On Your Account—\$ quiz
 ④ World Of Mr. Sweeney—Laughs

EARLY EVENING

- 6:30 ① Liberace—88 keys & 32 teeth
 7:30 ② Million Dollar Movie—July 8-11,
 "Lucky Nick Cain," George Raft, Coleen
 Gray; July 12-18, "Devil On Horseback,"
 Googie Withers, John McCallum; July 19-25,
 "Forbidden," Doug Montgomery; July 26-
 Aug. 1, "Tom Brown's Schooldays."
 7:45 ② Julius La Rosa—Songs

LATE NIGHT

- 10:00 ⑨ Million Dollar Movie—Same sched-
 ule as shown at 7:30 P.M.
 11:00 ① Liberace—Candelabras and music
 11:10 ⑤ Featurama—Short films
 11:15 ④ Steve Allen Show—A ball

Monday P.M.

- 7:30 ⑤ Life With Elizabeth—Betty White
 ⑦ Name's The Same—Bob & Ray emcee
 8:00 ② Burns & Allen—Coupled comedy
 ④ & ⑧ Caesar Presents—Phil Foster
 stars in show produced by Sid
 ⑦ Digest Drama—Shrunk stories
 8:30 ② Godfrey's Talent Scouts
 ⑦ Voice Of Firestone—Summer recitals
 9:00 ② & ⑧ Those Whiting Girls—Comedy
 ⑦ Pee Wee King Show—Corn-fed fun
 9:30 ② & ⑧ Ethel & Albert—Comedy
 ④ Robert Montgomery Presents
 10:00 ② & ⑧ Westinghouse Summer Theater
 ⑦ Eddie Cantor—Cool comedy
 10:30 ④ Big Town—Mark Stevens as Steve

Tuesday

- 7:30 ⑦ Talent Hour, Country Style
 8:00 ② Life With Father—Leon Ames stars
 ④ Place The Face—Bill Cullen emcees
 8:30 ② Halls Of Ivy—Colmans in re-runs
 ④ Arthur Murray Dancing Party
 9:00 ② & ⑧ Meet Millie—Elena Verdugo stars
 ④ Kleenex Theater—Absorbing
 ⑦ Make Room For Daddy—Re-runs
 9:30 ② & ⑧ Red Skelton Show—Re-runs
 ⑦ Center Stage—Hour films of fine
 dramas performed during past winter season.
 Special: Aug. 2, Musical from Detroit
 10:00 ② \$64,000 Question—\$\$\$\$ quiz
 ④ & ⑧ Truth Or Consequences
 10:30 ② Music '55—Sounds by Kenton
 ④ It's A Great Life—Re-runs

Wednesday

- 7:30 ⑦ Disneyland—Repeat shows
 8:00 ⑤ What's The Story—News-panel quiz
 ④ Request Performance—Drama
 8:30 ④ (& ⑧ at 9:30) My Little Margie
 ⑦ Mr. Citizen—Stories of heroism
 9:00 ② Kraft Theater—Fine plays as usual
 ⑦ Masquerade Party—Costume quiz

Those Whiting Girls!

(Continued from page 63)

accommodations and were freely taking notes on tape recorders, electric typewriters and celluloid cuffs. Madelyn Pugh and Bob Carroll, Jr. couldn't believe what they heard, but they preserved dialogue and continuity with the incredulous delight of a museum curator acquiring the funny bone of a dinosaur.

"People aren't like that," said Miss Pugh. "No, but the Whitings are," beamed Mr. Carroll.

"Next question—are the Whitings people?" asked his collaborator.

Mr. Carroll slid this query into the mixer and awaited a result, which proved to be a fine, smooth epigram: "The Whitings are a moment of laughter in the grim business of living."

As ideas for *Those Whiting Girls* began to congeal in the minds of the bemused writers, it seemed logical for the mother of the subjects to play herself in the TV show. Mrs. Whiting refused with a simple, uncomplicated "No." Pressed for valid reasons, she offered just one: "I have avoided show business all my life. Now, at this late date, why should I involve myself with a pair of theatrical comebacks?"

"Comeback is a horrid word," said Margaret.

"And a true one," said Mrs. Whiting, not budging an inch.

Margaret sighed. "True, indeed. I was a girl singer for fifteen years. As for Barbara, she was a midget child star for 20th Century-Fox longer than anyone except Mr. Zanuck's grandmother can recall."

This crack, like most Whiting bon mots, contains just enough fact to give the fantasy authentic flavor. The daughters of

famed songwriter Dick Whiting grew up in show business. When other girls were giggling over their high-school dance programs, Margaret was smiling upon her royalty checks from recording companies. Disc collectors cherish her platters of "My Ideal," "Bewitched, Bothered, and Bewildered," "Sentimental Journey," "Slip-Around," "Moonlight in Vermont," and the more recent "End of a Love Affair," "The Moon Was Yellow," and "Stow-away."

Meanwhile, Barbara was living through one of the era's longest adolescences in "Junior Miss," "Centennial Summer," "Home Sweet Homicide," "Carnival in Costa Rica," "City Across the River," and "I Can Get It for You Wholesale." Now in her twenties, Barbara looks fourteen, speaks with the wisdom of the ages.

When it became apparent that the actual Mother Whiting could not be persuaded to play herself in the TV show, the search was joined for a logical prototype. Seldom has a casting director been faced with so complicated a task: He must find a motherly woman, essentially sweet, but with a touch of lemon for contrast. She must not dither, neither must she turn wry. She must have an air of unquestionable authority, yet she must be flexible enough to roll with the tides set up by as breezy a pair of daughters as ever disengaged themselves from a whirlwind. She must be, in brief, Mrs. Whiting to the life.

Mabel Albertson finally won the role and, after the pilot film was shot, Margaret cornered her synthetic mother to demand suspiciously, "You didn't abandon me in Detroit twenty-odd years ago, now did you?"

Like everyone whom the Whitings enjoy, Mabel Albertson has become a member of the clan, and is expected to take her place in all family festivities. This can be a confusing assignment. In the TV show, there is a four-year difference in the ages of Margaret and Barbara, although—factually speaking—between them there are seven years and a good deal of sisterly hijinks.

Barbara's hair is now dark auburn, a color job useful under TV lights. When a friend complimented her upon her magnificent head of short, bright tresses, Margaret answered smoothly for her sister: "And just think: This color is forever—and a dye."

Barbara is the telephone kid. She is on the wire from morning till night, but most vociferously from four until seven each afternoon. In regard to this alternating dial-click and bell-ringing, Margaret has said, "To some, this is the children's hour. To others, the cocktail hour. To us, it is the dreadful hour."

Over the telephone—to whatever devoted buddy with whom Barbara happens to be carrying on one of those guarded but eloquent conversations filled with be-bop, backstage phrases, and pure slang—she counters Margaret's assault by an offensive of her own. "In our TV show, my sister has to be beautiful—if you can imagine."

Margaret says, gazing into the middle distance, "A lot of young people—that's you—have no respect for their elders. No appreciation of the things they might learn from relatives and friends. They could spare themselves a bad experience later on, but they won't."

Barbara says to her caller, as if the comment fitted the conversation without

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planing off the odd edges, "We think we have the very first musical TV show in which music is kept in its place. If a song advances the plot, Margaret sings it. Otherwise, she's my straight woman. An innovation—the first time a singer has stooged for a great dramatic actress."

"It may be the last," observes Margaret. "This is all from Chile," says Barbara. "I'll have to go now. Call me again when you're near a telephone."

Hanging up, she likes to make an announcement of devastating import. One afternoon, she explained that she had been looking over the scripts for the show, "... AND, in the fifth episode, an elephant steps on your foot, Margaret!"

"Where are we going to get an elephant?" Margaret wanted to know.

"At the carnival, of course. Just after I get the paint spilled all over me!"

Volatile and animated, Barbara is inclined to illustrate every observation with a gesture. Old-time dramatic coaches would have loved her—an attitude not entirely shared by Margaret, who is more inclined to use her voice for effect.

In order to break Barbara of some of her more far-flung gesticulations, Margaret sometimes assumes an exaggeratedly empty expression and windmills through one of Barbara's active exercises. In turn, Barbara will drop her voice to a sub-Tallulah register and imitate her sister's most effective vocal mannerisms.

To get the flavor of the home that Margaret likes to call Madness, Incorporated, one should be invited to Sunday dinner. First order is church attendance. "We are pretty religious about going to church," is the way Barbara states it.

But let us report the occasion exactly as a guest once told it in wonder and delight—and with love, as well. This chap was a business associate of the Whitings, had known them since they were worrying about whether Dior knew what he was doing with hemlines six inches from the turf.

"I was driving along Sunset Boulevard around noon," he reported, "when Margaret pulled up alongside of me in her Cadillac convertible with the top down, and called out, 'Come on up to the house for dinner.' As traffic was heavy and fans are always convinced of their essential desirability in the opinion of a star, Margaret found herself almost immediately tailed by three cars in addition to mine.

"Of this she was totally unaware. She pulled into the parking lot next to Schwab's, and darted into the drugstore

while her admirers cluttered up the traffic on Sunset considerably. Because I knew where I was going, I continued to Bel Air. Besides, I know Margaret at a drugstore magazine stand. She never leaves a display without ten to twenty periodicals under her arm. Sometimes she reads every one from cover to cover—she's a quick study. Sometimes she can't find what she wants. The next day—twenty more magazines. I'll bet she could win an Oscar for the best performance, annually, in the bound-paper chase.

"When I reached the house I found Eleanor—that's Margaret's mother, but everyone calls her Eleanor, including her children and her granddaughter—and Aunt Mag, who is Eleanor's sister. Aunt Mag is famous in her own right. She was the famous Margaret Young in the Terrific Twenties, and she introduced such songs as 'O, By Jingo' and 'Hard-hearted Hannah.' They let me in on the fact that Margaret was scheduled to leave by air that afternoon to start a series of singing engagements in the South.

"They said that, first, we'd have dinner. Margaret, still tailed by a delighted queue, arrived thirty minutes later and we all sat down. All, that is, except Barbara. She would be along in a moment, Willie May said. Willie May has been with the Whitings for years, and her word is law.

"At the table, there were the Whitings—Eleanor, Aunt Mag, Margaret and her beautiful little daughter, Debbie Busch—a chap from Margaret's agency, an attorney, a photographer, and a beau of Margaret's. Everyone talked at once. Everyone seemed to be getting the full import—all except me. I missed a couple of cues.

"After a few moments, Margaret left the table, returned with a stack of numbers, passed them around the table. She said that everyone was to take turns talking, and we'd have to wait until our number was up before we could voice an opinion. Order was maintained for all of five to seven minutes.

"Dinner over, the photographer began to set up his camera. Also, Margaret's masseuse arrived. Margaret stretched out on the floor in blouse and slacks while the masseuse went to work. The photographer found one of the auxiliary lights too bright; he shrouded it by placing his pocket handkerchief over the bulb. He got into position, ready to shoot.

"About this time a delivery man arrived, carrying a portable radio which Margaret had had repaired. At first, she must have planned to take it on her trip. In any case,

this was an emergency delivery. The masseuse studied the delivery man as he stood dejectedly at the door, waiting for Margaret to sign his delivery ticket. The masseuse started to work on the muscles at the back of the man's neck. 'You look tired,' she said. 'I can fix you up in just a few minutes.'

"All this time, you must remember, everyone is talking at once, the radio is playing, the telephone is ringing, Debbie is leading her dachshund around on a white leash. Margaret says, 'Don't lose that leash, darling. Mother had to sing two quick choruses in order to buy it.'

"At this point, someone tilts a sensitive nose and says, 'Something's burning.' How true. The photographer's handkerchief is blazing away merrily. Someone runs for a glass of water. Someone else—one of the men—pulls off his jacket and smothers the flame. When the water is brought in, Margaret drinks it.

"By this time, the delivery man has had his massage. 'I've had a headache for three days, but it's gone now,' he tells the masseuse. Everyone is happy. Everyone tells the delivery man goodbye, and the photographic sitting is about to continue when Barbara, in sweater, pedal pushers, and a doleful expression, appears in the doorway. Lifting her arms to shoulder height in a highly dramatic bit of body pantomime, she announces, 'I have been walking on the beach.' With that she goes up the stairs—

"Someone reminds Margaret that she is catching a plane, just as a song plugger arrives. He says he is starved, would Willie May fix him a sandwich, and settles at the piano where he pounds out a series of tunes. Margaret says that first one has something, could he play it again, change the key, and slow it down?

"Margaret's mother says Margaret has to catch a plane and, incidentally—since Margaret insists upon flying—she (Mrs. Whiting) has insured Margaret's life for fifty thousand dollars. She explains that such insurance is lucky, because no company wants to pay out that kind of money, so naturally the flight will be made without incident.

"Margaret rushes upstairs, changes her clothes, and comes down airport-ready—she thinks. Willie May emerges from the kitchen and announces that Margaret is not to leave the house in that dress. Margaret says she doesn't have time to change, she's going to miss the plane. 'Then you'll just have to miss the plane,' Willie May asserts positively, 'because, if you don't change that dress, I'm going to put a bullet through your head—and that's a fact.'

"Margaret shrugs, laughs, and goes back upstairs. There is a mighty crash from the courtyard, where there are now as many cars parked as Citro's lot handles on a Saturday night. Eleanor, Margaret's mother, has backed into someone's auto and has torn off the bumper. 'Send for someone to fix it,' she calls. 'I want to see Margaret's plane take off.'

"At this point it is extremely unlikely that Margaret is going anywhere. A singer whom she knows very well, and with whom she has worked for years, has arrived with his wife and their four children. Margaret is chatting as if she had just arrived for a leisurely weekend.

"And so, I fade into the sunset. I am certain that Margaret will catch her plane, that someone will show up to repair the damaged car, that Willie May will be making sandwiches periodically until midnight, that God's in his heaven and all's right with the Whitings."

He considered his story for a moment of exhausted but extreme pleasure. "Yeah—that's the truest thing you can say about them," he announced. "All's right with the Whitings."



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TUNE IN

"MY TRUE STORY"

American Broadcasting Stations

Happy, Happy Time

(Continued from page 41)

The lucky accident was a Sunday afternoon drive which a neighbor invited them to share. (The O'Neills have no car.) Patti held back. "I shudder," she says, "when I think how close I came to refusing to go." But Mrs. O'Neill convinced her it would be nice to get out in the country.

Their destination was the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Urgo in Bergenfield, New Jersey, whom the O'Neills met that day for the first time. While the women visited in the living room, Jerry—who is chief of operations for the CBS photo studio—was stretched lazily in a hammock under the trees, and no more inclined than the next man to work on his day off. But seeing Patti, then ten years old, play with his daughter, Maria, fascinated him. "Her every movement was graceful," he says. "I finally asked if she would like me to take her picture."

Jerry still holds a clear memory of her reply. She tossed back her braids, peered up through her bangs and said seriously, "Oh, no. I don't think I photograph well."

Jerry then went to talk to Mrs. O'Neill. "I asked her if she had ever thought of making Patti a model. She laughed at the idea. That suited me, because I've seen enough exploitation of children in this business so that I wanted nothing to do with a mother who was out to make money on a kid. But we talked for a while, and I suggested she bring Patti to the studio. We'd see how she looked through the lens and under the lights."

To Patti, he gave simple instructions for practice: "Stand in front of a mirror and watch the way you move. Try to be graceful. But really find out how you look."

His test shots turned out magnificently. So magnificently that those pictures, combined with the O'Neill stick-to-it spirit, not only launched the child as a model but also carried her over the kind of pitfall which has brought tragedy to many a youngster.

First on the list of model agencies which Jerry gave them, when instructing them how to make the rounds, was a well-known firm. The interviewer accepted a set of pictures, but said they would have to call back to learn whether the manager would put Patti on their roster.

Says Patti, "I didn't want to come downtown again the next day, so we went on to the next one."

That one happened to be operated by a man who last year was indicted for fraud. Although evidence at his trial proved he was far more intent on extracting money from mothers than he was in finding book-ings for their children, he was released when examination of his contracts showed that—regardless of what the mothers thought he promised—he actually had agreed only to include a photograph in his catalog.

But his office was luxurious. Small Patti was impressed: "There were knee-deep rugs and low lights. Besides, the receptionist agreed right away to accept me. I kept whispering to Mother that this was the one I wanted."

The charge was fifty dollars. "By the next day," says Mrs. O'Neill, "I regretted it. The well-known agency phoned to say they would accept Patti. Being green as grass, I said that was fine, and that we'd like to work through both. They explained that wasn't ethical and that I was bound by the other contract."

"My friends were sure I had lost my money. I remember thinking that I didn't really care whether Patti turned into a model or not—but also praying that she



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would have enough bookings so that we'd get our fifty dollars back."

Their luck was better than that of many other clients of this agency. Jerry Urgo's superlative photographs may have made the difference. Says Mrs. O'Neill, "Later we encountered plenty of illustrators who refused to book through that agent. Mostly, I guess, he did just collect commissions, but he was responsible for getting Patti her first assignments."

Number-one assignment was for one of the big mail-order catalogs. "That was a weird experience. The photographers, really a large and reputable firm, had just moved to an old mansion and its adjacent garage. The place looked like a haunted house. We were scared to go in—and lost after we did enter. But we just kept daring each other to open one more door until we stumbled into the big room, which turned out to be a beautifully equipped studio."

With the ice broken, the O'Neills took the initiative. They made the rounds of the studios themselves. The Urgo photographs opened doors, and the O'Neills' own charm kept them open.

When she was twelve, Patti transferred to Professional Children's School. Her report at the end of the first day was: "Mother, these kids are too smart for me. They are 'way ahead of me.'"

Shortly, too, Patti found that some child actors save all their loveliness for the stage. When a little girl boasted of an important assignment, Patti naturally asked where it was. "That," said the moppet, elevating her nose several inches, "is a professional secret."

Wisely, Mrs. O'Neill advised the snubbed Patti: "For a while, you'd better keep your mouth shut and your ears open." The advice worked. Soon Patti loved the school. "The kids are fun and the teachers are wonderful. I think, too, that we work harder and learn faster than in public school. We take more responsibility."

A typical school day for Patti began when her mother called her at 7:45 A.M. Sleepy-eyed, she washed her face and headed for the kitchen to ask, "What's in the refrigerator?"

"She's a weird one, this kid," says Mrs. O'Neill with a laugh. "She doesn't want cereal, she wants sandwiches."

Back upstairs, Patti put on the lipstick, peering a little near-sightedly into a mirror which has the usual schoolgirl mementoes thrust between glass and frame. There are matchbooks, dance invitations and a cherished note from Mrs. Macdonald

Carey thanking Patti for the gift she sent to the Careys' new baby.

Patti dressed carefully. "None of us could risk being sloppy," she says. "A call might come in at school. None of us wore socks and flats. I think, too, our skirts were shorter than a lot of girls wear to public school. They're more becoming."

Patti's own wardrobe is simple, but ample. She likes crinolines and full skirts—she has about a dozen. Her nineteen long-sleeved blouses and twenty short-sleeved blouses are racked in rotation, so that she never wears the same one two days in succession. She has six wool dresses, some summer cottons and four formals. She wears plain pumps with baby spike heels—but keeps her bedroom slippers on until she is ready to leave the house. Her mother's parting injunction is usually: "Put your shoes on."

Patti used her subway riding time to catch up on her required reading. So that she could avoid toting a ton of stuff to an assignment, she had two sets of books, one kept at school, the other at home. She was in class from 9:45 A.M. to 1:00 P.M. She endeavored to return home and have her homework done by 5:30 P.M. "But some days I spent too much time in the coffee shop, talking to the kids."

Patti still helps get dinner—"I like to eat and I like to cook"—and is responsible for the dishes. After watching TV, she spends a little telephone time talking to friends, then is in bed by eleven.

No time was allotted for the usual extra-curricular activities. "The school cut them out. We all had too many work assignments, and that's what we cared about." Dates are still restricted to weekends.

She usually sees at least one Broadway play a week. "That's both study and fun. I'm lucky. The boy across the street, Ronny Lee, is an actor, too, so we come home together. We buy the cheapest seats in the theater. We can hear just as well and we watch through opera glasses."

There have been a number of extra-special dates, too, such as a football game at Yale and the inter-fraternity weekend at Pennsylvania. Biggest of all, of course, was Patti's own senior prom. For it, she got "the prettiest formal yet—all white nylon tulle, soft as chiffon. The prom was at the Hotel Delmonico. We had just a perfect time."

Two major milestones, so far, are her parts in *The Secret Storm* ("I hope, I hope, I hope they keep me in the script") and her six-month stint on Broadway in "Anni-

versary Waltz" ("I grew up on that show").

The play's break-in tour was her first time away from home. "My roommate was Mary Lee Deering. Her father was my tap-dancing teacher. We were both used to having our mothers wash our socks and lingerie and get our clothes ready. It did us good to take care of ourselves."

Hotel living had lost its sheen for both girls by the time the show reached Philadelphia, so they found a little housekeeping apartment. Macdonald Carey, male star of the show, was their second dinner guest.

"We heard him say he was tired of restaurants," Patti explains. "We had already made dinner for a couple of the kids and the roast beef turned out pretty well, even if we did have to prop the oven door shut with a chair. We planned a meat loaf for our big dinner. But, when I got home, I discovered the refrigerator didn't work too well and the meat had spoiled. Honestly, I could have cried. I didn't know what to do. But we did have some liver, because Mary Lee had said it was good for us. I can't tell you how we worried about whether Mr. Carey would like it. But he assured us he just loved liver, so we all had a real good time."

Wally Cox, too, holds a special place in Patti's heart. "Mr. Cox was just wonderful. While we were waiting around during Mr. Peepers' rehearsals, he would sit and talk with the kids in the show and he'd play games with us. We all just loved him."

Haila Stoddard of *The Secret Storm* has won Patti's genuine respect. "I learn so much just watching her. She's such a fine actress." Patti is always most careful to address stars, staff and all elders by the proper "Mr." or "Miss." As she says, "I just don't think it is right for us kids to call someone like that by a first name."

Her courtesy is sincere and genuine, and it also is well-noted. While the cameras approve her face and figure, directors and producers approve her manners. Again, Jerry Urgo admits to some early coaching. "Long ago," he says, "I told her, 'Now, don't turn into a snob like some of these brats around show business.' But I didn't really need to. Patti is just as sweet and modest today as she was when she told me, at ten, that she didn't photograph well."

Dick Dunn, producer of *The Secret Storm*, comments on her maturity as well as her manners. "Her poise was the first thing which struck me. Warren Berlinger, who plays Jerry Ames, read opposite her at the audition. Afterwards, I learned that Patti and Warren were good friends, but do you think either of those kids let on? We didn't hear a giggle out of either of them. It just showed in the warm and understanding way they played their scenes."

For the future, Patti hopes "to keep on working, just like I'm doing now." Her mother defines it a little more closely. "I hope she gets some really big part. I don't necessarily mean that she becomes a star. You don't have to be a star to be a success."

And the experts? The production people who know her best are too busy to indulge in wild predictions, but it is significant that they use certain phrases in describing her: "She's a lady." "She is competent." "She knows what she is doing" "She has charm, beauty, focus."

A few years ago, some of those same people were using the same phrases to describe two other young actresses. Their names were Grace Kelly and Eva Marie Saint. This year both won Academy Awards.

No one knows yet whether there's an "Oscar" in Patti's future. But she's found her own rewards on TV. And, at eighteen, it's such a happy, happy time to be alive and glowing—and knowing that "the best is yet to be."

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(Continued from page 49)

"It's crazy," he said with a grin. "Leaving New York is the thing you just don't do. If you have that love of broadcasting which keeps you in this hectic business, it doesn't matter whether you're at a 250-watt 'coffee pot' out in Nebraska—or at a substantial high-power station in a big city—New York is your magnet. There's something inside you which makes you want to find out whether you can measure up to the big-time."

"I'm turning down a million dollars worth of billing," Paul confided. "My reason is simple. We do not like this kind of living—and, above everything else, I want my wife and children to be happy. Perhaps I was able to take this course because I actually had made my decision long ago. You remember the way we left Chicago."

Mort Watters, manager of Station WCPO in Cincinnati, was driving into Chicago when, via his car radio, he first heard Paul. He phoned to say, "I think you're the loudest newscaster I ever heard, but I like your voice. How would you like to work for me in Cincinnati?"

It was this habit of putting human values first which won Paul his audiences and, in turn, the commercial success his ambition demanded.

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paring the move from Chicago and the later move to New York. When we hit the road last fall, we had two kids and two cars. Pam rode with Marge in the Pontiac. I took Greg in the Cadillac."

The question of living in Manhattan or the suburbs had been settled in no time at all. Said Paul, "When a couple of healthy, lively kids have had a half-acre back yard where they can work off their energy, you can't shut them up in an apartment."

Because an acquaintance had recommended White Plains—"where the commuting was good"—Marge and Paul spent a weekend of whirlwind house-hunting. The one they chose was charming. There were large trees, a rolling yard, even a pond. It was the kind of place people dream about and work to buy.

"That may have been one of the troubles," said Paul. "We simply bought this one. The house which we had dreamed of and worked for was in Cincinnati. That was the first we had ever owned, and it is surprising how lonesome you can get for a house."

They particularly missed the playroom. Building it had been a typical Dixon project, where Paul started modestly and had been carried away by his own enthusiasm.

It began when he decided that the broadcasting booth—built while he had a heavy schedule of radio programs—had to go. The cleared space would provide a fine racetrack for Pam's and Greg's bikes on rainy days.

The color they chose—a rich deep red—changed the direction of the project. Said Paul, "I got the notion it would make a fine rathskeller. Five thousand dollars later, we had a wonderful playroom—for adults."

The expenditure was justified when the place turned into that kind of room where a husband and wife can find a special close companionship.

"Marge and I would build up a fire in the fireplace and sit there until it burned low. We'd watch television, have friends in, or just talk. So that we'd be certain the kids were all right upstairs, I installed a two-way communications system. When that was turned on, we could even hear them breathe."

It was this close companionship which they missed most in White Plains. "I had heard about commuting," Paul said, "but, until I tried it, I never believed people could stand such a routine. Let me tell you what a day was like."

"First of all, there was the problem of train schedules. We kept the two cars so that I could drive one and leave it at the station when I took the 8:55. The parking lot, it turned out, was filled by 8:00. So my car sat in the garage and Marge never got away from the wheel of hers."

Marge's timetable became as formidable and inflexible as the program schedule of a television station. At 8:30 A.M., she drove Paul to the depot, then continued four miles farther to deposit Pam at her school by nine. Greg's nursery school, another five miles away, opened at 9:30. Home by ten, she would have just enough time to do the dishes and make the beds before picking up Greg at noon.

Paul had turned his description of it into a chant. "Then it was feed Greg, put Greg to bed for his nap, do the dishes, wake and dress Greg, go get Pam, start dinner, get the kids into their wraps and drive to the depot to get me. We'd put the car away. She would serve dinner, help Pam with her homework, do the dishes, put the kids to bed, and then we'd both collapse. It was worse than having threshers in Iowa, because this went on every day. Marge, instead of being wife and mother,

became Badge Number 47, operator of Marge's Taxi Service."

Many a suburban housewife follows a similar routine but, to Marge and Paul, all the driving and running was a sorry contrast to their relaxed life in Cincinnati.

"I can't tell you how much we missed our friends," said Paul. "It seemed as though everyone we knew lived in New Jersey or Connecticut, two or three hours away. When we took on the additional task of getting a baby-sitter, it became a tougher production job than putting a new TV show on the air. Do you know how many times we managed to get in to see Broadway plays? Twice. Just twice. In Cincinnati, we automatically went to every play. Our friends did, too, and we'd all get together after the show. Or, in the evening, we'd drop in at a friend's home or they would come to ours, and the talk would be good and about many things. Everything was close and easy. We didn't know how much we depended on our friends until we were out of reach of them."

A more serious phase of their isolation concerned the children. Despite the fact that the White Plains living centered around them, the youngsters, too, felt the lack of familiar companionship.

Greg, in his bid for the kind of attention he had had from both playmates and parents, turned rambunctious. He came in from nursery school to report to Marge: "A boy was naughty today. He had to go stand in a corner."

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TV RADIO MIRROR

September issue on sale August 4

"What," asked Marge, "did the boy do?"

"He slugged two other boys."

"What was his name?"

Greg grew evasive. "I can't remember."

"What did he look like?"

Chuckling his chin deep into the collar of his own flaming cowboy plaid, Greg said, "He had a red shirt."

Marge poured him another glass of milk. "Greg, how long did you have to stand in the corner?"

"Ten minutes," Greg admitted, caught in his own story.

The next time the situation was potentially dangerous. "It was a Saturday morning," Paul recalled. "I was puttering around in the yard when I heard a yell from the direction of the pond. I ran, and sure enough our Greg had dunked himself. Well, I had no more than got him into dry clothes when again I heard an agonized, 'Daddy!' This time I found him ten feet up in a tree. His overall straps were tangled in a dead branch and he was dangling halfway between heaven and earth. I took him down, but by that time I was so irked my hand itched to swat him. That was the time Greg nearly got it."

Six-year-old Pam's loneliness resulted in a constant yearning for her former playmates, the Kiefer children who had lived

only a few doors away. Her every plan would begin: "Now, when I see Connie and Vicki and Pat..."

Marge did not realize how stubbornly the little girl clung to her memories until a television repairman, arriving to adjust the antenna, asked, "Pam, how do you like your new home?"

Said Pam, "This isn't my new home."

"What is it then?" asked the man.

"This," said Pam emphatically, "is just my winter home. In the spring, I'm going back to Cincinnati."

Paul and Marge smiled and tried to talk her out of it, but the day came when they agreed with her.

"It was that darned commuting, of course," Paul said. "I hated rushing for the train, dashing up and down subway steps, hunting for taxis. So, one morning, I took the car."

The sun was shining, the peak of the traffic was past and the trip into New York was wonderful. "I made up my mind I was going to drive every day," said Paul.

By late afternoon, however, the weather had changed. An icy rain slashed down and, in rush-hour traffic, Paul inched along in a bumper-to-bumper chain of cars. Oncoming cars, in an equally tight chain, glared blindly and unceasingly.

"So I took a wrong turn," said Paul. "In Cincinnati, you go around the block and start over. Making a wrong turn on the Triborough Bridge, I wound up on a three-hour tour of Long Island."

By that time, Marge had gone through all the usual worrying about accidents and the children had done the usual whimpering of "Where's Daddy?" Coaxed to eat dinner without him, they trudged off to bed, still protesting they were entitled to wait for Paul. When at last he burst through the door, announcing, "I'm beat," Marge could honestly say, "I am, too."

He wasn't very good company while eating that warmed-over dinner, Paul admits. "All the time I was thinking: So this is New York... this separation from my friends and family... these hours of fighting traffic or listening to the clatter of railroad wheels... this constant running and driving and never having time enough to enjoy my home. Finally, I said to Marge, 'Is it worth it?'"

For a couple of hours, they talked it over. Summer was coming and the trains and highways would be even more crowded. They would miss the country club where they used to swim before dinner. The children, with no school to occupy their time, would miss their friends even more.

Marge swung the balance. "Remember when Pam told the man, 'This is just my winter home?'"

Paul stood up. "Maybe she has the right idea. I'll see what I can do about it."

So again the furniture was crated and the two-car parade of happier Dixons headed down the road.

In Cincinnati, WLW and the Crosley management welcomed Paul to their three Ohio stations. Friends and neighbors were enlisted to help find a new house.

Pam, when told the news, exulted, "Oh, Mummy, when I see Vicki I'm going to hug her and hug her and hug her."

Paul, summing up his own farewell to New York said, "I meant what I said in my letter of resignation. My wife and kids come first. I want them to be happy. I admit I still have a taste for New York. I loved working here as much as I hated living here. If someone offers me a show which I can fly in to do once a week, it will suit me just fine. I'd rather commute from Cincinnati than from White Plains. I guess I proved it. I'm still a country boy at heart."

It's on the Record

(Continued from page 32)

back in his leather-upholstered swivel chair, reading for a second time one letter which was penned in a meticulous, feminine hand. It read: "Mother still likes to tell her friends how I used to dance in my crib while listening to 'Make Believe Ballroom.' I thought you'd like to know, Mr. Block, that nowadays another 18-month-old baby can be seen smiling and dancing in her crib when our radio has your program tuned in. My own baby."

A lot of loyal listening has been spelled out in that friendly fan letter. Three whole generations of it. For Martin, it's the kind of letter that brings on a searching, reflective mood. He sees himself, some twenty-three years ago, a lean-framed, dark-haired chap, pitting his agile wits against one of the meanest adversaries in modern history—the great Depression. He remembers his personal war against the specter of hunger and unemployment. He recalls the arena where some of his liveliest battles took place—San Diego. It was a time of padlocked bank doors and "No Help Wanted" signs.

"I did a lot of talking, back in the early 1930's," Martin reminisces with a wry smile. "I talked auto accessories, shoes, shirts, ties, vacuum cleaners, books, boats and razor blades—and sold them all. Sold 'em in stores—door to door—and yes, even on the sidewalks. The only commodity I had to offer, in that highly competitive labor market, was my gift of gab. Developed it early, on my school debating team."

One item Martin had not hawked was horoscopes—about which he knew nothing. If he had any awareness of them at all, it was only the suspicion that selling the zodiac was the second largest activity in lower California. But Fate cared very little for Martin's personal opinions. She arranged things so that Martin met a man who did purvey the mystic charts.

The horoscope tycoon had just purchased a little radio station south of the border, in Tijuana, Mexico. He knew nothing about running a radio station, although he had some weird idea that Martin did. He based this notion on the fact that he knew that Martin had recently auditioned for a San Diego announcing job—and had been given the "don't call us, we'll call you" brush-off.

"He offered me a proposition which I pounced on with the shy reticence of a hungry tiger," Martin relates. "In no time at all, I was program director, sales manager and chief announcer of Station XEFD, a 1000-watter. Only two voices ever went through that microphone, the astrologer's and mine. He sold his horoscopes and I announced the less cosmic commercials — everything from aspirin tablets to used cars."

That initial toe-hold led to a second radio stint, back in the U. S., at KMPC in Beverly Hills. Martin now had a deep conviction that he'd found his true medium. He was not satisfied, however, that he had found his proper niche in it. He pondered the problem, and then decided to reverse Horace Greeley's advice to young men. He came East.

"New York in 1934 didn't roll out the red carpet for me," Martin says. "I had to really sell myself. One day, I walked into Station WNEW and announced myself to the receptionist as 'Mr. Block of California.'"

A gleam of amusement lights up Martin's eyes as he adds, "That receptionist! Beautiful. Blonde. And haughty! I wasn't impressing her with that 'Mr. Block of

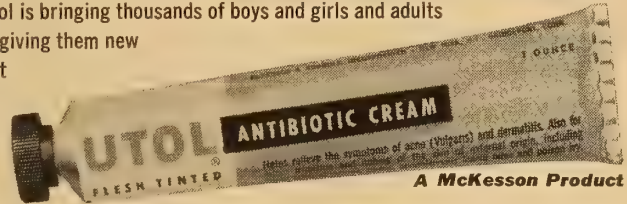
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California' routine. I did get my interview with the station manager, though—and, when I passed her desk again on the way out, I was a member of the announcing staff. Nowadays, the pretty receptionist and I have a good laugh when we think back on that first frosty meeting. You see, I'm married to her now."

Esther and Martin Block have much to be thankful for today. They have three fine children at home now: Martin, Jr., 14, Joel Christopher, 10, and Michael, age six-going-on-seven. The Blocks have a spacious home in Englewood, New Jersey. They have a host of comforts that come with Martin's twenty years of gradually spiraling success and leadership in the world of broadcast music.

A fortunate meeting with an ambitious astrologer had marked the start of Martin Block's radio career. It was another man's destiny, however, which sparked the beginning of Martin's actual success story.

In 1935, the Hauptmann trial was a *cause celebre* that spawned black headlines on every front page in the world and kept radio newscasters busy 'round the clock. Journalistically, Martin played no part in this drama. He was a mere radio announcer—low man on the totem pole of a small independent station.

It was in this situation that Martin Block ventured to do one of the most inspired (and ultimately profitable) bits of ad-libbing in the annals of radio. The studio had him "standing by"—had tossed him the little problem of keeping listeners tuned in between those sporadic news flashes. Martin dreamed up an extra listening *plus* which did the trick. He assembled a stack of recorded pop tunes—the ones he judged most listenable—and played them, one after another. In place of the hackneyed "And next we will hear" type of introduction, Martin improvised a completely new, intimate style of patter which created the vivid impression that both he and his audience were together in some dreamy, elegant ballroom, replete with crystal chandeliers, endless mirrors, and acres of satin-smooth dance floor. In addition to these fabulous word-pictures, he ad-libbed comments to the performing talent—talking to the Dorseys, to Whiteman, Goodman and Crosby as if those personalities were present in his fantasy-ballroom "live," instead of on wax.

Listener reaction to this new twist? Explosive. Calls began jamming the switchboard. Where was this exotic place of the dance? Whence came these rhythms? What magic brought together such top-ranking talent under one roof?

That was Martin Block's cue. His purpose was not to deceive anyone, but to entertain everyone. His brain-child was named the "Make Believe Ballroom," a program idea which stirred not only listener-response but also prompt reaction from the sponsors.

Twenty years have marched past the bandstand since Martin's ingenious imagination gave such a good account of itself. Today, in his comfortable office at ABC, just a few steps west of Central Park, he can sit back in the leather-upholstered swivel chair and review those two decades with a deep sense of satisfaction. The experts will verify that his "Make Believe Ballroom" has always been and still is a glittering showcase for the wares of every important bandleader and singing personality in the business.

Among the vocalists who got their initial boost toward stardom on Martin's tuneful record show are Dinah Shore and Frank Sinatra. The cavalcade of bandleaders who built bigger followings, thanks to Martin, includes Benny Goodman, Tommy Dorsey and Harry James. Martin

himself co-authored (with Mickey Stoner, music by Harold Green) his now famous opening theme song, "It's Make Believe Ballroom Time." And who recorded this lilting curtain-raiser? None other than the immortal Glenn Miller.

Those are significant names, legendary names, in Martin's book. They conjure up a contrast between the radio audience of yesteryear and today.

"There's been a marked change in listening habits since the advent of television," he observes. "Today, the listener expects vocalists to predominate, not groups that are strictly instrumental. It's a direct by-product of the TV-viewing habit. Nowadays, people sit around in comfortable living-room chairs and watch hit tunes instead of dancing to them. They've become conditioned to the *visual* and, therefore, the *vocal*, because TV spotlights the solo performers. Whenever TV does offer a jump tune or a mambo it's apt to be a big production number with eye-interest: sets, costumes, corps de ballet, the works. But, most times, the vocalist is supreme. It's the singing personality who reaches the audience's heart. Listen to 'Make Believe Ballroom' and judge for yourself. It's vocals, ten to one."

Martin Block, circa 1955, is rated as the nation's premier platter-spinner. He has toiled in his tuneful vineyard and he has garnered great rewards. His material wealth is enviable. Reasons enough for reviewing two solid decades of success with a sense of deep satisfaction. The fact is, however, those are not the sole reasons. Martin's personal make-up has a definitely non-material side . . . a side which has been somewhat eclipsed by the sheer dazzle of his commercial success.

You are made aware of this less publicized aspect of Martin Block if you happen to meet him in a mood such as was prompted by that young mother's fan letter—the "three generations of listeners" letter. It's a mood which comes easily to Martin: reflective, self-evaluating, critical. If only it were possible to wire-tap Martin's thoughts when such a mood descends on him, you might overhear—not the question, "Have I been a successful disc jockey?"—but rather, "Have I been useful to society?"

The answer to the latter question is spelled out in Martin's very respectable record of public service activity—entirely voluntary activity, by the way. Not a few among Martin's fans will recall the times when they responded to his urgent appeals for blankets, clothing, money—anything that would alleviate the hardship of disaster victims made homeless by storms or floods which struck sections of the country far outside the boundaries of his local listenership.

There was that time, back in 1943, when Martin got "hopping mad." A young GI had written to him asking why it was that servicemen had to pay for their music at certain military camps. The youngster complained that, on his post and at the port of embarkation, he and his buddies could listen to a ballad or a bit of jive only if they dropped their money in the jukebox.

"I wasted no time in relaying that grievance to my listeners," Martin relates. "Their reaction was—well, overwhelming. The switchboard was jammed. Letters and packages came pouring in—portable radios, phonographs, records, and cash. We supplied military installations on the eastern seaboard with enough equipment to fill the listening needs of a hundred divisions!"

On another World War II occasion, soldiers suffering from combat wounds, overseas and aboard hospital ships, turned to Martin for help. They were ambulatory patients, their letters explained, and

had a hankering to fill in some of their dull hours with music—self-made music. Did Martin have any ideas on how they might lay hands on a piano?

"I passed that one along to my listeners and the boys got their wish but fast," Martin says. "They got first choice from the more than three hundred pianos that were pledged within hours after I broadcast the appeal."

Helping people's morale helped strengthen the country's war effort. Martin knew that war bonds helped, too, and into his studio microphone he poured a steady stream of his most persuasive salesmanship—on behalf of Uncle Sam. The final score? "Make Believe Ballroom" fans responded for a total of more than three million dollars' worth of bonds.

These are but a few highlights of Martin Block's contributions to public service. They're characteristic of his inner need to be—not merely a money-maker or a maker of hit tunes—but, deep down, a useful member of society.

"To some people, being on the air is just another way of making money," he says. "You can't just do a program. A disc jockey has a terrific responsibility to the community, to the nation—more so, I believe, than the editor of a newspaper. Oh, sure, he's got a primary obligation to present the newest and the best in music, and to sell the sponsor's product. He can do both, with integrity and honesty, and still go beyond that in the service of his fellow citizens. Every town, every city has its quota of human problems. In most cases, there will be a wise leadership seeking and carrying out solutions to those problems. The good disc jockey, I feel, will get behind such leadership—lend support to their cause, when asked, or even take the initiative."

"Make Believe Ballroom" listeners know that Martin—on his own initiative—has been coming to grips with one much-publicized and highly confused problem in human relationships: this thing called juvenile delinquency.

"Like millions of other parents, I've got a personal ax to grind in this matter," Martin says. "My own son, Martin, Jr., is fourteen. Joel Christopher will move into that teen-age group, soon. Their pals are the children of my neighbors and friends. And there are fine, wholesome youngsters exactly like them all over the country—getting more and more on the defensive, almost getting inferiority complexes. Like the lad who recently said to me: 'Mr. Block, it's reaching the point where I can't meet three or four of my friends in front of the local drugstore without a cop coming over and telling us to break it up, get moving.'"

As he airs his views on this subject, Martin is apt to rise from his chair and do a bit of tense pacing. "Sure, it's true that some teenagers are making the headlines. But that doesn't justify the widespread attitude toward all youngsters in that age bracket. Too darn many grown-ups are getting too darn careless with that term 'juvenile delinquent.' It happens to be a fact that, out of some forty million boys and girls in this country, only 1.7 percent can be technically classified as juvenile delinquents. One-point-seven percent! How about the remaining ninety-eight-point-three percent? Isn't it high time that people began stressing *juvenile decency* instead of juvenile delinquency?"

It's all part of the pattern Martin Block started, in those exciting early days of disc-jockeying. And, so long as his "Make Believe Ballroom" continues to pour out music for young and old alike, the accent will be on decency, positive values, and faith in the future.

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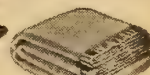
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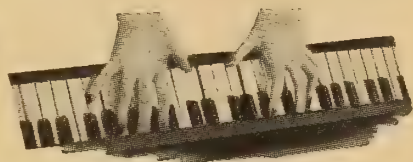
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A Very Lucky Lady

(Continued from page 54)

chores. Week nights, she usually has a script to learn for the next day's program, Ben cueing her when he has time. Whenever they can find a really free evening, they sandwich in theater or opera in New York, but this necessarily involves planning ahead, in a household where everybody is so busy and there are commuting schedules to be consulted.

In their own neighborhood, everybody takes Flo's job for granted, but once in a while someone will tell her that Ben has been bragging about his wife's talent—"although, husband-like, he never toots my horn much when I'm around!"

Flo was a stage actress, sharing an apartment with another young career girl, when she met Ben. Her roommate often mentioned an old beau, a Yale man who was "a marvelous musician," and one day she came home with Ben in tow. Flora recalls: "I thought, How nice! She's seeing him again. But she went off to Florida, saying I should go dancing with Ben in her absence. We both love to dance, so that wasn't difficult to take. Before we knew it, we were going together and enjoying each other's company more than anyone else's, although we didn't marry until about three years later. My former apartment mate, still one of my best friends, met someone she fell deeply in love with and is now a wife and mother.

"It was understood, when Ben and I got married, that I had a career I wanted to continue. But I knew then that, if it ever interfered with my home life, I would drop it quickly. It never has. Fortunately, although I have taken time out to have two children, we have had no severe illnesses or other major crises, and neither Ben nor I have ever felt my working was harmful to our family life. Like other mothers who are away from home part-time, I make a special effort to be with the children during every free hour. I am back at the house by three each afternoon, when Creel gets up from her nap, and am home weekends. What's more, I am completely contented to stay at home evenings—to be with the children and to study my script after they are in bed. I feel I am eating my cake and having it, too—trite as this may sound—by combining such a satisfying family life with an artistic career."

For Flora Campbell, the dream began when she was a little girl, growing up in Oklahoma. She was born in the little town of Nowata, which her great-uncle helped to found. When she was ten, her family moved to Bartlesville, where she finished high school, later going on to Oklahoma City.

At seventeen, she persuaded her father to let her go to Chicago for a year, to study the violin at the famous Chicago Musical College. She went home again in the summer and, even though her mother was ill and in a hospital, she insisted that Flora continue her musical education and take a regular college course, in addition. So, the next year, Flora began to divide her time between academic studies at the University of Chicago and her musical studies. Until something happened to change her course.

"I had come to two conclusions, that first year when I was in Chicago alone," she says. "One was that I missed my twin sister, Dorothy." (There is another sister, Beth, three years older, and a younger brother, Jack.) "The other conclusion was that there were many student violinists at the College who were much more talented and much more promising than I.

"My twin wasn't musical, but she had been the one to go in for high school dramatics and she was keen on going ahead with a career. Mother sympathized with our ambitions and wanted us to be together, so the folks sent us both back to Chicago, that second year. We shared an apartment with another aspiring actress, and gradually I began to think that theirs was the more interesting life. I listened when they studied their roles at home, and I suppose it was inevitable that I should decide to become an actress, too. So I enrolled in the Goodman School of the Theater."

After a couple of months, however, discontent set in. Flo found that the one leading role she got would be the last for the year, each first-year student having a chance at just one during the season. When she confided her dissatisfaction to a friend—her hurry to get ahead and be a Broadway star—the friend had just the right solution. She herself had been in a Broadway show and had loved it and filled Flo's head with stories of New York and the theater, and now she produced a clipping from a New York newspaper to the effect that Eva LeGallienne was holding auditions for a student group which would form a part of her Civic Repertory Theater. Out of fifteen hundred, Flora became one of the fifty to be chosen. "Only because no experience was required, only some promise," she says.

It was here she learned the fundamentals of acting, and such essential things as make-up and stage deportment. She had speech lessons and lessons in dancing. She played "walk-ons" and tiny parts, and she learned much about the traditions of the theater, the hard work demanded of any successful actress, the humility with which each small success must be accepted. Miss LeGallienne and her excellent repertory company inspired Flora with a deep love of the theater: "It was the greatest good luck for me. Stimulating. Wonderful. The ideal first year for any young actress."

Before the LeGallienne season started, Flo and Dorothy determined they would get some work in summer theater, so they made the rounds together. One of the places they aimed for was the Cape Playhouse, at Dennis on Cape Cod, but at first they were told that only experienced people could be used. They had to admit they had no real experience—marveling a little that their talent didn't stick out all over them and make such mundane qualifications unnecessary!

As they were leaving the casting office, the manager seemed to relent and suggested he would make an exception and let them come as "paying apprentices." A little haughtily, they said they expected to be paid, and swept out. But he came after them again. "You two seem so fresh out of Oklahoma, and yet so sure of yourselves, maybe we can use you, anyhow. You can come with the company, without paying." They grabbed at the chance.

It was a good summer. Flo worked unusually hard, and did so well that she was asked back the next summer, and the next and the next, as company ingenue. She played with some of the greatest names in the theater, Ethel Barrymore, Ruth Gordon, and Humphrey Bogart.

By this time, her twin had married and was living in New York. This helped a lot, during the winters when Flo was pounding pavements and jobs were few. When she needed a good home-cooked meal, she could have one at Dottie's.

"If you were really ambitious you got out and looked for a job, rain or shine,

and sat in dingy outer offices for hours at a time, lunching at drugstore counters on hot dogs and coffee." This is the way Flo sums up the next few winters, until finally she got a walk-on in "The Country Wife" and then her first real role in "Excursion," an artistic play which received fine notices but closed in three months. However, it did begin a period of fairly smooth sailing for Flo in Broadway plays, such as "Many Mansions" and "Angela Is 22."

About midway in her career as a stage actress, she married Ben. And, when Tommy came along she took a year off to play the role of mother and housewife, until he was old enough to be left in competent hands. She did a few plays after that—"Glamour Preferred," which was a flop, "The Land Is Bright," which certainly didn't have much of a run, and "Foxhole in the Parlor," with Montgomery Clift. Her last play was "The Curious Savage," after Creel was born, but by this time she had discovered a medium called radio and another called television—in fact, she had played in one very early adaptation of "Jane Eyre" on TV, way back in 1940, and in one of the first daytime dramas on television around the year 1948, called *The Far Away Hill*.

By now her list of radio and television credits is long and distinguished—from the "nice women" roles in *The Strange Romance Of Evelyn Winters* (radio) and the mother in *A Date With Judy* (TV) to fifteen appearances in Kraft television dramas, roles in *The Web*, *Danger*, *Big Town*, *T-Men*, *Robert Montgomery Presents*, and *Studio One*—and, before *Valiant Lady*, the starring role in a daytime drama called *The Seeking Heart*, in which she played Dr. Robin McKay.

When she was first asked to play the "Valiant Lady" herself, she had some misgivings. "She sounded so 'noble' that I was afraid she wouldn't be a very interesting person. I was quite wrong about her. Helen Emerson is a warmhearted, delightful human being, a woman I admire and like. A believable person with a fine sense of humor, who makes mistakes as all of us do, tries to correct them as all of us try, and usually comes out on top. I think the world is filled with other women—and men, too—who are like Helen, trying to do the best they can."

Sharing Helen Emerson's strong feeling about family ties, Flora Campbell finds her a sympathetic person to play. This feeling, fostered by having a family of her own, was bred in her during her Oklahoma childhood. Although her mother passed on some twenty years ago, she has never forgotten the brave woman who always had such great drive and ambition for her children. Flo says of her: "She went out to Oklahoma to teach school, and there she met my father. All her life she was interested in education. She was a Brown-ing scholar, a bird lover who lectured on the subject in our home state and taught others to love them. Even her name was beautiful and unusual—Isis Justice Campbell."

Now Flo's father has retired to Coffeyville, Kansas, to be close to some of his family—Flo's Aunt Rebecca, her Aunt Frank (for Frances), her Uncle Al and her cousins Bob and Bill Hill—all of whom live either in Coffeyville or the nearby town of La Fontaine. They see *Valiant Lady* on television and tell her it's like getting a letter from her. "It keeps us close," she says.

This, again, is "eating her cake and having it, too." With Ben and Tommy and Creel by her side, with the rest of her family looking on as she plays that other lovely woman, Helen Emerson, Flora Campbell knows she's a lucky lady indeed.

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Her Life Is a Song

(Continued from page 51)

harder, crowding in more things. Doing the Robert Q. Lewis shows, playing club dates and ballroom engagements, doing telethons, benefits, anything required of me. But it's all fun. The whole thing is just—well, just great!"

There's something else, too. Several things, in fact. Things that have made Betty very happy. Like having a settled home, for the first time in years, and fairly settled hours of work. "I could never, until recently, say to my mother, 'Let's have dinner at 6 tonight, if you don't mind, and then I have a date.' I could never be sure of my schedule. Now I can be. My work had kept me on the move, or uncertain that I could keep any date I made, or follow through on any plan.

"If I met someone I thought I might like, I never had much chance to know him better. Just when I thought that might happen, I would have to leave. How can you be sure it's more than the usual friendship when you meet a person only a few times before you have to go off somewhere? You have to see that person with his friends, and with your friends sometimes—with his family and with yours—and you have to get to know his moods and the way he feels about the things that are important to you. Now all this is changed. I'm finding happiness I didn't know existed for me."

If this sounds as though Rosemary Clooney's young sister ever felt underprivileged, it isn't so. Not at all. Betty still thinks she has had the most wonderful, the most exciting and adventurous life a girl could have.

"We just always loved to sing," Betty says. "My grandfather was Mayor of Maysville, Kentucky, for several terms, and Rosie and I always sang when he made his campaign speeches. Her special number was 'When Your Hair Has Turned to Silver.' She certainly could make it sound sad and beautiful, even then. I sang 'Home on the Range'—you can tell that Grandfather was a Democrat, because that was President Roosevelt's favorite song. After the meetings, we handed out pamphlets about Grandfather's candidacy. I might add that we were real little 'hams' then, and we loved every minute of it."

The Clooneys moved to Cincinnati, Ohio, and the girls went on singing, for clubs such as Rotary, at school entertainments, at church affairs. Rosie was beginning to think big thoughts and to carry Betty along with her enthusiasm. One day, after school, Rosie put a choice up to her younger sister. "We have thirty cents between us, Betts," she said. "Which would you rather do—go downtown to radio Station WLW and ask for an audition, or get a soda?"

Betty was immediately entranced with the idea of an audition, but Rosemary was beginning to waver. She really wanted that soda. So they flipped a coin. Betty won, and downtown they went, lugging their schoolbooks.

"When our names were called, we suddenly realized how scared we were. Even Rosie, on whom I counted for support. We sang one duet. They asked us to do another. Then the program director came out of the control room and said, if we would take some lessons in mike technique, he could use us later.

"We told Mother and she was willing to have us try. After two lessons, we got impatient and stopped. When we went back to tell the program director we were ready, he said we weren't—but he would take us, anyhow, and let us learn there."

Betty and Rosemary sang together after that for five years, two of them at the station. When Tony Pastor came to Cincinnati with his band, he heard the girls on radio and sent word that he could use one of them, but not both. They held out for two, or none. He hired them for the summer, and they stayed three years.

There came a time, however, when Betty began to grow tired of the life that had seemed so thrilling to a fifteen-year-old. Now she was eighteen, and Rosie was twenty-one. Their uncle, who now traveled with them most of the time, as their chaperon and manager, didn't like the idea of a girl of Betty's age having dates with men she met casually. It wasn't the same as letting her go out with the home-town boys whom everybody knew. Betty understood his point of view, even while she resented it just a little, and she began to long for the life of a normal young girl, the circle of friends of both sexes, the parties, the dates, the fun.

"By this time, Rosie and I had learned so much about show business from Tony Pastor, to whom we will always be grateful. He had taught us that it never pays to get too impressed with yourself, in this or in any business, and that there just isn't any substitute for hard work. But I was getting a little tired of it all, and I wanted to go home.

"First I told Rosie, and then the others. She understood, and they did, too. She stayed out our two-weeks' notice, and I got on a train bound for Cincinnati."

Soon Rosemary had a call from New York, about a record contract. She signed with Columbia Records and began the career which zoomed so spectacularly with the release of her recording of "Come On—A My House." Betty stayed on in Cincinnati, happy to be home, relaxing for a while, until she got a call from a local TV station. She hadn't done any television up to then, but now she was beginning to sing alone and she thought she might just as well try a new medium and jump both hurdles at once. At first she was on five times a week, and finally it grew to sixteen. There were club engagements, and the usual benefits and personal appearances, and before long she was building a career of her own which promised to lead to big things.

Suddenly, Rosie—who was singing on television in New York—became ill. Betty was asked to substitute for her. She made several appearances—on *Songs For Sale*, on the Robert Q. Lewis shows, and some others. "It was the first time I had worked in Rosie's place, and at first people referred to me as 'Rosemary Clooney's sister.' Rosie was afraid I might be hurt by this, 'Betts,' she would try to explain to me, 'it's only because these people are my friends and they don't know you yet.' By the time they stopped calling me Rosie's sister and remembered I was Betty Clooney, no one was prouder of me than she was."

The affection of these two is well-known in show business, and it seemed completely fitting that they should record the song called "Sisters," for Columbia Records, Rosemary's label. Betty was on the West Coast, doing the Bing Crosby show—with Gary Crosby, who was subbing for his dad—when the call came.

"We hadn't done a record together for five years," Betty recalls. "The only time we ever argue is when we work together, so naturally we started! Rosie had some ideas about harmony. I had some ideas about phrasing. We started to argue over them the minute we stepped into the

studio, and we never stopped until we walked out of it! We got to the point where we were being very formal with each other—I called her Rosemary instead of Rosie and she began to say Betty Ann instead of Betts, just like she used to when we were kids and she was annoyed.

"When we got into the car to ride home together, we looked at each other and began to laugh. 'Betts,' she said. 'Rosie,' I answered. And we giggled all the way home. It was like old times. Now we have decided that it's a stimulating way to work, each goading the other to do her best. Rosie is really the most wonderful sister a girl could have, with not a trace of jealousy or meanness in her. I think she is a fine actress as well as singer, and I love seeing her in movies. As far as I'm concerned, she has just everything."

Betty herself has a brand-new recording contract, with RCA Victor X label—a new one—for which she has already done "Si Si Señor," "Ko Ko Mo," and "Only Forever" (that last one a sentimental song quite in keeping with her present mood!). The youngest Clooney sister—ten-year-old Gail Ann—is following her big sisters' example and starting with children's recordings for Columbia. (Their brother, now in the Army, has a fine voice but doesn't expect to use it professionally, at least not as of now.) Gail Ann lived in Hollywood with Rosemary and her husband, Jose Ferrer, to keep Rosemary company before the arrival of her baby.

Recently, Betty flew out to Hollywood for a quick trip to see Rosie and the gang and hear the newest voice in the family—baby Miguel's. "I'm so happy for Rosie," she said. "I'm happy for every girl who marries the man she loves and has a family. That's every girl's dream, isn't it?"

"Yes," she admitted, "there's someone I am very fond of." (The glow at this point became fairly dazzling!) "We're not ready to talk about it yet, but it has happened, at last, to me. I have had a chance to see him with his friends, and with mine. To have him as a guest in my home many times. To learn what things he thinks are important, and to tell him what things are important to me. Just as I always dreamed of doing when I was on the road."

In the meantime, Betty loves the little apartment in New York, near the CBS studio, where she and her mother keep house. ("My mother is really indispensable. She takes my telephone calls, keeps the house and my whole life running smoothly.") Betty loves the dinners at home, instead of dining in restaurants and hotels all the time. She loves sitting around, watching TV, listening to radio.

She has a small but flourishing horse-breeding business now, down in the old hometown of Maysville. Her manager-uncle helped her decide on it. "You love horses," he said, "so it would be something you could put your heart into." Betty has, and there have been profits so far in both money (a modest sum) and enjoyment. Right now, under her uncle's management, they have three two-year-olds, four brood mares, one stallion, and three yearlings. "This year we will have three horses running—because it seems, this time, that our three little ones can be better used as racers—but mostly we're a breeding farm," Betty explains.

Enthusiastic as she is about her "breeding farm," Betty is still more excited about her current singing assignments. She loves meeting people and hearing what they like about the Robert Q. Lewis shows, why they're happier for watching and listening to Bob and his talented troupe. "It's wonderful to have a small part in all this," she breathes. "In fact, everything in my life is wonderful right now!"



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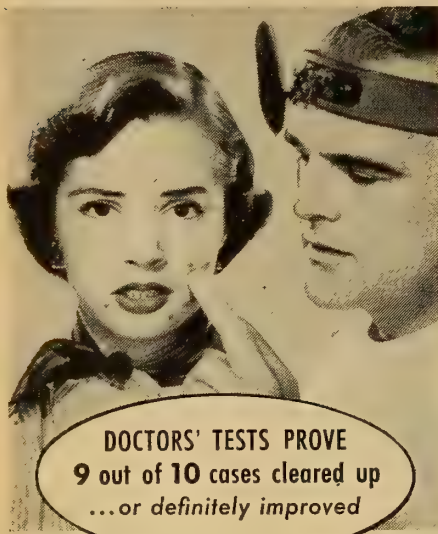
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Meet Linda Porter

(Continued from page 35)

Patricia, who is not quite a year and a half old) will greet Gloria as the same uncomplicated child she left that morning—Tish being still too young to be touched by television.

The way things are now in the Louis household, in a big apartment not far from the NBC-TV studios where Gloria works, either or both of the boys may end up as producers or directors or even as co-actors of hers at some later date—although Ashley at the moment is more interested in sports and in being a Cub Scout (Gloria is a Den Mother). Ashley is also a studious little boy who likes to read and to play the piano, but it's he who takes over when Gloria practices her narration and some of the commercials on a tape recorder at home. And he handles it like a pro.

"Ashley really has to run the recorder," she says, "for the simple reason that I don't know how. Boy-like, before I could even begin to figure it out, he had it all mastered. So he is the 'producer'—until I'm finished, and J. C. takes over to do some impromptu commercials of his own. J. C. never offers his mythical audience anything less than 'the giant family size'—especially when he decides the product should be candy bars or cookie mixes."

To J. C., everything that happens on television is very real. Now that he has decided to be *Superman*, he hasn't been able to understand why he, too, cannot fly. "How would you like to untrain a child who believes he can take off from any convenient chair or table?" Gloria asks. "That's what Jack and I have had to do. We let him jump off the kitchen table and get a few bruises so he would understand that *Superman* has a few tricks up his cape that small boys have yet to learn. Now he seems satisfied merely to strut in a *Superman* outfit, and he doesn't even mind when the older children rib him about the cape. He lives his role!"

Gloria understands this thespian urge in her offspring. She always had it herself. At seventeen, already a tall attractive blonde with lovely gray eyes, she entered a singing contest at The Nine O'Clock Club in New York, a sort of junior Stork Club owned by Sherman Billingsley. "The children of the people who went to the Stork Club used to like to dance at the Nine O'Clock and, after I won a three-weeks' singing engagement there, absolutely nothing could have held me back."

Through a professional performer at the club, she was introduced to an agent and got a few minor engagements. Most of all, of course, she wanted to sing on the Broadway stage. Lew Brown made an appointment to audition her for his play, "Yokel Boy," took one look at her childish face and said, "Go home, little girl, and come back to see me when you grow up." Cut to the quick by this lack of confidence in her woman-of-the-worldliness (she had been sure, up to this point, that she looked at least eighteen!), she kept the rebuff to herself and said not a word to her parents. She turned up again next day, however, in Mr. Brown's office, as if to assure him that if she could take the slings and arrows of show business she was certainly old enough to be in it.

"I was too scared to say much, but I didn't have to. I guess he knew he had met his match. He hired me for the chorus, in which I did practically nothing, and so did it well enough."

Originally her name was Gloria Hope Trope, but the last name got to be a nuisance, because everyone seemed to stumble over it and didn't believe it was

her real name anyway. So she dropped the Trope, and was known as Gloria Hope. When she auditioned for Dick Rodgers, he gave her a chorus job in the Rodgers and Hart musical, "Higher and Higher." This time she had more to do, and did it better. After that, things were easier. She sang with Ray Heatherton and his band in the Rainbow Room on top of the RCA Building, in Radio City. She played the feminine lead, the wistful Kathy, in "The Student Prince," on Broadway for three months and on tour for a year.

"My mother glued herself to my side all this time, picking me up at the theater at night, traveling with me when I went on tour," she recalls. "Show business was new in my family—my sister never had theatrical ambitions, is married and has three children. My brother was a flier who was killed in an Air Force flight in the Pacific, after the war was over. So far as I know, there was no family precedent for my career. But I was determined to be a star, and I finally landed in Hollywood for a few months, where I made several pictures—'Anchors Aweigh,' 'Women's Army,' and a lead part opposite Preston Foster in 'Twice Blessed.' Then something happened that brought me back to New York."

The "something" that happened was falling in love—with a tall, dark and rugged-looking young fellow by the name of Jack Louis, whom she had met three years before on a blind date. She had thought at first that he was too serious, even a trifle stuffy for such a young man. In fact, she wasn't at all sure that she liked him, except that he was such a wonderful dancer and she did like to dance. So they began to date, but it was a geographically inconvenient sort of friendship almost from the first. She would have to go off, on tours or singing engagements. He went into the Army. Whenever they were in the same city they went dancing, but it wasn't too often. Often enough, however, for Gloria to discover that Jack had unsuspected qualities she liked very much—humor, kindness and sweetness.

"I think I was glad to go to California partly because I wanted to find out if I was really in love with Jack—and if absence would make me sure of it. You might say that I chased him until he caught up with me! When he finally did, we both knew we were in love and he put the decision up to me squarely—to give up a movie career and come back to New York and marry him, or to forget him. Of course I came back—although sometimes I like to think I gave up a 'big Hollywood career' all for love! It's a nice thought, anyhow. We had a real family wedding in New York, the kind every girl looks forward to. Jack's folks came from their home in Little Rock, Arkansas, and all my family were present."

There had been no objection to Gloria's going on in the theater, but after Ashley was born she wanted to spend as much time as she could at home. "To remain in the theater meant being away from my baby every night and, besides, I didn't want Jack to be one of those husbands who has to hang around backstage waiting for his wife. He is a businessman, a stockbroker, and when he comes home at night he is entitled to find his family waiting. So I began to think about getting into television, which was then getting more and more important. I tried out for my first TV job, a cooking program. By the time J. C. was born, I was determined to stay in TV and to forget the stage, all my old dreams of stardom deserted. Now

I had a home and family, as well as a career to consider. After a year of trying, I got a job on the Hazel Scott show, doing the commercials."

Little by little, her telephone began to ring, with job offers. Dramatic shows were coming into their own on television, and Gloria began to get roles in one after the other, stacking up some seventy-five different parts to date. More and more she was called upon to make commercial announcements, having the happy faculty of talking to her listeners as one housewife to another, with complete sincerity, because she believed in the products she described. Last January, when she was asked to do the commercials and be the hostess-narrator on *Way Of The World*—a dramatic daytime TV program which tells a complete story every week or two and introduces a new group of actors playing a new cast of characters for each story—it seemed like an exciting combination of two things she enjoys.

This summer Ashley and J. C. will go

off to camp, and Gloria will take the baby to a little nearby park during the lazy summer afternoons. Weekends, they will go off with Daddy to a beach club, for swimming and relaxing. Weekdays, she will be up and out right after an early breakfast, leaving Tish with her excellent nurse—and, evenings, she will go on studying her scripts, missing the noise and excitement the boys create. Then soon it will be fall and the big, comfortable apartment will be lively again.

Sometimes, Gloria will bring home a particularly nice fan letter and let Jack and the boys read it—and J. C., in particular, will be impressed because she gets fan mail, just like *Superman*. "Why, you're famous!" he will probably say to her, just as he did the first time he discovered that his mother was a television star—although certainly not in a class with a fellow by the name of Clark Kent!

Someday he'll learn, as so many others have, that Gloria Louis is in a class all by herself.

Always in Harmony

(Continued from page 31)

was nine—and took to the trees."

While Chris could be found on Route 25, Dot was usually perched on the top branch of the tallest tree. She could skin-the-cat on a medium-sized cloud. She led the neighborhood children up and down the trees.

Actually, both Dot and Chris have a reputation for clammings up. But, if you said Chris were pianissimo, then you might call Dot *double* pianissimo. The sister who likes to talk is Phyl. She sizzles like bacon in a hot skillet. She's the one who always answers the phone. Meets with song-pluggers. Makes or breaks dates. Keeps in contact with agents and publicists and publishers. She is vivacious, lovely and cheerful, but also conscientious and a worrier. Phyl always insists on listening to tapes of their broadcasts and gets worked-up about the smallest error.

"Phyl's early years were noted for her romances," says Dot. "She had as many as three fiancées at a time. She started right after she got out of the playpen." At the age of six, Phyl proposed to a playmate and was accepted. Instantly, they headed for Kentucky, where they could be married with twenty-four-hour residence. They were thirteen blocks closer to the state line when friends of Phyl's parents came by and asked her where she was going. She spilled the beans, and the adults took her home.

With three such extraordinary gals, one would expect extraordinary parents, and so it was and is. Asa McGuire, a steel worker, is a mixture of Cherokee and, of course, Irish. He is a six-footer, very handsome, with coal-black hair and eyes. Lily McGuire, of German extraction, stands just an inch shorter than her daughters, and she is an ordained minister. She founded the First Church of God in Miamisburg, Ohio, and served as pastor until her retirement last year.

The girls called themselves "PKs"—preacher's kids—and, as such, found they were expected to be constantly on good behavior, take on more responsibilities in church work, and lead a more restricted social life. On weekdays, they had to be in at ten-thirty and, on weekends, it was eleven. There was no card playing, and when the girls got a Monopoly game—they thought they were really living it up.

"Although our folks were very strict," says Dot, "they were understanding and had a good sense of humor. We always had a lot of fun with them. And Mother was like a sister to us. When we broke a rule

or did something wrong, she would just sit down and talk about it. There were no penalties or punishments."

Chris studied piano for nine years. Phyl studied voice. Dot learned to play piano—and even tenor sax, so she could march in the school band. For many years, the girls sang for their own pleasure and then began to sing at church or, by request, at funerals and weddings. Actually, they never sang a pop tune in public until 1950—but, in the four years preceding, they got their most intense training. About 1946, other preachers heard them sing and the trio was in constant demand all over the country—at evangelical meetings.

The first hint of what was in the future for them occurred on a Sunday morning in Dayton, after they had sung in church. The services had been broadcast and Karl Taylor, a top Midwestern booking agent, heard the trio and rushed down to the church: "Do you sing popular music?"

"Never touch it," the girls said.

"Well, if you ever change your minds, please come to see me."

It wouldn't have been proper to sing pop tunes one night and hymns the next. Aside from this, the girls had several distinct reservations about show business, fearing it was a sinful way of life. That's probably why the trio started in show business under the most sterile conditions possible—through a hospital door.

It happened this way. In 1950, a friend sent a home recording of the trio to the late Richard Maxwell, who at the time was scouting the country for talent to entertain at veterans' hospitals. Mr. Maxwell gave one listen, phoned the girls and made a date to meet them in Dayton. There he persuaded them it would be proper to sing ballads for veterans.

"We were to sing a couple of pop songs and then go into our repertoire of hymns," Phyllis reminisces. "Trouble was that the boys asked for more and more pop tunes, and you don't refuse the requests of bedridden men."

They got to meet other people in show business and came to the conclusion that it wasn't so sinful, after all. After nine months of touring, they returned to Ohio, looked up Karl Taylor and said, "Book us." That was in 1951 and, within a year, they were to be celebrities.

At first they sang club dates and then with Karl Taylor's orchestra. One day they went up to the WLW-TV studios to audition for the program manager, Neal Van Els. The girls got a program of their own, and Phyllis got herself a husband—

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Neal Van Els. "We knew Neal was the real thing," Dot says. "She gave up all her other fiancées before she even proposed."

Their TV show was aired for thirty-nine weeks, and the girls put in twenty-two weeks in the supper club at the Van Cleave Hotel. And then it started: Fans and guests at the hotel asked why they didn't go to New York and audition for some of the major television shows, particularly *Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts*.

"We had never thought that way," Chris says. "We were earning our living doing something we enjoyed. That was all that it meant."

One night, during an intermission, the girls took a walk around the block. Suddenly, Dot said, "Let's go to New York."

"I'm for it," Chris said.

Phyllis had to be convinced, and they convinced her. But first they made an agreement: If they failed, they would disband as a trio. That would be the end. They didn't flop. They hardly had a chance to flounder. Almost immediately, they got a job with Kate Smith for eight weeks. They were a smashing success on the *Talent Scouts* show in December of 1951. After a week, before they left for Ohio, Arthur said he'd be phoning them.

In January, the call came and, before the end of the month, the McGuire trio was adopted into the family of Little Godfreys. But the girls were real hayseeds when they first got to New York. So much so, it almost lost Chris her future husband.

"We were at the Astor Hotel one afternoon, trying to get tickets to a musical, and the broker was sold out. A man standing by politely introduced himself, handed us his card and said if we came up to his office he could get us tickets."

The man was John Teeter. He is Executive Director of the Damon Runyon Cancer Fund and his office was in the hotel. At the time he had tickets for a benefit performance of "South Pacific," but the girls figured him for a sharpie. (It should be noted that he neither looks nor acts like a sharpie. He is slim and dresses conservatively and is intelligent and quite business-like.) Finally, the girls figured that, if they went up to his office three-strong, they could just about hold their own in a pinch. But he didn't pinch and, in fact, was so gracious that he invited all three to be his guests at the theater.

"He took us all out once or twice a week," Phyl recalls. "He would ask where we wanted to go, and we would mention a place we'd read about. We had no idea then how expensive it all was. He was so nice, but I think we about bankrupted him!"

The triple-dating went on for months until one evening when John Teeter called. Phyl answered the phone, as usual, but he asked for Chris. While Chris got on the phone, Phyl turned to Dot and said, "I wonder where he is taking us tonight?" And Dot said, "What shall we wear?"

Then Chris got off the phone, and Phyl asked, "Well, where are we going?"

"He invited only me."

"But we always go," Phyl said. But they didn't. Not again.

About a year later, John and Chris married. In December of 1952. October of that same year, Neal came down from Ohio and married Phyl. Dot's wedding was in July of 1951. She had married a school sweetheart, Johnny Brown, who was and is in the Army.

Dot and Johnny and Phyl and Neal and Tinker, a toy poodle, share the same duplex apartment in the East Fifties. Upstairs, they have three bedrooms and three baths. Downstairs, instead of dining and living rooms, they have two "living rooms" with a television receiver in each, so that there is never any conflict about program choice.

"We brought our furniture in from another apartment," Dot says, "and we don't take it seriously." Most of it is simple modern, with an old grand piano thrown in. The living room has a high ceiling and fair enough acoustics, so the girls can practice here, most evenings.

Chris and John Teeter live about ten blocks north of her sisters. She has two sons by a previous marriage. Harold, twelve, is in a private school in Massachusetts. Asa, eight and bright as a new penny, lives with Chris and John.

Chris—a fashion expert who buys all of the trio's clothes, including undies—has furnished her apartment predominantly in black and gray, the same colors she favors in dress. The furnishings are modern. A raised bamboo blind displays a dramatic view of Manhattan's skyscrapers.

You might say Chris is the "detonator" for each day's work. At seven A. M., she phones Dot to discuss what they will wear. Dot passes orders for the day on to Phyllis.

They meet for rehearsal at eight-thirty, dressed alike, with bright-red lipstick and red fingernail polish. They are extremely careful about jewelry. What might be in good taste for one can look too flashy when they all stand together.

After the morning show, they begin rehearsal for the next morning. Monday and Tuesday and Wednesday, they work a full day until the big-hour variety show goes off. And every night, except weekends, they meet to practice for an additional hour and a half.

They get along well. They are so comfortable together that they usually double-date—or triple-date—and vacation together on weekends. They don't have frequent free weekends, for they are in great demand to make personal appearances. And, at most of the clubs they have played, they have broken all records. A recent royalty check for phonograph-record sales was \$50,000.

They don't live lavishly. Each gets forty dollars a week for cabs, hairdresser, lunches, tips, and incidental expenses. Ten percent of their total income goes to the church back in Ohio. They finished off the mortgage on the family home, then presented their parents with a spanking-new Buick. The girls spend little money on themselves, because there's little sense buying what you won't have time to use.

But the price of success is much more serious than giving up luxuries. What hurts is that there is too little time for husbands, and no time to make a home. "It's not the kind of life you want to live forever," Dot says. "A home should be more than a place where you sleep and keep your clothes."

It's odd to hear of girls so young and so successful already thinking of retirement, but they value home life. They've never cut their own roots. Holidays are always spent with parents. If they can't get back to Ohio, their parents fly into New York. Anyway, it's not surprising to learn that the secret desire of each is to have a home of her own.

"A nice house," says Chris. "I think we've earned it."

"I don't know when we'll quit," Dot says. "We'll just have the feeling, and that will be the end."

"If anyone decides she's had enough, that's the end," Chris says. "There will be no argument about it. We'll just quit."

The McGuire girls aren't quitting today or tomorrow. They enjoy singing and, like anyone else, they enjoy success. But they don't need it. There is a core of pride and dignity in each that transcends any job or duty they've had or will ever have. These gals are something special, who should inspire, as well as sing, songs.

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no one bothered about music lessons for Eydie. When it turned out that she *did* have a fund of musical talent inside her, there was only one way to get it out. Eydie sang.

She sang with the band and in musicals at the William Howard Taft High School. She was the peppiest cheerleader of them all. And, of most importance, she knew a boy named Ken Greengrass whose ambition was to lead a band, and who also thought Eydie was the greatest in the voice department.

She took a job with a theatrical-supply export company after graduation, and went to night classes in economics at City College. But Ken Greengrass kept in touch with her, gave her weekend singing dates with his band, and finally persuaded her that her future was in singing, and that his was in managing her.

Thus, together, they embarked on a kaleidoscope of activity. She made demonstration records, and Tommy Tucker heard and hired her. She made a road tour and then sang with Tex Beneke's band, which was playing on the Steel Pier in Atlantic City. She was a hit, and toured the country with Tex for a year.

By this time, Eydie had her feet on the ground. She was no longer a fresh kid with a young, good—but sometimes unsure—voice. She knew something about the world outside The Bronx, she was learning about clothes and poise, and she was developing a style all her own. Ken booked her as a "single" in such plush night spots as Ciro's in Miami, the Copa City in Pittsburgh, and found her a lot of theater dates, radio and television guest spots.

Coral Records picked her up from there

—and Steve Allen found her at Coral Records.

It is hard to believe that such a beautiful girl as Eydie is not seriously in love. But it's also true that, up until now, she has concentrated on her career, and most of her dates have been casual, with no time to develop into anything permanent. She'd had the usual dates in high school, sometimes drove to the beach with a boyfriend and some other couples for a day of swimming. But she had never really discovered the true delight of sand and surf until, after a brief illness, she was sent to Miami for a two weeks' rest, stayed three months—and fell in love twice, though the romances didn't survive her return to New York.

Now, with *Tonight's* exciting junkets first to Florida and then to California, she's getting all the fun of vacation, while still working too hard to fall in love. At home in New York, she lives with her parents in the same fourth-floor walk-up apartment in The Bronx where she lived before success touched her with its magic wand. After her performances on *Tonight*—or after a full-dress date on weekends, or a Sunday drive in the country—she climbs the four flights of stairs with a sense of warm security and of coming home, where the people and the furniture and her own bedroom will be as they always were in a less abundant but also less hurried, less exacting time in her life.

And if, as she reaches her room, she finds herself dreaming of that home of her own, with a husband and children—well, Eydie Gorme is young and warm and alive, and she knows the future still stretches enticingly before her.

Most Sincerely Yours

(Continued from page 68)

all over the U. S. have had the paying customers crying for more. "It has been said," Ted Mack noted, with paternal pride, "that not since Frank Sinatra has a young baritone leaped to such national prominence in such a short time. . ."

Ted talked about blonde, blue-eyed Elise Rhodes, who left the *Matinee* temporarily to rehearse for her ingenue role in "Phoenix '55," a New York stage revue . . . and he spoke of the Honey Dreamers, that sprightly singing quintet—two girls, three boys—I'd just heard contributing to the melody of the *Matinee* . . . they'd started singing together, said Mr. Mack, when they were undergraduates at St. Olaf College in Minnesota, soon had a radio engagement in Minneapolis, then did 187 weeks of radio in Chicago. Since then, the Honey Dreamers have guested on the Eddie Fisher, Kay Kyser and Steve Allen shows, on *We The People*, *Garraway At Large*, *The Stork Club* and other programs . . . and they record a large percentage of the singing commercials you hear. . .

Ted Mack talked about other talent he has show-cased, for varying lengths of time, on the *Matinee* . . . about songstress Beth Parks, "our little sweetheart from Glasgow, Scotland" . . . about the twelve-year-old girl ventriloquist he pet-named "Angel" . . . about young Eddie Manson, virtuoso of the harmonica . . . and about the budding talent—singers, tap dancers, violinists, magicians—the *Amateur Hour* sends over to him every day, "so we can audition them right here on TV!"

Another trait which makes your Mr. Mack "different"—a friend as well as an impresario—is that he is interested in the talent he show-cases, not only as performers, but as *people*. As with Dick Lee, he knows about them, where they come from, the things they care about.

When his youngsters leave the *Matinee* to go into a play, a movie, other programs or the concert stage, he is sorry—in the way a father is sorry—to see the young 'uns leave him, but happy for them, and hopeful . . . and always the door is open for them to come back to the *Matinee*.

He talked about the talent he will audition and show-case in the future, for he is constantly seeking out new talent and working out new methods by which to bring out the talent in the young people he auditions, before he presents them.

He talked, in short, about everyone but himself.

When a man has spent most of his life turning the spotlight on others, he isn't likely to be an egotist. Or an exhibitionist. Such a man must be, come to think of it, uncommonly modest in his own esteem . . . just as, it appears, your friend Ted Mack has always been. "A different kind of showman," is the way he's described by those who-knew-him-when, "a reluctant, retiring person who nonetheless attracted a following that was eventually to be numbered in the millions." He is still "a different kind of showman" . . . as his dressing room—which could be papered, floor to ceiling, with the honors, citations and testimonials accorded him—bears bare witness!

When asked for his autograph, showman Mack looks gun-shy. When crowds gather, he withdraws. An extremely well-built, above-average good-looking man, he doesn't take much of an interest in clothes. He'll never, he prophesies, make a Ten-Best-Dressed List! He is seldom to be seen at the Stork Club, 21, the Copa, or any of the big-league bistros where other stars of show biz foregather to eat, drink, and be seen . . . only when he entertains out-of-town visitors; only, in short, when he has to. Mostly he rushes for a train,

when work is done, in order to get home.

Ted honestly does not like to talk about himself. Or about his home life. Nor does Marguerite, the one, first and only Mrs. Mack—with whom Ted recently celebrated his 29th wedding anniversary—take kindly to publicity about her home and marriage. After spending more than twenty years on tour with "Ted Mack and Band," living in hotel rooms, gypsying, the privacy of home is pretty precious to Marguerite. And to Ted.

"All the more so," Ted explained, "because it is the first home of our own, the first real home, we have ever had. We bought it in 1950. It's a medium-sized combination of white brick and frame, with about an acre of land, up the Hudson, about twenty miles out of New York. Even if I wanted to talk about life at home, there isn't a great deal to tell. We're pretty Mr. and Mrs. Average American, I'd say.

"We work some around the place. For instance, I built the terrace that overlooks the river and added a room myself, which is used as my study. My wife planted trees, did the landscaping, does the gardening. Other than as carpenter and bricklayer, I'm not a very handy man around the house. Can't cook. Don't cook. Figure that the time I'd take learning a recipe, or planting a plant, I could be riding a horse! We both like to ride horseback. I have a wonderful Arabian horse, my good friend Khidaan. Marguerite has a good little cow pony, Rancher.

"There are some 90 miles of canter paths in our area, on and around the Rockefeller estate, which make for good riding. We have a dog, a female English setter. We do a moderate amount of very relaxed entertaining. We haven't any particular extravagance, although I must admit it's impossible for me to pass a hardware or stationery store. And now and again, I get whims—think it's a great idea to get my hands on all the paintings I can afford, then on all the cameras. Or I'll wake up and find I've bought all the golf putters I'm liable to need in a lifetime!

"And," Ted grinned, "although I like to think that I am not overly possessive, and certainly not a hoarder, I find myself going through my desk and finding it literally impossible to believe I won't someday need this old ball of twine, that frayed old address book, this or that rheumatic fountain pen! As a healthy antidote to this Collyer-Brothers trait in me, my wife throws out everything—everything."

Along with his disinterest in talking about himself, your Mr. Mack can think of practically nothing to wish for himself. He did say he'd once wished he could—and thought he probably would—build a little place on one of the Thousand Islands to which he'd flown, occasionally, for the fishing. He learned to fly, in fact, because he visualized himself taking off for the Islands whenever he was free to do so.

"But the farther away I got from it," he smiled, "the less wishful thinking I did about it. And when a test pilot I got to know said, one day, 'Flying is not for business people, flying is for pilots,' that did it!"

In Virginia, some fifty miles south of Washington, D. C., there is a small herd of Hereford cattle (fifty in all) which belong to Mr. Mack, who loves cows and horses and once thought—wishfully—that, when he retired, he might have cows, horses and a farm. Of course he never will. He said as much: "Maybe I can have my cows, horses, and a farm, before I retire—if I ever do, which seems unlikely. I love what I'm doing."

He does, indeed, love what he's doing . . . for his entire wish, his one and only wish is: "That our show, the *Matinee*, stays on the air long enough for me to

present all these young people I've had tucked in the back of my mind for so long. Literally for years, I've been thinking about and talking about all the bright young performers in America who have everything it takes—except a spotlight! On *The Original Amateur Hour*, we auditioned—over a period of twenty-one years—more than 800,000 boys and girls, of which number more than 16,000 have gone on to successful jobs. Now I want to do something for the 'undiscovered' professionals. And now I am enabled to do something for them, for the basis on which we put our *Matinee* show is that of giving these youngsters the largest audience—coast to coast—it is possible for them to have, instead of being cached away, as many of them have been, in let's say," he laughed, "the Lotus Garden in Cincinnati!"

In his home town on the Hudson as on mike at the Ambassador Theater, Ted is in there pitching for the kids. He and Marguerite are instrumental in fund-raising for recreational facilities, or for any project that will benefit the local youngsters. They help the home-town kids put on their school plays. Ted has sometimes had units sent up from his show in town to increase ticket sales. And, if there were any juvenile delinquency in his town, Ted would certainly be on hand to help.

For it is not only young people with the smell of greasepaint in their nostrils in whom Ted is interested. All this past year, he has been shopping for a site where he can build a camp for teen-age boys and girls.

"A camp," he said, "where the emphasis would be on getting good coaches for the youngsters in any or all of the fields—from Acting to Zoology—in which they might be interested . . . where the emphasis would also be on getting outstanding individuals, leaders in the different fields, to come to camp, sit around the campfire and talk with the kids. For a youngster interested in the violin to find out from Yehudi Menuhin himself how he became the great artist he is . . . or for a boy with a turn for business to hear from the head of an industrial company how he got to be head of the company . . . this would be to give him inspiration and to instill respect. Scholarships for outstanding citizenship will be awarded in this camp I will one day—and in some way—have. Human dignity will, in other words, be rewarded.

"I am certainly no authority on the subject of juvenile delinquency, its causes or its cure. But I think there is a point in every young person's life when, because he is growing up and trying to be an individual, he rebels against adult domination—and that this point is the danger point. The danger point because, at this point, they need leadership. They want leadership. If they haven't got a leader, that is when—and why—they follow the fellow who gets them into trouble!

"It is a necessity to have trained leisure-time activity—some good strong activity—for our teenagers. If a community will supply this, that's great. If not, it should be put on the tax rolls. That we could be a little smarter about this need, and how to meet it, is my wish.

"And that is why I wish the show may go on until I have given all the bright young performers, who are America's 'undiscovered' professionals, their largest audience. It is also why I wish to have—and am working toward—the end where I will someday be able to have my camp for youngsters of many talents."

That's the sincere, heartfelt message from your Mr. Mack, who is, indeed, your best friend . . . whoever you are, wherever you are, whatever your dream is.

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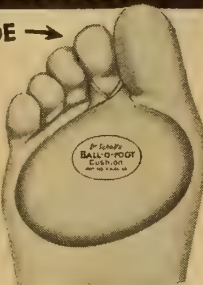
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New Star in the Sky

(Continued from page 36)

with that beat—wherever it should lead.

He'd meant to give Stanford the full college try. But, back in school for his senior year, after that exciting warm-up with his own CBS Radio show, it had seemed that he was just marking time.

In college, Gary had felt that he was excelling at nothing. "That's what was bothering me," he says now, with his typical honesty. "I didn't think I was doing much good in school. I wasn't breaking any records scholastically, athletically or any other way. I wasn't proving anything either way. I wanted to see what I could do in show business—if anything."

That's what he'd said when he got home: "I can always go back." But nobody could know better than Bing Crosby—who never headed his own jalopy back to Spokane—that, once you get with the beat, you don't get away. He knew Gary was home in Hollywood to stay.

Today, Bing's Gary is soloing into that same wild blue yonder where his father is still king. Singing in the face of a challenge such as few in show business have ever known. Knowing that his own voice will always be compared with the most endearing and the most enduring voice in all the land.

Gary has an answer for any professional mourners. "Sure—I could be scared," he says now quietly. "Who couldn't be? You could be real scared, if you think about it too much. But you can't let yourself feel that way about it. That would be ridiculous. If you took the negative view and cried on everyone's shoulder—who would ever respect you?"

Sure, there will always be some wise-aces around who're ready to make a big thing of his being Bing's son. "But I could be compared with a whole lot worse," he goes on, in a tone which says he doubts whether he could be compared with any better. As for their voices having the same quality: "Nobody has a voice like Dad's—and nobody's ever been able to grow one."

He just sings the way he feels and lets the notes fall where they may. "And I can't sing ballads, anyway. I'm pretty leaky on those. You've got to learn to sing ballads. I'm better on rhythm tunes."

Gary's also the first to agree that being Bing's son did help him to get heard. That it isn't likely a newcomer to radio would have his own half-hour CBS network show "with no more experience than I've had—without that first assist from Dad. It would have taken a whole lot longer than this." What he doesn't add, however, is that—once that door was opened—it was up to Gary Crosby to stay there.

For a fellow as modest as Gary's father to comment aloud on Gary's challenge to show business is very difficult. It necessitates Bing Crosby's admitting, first of all, that he himself has really got somewhere. The closest he comes is to say he realizes that Gary is living "in the shadow of something already built up." (Which is probably the understatement of all time.) But Bing doesn't hesitate to add his faith that: "Gary has all the equipment it takes to handle this. He has plenty of talent, and he's getting the opportunity now to exercise it. I believe he'll eventually do something. He's getting all wound up now..."

Wound up or no, there's one thing Gary has always known—he had to sing. "I just like it instinctively, and I want to go ahead. I don't know how good I am—or whether I ever will be good. But I have to try."

Since Bing has watched so many others come and go in his profession, Bing's con-

cern has been whether or not Gary was sufficiently prepared to step in so suddenly and snowball along.

"It's much tougher to hang up your shingle in the entertainment field today," he says. "The going was a lot easier when some of the rest of us started out. And Gary never did much in show business until the last year. We never even talked show business much around our house."

Through his boys' more impressionable years, Bing was concentrating on raising young citizens—not celebrities. Actually, he kept Gary and his brothers as far removed from Hollywood as possible, to shield them from any dangers of such inflation, and to keep them from growing up identified as "Bing Crosby's kids."

But Gary's own destiny was shaping up, even then. By the time Gary was fourteen, Bing admitted that Gary had "good intonation and rhythm, and might well be a singer"—if he so chose. At Bellarmine Prep, Gary took part in school plays, emceed variety shows, played a pretty hot drum, and organized a singing sextet who called themselves, "The Happy Inn-mates." About this time, too, Gary recorded "Play a Simple Melody," backed by "Sam's Song" with his dad. It was a smash hit.

Then, one evening, a boyish baritone swung out on Bing's radio show with "Dear Hearts and Gentle People"—to an ovation from the San Francisco studio audience. Wires and offers poured in. It was evident the folks were taking to their own hearts a new groaner, junior grade. Gary's parents must have felt that this was now destined to be. Gary has carefully treasured a wire he got from Dixie Crosby, which reads: "Just heard your show. Didn't even recognize your voice. You sound like an old man and I don't mean Uncle Everett. All my love, Mommie."

Ask Gary about the reviews he gets at home, now that he's rolling, and he grins, "Ain't nobody at our house gonna say anything. Dad says I sound better on the high notes. That's about all." His brothers, Private Phillip Crosby, now stationed at Fort Sam Houston, Texas, and Private Dennis Crosby, now in Germany, have expressed some interest, Gary goes on: "They want to know about the loot. How much money I'm making and if I'm going to be able to support them. I'm just kidding, of course. Uncle Sam keeps them too busy to listen to me."

Gary's goal is to make his own place in show business. And he's going in swinging, with the same determination which the Fathers saw when he was a fighting fullback at Ballarmine. As they've said, "You could always tell Gary was in the game, all right. He has a great competitive spirit. He's a very determined boy with great drive. He really hits hard—and he takes a lot of punishment." They well remember instances when he was dazed and injured in play and should have been taken out—but stayed the whole game, anyway.

In today's far more competitive sport, Gary's tackling show business with the same determination. When he isn't at CBS, he's rehearsing at Buddy Bregman's home, trying out new arrangements. He watches rehearsals of other shows. He all but saturates himself with music. He works out constantly at a health club, pulling weights and playing handball, further trimming down his muscular build. And, whatever he does, he's his own constant and severest critic. Other critics lauded Gary's guest appearance on Jack Benny's television show. But Gary's own

comment is: "Now I know why people divide when they meet me on the street. But it isn't just the body—it's the face that bothers me!"

But where, not long ago, many of those wise to show business wouldn't have given Gary Crosby's spot to an enemy, now even the skeptics—and all the vocal-hopeful's who've long looked forward to the day Bing Crosby would rest on his still growing laurels and get tired trucking away all the money Bob Hope says he has—are becoming resigned to the fact that, as long as the blue of the night continues to meet the gold of the day, a Crosby will continue to be there. . . .

For, a few months ago, destiny really moved in. Gary signed a CBS contract calling for regular appearances as vocalist on Tennessee Ernie's Monday-through-Friday radio program, six guests shots on top CBS television shows, and a starring spot with his own show. He's a Decca recording artist, with current releases numbering Buddy Bregman's Hawaiian rhythm-and-blues number, "Ayuh-Ayuh," "Mississippi Pecan Pie," and "Truly" and "Higgly Piggly" with the Paris Sisters.

As of June 26th, he's rolling with *The Gary Crosby Show*. For how long? "As long as I can stay on. . . ."

Which should be quite some time, in the experienced opinion of Murdo McKenzie, Gary's producer, who also coproduces Bing's radio show and has been associated with him for twenty years. As Murdo says, "The great thing about Gary is his wonderful natural talent for rhythm and for finding the beat—which is lacking in many of the current-day singers. He's very bright, he learns easily, and he loves the business. With no more experience than Gary's had, it's phenomenal how he can step up to the mike, carrying the whole show on his back, and handle himself so professionally."

Adding to this, Buddy Bregman, Gary's brilliant young musical director—who's also associated with Ethel Merman's shows and some of television's top "spectaculars"—notes Gary's eagerness to learn and his willingness to cooperate: "He's so modest about the whole bit—the easiest person I've ever worked with. Gary asks your opinion and he takes it. He always wants the truth from you. None of that fawning and yessing and Hollywood jazz. He's always asking whether he's right on something. He doesn't think he's any good—but he is. Talk about 'humility'—"

For his own happiness and peace of mind, Gary has a little too much humility. He's always running himself down. That he has the courage to face up to today's challenge—and step out on that stage at all—is all the more commendable, when one knows him and realizes just how much humility he has. His own thoughts, for instance, when he looks at those teenagers in his summer audiences now: "They really scare me. I guess that's because it hasn't been any time since I was on their side of the stage, too, and I remember that whole bit too well. I know what I thought—and what they're probably thinking now. 'Get him! Who does he think he is?'"

Contrary to the opinion of some who don't know him, Bing's Gary has almost no ego, which can be both a blessing and a torment. At first meeting, his shyness is sometimes mistaken for conceit, and his inexperience—fired by his own self-doubt—for arrogance. He dies when he thinks he's fluffed. He's sure he can't sing a ballad. He's sure he isn't photogenic, and he's the photographers' despair, just getting him to pose. He's uncomfortable whenever he feels conspicuous, and getting him to sing at a party or a club is out. Nobody understands this better than

Gary's best friends, Jack Haley, Jr. and Les Gargan (son of the William Gargans) who can also appreciate what any celebrity's son is up against—on or off stage: "You're prejudged before people even know you. Automatically, they think you're stuck-up. Gary won't ever sing when we're out anywhere. He's afraid somebody will think he's showing off. And you can't even win this way, either. Then they think you're too stuck-up to sing!"

Gary's probably the only audible and animate object in any household Ed Murrow's encountered who hasn't been home. When Murrow visited Bing Crosby *Person To Person*, Gary enjoyed watching his dad and Lin (the fourth Crosby son) from the Haleys' house. Asked why he absented himself, Gary said typically, "Why should I spoil the show?"

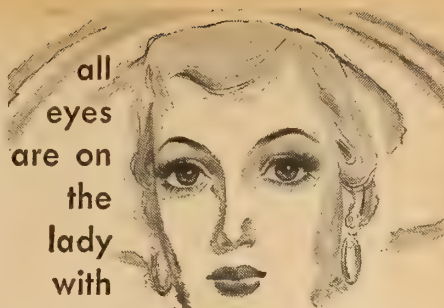
His family is long familiar with Gary's reviews of his own work. But sometimes the Crosbys' housekeeper, Georgia Hardwick, will finally say, "Gary—quit knocking yourself." For, when he does this, he's also knocking one of her favorite men of song. He's been a favorite since the age of six, when he was belting out nursery rhymes. "Georgie"—as they all affectionately call her—was employed by Dixie and Bing as the children's nurse fifteen years ago. Since the children are now all grown-up, according to Georgie, she's a "housekeeper" today. Actually, she's a "house-mother" for the whole Crosby clan. So, when she says, "Gary's a good kid—our kids are all good kids," she knows where-of she speaks.

And she's so right. Gary Crosby is a very sensitive and a very vulnerable and warmly likable twenty-two-year-old. Around those he knows, his conversation is crew-cut, his answers glib, and his wisecracks fast. Nobody could write his "material," except another member of the Crosby clan. But his eyes are serious and watchful and his movements are quick and tense. Generally, he's more comfortable around older people. And, generally, he's almost too serious-minded for his age. But, when he starts free-wheeling about college days and dear old Zeta Psi and the fraternity gang, the years drop away: "Stanford's such a great school. It's a Phi Beta Kappa school. There are some fantastic minds attending there. I think I stepped a little out of my league—even the football players pulled down A's!"

Gary pulled down his best grades in English literature and in anything that had to do with his major, which was drama and speech. "But required courses—like science courses—they murdered me. I went through Biology 1 two or three times. Economics, I don't like, either. I'd have gone around that one again, if it hadn't been for my professor, 'Doc' Fagan. He had a homey way of talking and making with the gags—all the guys liked him. I pulled down an A in Economics 1. Then came Economics 2—I never did quite get through that."

Gary says he can't give Lin much help on his homework. "He knows more than I do. Lin's one of those moaners. He comes home from school crying and moaning, 'I'll never pass this course.' Then comes the end of the course—and a straight 98. Makes you sick," Gary grins.

To Gary—used to strict study supervision from the Fathers at Bellarmine Prep—Stanford University at first seemed like a strange sort of scholastic Utopia where nobody told you to study and nobody seemingly cared. But, just before the semester ended and he found he was in danger of being washed out of school, he rapidly saw the light. It's typical of Gary that, faced with this sudden challenge, he reacted as usual. He knuckled down and



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crammed and more than passed. Furthermore, his fraternity voted him the "Freshman Achievement Award"—given to the freshman who's achieved the most and improved the most during that year. "You'd better not put that in," he says quickly, when informed you know about this. Obviously, in his case—he insists—there was considerably more room for improvement. "And it's not hard for a guy to pull himself up with a wonderful bunch of guys like that, anyway."

As a rule, Gary's clothes are more conservative than his father's. He goes for quietly elegant silk suits and striped ties. But he insists he has his share of sports shirts, too. "I've got some dazzling ones I wear about the house now and then. And, now that summer's here, you'll see me breaking out in them."

Although Gary insists "I don't go out too much," he goes for girls "with a good sense of humor and with a good personality, a girl who can carry on a decent conversation—I don't mean a lot of phony chatter, but somebody you can really talk to." He's also partial to girls "who—well—aren't—well—impressed with who they think you are . . . or—well—what they think you have . . . a girl who—well—likes you for yourself," Gary says, his modesty giving him a little trouble with that one. Glamour? "I don't care much about looks. But, of course, if you can find a girl who's a good-looker along with those other things, you'd really be in business."

Gary's chief claim to fame, according to Gary, is that he's already twice a godfather. One of his godsons is "Iron" John Callahan from Stanford University—"aged twenty-one," Gary grins. "He started taking instructions in the church in Palo Alto and he wanted to be baptized there. He lives in Massachusetts and none of the family or their friends were there—so I did the godfather bit. You know, when you're a godfather, you promise you'll see your godchild is brought up properly and watch out in life for him. This was really the blind leading the blind."

Then, recently, Rosemary Clooney and Jose Ferrer asked Gary to be godfather for their baby son, Miguel Jose Ferrer. "I was really surprised. He's such a cute baby—I figured they could have done better than me. I believe originally they had Dad down for it, but he was out of town. So I stood in for him there. They got me cheaper, too. . . ."

In addition to godfathering, loyalty is Gary's long suit. His friendship isn't given lightly, but if he likes you—you're in. And he makes every word good. Some time ago, he'd mentioned to Buddy Bregman that, if his own show developed, he would have him conduct. In a town where people starve on promises that aren't kept, Buddy says: "When the time came, that was the picture—just as he'd said." And Buddy adds, "He takes all my 'dubs' home with him now. I don't have any of my own records at home. I did a score for a movie—you know, symphonic orchestrations and such—and Gary made off with all of them. Finally, I've found out why. 'If anybody says you can't do anything but rhythm and blues—then I'll pull these out,' he says. And he would."

His well-exercised loyalty is reflective of both Dixie's and Bing's, as Gary himself is a composite of both parents. "His mother had that same wonderful sense of loyalty Gary has," Mrs. Gargan says now. "Gary has a streak of tenderness from her, too, and he has Dixie's quick wit and whip mind—although his father's no slouch in this department, either. He also has Bing's sincerity—he's so sincere, in an atmosphere where you don't always find too

much. And so well-behaved, he's a joy to have around," she says affectionately.

Gary's relaxed around friends like Les Gargan and Jack Haley, Jr. They're all children of show business and they can perform without being subjected to false flattery or criticism. They can talk show business together—and dream it tall. Their gang often gathers in the Gargans' spacious recreation room, where they watch fights on TV, rhubarb with the baseball teams, and occasionally have their own theater-in-the-round, doing take-offs of such films as "The Caine Mutiny." "We clown around and gorge ourselves with food and listen to the hi-fi," says Les. "We're all long-hairs—Eartha Kitt long-hairs. And sometimes we discuss our problem parents." Les Gargan and Gary were born just one day apart, and usually celebrate their birthdays together—"Gary's running into mine at midnight."

But Gary's crew-cut crowd was impressed for all time with the fabulous dinner party Bing gave Gary on his twenty-first birthday—which also marked the opening of his first CBS Radio show. From the moment Bing remarked to the Gargans, "I'm going to serve champagne to our twenty-one-year-olds," Gary's group was determined to live up to the dignity of that evening. Even then, it got a little away from them. Bing had invited about forty of Gary's friends and a number of his own to a seven o'clock champagne dinner—but they didn't eat until eight. Les Gargan went to Malibu to pick up his date, got caught in the Sunday bumper-to-bumper traffic. Buddy Bregman, who'd had no lunch, kept stage-whispering to Gary, inquiring "When do we eat?" (Then, during a lull in the conversation, he blasted out with, "If you don't feed me in five minutes—I'm going to Stan's Drive-In.") When Les Gargan finally walked in, "They were all waiting for me. I felt like the Wells-Fargo stage."

But that evening still wasn't over. Bing had made reservations for Gary's crowd at the Moulin Rouge and he'd ordered another big birthday cake. "Gary and I had a whole act built up for the gendarmes when they questioned our age—but it died," Les recalls. "For once, they didn't even ask. We were both highly indignant about the whole thing." About ten to midnight, just as Les's mother was about to retire, she opened the door to find Gary standing there holding a cake "and about seventy-five people she'd never heard of following us in. You know how that is—the word gets around for a party or the reading of the will." They'd all come home with Les to help celebrate his birthday.

Gary and his brothers always have their own problem, too, around Bing's birthday. It's almost impossible to buy him anything, and they start huddling on it days ahead. Phil was coming in on leave this year and Denny was flying in, too, as a surprise that week. But what to give Bing—that was up to Gary and Lin. Their usual routine is to go through his things and try to find something to replace.

This year Gary and Lin recalled quite a treasure hunt that had ensued when Bing tried to find an old English gabardine coat he wanted to wear that day to a ball game. Gary and Lin looked through their dad's closets—and finally found the coat. Bing had had it since 1947, and it had slick spots and a hole mended here and there. They found a number on the pocket, and discovered from the lining that it came from Tripler's in New York. They rushed an inquiry as to whether they could get a topcoat like the one their dad had purchased there eight years before. The night of Bing's birthday, they had his cake and gifts at the dinner

table, as is the usual family custom. He was speechless when he saw the coat. "Where did you get this?" Then he confessed, "You know, I've got another just like it—but it's getting pretty shot. . . ."

Gary's home life is a far cry from that pictured so humorously on the Jack Benny television show. There are no butlers going AWOL wearing Hawaiian shirts. There's not even a butler. In their Holmby Hills place, Bing himself often answers the phone. On Friday night, Gary's friends have a tough time getting through. Not even Notre Dame could get through. This is Lin's first free night from school and, as Gary says, "He moves pretty good on weekends."

They're a warm and close family—closer than many would ever suspect, since "underplaying" is a Crosby family trait. For all the razzing back and forth, Gary would be the first to tell you that Lin has a future in show business. And it's Linny who sneaks the "dubs" of Gary's latest records out of his room into his own and plays them for Bing. As in many another American home, the whole beat of the house picks up when Phil and Denny are home on leave . . . and the beat really drags when the leaves are over—and they know Denny won't be back from Germany for two years.

Other times, you'll usually find Gary's red Mercury parked near the back entrance, where he can grab it on the fly and go. Bing's dog, "Cindy," a black Labrador retriever, wags a welcome as each member of the family drives in. In the impressive entrance hall hangs the majestic hunting picture which Bing loves so much that they've always kidded him about buying a house large enough to hang it. And through the hall there sometimes spreads the essence of that which smells suspiciously like Irish stew.

Gary's is a house of music. There's a record-player in his room, one in Lin's room, and another their father uses in the library downstairs. And they've all been known to be going simultaneously. When Dixie was here—hers was usually going, too. Wherever one looks, one is reminded of her. Family photographs. Her collections, which Bing still carefully preserves: "Topsy," her black French poodle. The coasters under your gingerale glass are still lettered in gold: "Dixie And Bing."

In Gary's home, the head of the house, feeling his responsibility doubly today, gives a small prayer for God to go with them wherever the boys are. And, like any father, he sleeps easier when the final count says they're all back inside again. Gary's father keeps a far from casual blue eye on Gary's career, too. The greatest gift Gary can give him is to keep swinging and earning that sheepskin in show business, and make that name he wants to make for himself on his own.

Bing's pride in Gary and his faith in him and his hopes for him all show when he says, "You know, it was quite an abrupt jump for him—right out of school into a weekly program of which he was the emcee and which he was supposed to control. And I suppose the jump could have been cushioned for him a little with some more experience in less responsible assignments, but I think he's over that hump now. . . ."

For all Bing Crosby's modest acknowledgement about Gary growing in the "shadow of something that's already built up," nobody knows better than Gary's father how challenging and how overpowering that shadow could be. And nobody could be more proud now—watching Gary go in swinging and singing his way out of the "shadow" to find his own place in the sun.

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SEPTEMBER, 1955

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N.Y., N.J., Conn. Edition

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Washington's top emcee has made his morning show a must for WTOP-TV viewers

QUESTIONS, national and international, took second place for two Washingtonians, when *The Mark Evans Show* on Station WTOP-TV switched from the early evening hours to a 9:30 A.M. slot, Monday through Friday. The show's producer and director wondered whether the outstanding guests who had gladly turned up for a P.M. appearance would be amenable to A.M. visits as well. After all, most celebrated people, in show business and other fields, are noted for sleeping late. . . . But the question never reached investigating-committee proportions. A partial list of those who have braved the dawn's early light to guest with Mark includes Grace Kelly, Lord Dunsany, Alec Templeton, Ivy Baker Priest, Kirk Douglas, George Meany and Miss America. . . . When Mark first went on TV three years ago, he had a "built-in" audience. After five years on WTOP Radio, the easygoing Mr. Evans had thousands of friends anxious to see what the host of the *Housewives' Protective League* looked like. As is usually the custom on HPL, the host's identity had not been disclosed, but Mark's wit and personality never were the sort to remain anonymous for long. . . . In addition to his famed guests, Mark spotlights many com-



Mark may ad-lib on TV, but Nancy, Wendy and Penny like him to follow a nursery-book script.



munity events and is one of the town's most sought-after masters of ceremonies. Assisting him with the more feminine chores on the show is Angela Bayer, a dark-haired beauty who demonstrates the food products advertised on the program and handles the homemaking and fashion hints. A yearly feature, the "Mark Evans April Fool Birthday Party," started out as a gag. Now it's a tradition for Mark to invite all Washington folk born on his birthday, April 1st, to be his guests for breakfast. This year, the number topped the 200 mark. . . . Part of the reason for Mark's continued success is his active participation in such organizations as the Rotary Club, the Boy Scouts, the USO, the Metropolitan Police Boys Club and the Suburban Hospital. He is an active member of the Church of the Latter Day Saints. . . . A favorite with Washington women, Mark has a quartet of females at home—his wife Lola and three daughters: Nancy, 9, Penny, 7, and Wendy, 3. He's a great travel enthusiast, and bagged more than his share of game on a hunting expedition to Africa last year. Huntsman and angler Evans also relaxes on the golf course. But he's most relaxed while breakfasting with thousands of WTOP-TV viewers who are always at ease with Mark Evans.

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TODAY...GET NEW PALMOLIVE SOFT SHAMPOO!

• By Jill Warren

Fibber McGee And Molly—alias Jim and Marian Jordan—have added a daily NBC Radio morning show to their evening stanza.



Songstress Edith Adams, wife of comedian Ernie Kovacs, adds music and mirth to Jack Paar's new show.

WHAT'S NEW FROM

HELEN HAYES and Mary Martin have been signed by NBC-TV to co-star in "The Skin of Our Teeth," on September 11. This will be the first of the 1955-56 season's Sunday night "Color Spread Spectaculars," and will also be seen in black and white. The production of Thornton Wilder's Pulitzer Prize-winning play will run two hours and will be identical to the presentation done in Paris this summer as part of the "Salute to France" festival. Distinguished actress Florence Reed and noted Broadway producer George Abbott will play supporting roles. "The Skin of Our Teeth" will mark the first TV appearance of Mary Martin since her triumphant portrayal of "Peter Pan" last March.

In case you've missed it, *Musical Chairs* is the new novelty panel show on NBC-TV Saturday nights, in the time spot formerly occupied by Imogene Coca. The program features the talents of composer-singer Johnny Mercer, multi-voiced comic Mel Blanc, Bobby Troup's orchestra, the Cheerleaders vocal quintet, Bill Leyden as permanent moderator, and a top female vocalist each week.

Frankie Laine, in addition to his Guild Films show, has been doing very well on his first live network

TV show as summer replacement for Arthur Godfrey's Wednesday night show over CBS-TV. Frankie heads up a variety hour, complete with orchestra, dancers and guest stars. Arthur and his gang are slated to return early in September.

Singer-pianist Matt Dennis is filling in for both Tony Martin and Eddie Fisher on NBC-TV while the crooners are on vacation. Matt is well-known in the night-club field and in addition to his piano and vocal work, is a composer of note. Some of his best-remembered tunes are "Everything Happens to Me," "Let's Get Away from It All," "Will You Still Be Mine?" and "The Night We Called It a Day." Matt also records for RCA Victor.

Comedian Jack Paar has a new show on CBS-TV, a thirty-minute comedy, music and variety wingding, Monday through Friday afternoons. Jack is supported by the same cast who worked with him on *The Morning Show*—singers Edith Adams and Charlie Applewhite and Cuban pianist, Jose Melis. Jack's new show takes over the time spots vacated by two dramatic serials, *The Inner Flame* and the TV version of *The Road Of Life*.

On NBC-TV, two other daytime

dramas, *The Greatest Gift* and *Concerning Miss Marlowe*, make room for a new TV version of an old radio favorite, *It Pays To Be Married*. Bill Goodwin emcees the unique quiz.

On radio, the daytime drama schedule also saw some changes as *Backstage Wife* moved to CBS and *Hilltop House* and *Rosemary* were canceled.

Popular Dennis James is back with his *Chance Of A Lifetime* on Sunday nights over ABC-TV. The half-hour talent show is scheduled just for the summer in this time period, but may find a permanent spot in the fall.

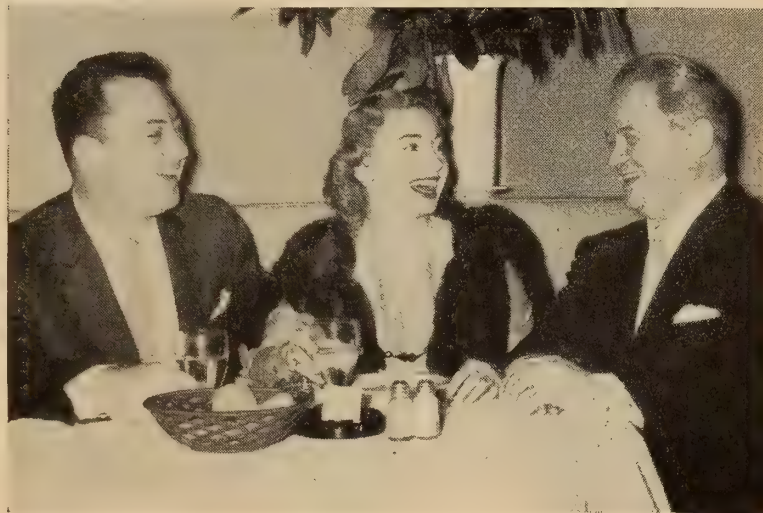
Sports fans should find interesting viewing fare in the new *Madison Square Garden Highlights*, Thursday nights on ABC-TV. It's a filmed half-hour presenting clips of exciting moments of fisticuffs which took place in the famed boxing arena of the Garden.

CBS-TV has a new dramatic show, *Windows*, on Friday nights, substituting for *Person To Person*. The series of live plays uses a rotating cast each week, and each program opens with a picture of an ordinary window, through which the television camera moves as the story unfolds.



Another regular in the vocal department of Paar's show is the young and popular Charlie Applewhite.

On his first New York visit, Frank Cotter—brother of the famous TV Meadows sisters—joins sister Audrey and restaurateur Armando.



COAST TO COAST

Soupy Sales has been replacing the *Kukla, Fran And Ollie* daily show on ABC-TV while **Burr Tilstrom** and his happy little people are on vacation. Soupy is a very popular personality with the small fry in Detroit, from where his show originates. This is the first TV production ever to go live over a network from Detroit, by the way. With emphasis on puppet comedy and fantasy, Soupy has as his helpers such characters as White Fang, Black Tooth, Herman The Flea, Willie The Worm, and Marilyn Monwolf.

This 'n' That:

CBS-TV is planning a big series of Saturday-night extravaganzas, to begin this fall, the date still to be announced. They have already lined up such stars as **Noel Coward**, who is scheduled for three appearances, **Mary Martin**, to co-star with Coward in at least one show, **Bing Crosby**, who is slated for three shows, and **Jack Benny** for one or more.

Radio and TV songstress **Martha Wright** became a bride a few weeks ago in Newburgh, New York. The lucky man is George (Mike) Manuche, Jr., a Manhattan restaurateur, and formerly a Holy Cross football star. He was also a Pacific war hero.

Actress **Julie Stevens**, star of *The Romance of Helen Trent*, has been spending her free time this summer acting as adviser and workshop director to the very active little-theater group in Valhalla, New York. *Helen Trent*, incidentally, has just started her twenty-third year on radio.

With practically every sponsor after **Bob Hope's** exclusive television services for the 1955-56 season, NBC-TV was the winner. They signed the comedian to a new five-year contract, and he is set to star in six, or possibly eight, hour-long variety programs on several different Tuesday nights.

Conductor **Archie Bleyer** and his wife, **Janet Ertel**, one of the Chordettes, took off for Europe on a combination vacation-business trip. **Ginny Osborn**, the original "tenor" voice with the gal quartette, is filling in for Janet temporarily, and is singing Janet's "bass" part. This is the first time Ginny has done any professional vocalizing since she married **Tom Lockhard**, one of The Mariners.

Elizabeth Montgomery, actress-daughter of **Robert Montgomery**, and her husband, assistant TV director **Frederick Cammann**, have come to the parting of the ways. Elizabeth is now in Nevada, establishing resi-

dence for a divorce. When it is granted she plans to forsake television for a while and work in her first movie, some time this month.

Tragedy hit **Imogene Coca** a double blow when both her mother and her husband, **Robert Burton**, died within a month. The little comedienne and Burton had been estranged, but were reconciled following her mother's passing. Burton, a New York businessman, had been in ill health for some time.

Pat Marshall, who formerly sang on Steve Allen's *Tonight* show, and then went into night-club work, has replaced **Janis Paige** as the feminine star of the Broadway musical smash, "Pajama Game." Janis left the show to go to Hollywood to film her new series, *It's Always Jan*, which is slated to debut on CBS-TV about September 10. It's a situation comedy, set in a night club, with Janis playing the role of a singer.

If you thought the **Davy Crockett** business had about run its course, get ready for more. There's a whole new series planned this fall on the *Disneyland* show over ABC-TV, and it's presently being filmed, both in Kentucky and in Hollywood. "The Legends of Davy Crockett" will soon be with us. (Continued on page 10)



Actress Jean Darling, former "gang" member, enjoys a *Clubhouse* visit with Joe Bolton.



Stars of yesterday: A scene from "The Little Rascals" shows the gang with their mascot Petie, preparing to set forth on a hilarious fishing trip.

Clubhouse Gang Comedies



Remember them? "Farina" and "Jackie" make a very important phone call while, below, "Dickie," "Stymie" and "Spanky" take over in the kitchen.



SINCE the beginning of television, old Hollywood movies have been the bane of that medium's existence. Recently, however, Station WPIX viewers have experienced a happy change of heart, thanks to *Clubhouse Gang Comedies* and its showing of the "Our Gang" movies made some 25 years ago by Hal Roach, Sr. Seen Monday through Saturday at 5:30 P.M. and Monday through Friday at 10:30 P.M., the *Clubhouse* is presided over by Joe Bolton, who likens himself to the friendly police officer on the corner, daily plays host to 18 youngsters, advises little viewers on safety habits, then presents the old one- and two-reel films which find "Spanky," "Farina," "Alfalfa" and the rest of the "Gang" getting into all sorts of hilarious but harmless mischief.

The tremendous success of this series, which is shown in some 60 cities throughout the country, has stimulated a new interest in the former "Gang" members. Many of them, such as Jackie Cooper, Nanette Fabray, Eddie Bracken and Jean Darling, have continued to star in movies, on the stage in radio and TV. Others ventured into different fields. Joe Cobb, the chubby member of the "Gang," is now an aircraft worker in California. Mary Kornman is married to a California rancher and together they train horses for TV and the movies. George "Spanky" MacFarland was a salesman until the recent revival of the comedies created a demand for him in TV and movies. Carl "Alfalfa" Switzer was a hunting guide until two years ago, when he resumed his movie career in "The High and the Mighty."

Although never a member of the "Gang," Joe Bolton well remembers its heyday, for he was then breaking into show business via radio. Starting out as a banjo player, Joe went on to become an announcer, emcee, and sportscaster at various stations in New Jersey and New York. His switch to TV occurred in 1948 when he joined WPIX—before it even began telecasting—to become a "general man about the station." As friendly as he is versatile, Joe is experienced in getting along with youngsters, for he has three of his own—Joe, Jr., a college student, and James and Catherine, who are still in high school.

Since its debut last January, *Clubhouse Gang Comedies* has become the most popular daytime TV offering in the New York area. Having gained added fame as "the show recommended by children for adults," it promises to provide entertainment—for young and old—for a long time to come.



Soft, and natural right from the start . . . that's the "Belinda" hairstyle after a Bobbi. A Bobbi is so easy to give, no help is needed.



With Bobbi you get waves exactly where you want them, the way you want them. Notice the easy, gentle look of this "Beau's Ideal" hairdo.



Bobbi's specialty is young, free and easy hairstyles like this "Cover Girl" hairdo. And the curl is there to stay in all kinds of weather.



Bobbi is specially designed to give the softly feminine wave necessary for this new "Sugarplum" hairstyle. No regular nightly settings are needed.

Softly feminine hairstyles like these always begin with a Bobbi

the special pin-curl permanent for soft, natural curls

Never tight, never fussy—that's the beautiful thing about a Bobbi, the easy, pin-curl permanent that's specially designed to give softly feminine curls. From the very first day your Bobbi will have the body, the soft, lovely look of naturally wavy hair. Your curls and waves last week after week and they are *exactly* where you want them.

Now, Bobbi is easier, faster than ever. Pin-curl your hair, apply Special Bobbi Creme Oil Lotion *just once*. Rinse with water 15 minutes later. Let dry, brush out. Right away you'll have soft, natural flattering curls. Make your next permanent a Bobbi.

New 20-Page Hairstyle Booklet. Easy-to-follow setting instructions for new softly feminine hairstyles. Hints! Tips! Send your name, address with 10¢ in coin to: Bobbi, Box 3600, Merchandise Mart, Chicago, Ill.



Just pin-curls and Bobbi. No separate neutralizer, no curlers, no resetting. Everything you need—New Creme Oil Lotion, special Bobbi pins. \$1.50 plus tax.

TACEY HAD BEEN MANY THINGS TO MANY MEN...

but only in the arms
of Clint, the gambler,
could she forget
everything...except that
she was a woman!



Universal International presents
ANNE BAXTER
ROCK HUDSON
JULIE ADAMS



One Desire

TECHNICOLOR

with **CARL BENTON REID • NATALIE WOOD • WILLIAM HOPPER**

Directed by **JERRY HOPPER** • Screenplay by **LAWRENCE ROMAN** and **ROBERT BLEES** • Produced by **ROSS HUNTER**

COMING SOON TO YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE

WHAT'S NEW FROM

(Continued from page 7)



Lively Janis Paige stars in a new TV comedy beginning in September.

Another historical figure, **Dan'l Boone**, whose supporters claim he was blazing trails long before a lot of other "Johnny-come-latels," now speaks his piece on a daily five-minute program over NBC Radio. Nobody's telling who's playing Dan'l, but the yarns and folk songs are accompanied by Tom Glazer on guitar.

And, from Sherwood Forest, to once again champion the poor, comes the handsomest of Robin Hoods, **Richard Greene**, who will play the romantic bandit in a new CBS-TV series starting September 26. The films will be made in England, produced by Anthony Bartley, who is married to actress Deborah Kerr.

And speaking of legends, the Crosby clan is fast becoming one, with more talented members popping up all the time. This summer, **Cathy Crosby**, Bob's sixteen-year-old daughter, joined her cousin Gary, "Bing's Boy," to guest on the *Bob Crosby Show* on CBS-TV. Cathy is the latest Crosby to have a CBS contract.

Perry Como hopes to give Jackie Gleason a run for his \$11,000,000 contract. The new hour-long Como show, Saturdays on NBC-TV, has now been scheduled to start at 8 P.M. EDT. Jackie bows with "The Honeymooners" over CBS-TV at 8:30. At 8:25, *Old Per* plans to start a ten-minute segment that will be so absorbing that viewers will keep hands off that dial—he hopes.

Comedienne **Martha Raye** signed a Gleason-type contract with NBC. It's a 60-page document involving something like \$10,000,000 over a fifteen-year period. It goes into effect September 27 when Martha will make the first of thirteen appearances in the Tuesday-at-eight spot. The contract, negotiated by Martha's manager and ex-husband, Nick Condos, calls for NBC to pay Martha even if she decides to quit after the first five years of service.

The piano gives off with a pleasant sound when **Steve Allen** tickles the ivories on *Tonight*. But as star of the movie, "The Benny Goodman Story," Steve will signal for the downbeat and the music will be made by such Goodman alumni as Gene Krupa, Teddy Wilson, Lionel Hampton, Harry James and Ziggy Elman. All told, there'll be 29 tunes that have been linked with B. G. during his career.

COAST TO COAST



Young Dr. Malone—Sandy Becker
—also emcees TV's *Looney Tunes*.

Jack Webb also leads a jazz band for the movie cameras in "Pete Kelly's Blues," a film that recreates the Twenties with such nostalgic notes as glimpses of the Duke of Windsor.

One of the oldest programs on TV, "Smilin' Ed's Gang," returns August 20. Andy Devine will take over for the late, beloved Ed McConnell, with the show to be known as *Andy's Gang*.

Andy's partner on *Wild Bill Hickok*, Guy Madison, who plays the title role, welcomed a future *Wild Bill* fan, his new daughter, Bridget Catherine.

Mulling The Mail:

Mrs. L. V., Philadelphia, Pa.: Joan Alexander will be back on *The Name's The Same* shortly. She only took a leave of absence from the program in order to replace Patricia Jessel in the Broadway dramatic hit, "Witness for the Prosecution," while Patricia vacationed in England. . . . Marlowe fans, Romulus, Mich.: Marian Marlowe has no regular television show now, but the ex-Little Godfrey has signed to make several guest appearances with Ed Sullivan on *Toast Of The Town*. There is a possibility she will be making a night-club appearance in Detroit later on this year. . . . Mrs. J. B., Boston, Mass.: *The Road Of Life* has gone off television, but it is still on radio. . . . Mr. A. McL., San Antonio, Tex.: You are right, and your friend loses the bet. Betty Johnson, the song girl on *Don McNeill's Breakfast Club*, did get her professional start with her talented family, well-known for years in radio and on records as the Johnson Family Singers. . . . Miss D. B., Gatesville, Tex.: Gisele MacKenzie is not married nor engaged. . . . Mrs. G. R., Cleveland, O.: The part of Mrs. Brown on *This Is Nora Drake* is played by Katherine Emmett, noted New York stage actress. . . . Mr. C. L., Omaha, Neb.: Singer Denise Lor is married. Her husband's name is Jay Martin, and he is also a singer, who records under the name of Brud Jones. . . . Miss H. S., Cupertino, Calif.: The best place to write Ina Rae Hutton regarding her all-girl orchestra would be c/o Guild Films, Hollywood, California. . . . Mrs. M. B., Massillon, Ohio: Sandy Becker, who has played *Young Doctor Malone* for many years on radio, has
(Continued on page 18)

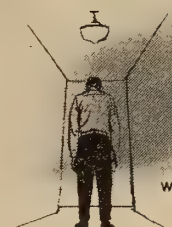
"What I did
may shock
you...but
a woman has
the right to
use every
female weapon
to hold the man
she loves"



Universal-International presents

JOSÉ FERRER | **JUNE ALLYSON**

The Shrike



EVERY SHOCKING EMOTION OF
THE GREAT PULITZER PRIZE PLAY!

with JOY PAGE · KENDALL CLARK · ISABEL BONNER

Directed by JOSÉ FERRER · Screenplay by KETTI FRINGS

Based on the play by JOSEPH KRAMM · Produced by AARON ROSENBERG

COMING SOON TO YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE

T
V
R



STEVE ALLEN'S TURNTABLE

GREETINGS from Hollywood again, where I'm in the middle of shooting "The Benny Goodman Story" and am enjoying every minute of it. I've got my turntable right in my dressing room, and between scenes the latest record releases have been going 'round and 'round. Lots of variety this month, which makes for good summertime listening.

Johnnie Ray has two new sides, either one of which could be another click for him. The first is a pretty ballad, "Song of the Dreamer," and the second, an oddly-titled song, "I've Got So Many Million Years" (That I Can't Count Them). (Columbia)

David Rose and his orchestra play "Summertime in Venice" and "Violin" (Let Your Song Begin), with full Rose arrangements featuring the string instruments, in his usual tasteful style. The A side is the haunting theme of the new Katharine Hepburn picture, "Summertime," and it's a melody you'll probably be hearing for months to come. (M-G-M)

"Summertime in Venice" is also Jane Froman's newest record, and a mighty good one it is. Jane is in great voice and her lyric interpretation is excellent. On the reverse she does "You're the Answer to My Prayer," a new ballad. Sid Feller's orchestra accompanies on both. (Capitol)

The Sauter-Finnegan orchestra has a new jazz album called, "The Sons of Sauter-Finnegan," and it really rings the bell. There are several standards and some interesting originals, especially "Two Bats in a Cave," as done by trumpeters Nick Travis and Bobby Nichols. The boys do this in fugue style with no orchestral backing, and the jazz fans should love it. (Victor)

Decca has teamed up one of their top platter salesmen, Sammy Davis, Jr., with Carmen McRae—a singing gal from whom Decca expects big things—and the result is a pleasing record. Carmen and Sammy blend their voices on a cute tune, "I Go for You," and revive the oldie, "A Fine Romance," which Decca originally released many years ago with Bing Crosby and his late wife, Dixie Lee.

Jackie Gleason has had another musical brainstorm, and this time he has come up with an album called "Captain Gleason's Garden Band." Jack takes you right out to the park for an afternoon band concert, complete with tubas and French horns, etc. Jackie previewed two of the songs from the album on his TV show a few weeks ago—"In the Good Old Summertime" and "The Band Played On." The other two are "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree," and "Too Much Mustard."

Wonder what the Wonder Man will think up for his next album. (Capitol)

The lass with the financial name, Jaye P. Morgan, is moving right along in her vocal career, and her new record shouldn't slow her pace a bit. Jaye sings the ever-lovin' "Swanee," in up tempo, coupled with a slow ballad, "The Longest Walk." Hugo Winterhalter conducts. (Victor)

"Fred Astaire's Cavalcade of Dance" is the title of an album by Paul Whiteman and his "new" Palais Royale Orchestra. There are twelve dance numbers, all quite right for just about any heel-and-toe stuff you might want to do. Included are waltzes, tangos, fox trots, etc., with the tunes ranging all the way from "Beer Barrel Polka" to "The Black Bottom." There are a few vocal choruses by the "New" Rhythm Boys. (Coral)

You've probably heard several versions of the novelty, "Freddy," but now you can hear the original record that started the whole thing. "X" Label has acquired the first waxing of the tune, which was done in Europe by a girl named Annie Cordy. She sings the lyrics in German on one side and in English on the other.

Something new for hillbilly-music lovers has been put out by the Four-Star Recording Company. It's titled "The Trailways Blues" and features vocalist Bill Taylor, backed up by the Miller Brothers aggregation. Pretty neat.

Lena Horne, with hubby Lenny Hayton's orchestra, has a terrific side in "It's All Right with Me," one of the hit tunes from the long-running Broadway musical, "Can Can." In the show the song is done as a ballad, but Lena sings it very fast, and it's all right too. For the coupling she slows down on "It's Love," a pretty ballad from another Broadway hit of a few seasons ago, "Wonderful Town." This record could be a winner for Lena following closely after her popular "Love Me or Leave Me." (Victor)

"Boy Meets Girl" is a new Columbia album, with a new idea behind it. It triple-stars Peggy King, Felicia Sanders and Jerry Vale, with the threesome singing a love story. The tale unravels through the songs, beginning with "The Boy Next Door," and ending, about ten numbers later, with—you guessed it—a happy ending. Percy Faith conducts the orchestra.

Peggy Lee bounces forth with a new novelty called "Oh! No!" a musical paraphrase on the popular expression, backed up with the familiar "Ooh, That Kiss," and ooh, that arrangement—something different, for sure. The orchestra plays it in a cha-cha-cha tempo. (Decca)

Woody Herman and his orchestra have

recorded two songs from recent movies, and the treatment of both is rather unusual for Woody. One tune is "You're Here, My Love," from "The Seven Little Foys," and the other is "The Girl Upstairs," from "The Seven Year Itch," the melody which is played every time Marilyn Monroe comes on the screen, so it won't be hard to remember. Woody has used interesting arrangements on both sides, featuring the harp and a vocal chorus. (Capitol)

"Just Too Much" is a new album by the Hal Schaefer Trio, and it's quite a bit at that. Schaefer, in his early twenties, is the lad who has been creating quite a splash in West Coast spots with his jazz piano style. On this set, Hal's trio (Alvin Stoller on drums and Joe Mondragon on bass fiddle) play a group of standards, and two Schaefer originals, "Yes" and "Montevideo." (Victor)

The banjo, an almost-forgotten instrument, has come back into the spotlight this past year, and now they've whipped up a tune about it called, "The Banjo's Back in Town," and Teresa Brewer belts across in her usual sock style. On the backing Teresa tells all about "How To Be Very, Very Popular," which is also the title of the new 20th Century-Fox movie, starring Betty Grable and Sheree North. (Coral)

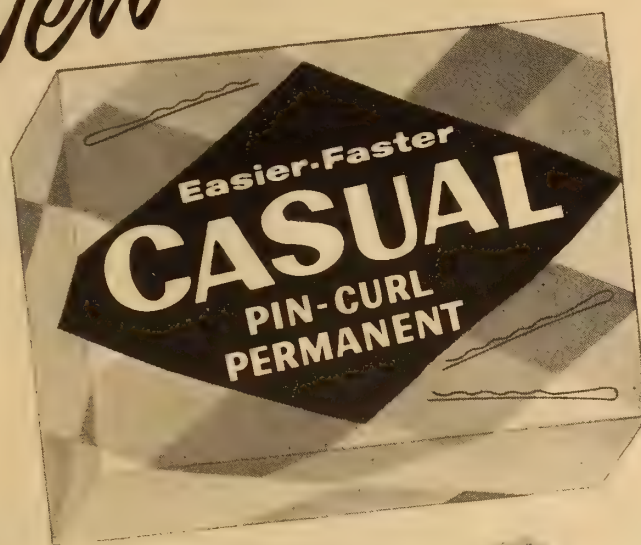
And that about wraps it up for now, as they say on the film sets. I'll be seeing you again next month.



Jane Froman renders a lilting version of "Summertime in Venice." (Capitol)

For the Easiest Permanent
of Your Life . . .

New



SET IT!



Set your pin-curls just as you always do.
No need for anyone to help.

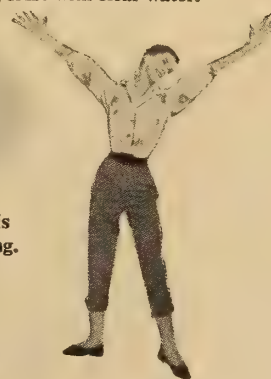
WET IT!



Apply CASUAL lotion just once.
15 minutes later, rinse with clear water.

FORGET IT!

That's all there is to it! CASUAL is
self-neutralizing. There's no resetting.
Your work is finished!



**Naturally lovely, carefree curls
that last for weeks . . .**

CASUAL is the word for it . . . soft, carefree waves
and curls—never tight or kinky—beautifully manageable,
perfect for the new flattering hair styles that highlight the softer,
natural look. Tonight—give yourself the loveliest wave
of your life—a CASUAL pin-curl permanent!



takes just 15 minutes more than setting your hair!

\$1.50 PLUS TAX

*Ted Steele holds WOR-TVers
young and old in the
palm of his talented hands
as he daily delights them
on two merry shows*



Ted's shows always "jump." Here, he and Cozy Cole are on drums, with Johnny Chavez, guitar, Bobby Caudana, accordion, Tommy Abruzzo, bass.

Mr. Matinee



WITH two wonderful TV shows of their own, an equal number of daughters—also wonderful—and a Bucks County, Pennsylvania, farm that can be similarly described, Ted Steele and his wife and producer, Doris, are often told they're lucky. To this, Ted and Doris smile at each other with affection and long-time understanding. Then Ted says, "Yep, the harder we work, the luckier we get."

Currently, it's Station WOR-TV viewers who consider themselves lucky. Weekday afternoons, from 3 to 5, there's the *Ted Steele Show*, a program of music and variety starring Ted, Ceil Loman and her Woman's Corner, drummer Cozy Cole and sax man Johnny Hodges heading up an aggregation called the "Oblong Squares," and Corky Robbins, her piano and songs. The whole gang presents music, charades and other games, and discusses questions sent in by viewers—all making for a sprightly two hours of fun for the whole family.

Following this, Ted's *Teen Bandstand* stars the teenagers of the Greater New York area. Every day, a group of 30 youngsters from a school or organization dance to the music of Steve Schultz and his Dixielanders, meet and talk to musical stars, compete in contests and games. Pretty Jeanne O'Brien presides over her Gossip Board of initialed mystery items culled from 3,000 letters a week and leads the talk on teen fads and



Teener Ann Marie Sisko gets a prize from Ted and Jeanne O'Brien for giving the *Bandstand* its name.



Partners in marriage and work, Ted the performer and Doris the producer check their show schedule.



No "gentleman farmer," Ted is an expert on his pure-bred cattle, wades right into the farm work.



Doris, Susan and Sally love the pets—30 cats, 2 dogs, outdoor aviary—that come with farm life.

the most up-to-date fashions.

Ted, whose own daughters—Susan, 13, and Sally, 12—are his off-camera leading lights, takes especial pleasure in giving the teenagers a show of their own, incorporating their letters and ideas and their requests for tunes and guest stars. He feels youngsters can use the games and gimmicks presented on *Bandstand* for at-home parties and that the program can show parents what kind of entertainment teenagers enjoy.

Ted Steele is serious about having worked hard. As a Trinity College student, he divided his time between the Hartford, Connecticut, campus, trips to Manhattan for radio auditions, and the theater-night club circuit around Hartford where he earned his tuition and upkeep. His first big

break came when Ted quit an announcing job in Hollywood to fly to New York and take on a \$65-a-month chore as a page boy.

His musical background quickly made Ted a salesman for a radio recording library. While selling, he learned to play the then-new Novachord, then organized the "Novatones," which became a favorite disc group. Next Ted switched to arranging and conducting scores for such top talent as Perry Como, Connie Boswell, Jo Stafford and Frank Sinatra.

But, in 1947, Ted again began fronting his own orchestra at hotels and night spots and doing radio and TV work. Today, in addition to his WOR-TV shows, he presents the *Ted Steele Show* over the Mutual Radio network,

Monday through Friday at 1:30 P.M.

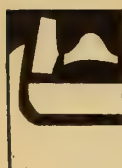
The Steeles commute to the New York studios from their Celebrity Farm, 100 acres stocked with pure-bred Guernseys and 400 acres which Ted rents for growing feed and other crops. Ted defers to Doris' professional advice, but at home he's very much the head of the house. "We are really interdependent," Doris says, cherishing the closeness that comes with being partners in marriage and in career.

When the Steeles first bought their farm, they moved in with one lamp, some borrowed beds and a framed motto: "You can do anything you want to do." Ted Steele has proved the truth of this motto to cheers and applause from WOR-TV viewers of all ages.

NEW DESIGNS FOR LIVING

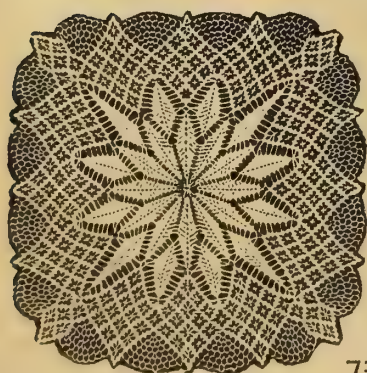


589



525

SIZES
2-10



7391

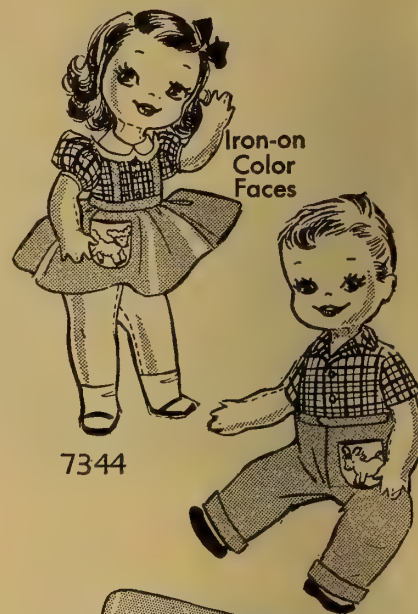
589—Lovely, lacy pineapple design forms this unusual "butterfly" set to pretty and protect your chairs. Easy-to-memorize crochet. Use as a buffet set, too. 25¢

7344—Doll-making is easy with these iron-on faces in color. Pattern pieces for 15-inch dolls and clothes. Also included are iron-on color transfers of faces for two dolls and motifs for pockets. 25¢

Iron-On Flowers



7316



7344



7204

525—Ideal for school, pretty for parties. Make two versions—one with and one without sleeves. Frost the edges with eyelet trim. Child's Sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, 10. Tissue pattern, transfer, instructions. State size. 25¢

7316—Easy-sew apron takes one yard 35-inch fabric. No embroidery—iron-on red petunias with green leaves. Tissue pattern, washable transfer. Medium Size only. 25¢

7204—The pride of every state—its own lovely flower—embroidered on this cozy quilt. Diagrams, transfers of embroidery motifs included. Quilt 72" x 102", double-bed size. Each square, 7" x 8". 25¢

7391—Crochet this cover for any size TV set—in your favorite spider design. TV cover, 28" in No. 30 cotton; smaller in No. 50; larger in mercerized bedspread cotton. Join 4 to make a 56-inch cloth. 25¢

767—Let this little lady perch atop your toaster—keep it soil-free. Her long, full skirt is its protective cover. Pattern pieces, instructions, transfer of embroidery. Use scraps, stuff with foam rubber. 25¢



767

*For the sound of dreams come true . . .
set your dial each week for PHONORAMA TIME
the song-hit show for the young at heart . . .*

starring the idol of millions

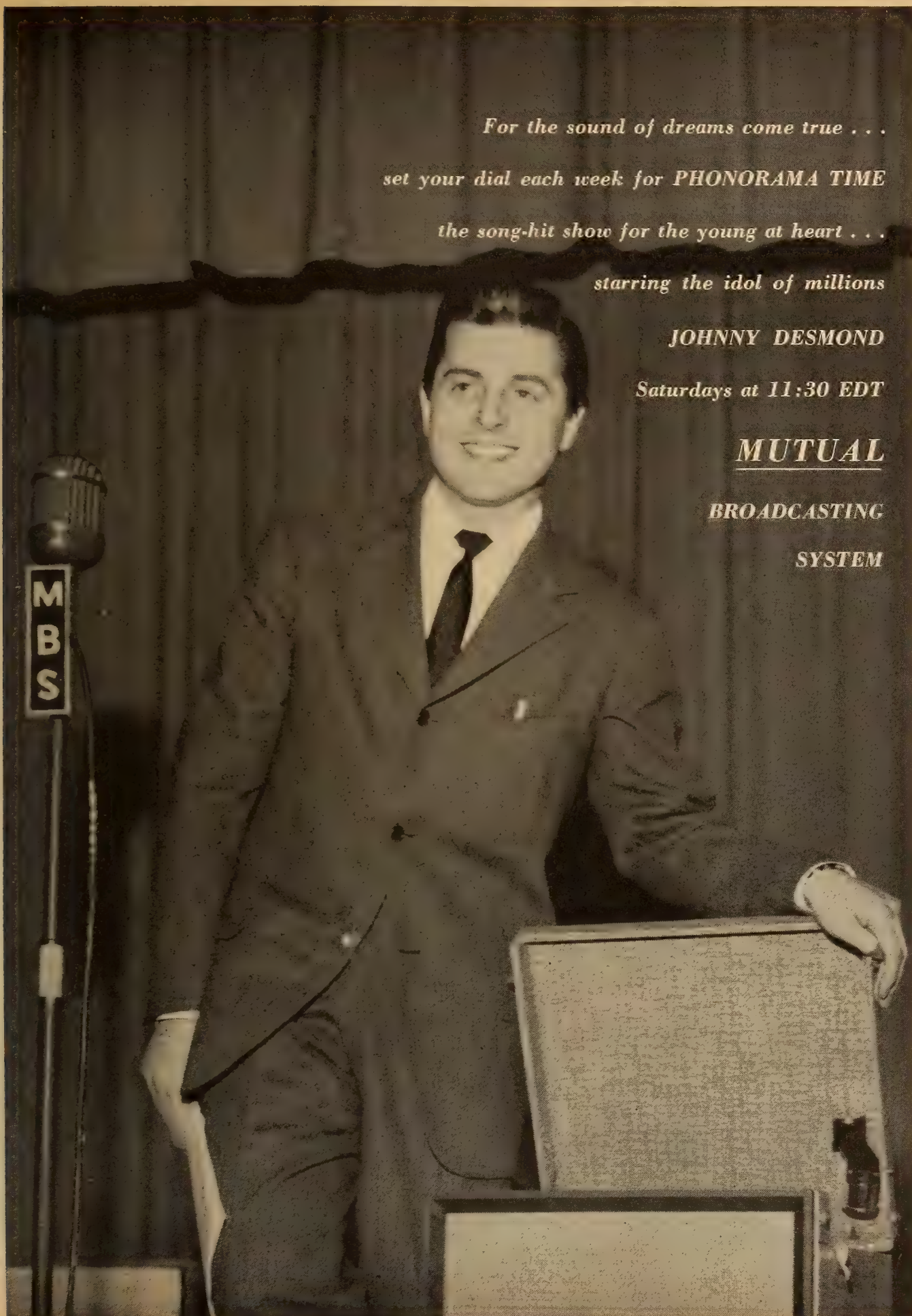
JOHNNY DESMOND

Saturdays at 11:30 EDT

MUTUAL

BROADCASTING

SYSTEM



See local listings for program time in your area.

What's New in Colgate Dental Cream that's **MISSING- MISSING- MISSING** in every other leading toothpaste?

*It's GARDOL—
To Give Up To
7 Times Longer
Protection Against
Tooth Decay...
With Just One Brushing!*



Any toothpaste can destroy decay- and odor-causing bacteria. But new bacteria return in minutes, forming acids that cause decay. Colgate's, unlike any other leading toothpaste, keeps on fighting decay 12 hours or more!

So, morning brushings with Colgate's help protect all day; evening brushings all night. Gardol in Colgate's forms an invisible, protective shield around teeth that lasts 12 hours *with just one brushing*. Ask your dentist how often to brush your teeth. Encourage your children to brush after meals. And *at all times*, get Gardol protection in Colgate's!



*THE LEADING TOOTHPASTES
ACCOUNT FOR OVER
70% OF ALL TOOTHPASTES
SOLD TODAY!

**No other leading toothpaste
can give the 12-hour protection
against decay you get with
Colgate's with Gardol**

**CLEANS YOUR BREATH
While It GUARDS YOUR TEETH**

WHAT'S NEW FROM COAST TO COAST

(Continued from page 11)

recently taken over the emcee role on the *Looney Tunes* TV show over the Du Mont Network. . . . Miss E. K., Portland, Ore.: **Bing Crosby** was originally mentioned for the television production of "Our Town," which has been adapted as a musical, but Frank Sinatra is now set to do it in September on NBC-TV.

What Ever Happened To . . . ?

Cliff Edwards, the singing comedian known as Ukulele Ike? Cliff's career hasn't been zooming too much in the past few years, but now, thanks to his recording of "When You Wish Upon a Star," things are looking up for him. Cliff made the record back in 1949 when he did the voice of Jiminy Cricket in Walt Disney's film, "Pinocchio." Disney used the record as the theme song for his *Disneyland* TV series, and now Cliff will again work for Disney on the forthcoming *Mickey Mouse Club* daily TV kiddie show. He's also set to record some new tunes shortly.

Kenny Delmar (Senator Claghorn), who resumed his radio career a while back in the running part of Buck Halliday in *The Second Mrs. Burton*? Kenny has left New York, and the program, to return to live in Hollywood. Howard Smith, Broadway actor now appearing in the stage show, "Anniversary Waltz," has replaced Delmar as Buck.

Don Herbert, creator and star of the *Mr. Wizard* program, seen over NBC-TV? Herbert was taken ill a few weeks ago and his condition was diagnosed as acute and chronic exhaustion. He was taken to the Augustana Hospital in Chicago, where he is improving. Pending Don's return to work, kinescope telecasts will be substituted for his Saturday program.

Molly Berg, who wrote and starred in the heart-warming adventures of *The Goldbergs*? Molly is filming a new series of Goldberg stories for Guild Films—and just to keep up with the trend throughout



Kathy Godfrey presents the bright side of the news, Sundays on CBS.

the country, the family is moving to the suburbs. The series will probably start sometime this fall.

If you have a question about one of your favorite people or programs, or wonder what has happened to someone on radio or television, drop me a line—Miss Jill Warren, TV RADIO MIRROR, 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y., and I'll try my best to find out for you and put the information in this column. Unfortunately, we don't have space to answer all questions, so I try to cover those personalities and shows about whom I receive the most inquiries. Sorry, no personal answers, so kindly do not enclose stamped envelopes or postage, as they cannot be returned.



Jack Benny and his wife Mary Livingstone, on a New York holiday, visit the Stork Club. Jack's slated to appear on a CBS-TV "spectacular" this fall.



**Talk
about
lather!**



You get floods more suds...better hair-conditioning too!

NEW *White Rain*

NEW PACKAGE...
NEW
EASY-GRIP BOTTLE.
WONDERFUL NEW
LOTION SHAMPOO!



You'll be talking about lather for days after your first shampoo with new White Rain. Because it really does pile up astonishingly . . . gives you gobs more rich, gentle suds, soft as rain water. You can *feel* your hair become silken under your finger-tips

. . . Yet see what happens when you comb it out. The curl just naturally springs back. New White Rain leaves your hair in better condition, sprinkled with sunshine, fresh as a breeze, and *manageable*. New White Rain was made especially for you . . .

BY *Toni* THE PEOPLE WHO KNOW YOUR HAIR BEST

Gloriously Fragrant

ALL DAY... ALL OVER

Wonderful
DIER-KISS
TALCUM

It gives your skin
a thrilling satin
softness...an alluring
feminine fragrance.
This finest of imported
tales soothes, cools
and perfumes every
inch of you! Absorbs
perspiration—helps
prevent chafing...
keeps you delightful
to be near!



Dreams come true...

when you wear BLUE WALTZ.
This intoxicating perfume is
not for the timid.
Try it—when you're
ready for love!



Daytime Diary

All programs are heard Monday through Friday; consult
local papers for time and station.

BACKSTAGE WIFE Mary Noble has had years of practice at being the wife of a famous Broadway star, but every now and then even she faces a problem that it seems must wreck her marriage. Although she is certain that Larry is fundamentally devoted to her and their family, his brilliant, fascinating leading women can often manage to distress her far more than she likes to admit. Will Larry's career end by coming between him and Mary? CBS Radio.

THE BRIGHTER DAY If architect Don Harrick really works on plans for the Youth Center, all Reverend Dennis' hopes for it will be brilliantly realized. But personal difficulties beset Harrick as he sees his hold on his sister-in-law, Lydia, weakening under the warmth of her friendship with editor Max Canfield. Will Harrick use the one weapon that can really ruin Lydia's life in order to maintain his influence over her? CBS-TV and CBS Radio.

THE DOCTOR'S WIFE Embittered by the publicity that misrepresents her association with the children's convalescent home, Julie Palmer vows to keep hands off all public activities, and withdraws so decidedly that her husband, Dr. Dan Palmer, is really concerned over an attitude he has never seen in Julie before. But a brave child reminds Julie that without courage life is much less worth living. NBC Radio.

FIRST LOVE The harrowing days of Zach's trial for the murder of Petey are bound to leave their mark on Laurie no matter what the verdict. Struggling not to show the terrible strain, she wonders if Zach can do the same—Zach who is so much more emotional and keyed-up than the average man. How will he feel about David Abbott, knowing that the clever young lawyer's fight to save him was more for Laurie's sake than for his? NBC-TV.

THE GUIDING LIGHT Long after her marriage to Dick was over, Kathy realized how much she still loved him. But even if he returns to California the chances are small that their lives can ever join again, for Dick is no longer the confused, weak man he was a few years ago. Meanwhile, Kathy's friend Bertha faces a trying time as her newly-widowed mother comes home with her. What will this mean to her husband and her older son? CBS-TV and CBS Radio.

HAWKINS FALLS Nobody who really knows a small town—knows it as Lona and Dr. Floyd Corey do—will ever make the mistake of thinking that life there is as quiet and peaceful as it appears to the casual passerby. But even Lona is surprised when she suddenly learns that her name has been forged—and finds out who did it. This, she thinks, is certainly the strangest thing that will ever happen in Hawkins Falls. But is she wrong? NBC-TV.

JOYCE JORDAN, M.D The respected position Joyce has built for herself, both as a woman and a doctor, is threatened by the curious persecution of her own young sister, Kitty, who seems determined to destroy Joyce's hopes for a future with socially prominent lawyer Mike Hill. Has Kitty, through the man called James Duffy, stumbled upon a chain of events that may really help her to accomplish her purpose? NBC-TV.

JUST PLAIN BILL The beautiful young actress, Arline Wilton, has created quite a stir in Hartville. Bill watches with concern as Peter Dyke Hampton, the successful lawyer who recently seemed attracted to Bill's daughter Nancy, finds himself succumbing to Arline's undeniable fascination. What is there about Arline that leads Bill to fear that Peter's feeling for her will eventually lead to trouble? NBC Radio.

LORENZO JONES When Belle Jones' long search for Lorenzo was successful, she was so elated that she had small doubt that the future would see complete happiness restored with the recovery of Lorenzo's memory, so that they could resume the contented marriage that was disrupted by his accident. But now, months later, she faces heartbreak as Lorenzo still cannot recall the past. Will she be forced to turn to Denis Scott and his love to salvage her own future? NBC Radio.

LOVE OF LIFE Van's recovery from her miscarriage, and Paul's final courageous honesty with his former wife, Judith, has to some extent drawn Judith's fangs and cleared the way for a better future for his marriage to Van. But there still remains Judith's child—the child so deeply damaged by Judith's callousness. If Van follows the fugitive thought that has crossed her mind, will it be the greatest mistake of her life? CBS-TV.

MA PERKINS Gladys was the spoiled child of a wealthy family, and Joe was the modest, unforceful adopted son of Ma Perkins, when the two fell in love and were married. But, despite the difference in background, they were extremely happy until the tragic disappearance of their baby put torturing strain on both of them. Will bitterness transform Gladys back into the cold, superficial girl she once appeared to be? Can Ma save their marriage? CBS Radio.

OUR GAL SUNDAY Leslie Northurst's attempt to destroy Lord Henry's hold on the Brinthrope title and estates brought ruin only to Leslie himself. And yet Sunday wonders if she and her husband can ever really forget Leslie's attack. Is she right in fearing that it created havoc in her marriage that can never be completely repaired? Or is there a crisis ahead that will relegate all thoughts of Leslie to the background? CBS Radio.

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY No matter how much two young people love each other, they cannot be separated for any length of time without becoming lonely enough to seek companionship elsewhere. Carter's long, harrowing disappearance has thrown Peggy back on the friendship of two very willing young men. And, in New York, Carter embarks on a strange new life with the help of a friendly young singer and his own talent for playing the piano. NBC Radio.

PERRY MASON The careful, complicated plan to get hold of Sam Merriweather's wealth approaches success as the girl posing as his daughter tightens the trap around his real daughter, known to him as his secretary, Lois Monahan. Can Perry unearth the confused framework of the truth in time to save Sam—and save Lois from a framed murder charge? Or, working in the dark as he must, will it be only Lois he can save? CBS Radio.

THE RIGHT TO HAPPINESS The accident in which Carolyn is injured helps to bring to a sort of climax the strained situation between her and her husband, Miles Nelson. Does Miles' political career really suffer from his marriage, as wily Annette Thorpe has tried to convince him? More important, has Miles himself begun to suspect that he could go faster and farther alone—or with Annette as a partner? NBC Radio. (Continued on page 97)



in my * maidenform bra

As a matter of course, you'll choose Ariette*, the new Maidenform elastic bra that sets you free! Airy-light elastic outlining the broadcloth curve-flattering cups to snug the bra to you; elastic under the cups to move with every breath you take; elastic back-panels to give you more freedom of motion than you ever dreamed of in a bra.

Ariette g-i-v-e-s with your every move—
follows your figure like a dream! 2.50 A, B and C cups.



coolest thing you can wear

There isn't any other kind of sanitary protection that's *nearly* as cool as Tampax*. In fact, millions of women first adopted Tampax in the Summertime—when they simply couldn't stand hot, uncomfortable external pads a *minute* longer!

Why put up with chafing... irritation... odor problems and disposal problems... when Tampax is as handy as your nearest drug or notion counter? It gives the wearer such a remarkable sense of freedom that many users say they almost forget it's "time-of-the-month" for them. Certainly, you feel much more poised, much more relaxed, with protection that's both invisible and unfelt when in place. You can be your dainty, fastidious self *at all times!*

It goes without saying that you can swim while wearing Tampax, that you don't need to remove it while taking your shower or tub. This doctor-invented product *must* be the *nicest* way of handling the trying days of the month—so many women say so! Buy Tampax now in your choice of 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Month's supply goes into purse. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

The Winner!

You are right, when you state your reason for printing the Feather Your Nest contest winners' names first, before notifying them... it was a greater thrill. I gaze and stare at my name... and say, "It can't be!" But, *thar tiz!* To think of my name being all over the U. S. A. makes me feel like a celebrity... which of course I am, in a way, because the judges picked my "whacky" entry for first prize.

I can hardly wait to get my living room set... and am so afraid it might arrive when I'm out. Also, I wish to clear the room of old pieces, before the beautiful new ones "swagger" in and scoff at my poor "antee-ques." The old ones were very faithful, though battle-scarred, and might feel sensitive if they glimpsed the newcomers.

Lots of good wishes to you and your fine, enjoyable magazine. I surely did enjoy the contest, but never expected to win a prize, let alone the top one. Everyone is complimenting my family on my big win. My son, who is in the Army, can scarcely wait to see our lovely living room. Its being modern tickles him so much, as it does all of us.

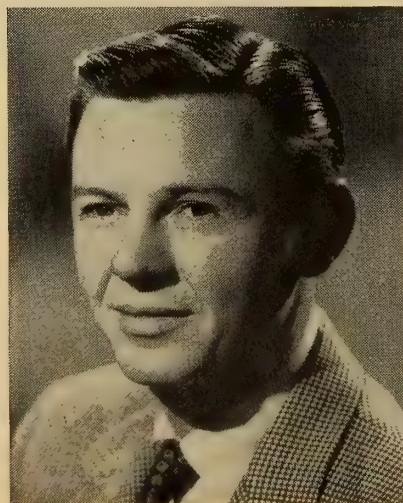
I wonder if being a "Bird" had anything to do with winning this Feather Your Nest prize? Anyway, we think it is quite a coincidence.

Bertha L. Bird,
Needham Heights, Mass.

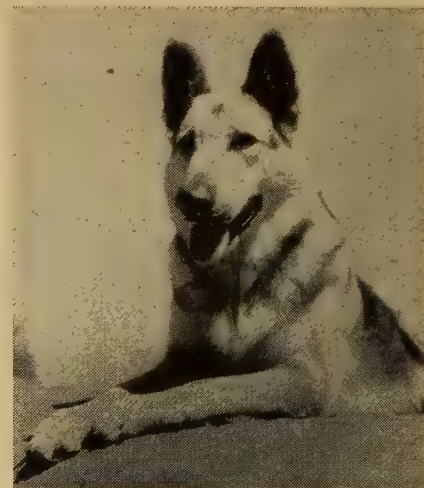
Out of His Teens

I would like to know about James Lydon, who plays Andy Boone on NBC-TV's *So This Is Hollywood*. Where can I write to him? C.R., Chicago, Ill.

"For eighteen years I've played a high school teenager, and that's long enough for any man," asserts Jimmy Lydon, who's happy to have graduated to the role of actors' agent in *So This Is Hollywood*...



James Lydon



Rin Tin Tin IV

Born James Joseph Lydon on May 30, 1923, in Harrington Park, New Jersey, his long-lived teen-age career began when he was studying photography at the Professional Children's School in New York City. Jimmy's father was a railroad statistician and several of his nine children became interested in acting. Jimmy's start came when his freckles attracted attention among commercial photographers and he moved to the other side of the camera to become a model. He appeared in several Broadway plays, then went to Hollywood to play juvenile roles in "Tom Brown's Schooldays," "Life with Father" and to star in the "Henry Aldrich" series. Other films have included "Joan of Arc," "Time of Your Life," "September Affair" and "The Magnificent Yankee." Jimmy has appeared in TV dramatic and suspense programs and played the lead in one of the first TV daytime serials, *The First Hundred Years*. It was while in New York for TV appearances that he once again met Betty Lou Nedell. They'd known each other before—when Betty's mother played Jimmy's mother in "Henry Aldrich"—were married in New York and now have a year-old daughter, Cathy Ann. Jimmy holds a private pilot's license, likes to take weekend air-trips or else shoulder one of the guns he collects and round up his best pals for a hunting trip. You can write to him, c/o *So This Is Hollywood*, NBC-TV, Sunset and Vine, Hollywood, Calif.

Arf! Arf!

Would you please give me some information on the dog who plays the title role in *The Adventures Of Rin Tin Tin* on the ABC-TV network?

D.W., Colliers, W. Va.

The dog starring in the TV film series is actually Rin Tin Tin IV, whose great-grandfather barked silently and drew millions of dollars to the box offices in pre-talkie days. The story begins when

booth

Lee Duncan was a pilot in World War I. He recalls that "when the Germans were driven back in the big push at St. Mihiel, they left a lot of things behind—including five little puppies. I took them over and nursed them back to health. They couldn't have been over three days old." . . . Lee brought two of the dogs back to the United States with him, a male he named Rin Tin Tin and a female he called Nanette. The male was named for the little good-luck dolls the French women made and sold for charity. . . . When Lee's friend, William Desmond, needed a dog for a movie at Universal, he suggested using Rin Tin Tin. "That gave me an idea of making a picture with Rin Tin Tin," Lee remembers. "I went to Warner Brothers and they liked the idea. But, by the time we spent \$35,000, they ran out of money. I managed to borrow some more. The picture—'Where the North Begins,' in 1923—cost \$135,000 and grossed \$352,000. Rin Tin Tin saved Warner Brothers from bankruptcy."

During the war, Lee Duncan trained dogs for the Army. In 1947, he brought out "The Return of Rin Tin Tin," starring Rin Tin Tin III. Now, the fourth in the line, at four years old, is a TV star and Rin Tin Tin V, about a year old, looks like a comer.

Amos 'n' Andy

I would like to know if Freeman Gosden and Charles Correll appear as Amos 'n' Andy on TV as well as radio.

L.S., Grafton, W. Va.

No, although Freeman Gosden and Charles Correll have played the roles on radio since 1928, on TV Amos is played by Alvin Childress, Andy by Spencer Williams, the Kingfish by Tom Moore. On radio Gosden is the Kingfish and Lightnin', as well as being Amos Jones, and Correll is the voice for Henry Van Porter and Andy Brown.

Man From Marseilles

Would you give me some information on Louis Jourdan, who plays Inspector Beaumont on Paris Precinct on TV?

B.R., Memphis, Tenn.

Born in Marseilles, Louis Jourdan was a prominent actor on the French stage and screen when he was brought to this country for a role in Alfred Hitchcock's "The Paradine Case," in 1947. His dark good-looks and Gallic charm have since been seen on celluloid in "Letter from an Unknown Woman," "Madame Bovary," "Anne of the Indies" and "The Happy Time." Last year, he made a successful debut on the Broadway stage in "The Immoralist," an adaptation from the book by his countryman, Andre Gide. On TV, he has been seen on many of the top drama programs, including *The Elgin Hour* and *Appointment With Adventure*, in addition to his role as a member of the

French Surête in the *Paris Precinct* series. He may return to Broadway for another play this fall.

Aloha

I would like to know what has happened to Haleloke, the Hawaiian singer who used to be on Arthur Godfrey's shows.

L.F., Massillon, O.

Haleloke has remained in New York, spreading good will with Orchids of Hawaii, Inc., an organization that provides information about the islands and arranges Hawaiian-style parties. Several show-business offers are pending, but Haleloke has not yet made any definite commitments, at this writing.

Lone Wolf

Could you tell me something about Louis Hayward, who plays the title role in The Lone Wolf on TV?

L. C., Milwaukee, Wis.

Born in Johannesburg, South Africa's diamond and gold capital, Louis Hayward struck it rich in acting almost immediately. After schooling in France and England and a stock company debut, Louis, at 22, owned his own stock company and earned as much as \$500 a week. But acting was his first love and he chucked the company to act on the London stage. His first part, in the great hit, "Beau Geste," led to other successes. . . . Finally, the American craze for British accents brought him to New York for a Lunt and Fontanne play and the New York Critics' Circle Award of 1935. This, in turn, took Louis to Hollywood and a series of swash-buckling roles in "Anthony Adverse," "The Man in the Iron Mask," "Son of Monte Cristo," and so on. Other films included the "Saint" mystery series, "My Son, My Son," "Ladies in Retirement" (in which he (Continued on page 26)



Louis Hayward

SURVEY SHOWS ANSWERS FROM

9
out of
10



NURSES suggest DOUCHING with ZONITE for feminine hygiene

Brides-to-Be and Married Women
Should Know These Intimate Facts

Every well-informed woman who values her health, physical charm and married happiness, knows how necessary a cleansing, deodorizing douche is for intimate feminine cleanliness and after monthly periods. Douching has become such an essential practice in the modern way of life, another survey showed that of the married women asked—83.3% douche after monthly periods and 86.5% at other times.

It's a great assurance for women to know that ZONITE is so highly thought of among these nurses. Scientific tests PROVED no other type liquid anti-septic-germicide for the douche of all those tested is SO POWERFULLY EFFECTIVE yet SO SAFE to body tissues.

ZONITE's Many Advantages

ZONITE is a powerful antiseptic-germicide yet is positively non-poisonous, non-irritating. You can use it as often as needed without the slightest risk of injury. A ZONITE douche immediately washes away germs and waste deposits. It effectively deodorizes and leaves you with a wonderful sense of well-being and confidence—so refreshed and dainty. Inexpensive—ZONITE costs only a few pennies per douche. Use as directed.



If any abnormal condition exists, see your doctor.

Hum and Strum



Thirty years as a team have found Hum and Strum entertaining throughout the world. Below, on their show, they enjoy a visit from great trouper, Joe E. Brown.



No matter how busy, Hum and Strum answer every letter they receive.

Max Zides and Tom Currier daily show Providence viewers the true meaning of "The Personal Touch"

AMONG the great show-business teams, there has been none more loved than the musical team of Max Zides and Tom Currier—better known to the world as Hum and Strum. Currently, they are regaling WJAR-TV viewers in Rhode Island and Massachusetts on their own daily show at 1:30 P.M., as guests on *Breakfast At The Sheraton*, Wednesdays at 9 A.M., as regulars on *Weekend In New England*, Fridays at 10:45 P.M.

The story of Max and Tom's great friendship began thirty-five years ago when they were track-team mates at Boston's Commercial High School. Several years later, in 1924—when Max was working on the *Boston Globe* and Tom was a long-distance truck driver—they met in a music office and started fooling around with a song or two. Soon they were filling vaudeville engagements together, then they went on radio. In addition to their air shows, they played the great Keith circuit, appearing in every major vaudeville house in the country with such headliners as Burns and Allen, Guy Lombardo and Phil Silvers. In 1931, when television was almost unheard of, Max and Tom made experimental telecasts, although, they say now, "Our thoughts were that television would never come in our lifetime. We believed it was a dream for future centuries." Nevertheless, after World War II, they became TV regulars.

In their original act, both boys strummed the ukulele and hummed many of their numbers—hence the name of their act. Today, Max no longer plays the uke because of a case of "occupational arthritis" which occurs only when he plays. Tom provides the musical accompaniment on "half a piano."

As in their partnership, Max and Tom are the best of friends in private life. Max married his childhood sweetheart and they now live in Brookline with their sons—Alan, 15 and Danny, 11. Tom, who lives in near-by Braintree with his wife, also has two sons—Tom, Jr., 23, and Terry, 20. While Max likes to relax at golf, Tom prefers flying, and was once a stunt pilot.

There is a third dimension to Hum and Strum's friendship—with their audiences. As Tom aptly puts it, "When you stop appealing to them, you might as well fold your tent and silently steal away." The boys' great personal touch also results from their attitude toward their work. "You can't call this work," says Max. "That's right," adds Tom. "We like this much better than working." From all reports, WJAR-TV viewers share the same happy view about Hum and Strum.



Think of the softest... Now, a new gentleness . . . undreamed-of comfort . . . the luxury of
a fabric covering that's soft as a whisper. Today, more than ever, it's

Modess . . . *because*

Now...compliment-catching hair for you!

Today you can look as young as you feel, because modern beauty aids make it so easy for you to keep an attractive and youthful appearance. But, in the same way regular skin care is necessary to conceal age-revealing wrinkles, your hair also needs regular care to keep it gleaming and full of color and life.

Quite simply...hair should be pampered just as much as the face beneath!

Follow your next shampoo with a NOREEN temporary rinse, for it will bring back lustre and color to your hair...leave it soft and gleaming...

young again. Choose your shade of NOREEN from fourteen natural hair tones.

At cosmetic counters everywhere.

8 rinses 60¢ plus tax.

Color applicator 40¢.

Also professionally applied in beauty salons.



Noreen®

**COLOR
HAIR
RINSE**

Information Booth

(Continued)

co-starred with his former wife, Ida Lupino), "Walk a Crooked Mile," "Duffy of San Quentin" and many others. . . . Louis became an American citizen on December 6, 1941, spent the war years with the Marines, rising to the rank of captain and earning the Bronze Star and Presidential Citation. Since the war, he has operated his own Associated Film Artists production organization. In film circles, it's said he rides with Lady Luck. Acting or producing, his every picture has been a money-maker. . . . Off-camera, Louis' friends are few, but close ones. His favorite diversion is a sudden, unplanned dash to an out-of-the-way place. He's enthusiastic about the opera, theater and concerts, likes ice-hockey, rugby and fencing, and keeps in trim with daily workouts in his own gym.

Quartet Query

Could you tell me whether two of the men in the Foggy River Boys quartet are brothers? The quartet sings on Red Foley's Ozark Jubilee.

G.M., Herndon, Va.

Yes, the brothers in the quartet are William and Monte Matthews. The two other Foggy River Boys are Charles Hutton and James Holmes.

Calling All Fans

The following clubs invite new members. If you are interested in joining, write to the address given—not to TV RADIO MIRROR.

Jayne and Audrey Meadows Fan Club, c/o Sally Powers, 2 North Broadway, White Plains, N.Y.

Rosemary Clooney Fan Club, c/o Shirley McElroy, 218 N. Gray St., Zanesville, O.

Phonorama Club (Johnny Desmond), c/o Arleen Ristav, 588 Majestic Circle, Arondale Estates, Ga.

Lucille Wall Fan Club, c/o Billy Banks, 5303 Wriley Rd., Westhaven, Md.

On- And Off-Camera

Would you tell me if Marge and Stu Bergman, in the CBS-TV dramatic serial, Search For Tomorrow, are man and wife in real life? A. McD., Peabody, Mass.

No. Melba Rae, who plays Marge, is unmarried. Larry Haines, her TV husband Stu, has a wife named Trudy in private life.

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—If there's something you want to know about radio and television, write to Information Booth, TV RADIO MIRROR, 205 East 42 St., New York 17, N. Y. We'll answer, if we can, provided your question is of general interest. Answers will appear in this column—but be sure to attach this box to your letter, and specify whether your question concerns radio or TV.

WOMEN!

IF YOU NEED **MONEY**



"Rib-Weave"
Junior with
convertible
neckline.

Rhinestone
studded,
sparkled with
white.



Wrinkle-
resistant
sulking with a
luxury look.

**EARN
DRESSES
FOR
PERSONAL
USE —
AND TO USE
AS SAMPLES!**

Full details of this
special plan will
be sent when
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\$3.98 each. Over 100 dif-
ferent styles, colors, fabrics.
We furnish fabric samples.
You risk nothing. Absolutely
no experience needed. Try
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Send me fabric samples and everything I need to make
money in spare time. No obligation—everything furnished.

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If you live in Canada, mail this coupon to
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at last!



A LIQUID SHAMPOO

that's **EXTRA RICH!**

IT'S LIQUID
PRELL

FOR

'Radiantly Alive' Hair

Something wonderful has happened—it's fabulous new Liquid Prell! The only shampoo in the world with this exciting, extra-rich formula! It bursts instantly into luxurious lather... rinses like lightning... is so mild you could shampoo every day. And, oh, the look and feel of your hair after just one shampoo! So satin-y soft, so shiny bright, so obedient—why, it falls into place with just a flick of your comb! Shouldn't your hair have that 'Radiantly Alive' look? Try Liquid Prell this very night!



JUST POUR IT...

and you'll see the glorious difference!



Some liquid shampoos are too thin and watery... some too heavy, and contain an ingredient that leaves a dulling film. But Prell has a "just-right" consistency—it won't run and never leaves a dulling film.

PRELL—for 'Radiantly Alive' Hair... now available 2 ways:

The exciting, new extra-rich liquid in the handsome, easy-grip bottle!

And the famous, handy tube that's ideal for children and the whole family... won't spill, drip, or break. It's concentrated—ounce for ounce it goes further!



CREATED BY PROCTER & GAMBLE

a VERY GOOD NEIGHBOR



Heavy TV schedules lighten, as Dennis relaxes contentedly with his wife Micki at their Echo Bay home.

**Dennis James has always
known the best way to have
a friend is to be one!**

By ERNST JACOBI

DURING THE DIM, distant days of television's infancy, about eight years ago, a young man by the name of Dennis James was once asked to do an extended commercial for Josiah Wedgwood dinnerware. After some introductory remarks, he was to narrate a film describing the Wedgwood factories in England, and the film was to start at his mention of the word "mud"—which is used as a first step in the manufacturing process. However, at this precise moment, something went wrong with the film and Dennis was given the signal to "stretch."

"I had to keep stalling for four and a half minutes," Dennis reports. "That wouldn't have been so bad, but I

See Next Page

a VERY GOOD NEIGHBOR

(Continued)



Telethons to combat cerebral palsy take up much of Dennis James' limited time—and his unlimited heart. Nothing is quite so rewarding as the opportunity to help such courageous youngsters as Charles Stahlberg, a "poster boy" for United Cerebral Palsy appeals.



As emcee of CBS-TV's *On Your Account*, Dennis put on a special program during Hospital Week and was made an honorary member of the Caledonia Hospital Society. Joyce Parkhurst, student nurse, and Patricia Burns, nurse, presented him with certificate of membership.



Boating—from his own pier—is one of his greatest hobbies.

couldn't get away from the subject of *mud*, and there's a limit to what you can say about it. I talked about mud packs, mud baths, mud pies, plain mud, ordinary mud, special mud, useful mud, and no-good dirty mud. I even tried a rhyme and came up with 'Maybe you think I'm chewing my cud—while all I'm doing is talking about mud.' Those were the longest four and a half minutes I ever lived through in my life."

Dennis' ability not to let circumstances faze him has made him the delight of sponsors, network executives, and—most important of all—a large and devoted viewing audience. Not long ago, when he was interviewing a very nervous singer on *Chance Of A Lifetime*, the scenery on the stage collapsed with a loud crash—though, fortunately, out of camera range. "Do you hear how they're knocking themselves out for you?" Dennis asked. "Now, I want you to go out and knock them dead in turn." Reassured, the girl went on and was great. And when an elderly gentleman on Dennis' CBS-TV daytime show, *On Your Account*, had a fit of sneezes and lost his upper dentures, Dennis tactfully saved what might have been an embarrassing situation by his hearty "*Gesundheit!*" Then he added another little rhyme: "A sneeze, whenever it occurs, is welcome as a kitten's purrs." By that time, both dentures and calm were restored.

Dennis says that it's come to the point where he looks forward to the unexpected. "It's sort of a challenge that helps me prove to myself that I can still think on my feet."

It has not been recorded in the annals of television or radio that this ability has ever failed Dennis or that he's ever been at a loss for words. He shuns prepared scripts wherever possible, scorns teleprompters or cue cards, and doesn't use writers for his material, relying entirely on his quick-wittedness, his spontaneous sense of humor, his sincerity and warmth. "I'm no comedian. When I'm before a camera, I just try to be myself," he says. "And I'm satisfied if I can come across with a degree of warmth and humanity." That he succeeds (Continued on page 69)

Dennis James emcees *On Your Account*, CBS-TV, M-F, 4:30 P.M. EDT, sponsored by Procter & Gamble for Tide and Prell—and *Chance Of A Lifetime*, ABC-TV, Sun., 9 P.M. EDT, sponsored by Tweed and other Lenthieric fragrances, and Bromo-Seltzer (Emerson Drug Co.)



Micki's learned to love water sports, too, and they often launch a boat just to go calling on their neighbors. Their swimming pool is another of their delights. They like informal picnics—and friendly get-togethers in Dennis' well-filled "trophy room."



Dennis enjoys cooking on the outdoor barbecue—particularly the Italian specialties so dear to his childhood. Below, right, he proudly introduces his parents, Teresa and Demetrio Sposa, and his brother Lou—who directs *Chance Of A Lifetime*, over ABC-TV.



WINSOME ANNIE OAKLEY

Riding on location, dancing on a date, Gail Davis shows how a smart girl can always aim for glamour

By PEER J. OPPENHEIMER

TO THE OLDER FOLKS, the middle-aged group and the "young-married" couples, Gail Davis was just about the most glamorous girl at the Grand Ball—the highlight of Little Rock's Rose Festival—as she led the Grand Parade on the arm of Lieutenant Hoyt Allen. The Lieutenant wore his white Naval uniform. Gail also wore white, a beautiful, off-the-shoulder, nylon gown with a tight bodice and billowing skirt.

But, to the younger fans in her home town, she was a disappointment. They thought the gun-toting, fast-riding heroine of the *Annie Oakley* series was far more glamorous in her cowgirl outfit, gun belt with six-shooters slung around her waist, a wide-brimmed Stetson jauntily perched on her head. Two worlds. Two points of view. Two attitudes toward the same girl. Or is she the same girl?

"In a way, I live a double life," says Gail. "I've always been tomboyish, loved to ride, climb trees, wear jeans. But at the same time I wanted to be feminine, glamorous and sophisticated. I've been competing with myself!"

That's the story of a girl who has fifteen glamorous evening gowns in her closet, side by side with a dozen cowgirl outfits, who puts on her (Continued on page 75)

Gail can really ride! She can also handle Annie's favorite Winchester—as Gene Autry (foreground) and champ John J. Crowley (left) can well testify.

Gail Davis stars in the title role of *Annie Oakley*, as produced for TV by Gene Autry's Flying A Pictures. See local papers for time and station in your area.



Even as a little girl, Gail loved her mother's pretty clothes—and her perfume.



She still believes in being feminine today—and is, on the set or at home.



WINSOME ANNIE OAKLEY



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Riding on location, dancing on a date, Gail Davis shows how a smart girl can always aim for glamour

By PEER J. OPPENHEIMER

TO THE OLDER FOLKS, the middle-aged group and the "young-married" couples, Gail Davis was just about the most glamorous girl at the Grand Ball—the highlight of Little Rock's Rose Festival—as she led the Grand Parade on the arm of Lieutenant Hoyt Allen. The Lieutenant wore his white Naval uniform. Gail also wore white, a beautiful, off-the-shoulder, nylon gown with a tight bodice and billowing skirt.

But, to the younger fans in her home town, she was a disappointment. They thought the gun-toting, fast-riding heroine of the *Annie Oakley* series was far more glamorous in her cowgirl outfit, gun belt with six-shooters slung around her waist, a wide-brimmed Stetson jauntily perched on her head. Two worlds. Two points of view. Two attitudes toward the same girl. Or is she the same girl?

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Clothes mark the man: Fess forsakes horse for plane as he tours the country.

**Fess Parker fits every description of
a legendary hero—particularly
that beloved giant, Davy Crockett!**



Davy Crockett fans experience the

Mighty Man is He

By FREDDA DUDLEY BALLING

FESS PARKER has appeared in ten motion pictures, the latest and most important of which is "Davy Crockett, King of the Wild Frontier," and he has starred in three television films on *Disneyland*—"Davy Crockett, Indian Fighter," "Davy Crockett Goes to Congress," and "Davy Crockett at The Alamo." Comparatively speaking, this is not extensive film footage for a newcomer, but Fess Parker's fast fame proves that uranium is where you find it. He is authentic Geiger-quaking, fissionable material—all six feet, five inches of him—but the only atomic fallout expected by Walt Disney, who has Fess under long-term contract, is pennies from heaven. Or, more likely, thousand-dollar bills.

To get a few things straightened out at once: Fess Parker is his square moniker, and Fess, in Old English, means "proud." In heraldry, a fess is a wide, horizontal band across the middle of an escutcheon—usually constructed of some such

See Next Page ►

Fess, in his first starring role, studies the Davy Crockett script with Walt Disney and Norman Foster, director of the famed film.



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a Mighty Man is He

(Continued)

opulent fabric as ermine, velvet, silver or gold. In spite of all this implied fanfare, Fess himself has never looked up the Parker family crest for fear of finding on it a small biscuit rampant—the Parker House roll.

Born in Fort Worth, Texas, ma'am, Fess grew up in San Angelo. He started his college career at Texas A. and M., transferred to Hardin-Simmons (where he hoped to play four years of college football), served three years in the Navy—rising from apprentice seaman to seaman, first class—returned to Hardin-Simmons briefly, and then moved to the University of Texas, where he earned his degree. He also attended U.S.C. in Los Angeles, where he knocked out his master's degree in Theater Arts. His fraternity is Pi Kappa Alpha.

At this point, it might be remarked that Fess is not only a picture and TV star, but a recording artist, as well—a fact which makes at least one woman furious. The lady in question stormed into a Los Angeles record shop and asked the salesman whether he had the Fess Parker platter of "The Ballad of Davy Crockett." Apologetically, the salesman admitted that he was temporarily out of the number, but added that a new supply would arrive shortly. Meanwhile, he said, a number of guitar-and-gullet boys had waxed the song . . .

"I don't want a substitute," snapped the shopper. "I want Fess or nothing. This is the seventh record shop I've tried, and every single one of them is sold out. It makes me simply furious."

(Note to the lady: By the time you read this, you will be able to buy—not only "The Ballad"—but a 45 rpm Columbia recording of the three "Davy Crockett" dramas which have been telecast.)

At The Alamo: Hans Conreid as Thimblebrig, Nick Cravat as Bustedluck, join Fess and Buddy in their last stand.

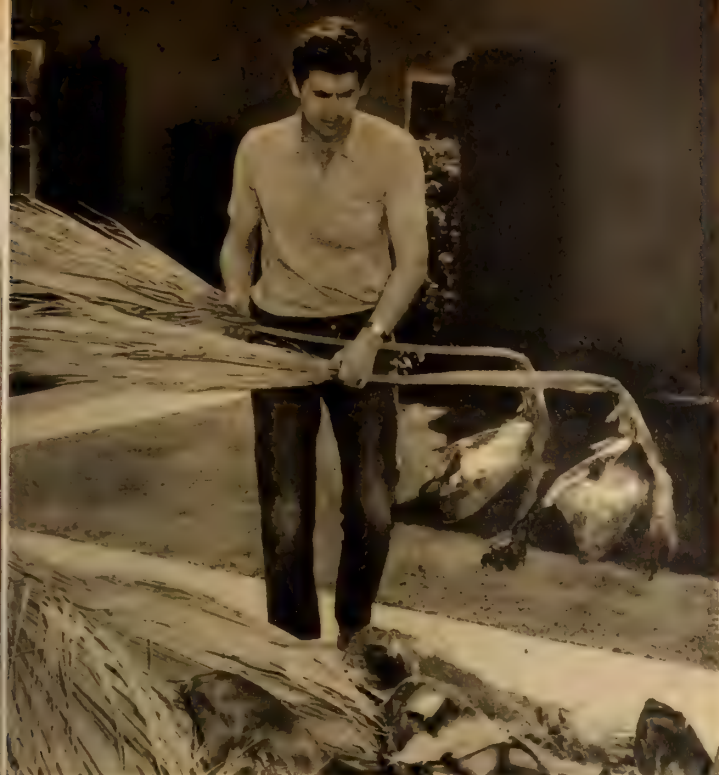


George Russel (Buddy Ebsen) was Davy Crockett's best friend. Off-screen, Buddy and Fess are also good friends and neighbors. Fess (6'5") calls Buddy (6'3") "Shorty."



Fess Parker, star of Walt Disney's full-length feature film, "Davy Crockett, King of the Wild Frontier," also stars in the popular "Davy Crockett" episodes on *Disneyland*, as seen over ABC-TV, Wed., 7:30 P.M. EDT, sponsored by the American Motors Corp., Derby Foods, Inc., and the American Dairy Association.





Raised on a ranch in Texas, bachelor Fess has long known how to take care of himself. He lives modestly in a small but comfortable house in Hollywood, keeps a neat yard, and can scramble up a "mean" egg to satisfy his hearty appetite.

Incidentally, the beginnings of Fess' guitar playing (so vital a part of "The Ballad of Davy Crockett") are shrouded in mystery. One version is that he was born with a guitar in one hand and a Texas bluebonnet in the other. A more comfortable theory is that, while Fess was a student at the University of Texas, folk singer Burl Ives appeared at the college on concert tour. Fess was so impressed with Ives' performance—and discovered himself to be so completely at home with the material used and the interpretation employed—that he could talk of nothing else for weeks. His girl friend finally retaliated by buying Fess a guitar for Christmas.

Of course, it was a gag gift for which she had paid only a few dollars at the local music store, but Fess elected to take it seriously. So seriously that he asked if she would be hurt if he traded in the six-stringer for a fine instrument. She said something like no, not if he wouldn't practice under *her* balcony—and that did it.

From that moment to this, scarcely a day has gone by during which Fess has not found a few moments in which to beat out chords. Between scenes on the set, he can be found strumming and humming, composing melodies of his own. His only periods of stringless silence—sometimes lasting a week—are brought on by attendance at a Segovia concert. "The man has a kind of magic," he says, grinning in wry appreciation. "It doesn't seem human for one pair of hands to get so much music out of a guitar."

His regional drawl (more Southern than Texan), his quiet manner, his far-flung stature, his steady eyes—and his air of considered calm—convey at least one wrong impression. A stranger (*Continued on page 86*)



A guitar player since college days, Fess composes his own tunes, enjoys duets with girl friend Marcy Rinehart.

TWICE BLESSED



Mr. and Mrs. Charles Novotny of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, were aboard the *Queen Mary* when they learned their number had won! Below, Janis Carter welcomed them back from Europe.



Feather Your Nest, NBC-TV, M-F, 12:30 P.M. EDT—for Colgate-Palmolive, Cavalier Cigarettes, other products.

Fate had an inspiring surprise in store, when *Feather Your Nest* presented a house to the Novotnys

By LILLA ANDERSON

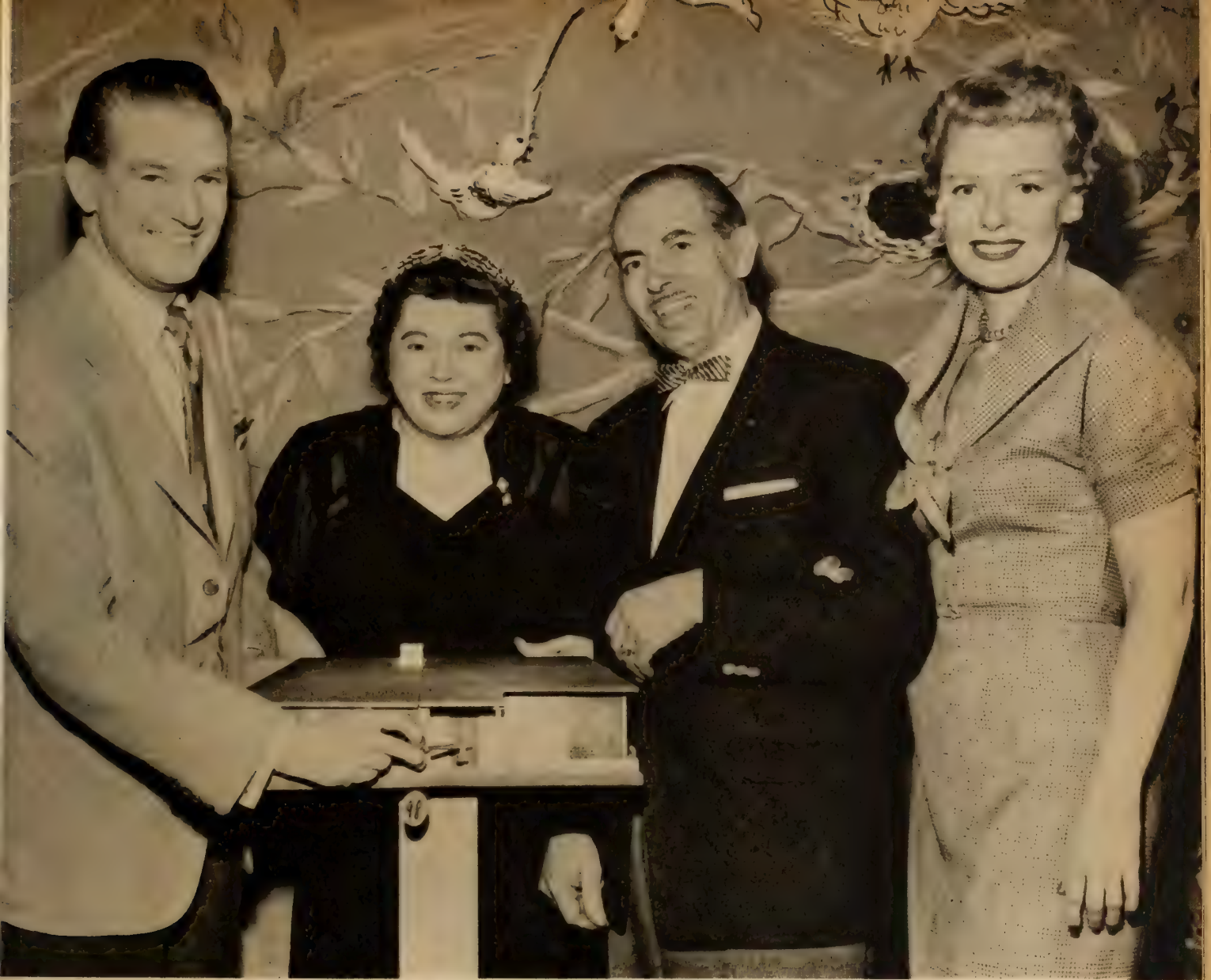
THE STAFF at *Feather Your Nest* was still buzzing. "You should have been here yesterday," said George Backman, the set designer. . . . "You never saw such a thing," said a stagehand. . . . "Bud Collyer got all choked up and red in the face and Janis Carter couldn't talk, she was that surprised," said Randy Kraft, the announcer. . . . "The people who won the house darned near broke up the show," said Louise Hammett, the associate producer.

Breaking up that tight, competent, happy gang takes some doing. I got a word in edgewise: "What actually happened?" And Pearl Penney, who is in charge of the prizes, explained: "They said nothing had ever meant so much to them as winning this house. So they brought Bud a silk tie from Italy and Janis some costume jewelry from Paris. It's never happened before. Contestants just don't do that."

Everyone nodded. This, they indicated, was their own, particular (Continued on page 84)

Charlie and Glad were all smiles as builder LeRo

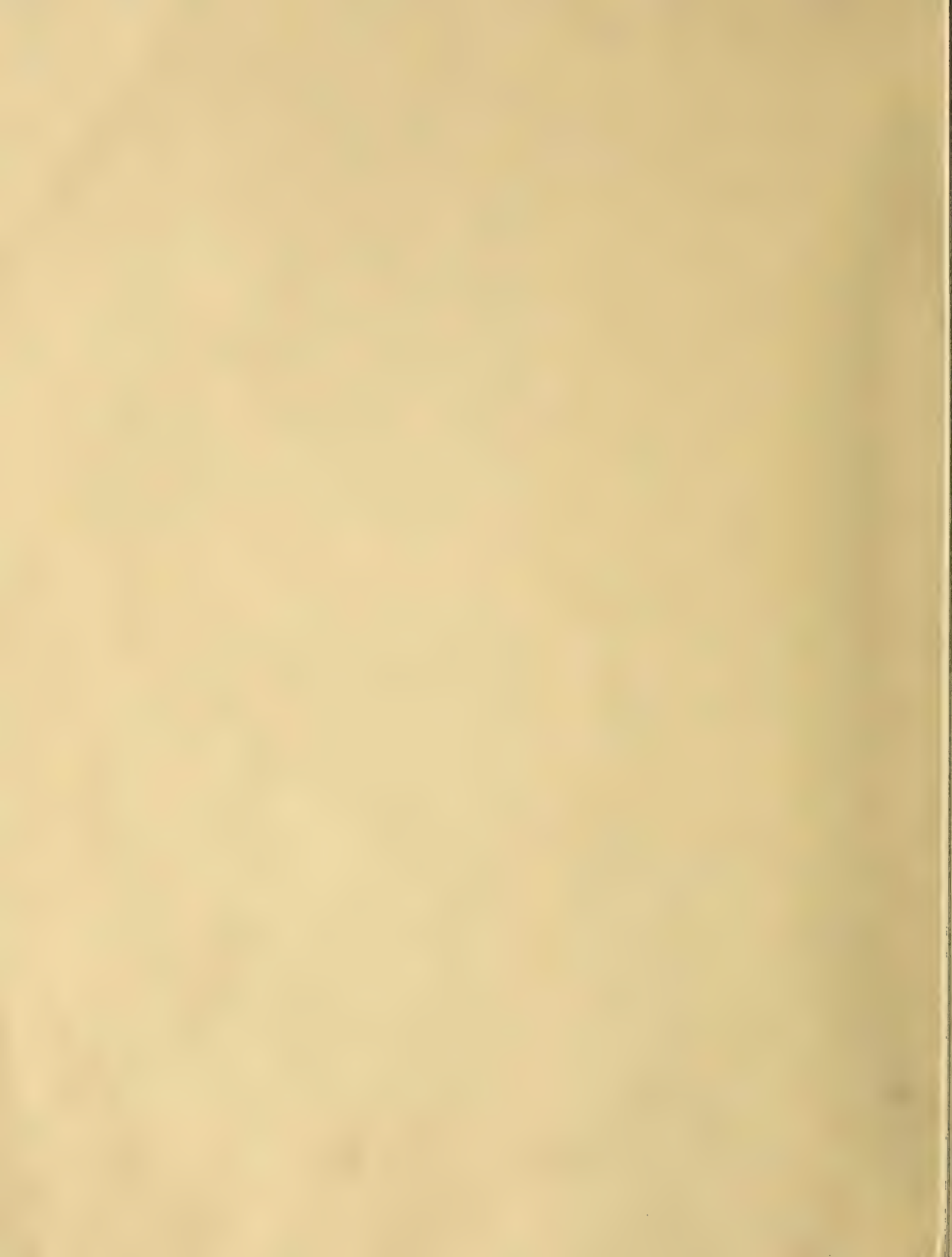




Bud Collyer, emcee of *Feather Your Nest*, handed the Novotnys the key to their dream house, as hostess Janis beamed.

Skogman showed them their P & H "Lakeside" model home—which had even more meaning for the Novotnys than a new house.





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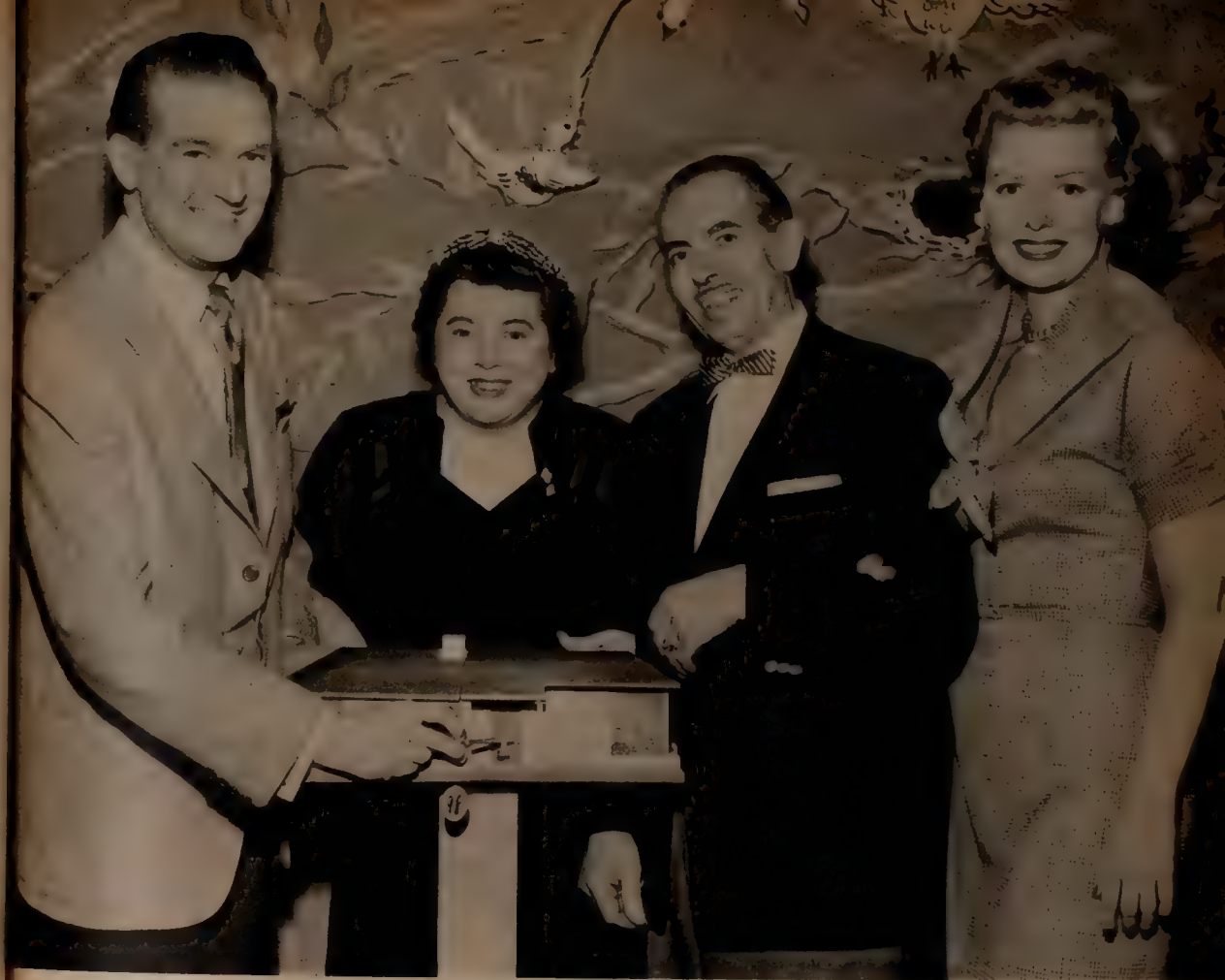
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Holiday Time for



Coney Island was as much of a thrill to Godfrey's small guests from the Henry Street Settlement as it was to Arthur himself—and he was as excited as any of 'em. His own Little Godfreys were somewhat timid about the various "rides," requiring his constant reassurance. Below, he grasps Phyllis McGuire's hand as they swing in the Chairplane.

When the world's gayest redhead takes
over the world's gayest playground,
anything can happen—and so it does!

By MARTIN COHEN

IF A MAN is as old as he feels, the world-famous one with the red hair and freckles has no business running around in long pants. The day Arthur Godfrey spent at Coney Island, he acted like a nine-year-old—give or take a year. There were four hundred children from the Henry Street Settlement as Arthur's guests, but you needed a score card to tell the Godfrey gang from the kids.

GODFREY





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Holiday Time for GODFREY

(Continued)

"This is the greatest fun," he said, and for the next hour laughed harder than a Macy's Santa Claus.

Fun it was but, to be downright objective, some of those screams of joy sounded mighty like screams of anguish. And they'll tell you the color was something—and it was—the shimmering scramble of the merry-go-round bulbs, the bold stripes of Arthur's fancy coveralls, the Godfrey gals in red and green dresses with faces to match.

"Such fun," Arthur kept saying. "I can't remember when I ever had such fun."

The show from Steeplechase Park had been in the works for a few years. For one good reason or another, it was put off until this summer. When Arthur gave the go-ahead, director Bobby Bleyer, Arthur's assistant Freddie Hendrickson, and a crew of technicians swarmed over the Park. They checked for acoustics. They timed the rides. They planned a route for the cast. And talk about rehearsals—days, weeks, months—this one had none. The evening before the telecast, Arthur came out to the Park and stayed until midnight. He literally rehearsed for the entire cast.

"Arthur was on every ride at least a half-dozen times," a spy from NBC reports. "He said that he was doing it for the sake of the show, but he was really having the time of his life."

The Little Godfreys were kept away until near show time, for Arthur felt that getting their first

Whirlpool: Godfrey in center, back to camera—flanked by Janette and assorted McGuires—with Frank Parker to his right and Carmel Quinn poised in the foreground.

Arthur whooshed happily down the breathtaking Panama Slide, as the McGuire Sisters prepared to follow and Janette Davis (top right) hesitated—and hesitated.

Arthur Godfrey Time, on CBS Radio, M-F, 10 A.M., and CBS-TV, M-Th, 10:30 A.M., and *Arthur Godfrey's Digest*, on CBS Radio, Fri., 8 P.M.; multiple sponsorship. *Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts*, on CBS-TV and CBS Radio, Mon., 8:30 P.M., sponsored by Thomas J. Lipton, Inc. and CBS-Columbia. (All EDT)



reactions to the rides would be more fun. The McGuire Sisters were singing in Pittsburgh that week. Arthur sent his plane down for them and they got to the Park about an hour before broadcast time. Janette Davis, who was supposed to be vacationing in Europe, startled even Arthur by walking into the studio that same morning. She had landed at International Airport at nine-thirty A.M. Actually, Jan had got homesick and cut her vacation short by three weeks. And, of course, Carmel Quinn and Tony Marvin were on hand.

The wardrobe department had brought clothes for everyone. Arthur and Frank Parker, Tony Marvin and dance director Harry Rogue, all wore fancy bib-overalls. Arthur wore a bright-yellow shirt under his blazing blue stripes.

The case history of the women's clothes is intriguing. The man in charge of buying and supplying clothes had brought in form-fitting, faille, mechanic-type suits for the girls, plus flat shoes.

"No, no, no," said Arthur with incisive realism. "If women are going to dress up like test pilots, men will stop going to amusement parks with them. If you can't see a bit of ankle and calf, then we might as well go back to Manhattan and play pin-the-tail-on-the-donkey."

The wardrobe man was a magician. He put the coveralls back on the rack and brought out some new dresses, pink (*Continued on page 78*)



Janette had no fears of the parachute jump, made two trips with Tony Marvin. Godfrey was good with a target rifle—and a crack shot with a baseball!



Around and around they go—and where they'll land nobody knows! Janette was the last to spin off. Godfrey alone maintained his equilibrium.

The \$64,000 Question

For Hal March, it isn't making money
—or even giving it away. It's:
How long is he going to be a bachelor?

By GREGORY MERWIN



Hal March and Tom D'Andrea have an informal look at the script for their situation comedy, *The Soldiers*.



Contestant Redmond O'Hanlon waits as Hal reaches for the envelope which might have led him to the \$64,000 Question. Banker Ben Feit is the custodian of both cash and queries.

ALL THE PEOPLE in this story are really people, except for Hal March . . . sometimes he's a character—and why not?—for he is or has been a boxer, actor, writer, lover, comedian, burlesque-type baritone, an unhappy bachelor, a happy bachelor . . . and now he's got the job of passing out dollars by the bucketful!

"The way I hear it," Hal (Continued on page 90)

Hal March emcees *The \$64,000 Question* on CBS-TV, Tues., 10 P.M. EDT, for the Revlon Products Corporation. He co-stars with Tom D'Andrea in *The Soldiers*, on NBC-TV, Sat., 8 P.M., EDT.

Commuting to New York from California, Hal camps comfortably in a hotel apartment, catches up on his East Coast mail . . . watches his beloved Giants play ball on TV . . . and learns how to live out of a suitcase, in real stage-trouper style.







Bill and Mary wed in college. Today, they count their blessings: Growing mail from his TV fans, a gold disc for his first million-sale record, a lovely home—and lively Carrie, 7, Billy, 5, Cathy, 4, and Tommy, 1.



Bill Hayes is always lucky—whether meeting Mary, making records, or singing on Sid Caesar's big new show

Early to Love



By FRANCES KISH

THE SEVEN GIRLS with previous commitments, who had to turn down Bill Hayes when he telephoned for a date, couldn't know that destiny was on the side of Mary Hobbs. Mary was a sorority sister of Bill's cousin, and she was eighth on the list of possible dates the cousin had given him. The only reason Mary happened to be free that evening was that she was angry at her own date. It would prove to that young man she didn't have to stay at home, moping over him!

Practically any girl in town would have said "yes" to a date with Bill Hayes, if she could. He was a handsome five-foot, nine-and-a-half-inch college

Continued ➤





Their present home on Long Island is the fulfillment of a dream Bill and Mary had since the makeshift rooms of early student days and their years of touring.



As might be expected, "Davy Crockett" is a popular theme in the Hayes household! A more surprising hobby is Bill's painting—a talent shared by young Carrie.



Early to Love

(Continued)

junior, with wavy black hair, nice gray-blue eyes. He had a smile which came suddenly and lit up his whole face, a quiet speaking voice and manner, and a fine singing voice. He was a serious musician who played the violin, piano and guitar. In sum, he was an altogether attractive and eligible young man. (All of which were also good reasons for Mary Hobbs to become Mrs. Mary Hayes a little more than a year later.)

Now, some ten years after that first date, Bill is still a quiet and serious young man—though he's a highly popular TV personality in the musical revue produced by Sid Caesar, with such co-stars as Phil Foster, Bobby Sherwood and Barbara Nichols. Bill has to his credit a fabulously successful Cadence recording of "The Ballad of Davy Crockett"—well past the million and a half mark in sales—and a newer one called "The Berry Tree," which is climbing up fast. Behind him are such successes as three and a half years on *Your Show Of Shows*, with Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca; the juvenile leads in a long-run romantic Broadway musical, "Me and Juliet," and a Hollywood movie, "Stop, You're Killing Me!"—plus innumerable leads in summer stock, hundreds of personal appearances, dozens of guest shots on radio and television. You could say that this Bill Hayes is a young man who has definitely "arrived."

You wouldn't guess any of this if you saw him at home, however, with the four lively Hayes youngsters—who make Bill seem even quieter and calmer by contrast. Besides his own brood, the neighbors' kids usually come a-shouting when his canary-colored convertible turns into the driveway of the ranch-type house the Hayes live in, on Long Island. It's a pretty house, cedar-shingled with pale-green trim, with room for a growing family and for a boxer named Mister and a white cat named Snowball.

Bill Hayes sings on Sid Caesar's new hour-long revue over NBC-TV, three Mondays out of four, from 8 to 9 P.M. EDT, as sponsored by Lee Limited (for Dri-Mist and Sof-Set No-Lac), American Chic Co. (Dentyne chewing gum), Remington Rand Electric Shavers.



Special family quartet—Bill Hayes III and Bill Hayes IV, Carrie and Cathy—blending voices in guess what ballad?

The children are seven-year-old Carrie (full name Carolyn, but nobody calls her that); five-year-old Billy (Bill Hayes IV, named after his father, his grandfather and great-grandfather); Cathy, a merry four-year-old; and Tommy, a friendly, laughing toddler. The boys look like Bill, except that they have blond hair. The girls look like Mary, who is a five-foot, four-inch, blue-eyed, slender, strawberry blonde. Cathy, in particular, is the image of her mother, with the same gold-red long bob and bangs.

Mary sighs a little over the fact that there isn't a child in the lot with Bill's shining dark hair. Or, right now, with Bill's quiet voice! The noise at times can be shattering—but not to Bill. He may come home, ex-

hausted from long rehearsals and quick personal-appearance trips and business conferences. Yet he'll sit there and listen to the kids as if their shrieks and laughter were the muted music of some far-off symphony. He just *likes* kids.

Sometimes, when three or four of the neighbors' children join his own and the going gets too rough, he will ask gently, "Will you kids play outside for a while?"—adding a "Please." It's the closest he comes to a command, but they understand, and out they go without too much fuss. But, mostly, it's Mary who shoos them away when Bill wants to rest or read.

"If you want a typical picture of my husband with the children," she observes, (*Continued on page 82*)





*To Patricia Wheel, love and marriage
were but distant dreams—then,
suddenly, the right man came along!*

By HELEN BOLSTAD

Unexpected Romance

AT THREE O'CLOCK in the morning, in the baronial elegance of the Hotel Plaza's Oak Room, Miss Patricia Wheel . . . young and lovely star of NBC Radio's *The Doctor's Wife*, featured player in CBS-TV's *The Guiding Light*, and talented charmer of assorted television dramas . . . gazed across the table at her handsome companion, Eric Henry Alba Teran, and—as definitely as though she were reading a line of script—said silently to herself, "I like this man."

Among those never-to-be-forgotten moments by which a woman marks the course of her love, usually the first is that one in which her secret heart tells her conscious mind, "I like this man." For Pat, however, it was belated and consequently confusing.

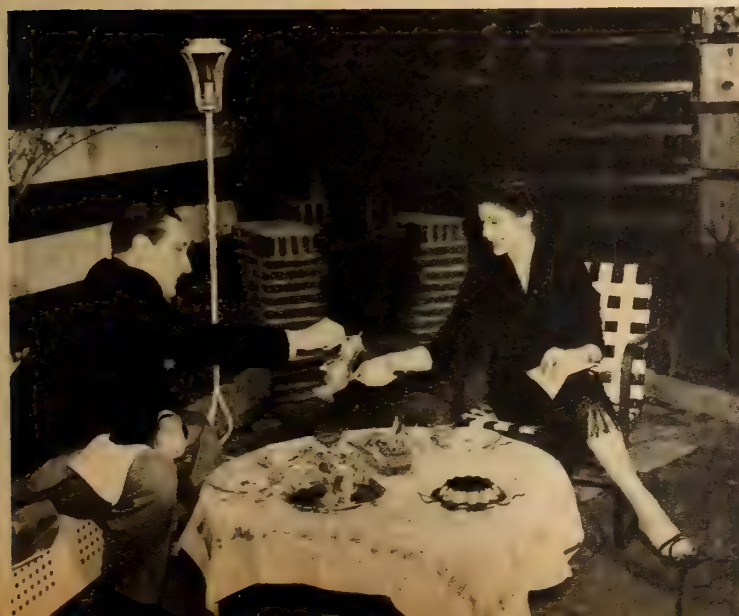
Seated in the charming garden (Continued on page 88)



Interest in her work first brought Pat and Eric Henry Alba Teran together. Now, she's fascinated by his career as an industrial designer—and both are busy with projects in their garden apartment.



Patricia Wheel is Julie Palmer in *The Doctor's Wife*, as written by Manya Starr, NBC Radio, M-F, 10:30 A.M. She is Peggy Ryan in *The Guiding Light*, CBS-TV, 12:45 P.M.—CBS Radio, 1:45 P.M.—M-F, for Ivory and Duz. (All EDT)



**Television's excellent
"one-night stands" play to
the greatest audience on earth**



Kraft Television Theater. Left: Curtis James as the witch doctor, Ossie Davis as the emperor, and Everett Sloane as the "trader" in a colorful scene from Eugene O'Neill's noted drama, "Emperor Jones." Right: Celebrating its eighth anniversary as the first and oldest TV dramatic hour, Kraft featured Harry Townes, Elizabeth Fraser and John Cassavetes in "Judge Contain's Hotel."



Ford Theater. Left: Franchot Tone, Laraine Day and Natalie Wood star in "Too Old for Dolls." Above: Kathryn Grant in "Touch of Spring."



U. S. Steel Hour (now on CBS-TV): Kenny Delmar, Josephine Hull and Wally Cox in "The Meanest Man in the World."



Studio One Summer Theater: John Forsythe and Nita Talbot in "Operation Home," slated for the movies.

TV theater close-up

TEN YEARS AGO, the idea of bringing plays of Broadway caliber into American homes via television was a far-fetched dream—possible, perhaps, but most improbable. Even five years ago, although great strides had been made, TV was still in the knee-pants stage. The pioneer dramatic programs of today—such as *Kraft TV Theater*, *Studio One*, *Philco TV Playhouse*—were then in their infancy. Television, like any growing child, still had to seek its guidance and dependence from a parent—Hollywood. But today the shoe is on the other foot. Hollywood's former attitude of condescension and indifference has changed to one of respect—and gratitude. For the film world has recognized television for what it is: a tremendous and unlimited source of creativeness. Hollywood can thank TV for stars such as Eva Marie Saint, James Dean, Charlton Heston, Jack Lemmon, who got their first "breaks" in video. And to TV goes the credit for such movies as "Little Boy Lost," "Marty" and the forthcoming "Patterns" and "The Catered Affair."

The list of fine dramatic TV programs is as long as it is varied. Granddaddy of them all is *Kraft TV Theater*, which debuted May 7, 1947. *Kraft* also has the distinction of being the first commercial network show, first to be carried on the Midwest cable, first to prepare a drama for a color telecast, and first to present 104 full-hour live drama productions in one year (on two networks). The following year, 1948, *Studio One* made its bow and, during its seven-year run, has consistently presented outstanding performers in excellent productions ranging from opera and



Philco TV Playhouse: Thelma Ritter, Kathleen Maguire, Pat Henning, Pat O'Malley in "The Catered Affair."

See Next Page ►

TV theater close-up

(Continued)



Robert Montgomery Summer Theater: Elizabeth Montgomery and John Newland, who is the show's director.

ballet to comedies and fantasies, melodramas and documentaries. In 1949, *Philco TV Playhouse* entered the TV picture and immediately distinguished itself by presenting "Dinner at Antoine's," the first TV adaptation of a full-length novel. By 1950, *Robert Montgomery Presents* was in full swing, presenting an unusual variety of original and adapted stories and providing a debut center for celebrities and unknowns. In more recent years, as the number of viewers has grown to be the greatest audience on earth, those behind the scenes have striven to present bigger and better productions to match the magnitude of that audience. *Climax*, *U. S. Steel Hour*, *Lux Video Theater*, *The Hallmark Hall Of Fame* are but a few fine examples. And—whereas, in previous years, summer was considered a slack season—this year the powers-that-be have taken a bold step and have continued to give viewers first-rate fare throughout the warm months.

Pictured on these pages are stars and scenes from leading TV dramatic programs which can be seen the year 'round. Many of the lead players are top Hollywood stars—Dane Clark, Ruth Roman, Thelma Ritter, Mary Astor. Others have distinguished themselves on Broadway—Josephine Hull, Eddie Albert, Franchot Tone, John Forsythe. Then there are those who, in addition to stage, radio and movie appearances, have established a definite and esteemed place for themselves in TV.

Everett Sloane has behind him twenty-five years of acting experience. Leaving the University of Pennsylvania in his junior year, he studied at the Hedgerow Repertory Theater. Soon, he established himself in radio as a leading actor on such programs as *Crime Doctor*, *Mr. Ace And Jane*, *Grand Central Station* and, most recently, *21st Precinct*. His many movie credits

General Electric Theater: Eddie Albert, Ruth Roman, Robert Armstrong and Dane Clark combine their years of experience on Broadway and in Hollywood to present the suspenseful drama, "Into the Night."





The Vise: High-tension drama, British style, is presented weekly in films made in England and featuring numerous international stars. Above, Brenda Hogan and Kenneth Haigh star in "Weekend Guest."

include "The Desert Fox," "The Men" and "The Blue Veil," and on Broadway he was seen in "Room Service" and "A Bell for Adano." Television has consistently claimed him on all major programs, among them, *Kraft TV Theater*, *Studio One* and *Front Row Center*.

John Newland started his stage career at 16 and, after many years as a singer and dancer in vaudeville, switched to serious acting and studied in New York. He has appeared on Broadway in "Lend an Ear" and "Ziegfeld Follies." In the past few years he has devoted his talents almost exclusively to television, most notably on *Robert Montgomery Presents*.

Harry Townes, after a long run in Broadway's famous "Tobacco Road," spent four years at the Kennebunk Playhouse in Maine, appeared in other leading Broadway productions, such as "Finian's Rainbow," and starred in the movie, "Operation Manhunt." His consistently excellent performances on every major dramatic show, including *Studio One*, *Kraft*, and *Pond's Theater*, have made him a favorite of producers and viewers alike.

Nita Talbot showed show-business promise from the time she was three and entertained at parties. She was a Conover model in her teens, studied acting in New York and later with Charles Laughton. After a few unsatisfactory Hollywood roles she returned to New York and began concentrating on television. She created attention with her role as a dumb blonde in the *Claudia* series and has since proved her versatility in roles on *Studio One* and *Goodyear TV Playhouse*.

At 22 Natalie Wood has behind her the experience of an actress twice her age. First winning acclaim in movies such as "Tomorrow Is Forever," "The Miracle on 34th Street" and "The Blue Veil," she endeared herself to TV audiences as Paul Hartman's daughter in *Pride Of The Family*. Numerous other TV performances include leads in "Alice in Wonderland," *Hollywood Opening Night* and *Ford Theater*.

With the presence of such performers as these, plus many others, new and old, whom TV has to offer, there can be no doubt of good things to come. And it seems quite certain that television, show-business' biggest "upstart," is now entering its own Golden Age.



Front Row Center: Marion Ross and Mary Astor, in a scene from stage and screen hit, "Dinner at Eight."



Happiness to Share

To Frankie Laine, love of music is love of people . . .

the enduring joys of friendship, family and faith



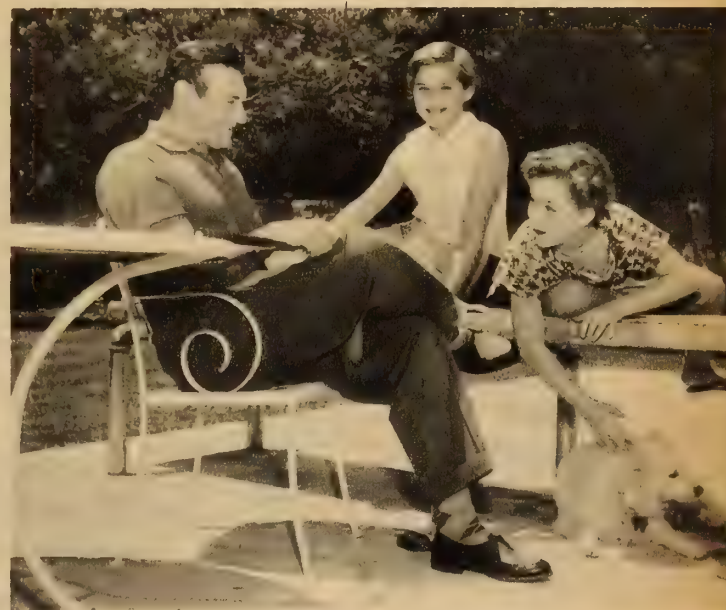
The Laines are "really living" in their Dutch Colonial home in California. Frankie's wife is lovely Nan Grey, and he's "Daddy" to Pam and Jan, 11 and 12. That's Lucky, the family pet, with Frankie and the girls, beside the swimming pool.

By BUD GOODE

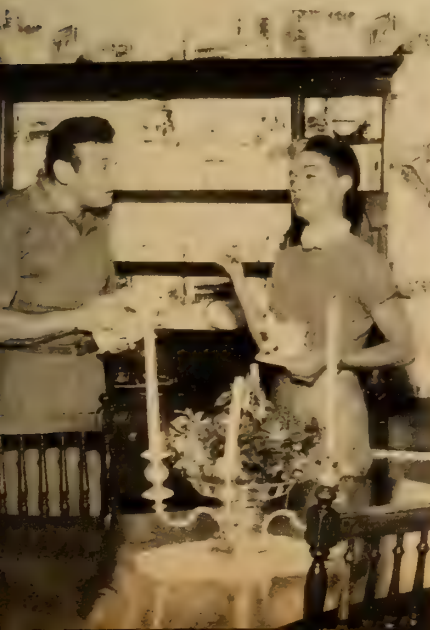
FRANKIE LAINE walked down the hall of a charitable home in Ferguson, Missouri. It was 1947, and Frank's popularity was riding the crest of his first big record hit, "That's My Desire." He and his accompanist, Carl Fischer, had driven to the charitable home from St. Louis to visit little Helen Maysey, a bedridden teenager. The attendant told Frank that Helen suffered from splenic anemia. Every three months, she had to go to the Christian Hospital in St. Louis for a transfusion—three to four pints of blood. The fresh supply of blood carried her through the next three months. The doctors knew little about her illness. She wasn't given much hope.

Frank and Carl opened the door to Helen's small, cell-like room. The wall behind her bed was covered with Frankie Laine pictures. (Continued on page 98)

The Frankie Laine Show replaces *Arthur Godfrey And His Friends* for 8 summer weeks, on CBS-TV, Wed., 8 P.M. EDT, sponsored by The Toni Company and by Frigidaire. See local newspapers for time and station of Frankie's TV program for Guild Films.



Decorator Nan designed the Laines' unique dining table. The student's chair where Jan does her homework (assisted by Frankie) is one of the many antiques Nan has collected—as is the marble-top dresser in Nan's and Frankie's bedroom.





**Tod Andrews conquered his shyness—and won even more
than a stellar career in the TV drama, *First Love***

By ED MEYERSON

HE WAS SHY. He was sensitive. And, to make matters worse, his last name began with "A." This meant that, in all his classes at school, Tod Andrews had to sit in the first row—usually, the first seat—and invariably, the teacher would call on him first. Now, it wasn't that Tod didn't know the answer. He just didn't

know how to get it out. Stuttering and stammering—his cheeks burning red with bashfulness—he could neither speak nor could he die on the spot. And the floor refused to swallow him up.

It was Tod's mother who suggested that he enroll in a dramatics class to help get *(Continued on page 80)*

Help Yourself to Living



The great satisfactions which have come to Tod Andrews as an actor have been personal, rather than professional. It was through his stage roles that he met Gloria Folland, herself a successful actress. Now there's a young Tod Walter Andrews, aged three and red-headed. "Nothing shy about him," grins Tod—who, if he hadn't been shy, might not have turned actor!



Tod and Gloria toured together in the play, "Mr. Roberts"—and got tips on real seamanship from Capt. Ralph Wilhelm, C.O. of the *USS Uvalde*, and Lieut. Comm. Edward Fain (left).

Tod Andrews is Zach James in *First Love*, by Manya Starr, on NBC-TV, M-F, 4:15 P.M. EDT, for Jergens-Woodbury Products and others.

Stella Dallas



1. Stanley Warrick agrees to pretend that Janice Bennett and he are engaged, as Stella challenges him with a test of whom her daughter Laurel loves—him or her husband Dick.

STELLA DALLAS smiled sadly to herself as she thought of the triangle of mothers of which she was a part—of the three mature women struggling and striving to protect what each saw as the happiness of her child. Stella wondered how much a mother should be allowed to interfere in her child's life and whether she had perhaps made the wrong move in her effort to protect her daughter Laurel against Mrs. Grosvenor and Ada Dexter. . . . From the very start, Mrs. Grosvenor has resented Laurel's marriage to her son, Dick Grosvenor. She has sneered at Stella's humble sewing-shop background and has always insisted that Laurel could never fit into the socialite life of the Grosvenors in their home on Boston's aristocratic Beacon Hill. Nevertheless, Stella encouraged the love Laurel and Dick felt for each other, watched it grow into a happy marriage despite their different backgrounds, and has fought to preserve this love against Mrs. Grosvenor's interference. . . . Stella



2. Laurel had turned to Stanley because of Dick's neglect and, as she pleads with Stanley to confess that his engagement is a joke, Stella fears Stanley may give away the plan.

knows that Dick and Laurel are right for each other, but she is also aware of Dick's weakness—of the way he has always followed his mother's lead and has never been able to offer her any strong opposition. His marriage to Laurel had been Dick's one real rebellion against Mrs. Grosvenor. But, since the marriage, Dick has failed to stand up to his mother's constant attacks on Laurel and this has made Laurel confused and uncertain. . . . Thus, when Stanley Warrick comes along to pay her the compliments and attentions which Dick has neglected, Laurel cannot help but be attracted to him. Stanley's mother, the extremely wealthy, but mentally unbalanced Ada Dexter, adores Laurel. When her long-missing son, Stanley, was returned to her, Ada became obsessed with the idea of Stanley's marrying Laurel, thus, in effect, making Laurel her daughter. At Ada's suggestion, Stanley began to pursue Laurel, and Ada had been overjoyed when Stanley actually fell deeply in love with Laurel—and when Laurel, too, seemed to share his feelings. . . . But Stella has seen Laurel's response to Stanley for what it really is—a reaction to her present unhappiness

Pictured here, as heard on the air, are:

Stella Dallas.....	Anne Elstner
Laurel Grosvenor.....	Vivian Smolen
Dick Grosvenor.....	Bert Cowlan
Stanley Warrick.....	Alastair Duncan
Janice Bennett.....	Millicent Brower
Mrs. Grosvenor.....	Ara Gerald

Stella Dallas is heard over NBC Radio, M-F, at 4:15 P.M. EDT, for Bayer Aspirin, Phillips' Milk of Magnesia, other products.



3. Stella's plan works in that Laurel and Dick return together to the Grosvenors' Beacon Hill home, but Stella can see that the reconciliation is not a truly happy one. Dick cannot resist taunting Laurel over the manner in which Stanley seems to have toyed with her, then cast her aside, and Laurel is deeply wounded by his jibes and his mother's continued hostility.

See Next Page ►

Stella Dallas

(Continued)

with Dick. Stella, in searching frantically for a way to bring Laurel to her senses, finally found an ally in Janice Bennett, a young socialite who had been a customer of Stella's for many years. Janice suggested that, if Stanley were engaged to another girl, then Dick would no longer be jealous and Laurel could return to him. . . . At the time, this seemed like a good idea to Stella. She had challenged Stanley to be "man enough" to leave Laurel alone, to pretend that he was engaged to Janice so that Laurel would be forced to try to forget him and resume her marriage with Dick. Stanley, convinced that Laurel really loved him and wanted to marry him, agreed with the plan—certain it would only prove to Stella that Laurel's feelings for him are genuine. Laurel is hurt when she hears of the engagement, and Dick disappoints Stella by looking upon Laurel condescendingly, simply as someone with whom Stanley toyed for a while, then cast aside when he met Janice. They decide on a reconciliation, but, on their return to the Beacon Hill house, Dick mocks Laurel for the way Stanley has treated her, and Mrs. Grosvenor puts a new viciousness into her attacks on her daughter-in-law. . . . As for Ada Dexter, she is furious that her son could possibly prefer someone else to Laurel. She becomes wilder and wilder, and—between his mother's rage and Laurel's obvious hurt—Stanley is tempted to reveal that his engagement is a trick. Only his promise to Stella prevents him. . . . Then Dick and Janice meet—and are immediately attracted to each other. Janice, who finds herself falling in love with Dick, justifies her feelings by saying that

4. Laurel's marriage to Dick has foundered because he has failed to stand up for her against his socialite mother, who has always felt Laurel's background makes her "unsuitable."



5. Stella learns that Laurel, hurt and bewildered by Dick's attitude, has begun to see Stanley again. Heartsick, Stella fears that her plan may backfire.



6. At the sewing shop, Stella is shocked as Janice tells her that she loves Dick Grosvenor and that, since Laurel obviously prefers Stanley, they should "switch partners."



7. As Stanley watches Stella, Laurel and Dick after the make-believe engagement has been revealed, he is certain that now it has been proved that Laurel really loves him. But Stella is convinced that only stubborn pride keeps Laurel and Dick apart and she searches frantically for a way to avoid a divorce and then a re-mating of Stanley and Laurel, Dick and Janice.

Dick and Laurel are plainly unhappy together. Mrs. Grosvenor is delighted about Dick's attentions to Janice—who, to Mrs. Grosvenor's mind, is much more suitable a daughter-in-law than Laurel. . . . Stella becomes truly frantic, but she still refuses to allow Stanley to tell Laurel that the engagement is a hoax. She pleads with Stanley to do something to straighten out the tangle. But it is Janice who comes up with an idea. She decides that, since she wants to marry Dick, and Laurel wants to marry Stanley, they should simply "switch partners." Laurel and Dick can be divorced and then she and Dick, Laurel and Stanley, can be married. Mrs. Grosvenor is overjoyed, Ada Dexter is beyond herself with delight, Dick is easily led by Janice and, to Stanley, it is the perfect solution. . . . But Stella can only see it as an immoral plan and she is horrified by the scheme. Laurel is stunned. When Stanley declares that the changing of partners is actually Stella's idea, Stella denies it vigor-

ously but she cannot seem to stop the momentum of Janice's scheme. . . . Stella's own plan, which started out as an attempt to reconcile Dick and Laurel, has turned into the greatest threat to Laurel's happiness. In the past, Stella has always shown wisdom in dealing with people and particularly in raising and protecting Laurel. Now she searches desperately for a solution to this present confusion. But where should she take her stand against two such powerful opponents as Ada Dexter and Mrs. Grosvenor—and against such a wily young schemer as Janice Bennett? What action can Stella take to help Dick and Laurel as they persist in being their own worst enemies? How can Stella help without being called "interfering"? . . . Somehow, in some manner, Stella knows that she must find a way to make Laurel's life once again peaceful and happy . . . for, as with all mothers, the happiness of her child is the greatest happiness Stella Dallas could ask for herself.

HE'S A BIG BOY NOW

*Julius La Rosa has grown steadily
with his fame—as a man, as well as a star*

By IRA H. KNASTER

YOU HAVE a luncheon date with Julius La Rosa. The rendezvous is for half-past noon, at his office on Madison Avenue in the Fifties. You hop into a taxi, armed with pencil, note paper, and several grains of salt—this latter item for the reason that your previous impressions of Julie are, shall we say, *mixed*. They've stemmed mainly from page-one headlines and the contradictory comments of this young singer's best friends and his severest critics.

Being the painfully prompt type, you arrive (Continued on page 92)

The Julius La Rosa Show is seen on CBS-TV, M,W,F, 7:45 P.M. EDT. Julie also stars on *TV's Top Tunes*, on CBS-TV, Sat., 10 P.M. EDT, as sponsored by Liggett & Myers Tobacco Company for Chesterfield Cigarettes.

Julie and "his girls," The Debutones: Lett to right—Sherry Ostrus, Irene Carroll, Bix Brent, Connie Desmond.

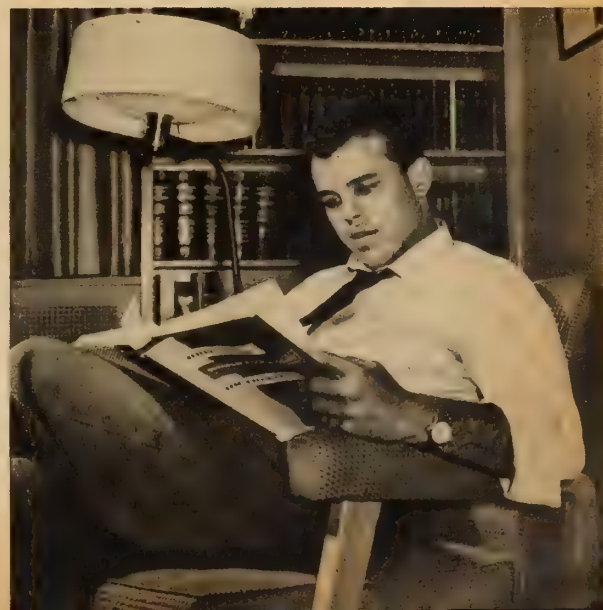
Mixing business with pleasure, in his office high above Madison Avenue, Julie goes over scripts and scores with manager Frank Barone and publicist Beverly Browning—and plays a game of chess, his newest enthusiasm, with Barone.





Bob Haymes, who has his own shows on WCBS, helps write and plan Julie's M-W-F programs.

At home with his parents, Julie enjoys "the greatest cooking in the world"—his beloved Mom's. And his appetite for reading is equally great, with the accent on history, psychology, philosophy and "books on religious thought."



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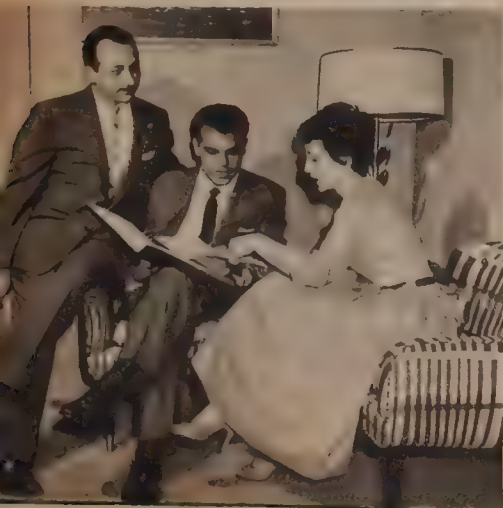
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Even before the baby came, Lois and Morton Hunt checked college catalogues for future registration!



Nursery furniture was a more immediate problem, so they "scouted" the Liliputian Bazaar in Best's Fifth Avenue store.

LOIS HUNT'S LULLABY

It's her very own song, to her very own baby—the high note of a singing life which has unfolded like a dream

By GLADYS HALL

SOMETIMES, in the drama of daily living, there are emotions so deep that they can be expressed only in the lines of the greatest poets . . . such lines as:

Happy, he

*With such a mother! Faith in womankind
Beats with his blood, and trust in all things high
Comes easy for him; and tho' he trip and fall
He shall not blind his soul with clay . . .*

This lovely tribute to motherhood appears in Tennyson's "The Princess" . . . and also on the title page of Lois Hunt's copy of *Baby and Child Care*, by Dr. Benjamin Spock. They were inscribed there by Lois's husband, magazine writer Morton Hunt, during those ecstatic months when Lois and Morton were awaiting the birth of their first child. To them, Morton added

this tribute of his own: "And who ever thought that the girl I love would be—somebody's mother?"

"Mort," Lois observes, "always finds the appropriate thing to say, at the appropriate time, and his postscript to Tennyson's lines was especially apt. After being married for eight and a half years—and no baby—who would have thought . . . !" Her brilliant brown eyes widen at the wonder of it all.

"Actually, Mort was not surprised," she laughs, "not the least bit. I was not obliged to whisper my sweet secret into his reddening ear. Nor was it revealed to him by the unexpected sight of me knitting a tiny garment—I didn't knit any, because everything I knit turns out to be a scarf! We knew the wonderful truth even before the doctor told us. That made it nice,

Continued ➔



Lois can't knit well, but Robert Q. Lewis, her boss, is a whiz with the needles and offered to help with the "tiny garments."



As Lois continued working on his shows, bachelor Bob made sure she got plenty of milk and vitamins.

Morton and Lois don't agree with Shakespeare! They think there's a lot in a name and compiled quite a list—just in case.



LOIS HUNT'S LULLABY

(Continued)



Both took the Red Cross course for parents-to-be, conducted by Elizabeth J. Tiernan, R.N.



Required reading for the Hunts: *Baby and Child Care*—the book which Morton lovingly inscribed to Lois in the days of waiting. They really had fun decorating the nursery, and Lois proved her theories about chic "maternity" styles.

too . . . made the secret—for a time, at least—ours alone. The important thing for us is that, when we were first married, we both felt the same way about having a baby . . . not feeling secure enough, since our professions are both so unpredictable. Then we both matured at the same time and wanted a baby so much that this has been a very happy time indeed.

"Everyone has been happy about it . . . very much including Robert Q. Lewis, who had been teasing Jaye P. Morgan and me for months, asking one of us—preferably both—to please have a baby! When I told him that I was, he was just delighted, tickled pink. He started knitting tiny garments," Lois laughs. "Actually, he just took needles and wool in hand as a gag for the photographers. But Robert Q. really can knit, he does knit, and he promised me 'a dozen hand-knit diapers' . . . which, I must reproachfully add, have not—unlike the baby—been delivered as yet!

"In any other medium in which I've ever worked—in opera, on the concert stage—I would have been obliged to quit in the fifth month of my pregnancy, because of the demands which opera and concert make upon my voice. On any other television show except the *Robert Q. Lewis Show*, I probably would not have been welcome after the fifth month. But Robert Q.—feeling the way he did—made it cozy and comfortable for me to go on working up to a very few weeks before my confinement. His show is a family type of show, anyway, and the audience realizes it, feeling that they, too, are part of the family. This was proven to me in the warmest, friendliest way. After Robert Q. announced on the air that Morton and I were expecting an addition to our family, I received literally thousands of cards and was up to here in booties!

(Continued on page 94)

The Robert Q. Lewis Show, seen on CBS-TV, M-F, 2 P.M. EDT, is sponsored by Helene Curtis Industries (Spray Net, Lanolin Discovery, Shampoo Plus Egg), Miles Laboratories, Inc. (makers of Alka-Seltzer), General Mills (Betty Crocker Cake Mixes), Johnson's Wax, Mazola, Viceroy Cigarettes, and other products. *The Robert Q. Lewis Show*, heard on CBS Radio, Sat., 11 A.M. EDT, is sponsored by Perma-Starch, S-7, and others.



A Very Good Neighbor

(Continued from page 30)

in this is proved by the fact that Dennis is probably the only emcee in television who invariably gets a big hand for his Bromo-Seltzer commercials.

One reason for Dennis' infectious good nature and superb salesmanship is his complete sincerity and warmth. He obviously enjoys himself fully as much as his audience, and he becomes completely absorbed in whatever he does. For instance, to this day he recalls as his toughest assignment one given to him a couple of years after the war, when he had to meet a boat returning from Europe with six hundred war dead. It was the kind of beautiful spring day on which he'd normally have felt like jumping with the sheer joy of living. But, once aboard ship, he became terribly saddened and depressed by the thought of his buddies in the hold going to a final resting place in American soil. Under the circumstances, he couldn't comment on the beauties of the New York skyline coming into view, on the bustle of the harbor, the bright blue of the sky, or the deeper tone of the sea. He was before mike and camera for an hour and a half, and—when it was over—felt limp and drained of all energy. Though he's since been on many telethons on behalf of the United Cerebral Palsy Association—for sixteen hours straight—he considers the other by far the hardest task he's ever had to tackle.

On the other hand, the most fun he's ever had was when he used to handle the commentary on wrestling bouts, which were the steady fare of early TV programming. Knowing next to nothing about the sport, he got himself a manual, brushed up on some of the terms, and then proceeded to address himself to an audience who presumably knew even less about wrestling than he did—the American housewife. In line with his bent for keeping his chatter direct and warm, he picked out one housewife particularly dear to his heart—his mother, explaining to her what was going on in the ring. This approach brought him a vast new public, a good deal of money, and enduring fame.

Also, during this period, Dennis developed his technique of on-the-spot rhyming. This had its origin when a wrestler by the name of Gino Garibaldi was thrown clear of the ring by his opponent. "He's been thrown out, but he'll come back—and, when he does, their heads will crack," Dennis commented, and he was almost instantly rewarded by seeing his prediction come true.

His rhymed narration soon became immensely popular, but poetry backfired when a wrestler named Tarzan Hewitt didn't like the terse verse: "Look at the suet on Tarzan Hewitt." Tarzan later sneaked up on Dennis and put a hammer-lock on him that nearly broke his arm.

Dennis, never one to run away from a fight, retaliated by further taunts. Soon a regular feud developed between them and—as a consequence—matrons by the hundreds began attending wrestling matches in person, armed with baseball bats and frying pans. Dennis has referred to them as his private "Housewives' Protective League."

The affection with which millions of women regard Dennis James, "everybody's favorite neighbor," has little to do with his wavy hair and good looks but seems to be the result of some special appeal that has wrought its charm ever since he was in his cradle. While both Dennis and his mother stoutly deny that he was the family favorite, there is at least circumstantial evidence that he was on the



Are you really lovely to love?

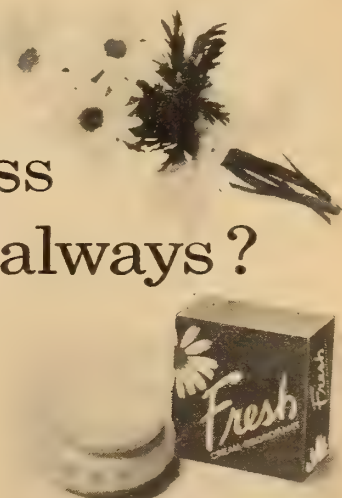
...Is there an
air of freshness
about you...always?

You'll be fresh as a daisy, even on hot humid days—when you use Fresh Cream Deodorant!
Prove it to yourself this way:

Buy a jar of Fresh today. Use Fresh under one arm and continue your present deodorant under the other arm for a few days.

See for yourself which prevents odor best—keeps underarms drier—protects clothing better... makes you sure you have an air of freshness always.

Fresh is a registered trademark of Pharma-Craft Corporation.
Also manufactured and distributed in Canada.



Fresh is extra effective—contains the most effective perspiration-checking ingredient known. Gentle to skin... creamy smooth, not sticky or greasy. Delicately fragrant. Use daily.

a *Fresh* girl is always lovely to love

receiving end of plenty of love and affection. He was the baby of the Sposa family, the youngest of three sons born to Teresa and Demetrio Sposa. His father immigrated from Italy as a boy, settled in Jersey City, New Jersey, started out as a carpenter's helper, worked himself up to become a contractor, and has since retired on his savings to live in Florida. He takes great pride in having been able to send Dennis through college.

Dennis' mother recalls how all the neighbors used to oh-and-ah when she wheeled him down the street. "He was a beautiful baby," she says. "Never gave us a minute of trouble."

There wasn't too much money around the house when Dennis was a child, and he learned early that he had to work for his spending money. But that never was very difficult for Dennis, who seems to have been born with the knack for making friends. Making deliveries for Tony's meat market in the neighborhood, Dennis' smile and his helpfulness earned him a rich harvest in tips, cookies, and general good will. "Dennis was the best boy who's ever worked for me," says Tony Cantrella, his old ex-boss. "He brought lots of customers into the store." Aside from delivering meat, Dennis could always be counted on to climb through narrow windows when Mrs. Murphy had locked herself out of the house, to rescue Mrs. Poletti's baby from a deserted cellar, or to lend a hand with a heavy laundry basket.

A little later, Dennis found another way to earn his allowance. A husky youngster with good coordination and lightning reflexes, he developed considerable skill with his fists at the "Y." When he was asked to fill in a card at a local boxing club one Saturday evening, he won the bout and was given a stale cake for a prize. "When I brought it home, Dad gave me another workout," Dennis recalls with a smile. "He was very disappointed that I should have so little sense as to let myself be knocked around for nothing but a stale cake. He didn't calm down till I had a chance to cut it open and show him the twenty-dollar bill inside it. The cake was just to protect my amateur standing." In college, Dennis subsequently became middleweight boxing champion.

Planning to become a doctor, Dennis attended St. Peter's College, in Jersey City, as a pre-med student and, upon graduation, won admission to a medical school. However, being a doctor wasn't what Dennis really wanted. All through his school years, he'd been extremely active in amateur theatricals, debating clubs and similar projects, and he felt a terrific urge to get before a microphone and make his living by talking to people, instead of doctoring

them. Nowadays, whenever he feels a twinge of regret that he didn't become a doctor, he consoles himself with the thought that he probably contributes as much to keeping millions of people well by making them smile as he would by treating a few hundred patients.

As for his dramatic urge, Dennis freely admits that he's been something of a ham as far back as he can remember. "Nobody ever had to egg me on to do my stuff," he says. "Even in grammar school, I used to recite long poems at the drop of a buskin. One of my standbys was 'Over the Hill to the Poorhouse.' I'd get down on my knees and really emote. And I wasn't satisfied unless I could wring a few tears out of the mothers in the audience."

Tears, along with smiles, are still part of many of Dennis' shows. People win jackpots on other give-away shows without bursting out crying, but there's something in the way Dennis brings out a story of sorrow, heartache and need that invariably moves viewers and participants alike to tears. Dennis likes people, and his genuine kindness and concern make them respond in kind. "Oh, you're just grand," is the way one elderly lady spontaneously put it the other day, after winning two thousand dollars in *On Your Account*—and before bursting into tears of gratitude. And Dennis' heavy fan mail echoes this sentiment.

It was, perhaps characteristically, a woman, Miss Bernice Judis—then the fabulous manager of the New York's fabulously successful independent Station WNEW—who gave Dennis his first break in big-time radio. Also characteristically, it was the result of a fluff which he'd turned into a joke.

Though still planning officially to enter medical school in the fall, Dennis took a course in radio announcing at an evening school in New York during the summer following his graduation from college. During the day, in order to meet expenses, he worked as a salesman for Abercrombie & Fitch. Both of his intended careers, incidentally, were almost shelved by his success in this job. Discovering a "sleeper" in a theretofore slow-moving item—an infra-red lamp used to destroy ticks, fleas and other vermin on pets—he became so impressed with the lamp's possibilities that he sold a hundred of them in one day. Equally impressed, the manufacturer hired him as assistant sales manager at a salary of \$125 a week plus \$100 for expenses—a pretty fair haul for a kid fresh out of college, especially in the lean days of 1938. Nevertheless, shortly thereafter, when he was offered a chance to do a disc-jockey show on Jersey City's WAAT, Dennis unhesitatingly bade adieu to both

medicine and sales as possible careers.

"I was scared to tell my parents about my decision," he recalls. "They'd made so many sacrifices to send me through college, and I knew they had their hearts set on my becoming a doctor. I hated to disappoint them. It shows what wonderful people they are that they raised no objections. 'If that's what you want to do, go ahead,' Dad said. 'I'll do all I can to help you.'"

Dennis, as it turned out, didn't need any help. Though he took the job at WAAT at no pay, he soon acquired sponsors, came to the attention of Miss Judis during his first season, and transferred to WNEW the following spring. He was earning a very nice living indeed, for a young man, when he was hit by the television bug. A total of only some three hundred sets, all of them experimental, were in existence at the time. For Dennis, television in those days meant a lot of hard work at very little money. But he was fascinated by the medium, had enough vision to foresee its possibilities, and was determined to stay with it. Today he is less proud of having been one of the first men to appear before a television camera than of the fact that he's still around and going strong.

"Being a pioneer is all very well," he says, "but their usual fate is to fall by the wayside, once a new thing gets going and the big boys come in. The trick is simply to 'stay alive,' especially in a medium as insecure and fickle as television."

Despite a considerable income, continuing popularity and the unabated demand for his services by sponsors and networks, Dennis admits that he is aware of the constant pressure and doesn't feel completely secure to this day. "Success in this business depends on too many factors beyond your control," he explains. "You never know what is going to happen from one thirteen-week period to the next. People read about fabulous contracts, but they fail to realize that these bind only the performer, not the network. Once you feel you've got it made, that's when you usually start sliding."

While Dennis is aware of the pitfalls, he has, nevertheless, the happy faculty of not letting it worry him. "I'm doing the best I can each day, six days a week. That's all anybody can do. Once you allow yourself to be upset by the constant pressure, you're liable to wind up in the hospital."

One reason for Dennis' relative peace of mind is his matchless versatility. With the exception of conjuring, there's practically nothing he hasn't done—and done well—before the TV cameras, from straight commercials to straight drama. Another, and perhaps a far more powerful reason, though, is his exceptionally happy marriage.

The story of how he met his wife Micki, in Florida, while he was recuperating from a throat operation and unable to talk—forced to rely exclusively on scribbled notes and a subtropical moon—has been told often. Begun in silence, their romance has grown into serene contentment at having found each other and being at peace with the world.

Micki, the former Marjorie Crawford, is a beautiful and sensitive girl who tends to be quiet and retiring, while Dennis is outgoing and hearty. During the three and a half years of their marriage, both have made compromises and achieved a happy balance. As Dennis puts it, "We each try to consider the other's happiness first."

Micki, who used to be a commercial artist, is a talented painter who has sparked Dennis' interest in painting to where it is now his most absorbing hobby. They paint on a double easel in a spacious studio on the second floor of their home overlooking

OCTOBER'S "BETTER HALF"

Femme stars shine brightly in our next feature-filled, picture-packed issue:

ARLENE FRANCIS • ROSEMARY CLOONEY • KATHY GODFREY

JEAN HAGEN of The Danny Thomas Show

MARION RANDALL of Valiant Lady

ROSEMARY DeCAMP of The Bob Cummings Show

PEG LYNCH of Ethel and Albert (ALAN BUNCE is "the other half," of course)

OCTOBER

TV RADIO MIRROR • on sale September 6

Long Island Sound, in New Rochelle, New York. And that beautiful house of theirs is another enthusiastic interest they share. Still others including: Taking and editing films, for which Dennis supplies the narration; boating; and their two-year-old boxer, Candy. Dennis also does a lot of wood-working with power tools, following plans designed by Micki.

Micki, on the other hand, has learned to take in her stride all that's required of the wife of a man who's as famous, popular and successful as Dennis. A superb hostess in her own home, she's equally gracious and charming at a party or reception given by others and has no difficulty mixing with people in all walks of life.

The Jameses have no children of their own as yet, but have virtually adopted thousands of others—the unfortunate victims of cerebral palsy. Dennis became aware of the problem almost accidentally, when he was asked to pose for a publicity photo on behalf of the United Cerebral Palsy Association. Holding the quivering body of a spastic little girl in his arms did something to him. From that moment on, he's given unstintingly of his time and energy to help raise funds necessary for the long and costly retraining and rehabilitation of afflicted youngsters. Over the past couple of years, he's presided over more than a dozen telethons, each lasting for sixteen uninterrupted hours. And, while Dennis is before the cameras, Micki is at the switchboard, sparing herself no less than her husband does. "The biggest reward we have," Dennis says, "is to hear a little girl talk, who a year before could only stammer—or see a little boy walk, who couldn't get out of his wheelchair before."

Another share of the unspent love in their hearts goes to their dog, Candy, who was given them by Dennis' brother, Lou. "Candy was the runt of the litter," Micki relates. "Lou couldn't understand why we wanted her instead of one of the other, sturdier pups. She was so puny, weak and trembling they called her Shaky. Maybe that's why Dennis and I fell in love with her. Today, she's a real beauty, though, and the gentlest dog alive."

"And the smartest one, too," Dennis adds. "That dog seems to understand everything, even spelling. She'll obey spelled-out commands, as well as words."

The Jameses have many friends whom they love to entertain. Closest among them are the Herb Shriners, who are neighbors and also live in a house at the water's edge. When they want to drop in on each other for a neighborly visit, they take the boat. "It's a little complicated, when you just want to borrow a couple of eggs and a cup of sugar, but it's fun," Micki says.

For a long time, boating has been one of Dennis' great passions, and it's one Micki has learned to appreciate in turn. During the summer, they spend much of their leisure time cruising on the water, and this summer Dennis even considered commuting to town by boat, instead of train.

Still a young man despite his sixteen years in television, Dennis isn't apt to give much thought to the future. He likes what he's doing and hopes to keep busy at it for a long time to come. Though retirement seems to be a long way off, Dennis and Micki have still given it some thought. "Micki and I, we're really both small-town folks at heart," Dennis says. "We have our eyes on a nice spot in Florida. Someday, that's going to be home for us."

With all their interests to keep them busy, chances are they won't get bored. But, when they do pack up and head South, TV won't be the same any more. Not without "everybody's favorite neighbor."

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Inside Radio

All Times Listed Are Eastern Daylight Time.

Monday through Friday

NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
Morning Programs			
8:30 8:45	Local Program	John MacVane	
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Robert Hurleigh Easy Does It News, Cecil Brown 9:35 Easy Does It (con.)	Breakfast Club	News Of America
10:00	Mary Margaret McBride 10:05 Norman Vincent Peale One Man's Family Second Chance	Cecil Brown	My True Story
10:15 10:30	Guest Time* News 10:35 Johnny Olsen Show	10:25 Whispering Streets	Arthur Godfrey Time
10:45	Break The Bank	When A Girl Marries	
11:00	Strike It Rich	Mutual Morning	Arthur Godfrey (con.)
11:15		11:25 Holland Engle Queen For A Day	Make Up Your Mind Second Husband
11:30 11:45	Phrase That Pays Fibber McGee & Molly	*Wed., Faith In Our Time	

Afternoon Programs

12:00	Noon News 12:05 Down At Holmesy's	Valentino	Wendy Warren & The News
12:15 12:30 12:45		Frank Farrell	Backstage Wife Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Pauline Frederick	News, Cedric Foster Luncheon At Sardi's Letter To Lee Graham	Road Of Life Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15		Luncheon With Lopez 2:25 News, Sam Hayes	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason
2:30 2:45		Martin Block	This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	News 3:05 Wonderful City Spotlight Story Just Plain Bill	Ruby Mercer Show	Linkletter's House Party Fred Robbins Show
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Right To Happiness Stella Dallas Young Widder Brown Pepper Young's Family	Bruce & Dan Tex Fletcher's Wagon Show	Broadway Matinee Chautauqua Student Symphony, Mon.; Treasury Bandstand, Tues.-Fri.
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Woman In My House Lorenzo Jones Lone Ranger 5:55 Dan'l Boone	Sgt. Preston Bobby Benson America's Business 5:50 Wismer, Sports 5:55 Cecil Brown	Musical Express Bobby Hammack Gloria Parker Vincent Lopez

Monday Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Three Star Extra	Local Program	ABC Reporter	Jackson & The News
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Alex Dreier, Man On The Go News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter In The Mood	Bill Stern, Sports George Hicks, News	Lowell Thomas
8:00	Your Land And Mine	Top Secret Files	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe Strange Saga 7:55 News	Scoreboard 7:05 Tennessee Ernie Edward R. Murrow
8:15 8:30 8:45	Berkshire Festival	Broadway Cop	Red Benson's Hideaway 8:25 News Voice Of Firestone	Mr. Keen, Tracer Of Lost Persons 8:25 Doug Edwards Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts
9:00	Telephone Hour	News, Lyle Van 9:05 Footnotes to History Spotlight Story Reporters' Roundup	Music Tent	Rosemary Clooney
9:15 9:30 9:45	Band Of America		9:25 News Freedom Sings 9:55 News	Bing Crosby Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall 9:55 News
10:00	Fibber McGee & Molly	Virgil Pinkley	News, Edward P. Morgan	Scoreboard 10:05 Dance Orchestra
10:15 10:30	Hollywood Bowl Concerts	Orchestra How To Fix It Distinguished Artists	Martha Lou Harp	

Tuesday

Evening Programs

NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Three Star Extra	Local Program	Jackson & The News
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Alex Dreier, Man On The Go News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter Eddie Fisher	Bill Stern, Sports
8:00	People Are Funny	Treasury Agent	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe Strange Saga
8:15 8:30 8:45	Dragnet	John Steele, Adventurer	Red Benson's Hideaway 8:25 News Hideaway (con.) 8:55 News
9:00	Biographies In Sound	News, Lyle Van 9:05 Footnotes To History Spotlight Story Army Hour	Music Show 9:25 E. D. Canham, News Platterbrains 9:55 News
9:15 9:30 9:45	9:55 News	Virgil Pinkley	News, Edward P. Morgan How To Fix It Take Thirty
10:00	Fibber McGee & Molly	Men's Corner Dance Music	Scoreboard 10:05 Dance Orchestra
10:15 10:30	Heart Of The News New England Survey		

Wednesday

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Three Star Extra	Local Program	Jackson & The News
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Alex Dreier, Man On The Go News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter In The Mood	Bill Stern, Sports
8:00 8:15	Conversation	True Detective	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe Strange Saga
8:30 8:45	News 8:35 College Quiz Bowl	Sentenced	Red Benson's Hideaway 8:25 News Hideaway (con.) 8:55 News
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Best Of Groucho Truth Or Consequences	News, Lyle Van Spotlight Story Family Theater	Music Show 9:25 News President's News Conference
10:00	Fibber McGee & Molly	Virgil Pinkley	Disk Derby (con.) Bing Crosby Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall
10:15 10:30	Heart Of The News Keys To The Capital	News, Edward P. Morgan Behind Iron Curtain Sounding Board	Scoreboard 10:05 Newsmakers Presidential Report

Thursday

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Three Star Extra	Local Program	Jackson & The News
7:00 7:15	Alex Dreier, Man On The Go	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Behind The Iron Curtain	Bill Stern, Sports
7:30 7:45	News Of The World One Man's Family	Gabriel Heatter Eddie Fisher	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe Strange Saga
8:00	Roy Rogers	Official Detective	Red Benson's Hideaway 8:25 News Hideaway (con.) 8:55 News
8:15 8:30	Dr. Six Gun	I Am Brady Kaye	The Whistler 8:25 Doug Edwards Disk Derby, Fred Robbins
9:00	News 9:05 X Minus One	News, Lyle Van 9:05 Footnotes to History Spotlight Story State Of The Nation	Music Show 9:25 News Rhythm On Parade 9:55 News
9:15 9:30 9:45	The Loser 9:55 News	Virgil Pinkley	Disk Derby (con.) Bing Crosby Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall
10:00	Fibber McGee & Molly	News, Edward P. Morgan How To Fix It Front & Center	Scoreboard 10:05 Dance Orchestra
10:15 10:30	Joseph C. Harsch Jane Pickens Show	Book Hunter Henry Jerome Orch.	

Friday

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Three Star Extra	Local Program	Jackson & The News
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Alex Dreier, Man On The Go News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter In The Mood	Bill Stern, Sports
8:00	National Radio Fan Club	Counter-Spy	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe Strange Saga
8:15 8:30 8:45		City Editor	Red Benson's Hideaway 8:25 News Hideaway (con.) 8:55 News
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Radio Fan Club (con.)	News, Lyle Van 9:05 Footnotes To History	Godfrey Digest 8:25 Doug Edwards Disk Derby, Fred Robbins
10:00	Ted Heath Orch.	Virgil Pinkley	Disk Derby (con.) Bing Crosby Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall
10:15 10:30	Stars In Action	Forbes Report London Studios Melodies	Scoreboard 10:05 Dance Orchestra

Inside Radio

Saturday

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
Morning Programs				
8:30 8:45	World News Roundup	Local Program	Doug Browning Show	News
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Farming Business Monitor		No School Today	News Of America Farm News Garden Gate
10:00	Monitor		No School Today (con.)	News 10:05 Galen Drake Show
10:15 10:30 10:45		American Travel Guide	Breakfast Club Review 10:55 News	10:55 News
11:00	Monitor	Lucky Pierre	11:05 Half-Pint Panel	Robert Q. Lewis Show
11:15 11:30 11:45		Johnny Desmond Show 11:55 Young Living	All League Club-house	

Afternoon Programs

12:00	National Farm & Home Hour	I Asked You	News 12:05 How To Fix It 101 Ranch Boys American Farmer	Noon News 12:05 Romance Gunsmoke
12:15 12:30 12:45	Monitor	Tex Fletcher Wagon Show		
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Monitor	Fifth Army Band Ruby Mercer	News 1:05 Navy Hour Vincent Lopez	City Hospital 1:25 News, Jackson Stan Daugherty Presents
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Monitor	Ruby Mercer (con.) 2:25 News Sports Parade	News 2:05 Festival, with Milton Cross	Dance Orchestra Jazz Band Ball
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Monitor	Country Jamboree	News 3:05 Festival continues with Chautauqua Symphony	String Serenade Skinny Ennis Orch.
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Monitor	Bandstand, U.S.A.	News 4:05 Festival (con.)	Treasury Show
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Monitor	Teenagers, U.S.A. 5:55 News	News 5:05 Dinner At The Green Room	Adventures In Science Richard Hayes News, Jackson 5:35 Saturday At The Chase

Evening Programs

6:00	Monitor	John T. Flynn	News 6:05 Pan-American Union	News
6:15 6:30 6:45		World Traveler Report From Washington Basil Heatter	Sports Kaleidoscope Bob Edge, Sports Afield	Sports Review Capitol Cloakroom 6:55 Joe Foss, Sports
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Monitor	Pop The Question	News 7:05 At Ease Overseas Assignment Labor-Management Series	News, Jackson 7:05 Make Way For Youth Gangbusters
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Monitor	Quaker City Capers	News 8:05 Dance Party	21st Precinct Disk Derby, Fred Robbins
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Monitor	Hawaii Calls Lombardo Land	News 9:05 Dance Party (con.)	Two For The Money Your Hit Parade 9:55 News, Jackson
10:00 10:15 10:30	Monitor Grand Ole Opry		News 10:05 Edison Hotel Orch. Lawrence Welk	Country Style (con.) Dance Orchestra

Sunday

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
Morning Programs				
8:30 8:45	Monitor		Light And Life Hour	Renfro Valley 8:55 Galen Drake
9:00 9:15	World News Roundup	Wings Of Healing	News 9:05 Great Moments Of Great Composers Voice Of Prophecy	World News Roundup Sidney Walton Show
9:30 9:45	Art Of Living	Back To God		Organ Music, E. Power Biggs 9:55 News, Trout
10:00 10:15	National Radio Pulpit	Radio Bible Class	News 10:05 Message Of Israel	Church Of The Air
10:30 10:45	Monitor	Voice Of Prophecy	News 10:35 College Choir	Church Of The Air (con.)
11:00 11:15	Monitor	Frank And Ernest Christian Science Monitor	Sunday Melodies 11:05 Marines On Review	Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir
11:30 11:45	New World	Northwestern Reviewing Stand	News 11:35 Christian In Action	Invitation To Learning—"The Out-Of-Doors"

Afternoon Programs

12:00	Monitor	Marine Band		News, LeSueur 12:05 The Leading Question Foreign Affairs
12:15 12:30	The Eternal Light	News, Bill Cunningham Merry Mailman	The World Tomorrow	Washington Week
12:45				
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Monitor	Basil Heatter, News Christian Science Lutheran Hour	Herald Of Truth News 1:35 Pilgrimage	Woolworth Hour—Percy Faith, Donald Woods
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	The Catholic Hour	Music From Britain	Dr. Oral Roberts Wings Of Healing	Kathy Godfrey World Music Festival
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Monitor	Music From Britain (con.) Bandstand, U.S.A.	News 3:05 Pan American Union Hour Of Decision	World Music Festival (con.)
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Monitor	Salute To The Nation Nick Carter 4:55 Lorne Greene	Old-Fashioned Revival Hour	Rhythm On The Road
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Monitor	Adventures Of Rin Tin Tin Wild Bill Hickok 5:55 News	News 5:05 Disaster Church In The Home	News, Trout 5:05 On A Sunday Afternoon (con.) 5:55 News, Trout

Evening Programs

6:00	Meet The Press	Public Prosecutor—Jay Jostyn On The Line, Bob Considine All Star Sport Time	Monday Morning Headlines Paul Harvey, News Evening Comes	Gene Autry Summer In St. Louis
6:15 6:30 6:45	Monitor			
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Monitor	Richard Hayes Show Studio Concert	News 7:05 Showtime Revue George Sokolsky Valentino Travel Talk	Juke Box Jury
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Monitor	West Point Band Enchanted Hour	American Town Meeting	Our Miss Brooks Gary Crosby
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Monitor	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Success Story Manion Forum Keep Healthy	News, Paul Harvey News, Quincy Howe Sammy Kaye 9:55 News	Music Hall, Mitch Miller
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fibber McGee & Molly Joseph C. Harsch American Forum	Billy Graham Global Frontiers	Elmer Davis, News Seven Deadly Sins Revival Time	News, Schorr 10:05 Face The Nation John Derr, Sports

See Next Page →

TV program highlights

NEW YORK CITY AND SUBURBS AND NEW HAVEN, CHANNEL 8, AUGUST 8—SEPTEMBER 9

Baseball on TV

DATE	TIME	CH.	GAME
AUGUST			
9, Tu.	8:00	9	Giants vs. Dodgers
	8:15	11	Boston vs. Yanks
10, W.	2:00	11	Boston vs. Yanks
	8:00	9	Giants vs. Dodgers
11, Th.	2:00	11	Boston vs. Yanks
12, F.	8:00	9	Phila. vs. Dodgers
	8:00	11	Pgh. vs. Giants
13, Sat.	2:00	2,8,9	Phila. vs. Dodgers
	2:00	11	Pgh. vs. Giants
14, Sun.	2:00	8,9	Phila. vs. Dodgers
	2:00	11	Pgh. vs. Giants
16, Tu.	8:00	11	Dodgers vs. Giants
17, W.	8:00	11	Dodgers vs. Giants
18, Th.	1:30	11	Dodgers vs. Giants
19, F.	8:00	9	Dodgers vs. Phil.-R
	8:15	11	Balt. vs. Yanks
20, Sat.	2:00	8, 11	Balt. vs. Yanks
	2:25	2	Detroit vs. Chicago
	8:00	9	Dodgers vs. Phil.-R
21, Sun.	2:00	8, 11	Balt. vs. Yanks
23, Tu.	8:00	9	Chicago vs. Dodgers
	8:00	11	St. L. vs. Giants
24, W.	1:30	9	Chicago vs. Dodgers
	1:30	11	St. L. vs. Giants
25, Th.	1:30	9	Cinc. vs. Dodgers
	1:30	11	Mil. vs. Giants

D—Doubleheader

DATE	TIME	CH.	GAME
26, F.	8:00	9	Cinc. vs. Dodgers
	8:00	11	Mil. vs. Giants
27, Sat.	2:00	2,8,9	Cinc. vs. Dodgers
	2:00	11	Mil. vs. Giants
28, Sun.	2:00	8,9	St. L. vs. Dodgers
	2:00	11	Chicago vs. Giants
29, M.	1:30	9	St. L. vs. Dodgers
	1:30	11	Chicago vs. Giants
30, Tu.	8:00	9	Mil. vs. Dodgers
	8:00	11	Cinc. vs. Giants
31, W.	1:30	11	Cinc. vs. Giants
	8:00	9	Mil. vs. Dodgers

R—Road game

DATE	TIME	CH.	GAME
SEPT.			
1, Th.	1:30	9	Mil. vs. Dodgers
	1:30	11	Cinc. vs. Giants
2, F.	2:00	11	Wash. vs. Yanks
	8:00	9	Pgh. vs. Dodgers
3, Sat.	2:00	2	Chicago vs. Cleve.
	2:00	8, 11	Wash. vs. Yanks
	2:00	9	Pgh. vs. Dodgers
4, Sun.	2:00	8, 11	Wash. vs. Yanks
	2:00	9	Pgh. vs. Dodgers
5, M.	1:30	9	Phila. vs. Dodgers-D
	1:30	11	Pgh. vs. Giants-D
7, W.	2:00	11	Kan. C. vs. Yanks
	10:00	9	Dodgers vs. Mil.-R

Monday through Friday

7:00	4 & 8	Today—Getway with Garroway
8:55	4	Herb Sheldon—Plus Jo McCarthy
9:00	2	Skinner Show—Everything's George
	7	Tales Of The Trail—Kid stuff
10:00	2	Garry Moore Show—Moore fun
	4 & 8	Ding Dong School—TV nursery
10:30	2	Godfrey Time—Relax with Arthur
	4 & 8	Way Of The World—Drama
10:45	4 & 8	Sheilah Graham—She tells all
11:00	4	Home—Arlene Francis, homemaker
	7	Romper Room—For little people
11:30	2 & 8	Strike It Rich—Warren Hull
	5	Wendy Barrie—Gay gal talk
12:00	2	Valiant Lady—Daytime drama
	2 & 8	Tennessee Ernie—Pea-picking
12:15	2 & 8	Love Of Life—Serial story
12:30	2 & 8	Search For Tomorrow—Serial
	4	Feather Your Nest—Quiz show
12:45	2 (& 8 at 2:30)	The Guiding Light
	11	Dr. Norman Vincent Peale
1:00	2	Jack Paar Show—Jack's Jake!
	4	Norman Brokenshire Show—Gay
	5	Claire Mann—Glamour treatment
1:30	2 & 8	Welcome Travelers—From NYC
	9	First-Run Feature Films
2:00	2 & 8	Robert Q. Lewis Show—Lively
	5	Maggi McNellis—Chit-chat
	7	Summer Entertainment—Variety
2:30	2	Art Linkletter's House Party—Fun!
	5	Ern Westmore—Beauty hints
3:00	2 & 8	Big Pay-Off—Mink-lined quiz
	4	Ted Mack Show—Variety
	9	Ted Steele Show—Music & talk
3:30	2	Bob Crosby—With Gary & Cathy
	4	It Pays To Be Married—Bill Goodwin
4:00	2	The Brighter Day—Daytime drama
	4 & 8	Hawkins Falls—Serial
4:15	2 & 8	Secret Storm—Daily story
	4	First Love—Drama of newlyweds
4:30	2 & 8	On Your Account—Quiz
	4	Mr. Sweeney—Chuckles with Ruggles

EARLY EVENING

5:30	5	Jr. Featurama—Great for kids
6:30	4	Sky's The Limit—Quiz
	11	Liberace—Music by candlelight
7:00	7	Soupy Sales—Comedy with puppets
7:30	4	Matt Dennis Show—Music, M, W, F;
		Vaughn Monroe Show, T, Th.
	9	Million Dollar Movies
7:45	2	Julius La Rosa—Songs, M, W, F

LATE NIGHT

10:00	9	Million Dollar Movies
10:45	11	News & Weather Report
11:00	11	Liberace—Valentino of the keyboard
11:15	2	The Late Show—Feature films
	4	Steve Allen Show

Monday P.M.

8:00	2	Burns & Allen—Repeat films
	4 & 8	Caesar Presents; Aug. 22,
		8:00-9:30: "The King & Mrs. Candler," Cyril
		Ritchard, on Summer Special
	7	Digest Drama—Human-interest stories
8:30	2	Godfrey's Talent Scouts—Variety
	7	Voice Of Firestone—Summer concerts
9:00	2 & 8	Those Whiting Girls—Comedy
	4	The Medic—Film re-runs
	7	Pee Wee King Show—Corn-fed fun
9:30	2 & 8	Ethel & Albert—Domestic fun
	4	Robert Montgomery Presents
10:00	2 & 8	Studio One Summer Theater
	7	Eddie Cantor—Pop-eyed laffs
10:30	4	Big Town—Mark Stevens stars

Tuesday

7:30	5	Waterfront—Preston Foster stars
8:00	4 & 8	Place The Face—Bill Cullen
	5	Star Playhouse—Hollywood films
8:30	2	Music '55—Stan Kenton's sounds
	4	Arthur Murray Dancing Party
9:00	2 & 8	Meet Millie—Elena Verdugo
	4	Summer Theater—Half-hour films
	7	Make Room For Daddy—Repeats
9:30	2 & 8	Spotlight Playhouse—Drama
	4	Dollar A Second—\$\$\$ Quiz
10:00	2	\$64,000 Question—Hal March quiz.
	4 & 8	Truth Or Consequences
10:30	2	The Search—Documentaries
	7	Name's The Same—Bob & Ray

Wednesday

7:30	7	Disneyland—Repeat films
8:00	2	Frankie Laine Show—Music galore
	4	Request Performance—Dramas
8:30	4 (& 8 at 9:30)	My Little Margie—
		Beginning Aug. 31: Father Knows Best
	7	Wild West—Feature films
9:00	2 & 8	The Millionaire—Stories
	4	Kraft Theater—Fine, hour-long plays
	7	Masquerade Party—Costume quiz

9:30	2	I've Got A Secret—Panel quiz
	7	Penny To A Million—Bill Goodwin
10:00	2 & 8	U.S. Steel Theater—Alternates
		with Front Row Center
	4	This Is Your Life—Re-runs
10:30	4	Doug Fairbanks Presents—Stories

Thursday

8:00	2	Bob Cummings Show—Farce
	4 & 8	Best Of Groucho—Re-runs
	7	Soldier Parade—Hour of GI variety
8:30	2	Climax—Suspense & mystery
	4	Make The Connection—Quiz
9:00	4 & 8	Dragnet—Film repeats
	7	Star Tonight—Filmed teleplays
9:30	2	Four Star Playhouse—Excellent
	4 & 8	Ford Theater—Re-runs
10:00	2	Johnny Carson—Bright comedy
	4 & 8	Lux Studio Workshop—Drama
10:30	2	Halls Of Ivy—The Ronald Colmans

Friday

7:30	5	Life With Elizabeth—Light-hearted
8:00	2 & 8	Pantomime Quiz—On Aug.
		26, Mama returns with live comedy
	4	Midwestern Hayride—Hoedown
8:30	2	Topper—Last four weeks
	4 & 8	Life Of Riley—Comedy re-runs
9:00	2	Playhouse Of Stars—Filmed dramas
	4 & 8	Best In Mystery—Whodunits
9:30	2	Meet Mr. McNulty—Re-runs
	4 & 8	Dear Phoebe—Comedy re-runs
	7	The Vise—Spine-Chillers from Britain
10:00	2	Undercurrent—Mystery & adventure
10:30	2	Windows—Ambitious drama series
	4	So This Is Hollywood—Rib-tickling
	5	Alec Templeton—Enchanting music

Saturday

7:30	2	Beat The Clock—Stunts for prizes
	4	Show Wagon—Heidi's talent salute
8:00	2	America's Greatest Bands—Tops
	4	The Soldiers—Comedy
8:30	4	Dunninger Show—Mystifying
9:00	2	Two For The Money—Sam Levenson
	4 & 8	Musical Chairs—Stars Johnny
		Mercer; Aug. 27: "One Touch Of Venus."
9:30	2	Down You Go—Witty panel patter
	4	Durante—O'Connor Show—Re-runs
10:00	2	Julius La Rosa—TV's top tunes
	4 & 8	Here's The Show—Gobel rests
10:30	2	Damon Runyon Theater—Stories
	4 & 8	Your Play Time

Sunday

6:00	2	I Love Lucy—Repeat of early shows
7:00	2	Let's Take A Trip
	4 & 8	People Are Funny—Linkletter
7:30	2	Private Secretary—Re-runs
	4	Do It Yourself; Aug. 14, 7:30-8:30:
		Tam O'Shanter Golf Tournament
8:00	2 & 8	Toast Of The Town—Variety
	4	Sunday Hour—Comedy & variety
9:00	2	G-E Theater—Ronald Reagan, host
	4 & 8	TV Playhouse—Hour teleplays
	7	Chance Of A Lifetime—Variety
9:30	2	Appointment With Adventure
	5	Life Begins At Eighty—Sprightly
10:00	2	Stage 7—New stories
	4 & 8	Cameo Theater—On Aug. 28,
		Loretta Young Show returns
	7	Break The Bank—Bert Parks, quiz
10:30	2	What's My Line—Job game
	4	Bob Cummings Show—Comedy
	7	Paris Precinct—Louis Jourdan stars

Winsome Annie Oakley

(Continued from page 32)

riding boots in the morning—and exchanges them twelve hours later for dainty dancing slippers.

As a little girl, Gail had no choice except to become a tomboy, unless she wanted to miss all the fun. She was the only girl in a neighborhood crowded with boys. If she wanted to play with them, she had to join their games, or be left out.

The advantages of being the only girl were not obvious until some years later. At that age, being a member of the weaker sex had many more drawbacks—not the least of these being that, whatever the game, Gail was the victim. If they were cops and robbers, sooner or later she got clobbered on the head "while taking off with the bankroll." When they were cowboys and Indians, she was tagged the "outlaw" and was tied to trees or punished in any number of ways which would have done credit to a Hollywood scenario.

Once, to help her hide from the law, two "fellow criminals" lifted her to the top of a tree—only to forget about her at dinner time, when they rushed home for their meal. Five-year-old Gail had but one way to get down—in a straight line. Ten minutes later, she was taken to the hospital with a broken leg.

Another time, the boys built a midget soap-box racer and pulled it up a steep hill. "Who's going to try it first?" one of the older boys asked. When no volunteers answered, twelve pairs of eyes turned to nine-year-old Gail. "Oh, no! Not me. I don't even know—"

That's as far as she got by the time they had lifted her into the racer, and not too gently shoved her on the way. Halfway down, she smashed into a parked car and, when she woke up again, saw her father—a doctor by profession, fortunately—set her arm. Yet in spite of her mishaps, and she had more than her share, Gail enjoyed roughing it.

But, all along, her desire for femininity showed itself in various ways. In the morning she may have toted guns, but in the afternoon she sneaked in to her mother's wardrobe closet for one of her dresses, hats, and high-heeled shoes. All little girls play "dress-up" games. Gail, however, went one step further. To complete the "grown-up" illusion, she also put on her mother's lipstick—and perfume.

For many weeks her mother, Mrs. Gray-

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son, couldn't figure out why the contents of her bottles disappeared so rapidly. Neither could Dr. Grayson, who had to replenish them. The mystery didn't clear up till the Sunday morning he came back from a trip to New York, with a five-ounce bottle of Arpege perfume for his wife.

She'd hardly put it on her dresser—unopened—to go downstairs and prepare breakfast, when her four-year-old daughter crept into her room, pried open the lid, and liberally applied the contents on her arms, neck and forehead, just as “Mommy” put on cologne. At breakfast, the aroma of Arpege completely eclipsed that of the bacon and eggs. Suspicious, Mrs. Grayson rushed upstairs and found her new bottle half-empty!

Gail's craving for perfume persists to this day. Whether she made \$15 a week during school vacation as her father's secretary, \$150 a week at M-G-M, or her present, much higher, salary on TV, a good percentage of it goes into Chanel No. 5, Joy, Empire, or White Shoulders.

As Gail grew up—and into her mother's size—quite regularly Mrs. Grayson would search her closet in vain for one of her dresses, only to find her daughter wearing it. But she never really minded. “There's nothing wrong with a girl's desire for pretty clothes,” she used to say, insisting that one of the prime functions of a female is to be feminine, graceful, and glamorous, whether she's two or eighty-two. Thus, she did her share to help Gail on her way—and by more methods than letting her borrow her clothes.

Mrs. Grayson was convinced—and so is Gail today—that “glamour” means much more than dressing to one's best advantage, that it includes such qualifications as good bearing, charm, gracefulness and self-assurance. That's why she enrolled Gail in a dancing class when she was two—not to learn a few steps of tap and ballet, but to develop grace and poise.

At home, she taught her daughter manners and lady-like behavior by setting a good example, never by threatening or actually administering punishment. And, after Gail finished high school, to round out her “polishing,” she was sent to one of the finest finishing schools in the country, Harkum College for Girls, at Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania.

Here again, Gail's struggle within herself came to the surface. She loved the finishing school, the graceful way of living, the companionship of some of the finest,

best brought-up young girls in the country. But, at the same time, she had a hankering for a more carefree life, for wide-open spaces, and for “roughing it.” After two years, she left Harkum College to continue her education at the University of Texas—where she was just as much in her element as in Bryn Mawr.

Today, Gail is one of the most attractive young women in television. But there have been times when it looked as though “glamour” was no more than a word in the dictionary, when she could have been disillusioned—except for her own common sense and the down-to-earth attitude of her mother. Take the scar on her cheek, still visible today.

She was just three when her little bud-dies egged her on to catch a hound which was known to be somewhat ferocious. Gail caught him, all right. But, in the process, she fell, the dog stepped on her, and—just to prove his grievance and superiority—bit her in the face. Her screams quickly brought her father, who sewed up her cheek with fourteen stitches extending from the right eye to her chin. Dr. Grayson did such an expert job that the scar is hardly noticeable any more. Yet there might have been a time when a girl more vain than Gail could have considered this a handicap.

Like many teenagers, she went through the “chubby” stage, when no matter how much or how little she ate, she just kept expanding in all directions. Her mother, knowing what the results could be, took prompt and drastic action. “You'll have to go on a diet!” she informed her thirteen-year-old daughter one morning.

Gail didn't sound happy. “What does that mean, Mom?”

“First of all, no more starchy food. No potatoes, bread, macaroni, spaghetti, and, mostly, no hot fudge sundaes and fried chicken!” She'd listed practically all of Gail's favorite foods.

But that was only the beginning. “You'll also have to do exercises every morning.” To make it easier for Gail, Mrs. Grayson joined her in dieting as well as in exercising. Every morning she came in, about half an hour before her daughter got up, carrying a big glass of orange juice, “to give her pep.” So sleepy was Gail she could hardly see the glass, but somehow she managed to grab it and get it to her lips. “Now let's get out of bed and start the exercises.”

To this date, Gail has never given up

dieting, nor exercising, though she isn't doing it quite in the same manner any longer. She does her exercises only when she is not actually working—which is about six months out of twelve. (Usually, when she finishes her television commitments, she heads back to Little Rock, Arkansas, to join her family.) When she's in front of the cameras, she gets all the physical exercise she needs. Anything in addition would be strictly superfluous.

As for dieting, Gail has found a unique solution which lets her eat her favorite chocolate sundaes and fried chicken and all sorts of potatoes—and still keep down her weight. One week, she sticks to rare meats and greens, won't even touch a biscuit for lunch. The next she goes all out for anything that appeals to her. Somehow it evens out, because Gail has one of the cutest figures in TVdom.

On one occasion, however, she overdid her dieting. During her early college days, she used to idolize a young star, Dixie Dunbar, who was approximately Gail's height—but quite a bit thinner. “If I want to be like her, I have to get all my measurements down to her size,” Gail rationalized, and promptly went on a diet of black coffee and greens.

At the time, she was playing the lead in a college play. In one scene, in which she was supposed to laugh hysterically, director Richard Nash (who later scored in Hollywood with such hits as “Welcome Stranger”) thought she was too convincing for an amateur. He knew he was right, just a few minutes later, when she collapsed on the set and was rushed to the infirmary, where the doctor said there was nothing wrong with her that a good meal couldn't fix.

After twelve hours' sleep and a breakfast the following morning that would have put Burl Ives to shame, Gail was all right again. She also decided that, as long as her height was the same as Dixie Dunbar's, maybe it wouldn't matter quite so much if her waist measured a few inches more.

For a long time, Gail considered “glamour” and “sophistication” synonymous. She had to learn the hard way that this is not necessarily so; that a girl is better off developing her own strong points, whatever they are, rather than reaching for something she doesn't possess, or pretending to be someone she is not.

In her anxiety to appear grown-up and sophisticated, time was moving along too slowly for Gail. At four she wanted to be ten; at ten, twenty; and, at thirteen—she did something about it.

Before leaving with a beau for a club meeting, she decided the time had come to wear high-heeled shoes. Speculating that her parents wouldn't approve, she waited till her mother had left the house, then got a pair from her mother's closet and put them on.

Having forgotten something at home, Mrs. Grayson pulled up in front of the house just as Gail was walking down the driveway. Disbelievingly, she stared at her daughter, who was weaving and swaying all over the driveway. Never having worn high heels, Gail felt and looked as though she were walking on stilts.

Her mother promptly marched her embarrassed daughter back into the house and made her change into low heels. Another year passed before Gail was permitted to experiment with “sophisticated footwear,” as she used to call it.

In spite of such occasional faux pas, Gail developed into a very sensible young woman who, at heart, knew what was good for her. Unfortunately, not everybody did.

On a visit to Hollywood, she was discovered by an agent who found her sunbathing on the roof garden of the Hollywood Roosevelt, where she was staying.



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He promptly told Louis B. Mayer, then head of M-G-M, about the attractive girl, and made an appointment for her to see him the next day. When introduced, Gail made an immediate impression on Mr. Mayer and, twenty-four hours later, was signed to a contract.

Had the studio left her as she was, it would have been more beneficial for the contractor and contractee. But it was the Hollywood custom to turn each new find into a copy of the current glamour girl—which meant they were all made to look like Hedy Lamarr, Lana Turner, Rita Hayworth, or whoever happened to be most popular at that precise moment.

Gail was too shy to object, when she should have. "Like most of the other girls I was sent through the complete glamour mill," she later lamented. "When I 'graduated,' I looked little different from the other newcomers on the lot. We all wore our hair the same way, used almost identical make-up, even dressed with much similarity. Result: Because I looked like everybody else, they really didn't need me. Before long, I was out of a job!"

A few months later, she went through the whole process all over, this time at RKO, and with the same result. After minor parts in a few pictures, she once again found herself outside the studio gates. Having learned her lesson, from then on, she refused to be anyone but herself. That's what Gene Autry liked when she was introduced to him, the reason he gave her a chance to play opposite him in feature Westerns, and eventually built the *Annie Oakley* series around her.

Actually, while Gail is quite the glamour girl off-screen, her younger fans weren't so wrong when they claimed she can be glamorous even as a cowgirl.

About a fourth of her time is spent in town, when the "inside scenes" of her

series are shot at the "Flying A" studio on Sunset Boulevard, when she can drive to the Hollywood Roosevelt for lunch and, at night, back to the San Fernando Valley apartment she shares with actress Nan Leslie.

But most of the scenes are filmed on location: At Pioneer Town in the Mojave Desert, about twenty miles east of Twenty-nine Palms; at Lone Pine, 10,000 feet above sea level, in some of California's most rugged country; at other locations where the climate is severe, work days long—often seven days a week without a day off—and living conditions almost as primitive as those of the heroine she portrays on the screen.

Gail's work in itself is difficult, exhausting, and often physically dangerous, which is obvious to anyone who has watched her "running mounts," galloping into camera range, ascending or descending steep hills. (Amazingly, with all the difficult riding Gail had to do these past fifteen months, her only accident occurred at Hollywood and Vine when—stepping out of her car—she slipped off the sidewalk and injured her leg!)

On location, Gail is often the only girl among dozens of men. It would be easy for her to acquire some of the rough and ready mannerisms of the male sex, of "letting herself go" after work, of coming to dinner just as she left the last scene. But that's not like her.

Imagine the surprised expression of a visitor to Pioneer Town who, having seen Gail perform one of her stunts just before sunset, sees her again an hour later at the "Golden Stallion," the only restaurant, dressed smartly in skirt and blouse, looking as attractive as if she'd just stepped out of a beauty shop. He wouldn't know that, no matter how hard she works during the day, at night Annie Oakley invar-

ably becomes Gail Davis again—which is duly appreciated by all around her.

Working in the desert presents many problems for a girl who values her appearance. The strong, penetrating rays of the sun, the high winds and sand storms—and, not least, the sudden temperature changes when the sun goes down and the mercury often drops to 80° below what it was at high noon—can be most damaging to a girl's complexion.

It takes a lot of effort on Gail's part to combat these elements. In the desert or high mountains, she makes certain she wears plenty of make-up to protect herself from the sun's rays and, when she gets back to her room, cleans it off thoroughly, then washes her face several times with ice-cold water to stimulate circulation. After that, she applies lotion or baby oil—and is all set for the next day.

Gail has one more formula to keep herself in good shape: plenty of rest. On location, she usually turns in right after dinner. Even in Hollywood, she only goes out or gives a party on Sunday nights, and then insists on being brought home early. But what she misses out on in quantity, she makes up in quality. For Gail, there's no "run-of-the-mill" date. Each is a special occasion for which to be dressed and prepared.

When she and her roommate, Nan Leslie, give a party at home, it's always a miniature gala affair, with fancy foods, exquisite table settings, dinner music and candlelight—against the soft, pastel-colored background of their walls, carefully selected to give them the most complimentary setting.

In the first fifty-two *Annie Oakley* shows she did, Gail wore only one dress. The rest of the time, nothing but cowgirl outfits. Yet she proved that even a cowgirl can be glamorous—on screen and off.

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Holiday Time for Godfrey

(Continued from page 43)

and white checks for the McGuires, a lavender skirt and olive-green blouse for Jan, a checked frock in green for Carmel—and another set of shoes to match. Everyone was pleased and Arthur nodded his approval, but this is the pay-off: When the show went on, a half-hour later, the girls were wearing something altogether different. Jan, with her Riviera tan, was lovely in yellow gingham; Carmel wore a lively blue polka-dot dress; the McGuires came on-camera in white blouses with white- and red-checked pedal pushers and skirts.

The gals looked good. Of course, they were trembling and chewing on their lips. Carmel Quinn had never been in an amusement park in her life, and she was half-praying for a miracle that would perpetuate that fact. Jan looked a little tense. The McGuires, of course, had each other for comfort, and they were just as calm as Mexican jumping beans on a hot griddle.

"We greet you from Steeplechase Park in Coney Island," Arthur announced. "Let's have a good time."

The beginning was beguiling—on the grand carousel. Originally built for Kaiser Wilhelm at the turn of the century, it was adorned with ornate pigs, chariots and ruby-lipped cupids. Arthur was entranced with this dandy of merry-go-rounds and joined his kids from the Henry Street Settlement, who loaded on with the cast. Then, enjoying a false sense of security, the cast rushed over to the Chairplane—a ride of swings on long chains that circled like the carousel.

There is an item called the Whirlpool. It is built a little like the tube-pan with the tube part covered. In action it looks like a spin drier. Symbolically, you get on the center crest by walking a plank. Everyone takes off his shoes, not because the shoes will fly off but because the riders get to flying in every which direction and are likely to land in someone's stomach. When everyone is set nicely on the center, the contraption begins to turn.

"Let's everyone sing," Arthur said. "Nearer My God to Thee?" Frank Parker asked.

"Let's sing 'Tweedle-Dee-Dee.'"

At first, the Whirlpool turned slowly, like an LP record. In a few more seconds it looked like a mill saw. As one gentleman remarked who had just free-loaded a couple of frankfurters: "They don't give you dinner here. They just lend it to you."

The centrifugal force went to work and in seconds everyone was thrown out of the center into the trough—everyone except Arthur who had planted himself in dead center where he could enjoy the sight of his sprawled cast. Carmel Quinn, a loyal Irishwoman, looked like she was still celebrating St. Patrick's Day—and everyone agreed she had been so clever to use green make-up.

The wheel did stop finally, and the Little Godfreys retreated slowly from the contraption. Frank Parker was on his knees, holding on to his hat. Carmel looked a little better—a kind of pastel shade of green. The McGuires were crawling out. They looked pale and they, too, had done something to their make-up. Their mouths were O-shaped, like three iddy fish in an iddy-bitty pool taking a drag on a big cigar. And Janette Davis looked like she was thinking—perhaps: "And for this I came back three weeks early from the Mediterranean." Arthur was still chuckling.

Arthur's job was most strenuous. He

kept up a running commentary of the proceedings for a full hour, with nothing in writing and nothing rehearsed. There was no orchestra and no songs. Everything was talk. Mr. G. was a walking transmitter, equipped with an ingenious tiny microphone and a Budleman transmitter, a gadget the size of a pack of cigarettes. There were eight cameras working, but there were still technical limitations that he had to work within. And then, of course, there were his guests.

It was no accident that the youngsters were invited from the Henry Street Settlement. The Settlement is internationally famous for its work, and Arthur has been one of its patrons for many years. All year around, Arthur sends down toys, cakes, candies, frozen foods, thirty-pound smoked turkeys, twenty-pound chocolate gobblers, and the like. He is loved and idolized by people there. Arthur decided the kids would join him for the picnic.

Most of them were about the same age that Arthur was feeling. To them, it was a kind of fairyland. Everything was free: the rides, cotton candy, popcorn, sandwiches, games of skill, ice cream, soda, souvenirs. Paul Blaufox, Arthur's assistant on *Talent Scouts*, was in charge of the arrangements for the children.

"Arthur made certain recommendations," Paul recalls. "The kids were to get all the sandwiches and milk and ice cream they wanted, but were to get candy and stuff only under supervision of their leaders so that they wouldn't get sick. And he insisted that a doctor and nurse be present in case of an emergency. We had a doctor and two nurses."

For safety's sake, they arranged to have a paid adult supervisor for every ten children. The youngsters were well behaved and there was only one trying moment. Right after they arrived in their buses, at five P.M. so they would have plenty of time for the rides, they were lined up. Arthur came out to look at them and, just as he got there, the beautiful formation began to break up and the kids were scurrying off toward one of the buildings.

"The kids are getting away," he shouted to Paul.

Paul ran after them and then came back a little sheepish.

"Arthur, when you gotta go, you gotta go," he said, "and those kids gotta go."

Their first planned activity was the eating, and the conversations were rather interesting. For example:

"I'm glad it's not Liberace having the picnic."

"What's wrong with Liberace?"

"He can only play a piano. Godfrey plays a uke."

At another table the youngsters were more concerned with the production budget.

"This costs Godfrey plenty."

"How much?"

"Well, it took nine buses to get us out here at fifteen cents a person and—"

"This costs more. These are chartered buses."

Actually, the tab for the kids alone was over a thousand dollars. All together, Arthur spent about fifteen thousand above and beyond the call of duty. Much of this cost went into special equipment, extra technical assistance, lines and special transmitters and receivers for the remote. To play safe, most of the program was planned to come from the inside pavilion, a mere eleven acres, in case of rain. Even so, there was no lack of excitement. The climax of the first half-hour came on the Panama Slide.

A slide, as you know, stands about six feet high and is a plaything for children. The Panama Slide, however, rises at a 45-degree angle to the unpleasant height of about forty feet. High? Well, not so high as the moon, but when you stand at the bottom and talk to someone at the top, you shout. And the shorter you are, the higher it looks. Pretty Jan Davis is on the petite side, and to her the slide looked very, very high. She got stuck at the top.

Arthur led the pack down. Arms out, he came bouncing and sliding down and took a nice spin at the base cup. Standing with Arthur before he took off were the rest of the cast.

"I'm not going down," said Chris McGuire.

Carmel Quinn sighed. She didn't want to go down the devilish mechanism and, when she found Chris was of the same mind, she just about threw her arms around her. In the meantime, Phyllis McGuire went down the slide, followed by sister Dotty.

"I'm definitely not going down," Chris repeated—with which she sat down on the slide, gave herself a push and down she went.

"And, when Chris went, I just resigned myself to dying," Carmel recalls. "I closed my eyes and kind of jumped."

Her skirts flared up like a parachute and Arthur remarked, "Wait'll you see yourself on the kinescope, Carmel. You've never seen so much of yourself in your life."

Jan remained seated at the top, her brakes locked. Arthur noted later, "Here's a gal who flew the Atlantic Ocean this morning and reported to work, cheerful and fresh, and now she won't come down a little old slide. How can you figure it?"

Everyone else climbed back up for a repeat slide except Carmel. She noted, "I've shown enough leg for one night. Husband Bill will be angry as it is."

Then came the station break and the next half-hour started off with all of the cast riding the Steeplechase Horse Ride, after which the Park is named. The Steeplechase consists of iron race horses, with double saddles, that travel on a track similar to a roller coaster. The horses race around the outside of the building. Arthur and Phyllis McGuire, sharing the same nag, won the race by better than a full length. Arthur noted wistfully, "I wish my own horses did this well."

While Arthur did the Frigidaire commercial, the gang went to the shooting gallery. Phyllis had bad luck and couldn't hit anything. Arthur rejoined the gang and showed Phyllis her trouble. Her gun wasn't loaded.

They moved on to a game of skill. To win a kewpie doll, you throw baseballs through a canvas hole. Arthur picked up a few balls, threw them, and every one went into the hole. Wordless and almost embarrassed by his marksmanship, he moved on.

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The last and most imposing spectacle of the evening was Steeplechase's Parachute Jump. This is a landmark at Coney Island. It rises two hundred and fifty feet—you count them going up. Coming down, you swallow them all at once.

There are twelve parachutes attached to the tower, with a kind of swing hanging from each. You climb onto this seat. The machine pulls you straight up and, when you reach the top, a spring suddenly gives, the way a pair of suspenders might bust on a fat man, and you drop fast, very fast. You have time for only one thought: "Something's gone wrong with this contraption and they're going to be picking me up in a basket."

There are other things about the jump worth noting. The seat, for example, is a padded metal board not much wider than what you would find on a swing. Of course, you are strapped on, but it doesn't "feel" substantial. And at night it is the worst. You rise into a void with nothing about you but darkness and night air.

When Arthur came to the chutes, he shouted, "Someone get Carmel Quinn. She's going to ride with me."

Carmel came running in, with someone pushing from behind. She took one look at Arthur waiting for her in the chute seat and said, "I've been praying the program would run long and we'd never get to this one."

They strapped her into the seat with Arthur and then took off her shoes for safekeeping.

"Arthur, please hold my hand," she said. "What do you think I got you here for," he said.

And then they started up. Arthur, always a poet, kept saying, "Isn't it lovely, Carmel. Look out at the lights and the stars over the ocean. Isn't it lovely?"

And Carmel kept saying, "Oh, dear. Oh, dear."

Everyone went up. Frank Parker rode with the pretty Toni model. She got a little nervous and gave Frank the same routine, "Hold my hand." Frank, with other things in mind, grabbed for his hat.

Jan, who got scared on the slide, went on the parachute jump twice with Tony Marvin. "I don't mind heights," she explained, "if I start off on the ground like on the chute or an airplane. It's when I start from the top that I get scared."

And Carmel, after the first jump, started to get off and Arthur said, "You wouldn't want to do another?"

"No, thank you."

"You sure?"

"No. I don't think so. Unless you asked me," she added politely.

"I'm asking you," Arthur said.

"Well, all right then."

Up they went again.

Then, in just seconds, the show was over and in minutes the children were back in the buses and on their way back to Manhattan. The McGuire's were rushed back to the airport so that they would reach Pittsburgh in time to sing at their late show. Jan went back home to unpack her bags. Carmel got into the station wagon with her husband Bill.

"It wasn't so bad, now that it's all over," she said bravely.

"Would you like to come back tomorrow and go on the rides with me?" her husband asked.

She shut up.

Arthur was one of the last of the cast to leave the Park, and you can bet it was wistfully. If he said it once, he said it two dozen times: "I've never had so much fun. This is just great."

And that big laugh of his. That will be ringing around the carousel and giant slide for years to come.



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(Continued from page 58)

over this shyness. He did so—and, once again, he was seated in the first row, first seat. And, the very first day, he was the first student called upon to perform—up on the stage, in front of the entire class. There was no way out. The teacher had just told the class: "Get over your bashfulness. When you're called upon to do a scene or act out a pantomime, never say you're not prepared. Just get up and do the best you can. That way, you won't build up any mental blocks."

Tod got up, shaking and perspiring, and made his painful way to the stage. At least, he didn't have to speak. The assignment was to do a pantomime on any subject he chose, and the class would try to guess what it was. Tod decided he would imitate a man hunting butterflies. Waving an imaginary net, he darted about the stage in hot pursuit of the elusive creatures. No one had the least notion what he was trying to do, and when he told the class, "Catching butterflies," they howled. Tod tried again. Only, this time, he did something no one could miss—a man swinging a golf club. The class guessed it and he returned to his seat, dizzy with relief.

"And then I noticed," Tod recalls, "that when the other students got up to perform, they were just as shy and bashful as I. We were no different. And, somehow, realizing that we were all in the same kettle gave me confidence in myself."

Tod's new-found self-confidence soon revealed a genuine acting talent, and he decided to make a career in the theater. By following his first teacher's advice—*Just get up and do the best you can*—he has not only had ten successful years in television, stage and motion pictures, but can now be seen five times every week playing the male lead in NBC-TV's popular daytime drama, *First Love*. So that, if Tod is still concerned about shyness, it's not for himself—it's for others.

"All the sad, lonely people in the world!" he says, shaking his head in genuine concern. "If they could just get over their bashfulness—the fears and hesitations that keep them apart from the rest of the world."

For the wonder to Tod, in his own experience, is not that he got over shyness to become a star of television and the

stage, but that he got over shyness—and came "into contact with life." Much as he loves acting, it's only the way he makes his living. The important thing is life itself. And maybe that's why, when you ask him about his career, he can remember the roles he's portrayed and the stages he's trod upon—not as professional milestones, but as personal ones. "That's the time I met Gloria," he'll say. Or: "That's when the baby was born. . . ."

He himself was born on November 10, 1920, in Buffalo, New York. His father died when he was four, and his mother—a piano teacher—moved her family to Hollywood because Buffalo was "too cold." ("I've a sister," Tod says, "who's now happily married to a banker in San Francisco.")

To Tod, it is significant that before he overcame shyness, he wanted to be a writer. Not being part of the world about him, the urge was strong to create a world of his own. After his first day in the dramatics class, however, he was no longer content to observe life—he wanted to participate in life himself. Three weeks later, he was not only directing and playing the lead in a short play, but doing something about his writing by working on the school paper.

While still attending Los Angeles High School, he organized some of his classmates into a group that put on plays at a local movie house—between showings of the film. The entire company received a total of two dollars for each performance, but at least they were paid. They were professionals! And the idea had already occurred to Tod that he might make acting his career.

He continued his dramatic studies at Washington State College, where he majored in speech and journalism, then joined the Pasadena Playhouse, where he appeared in some twenty-five productions. On Broadway, he made his debut in "Quiet, Please," co-starring Jane Wyatt. Later, he acted in Maxwell Anderson's "Storm Operation." It was his role as the Brazilian admiral, however, in "My Sister Eileen," which led to a Hollywood film contract.

Although he appeared in a number of movies, none of Tod's roles was as exciting as the chance to play the "tall, dark and handsome" leading man in a

Mae West stage play, "Come On Up, Ring Twice." It was while touring with this show that he met Gloria Folland.

"We were playing in Chicago," he recalls. "A friend of mine in the cast kept telling me about this beautiful red-headed girl who was also in Chicago, playing in 'Up in Central Park.' She had also gone to the Pasadena Playhouse, so my friend thought the way was clear for me to introduce myself."

Tod did. He invited her out for coffee. And, just six months later, they were married.

Not that anything in show business is ever that simple. Tod was in Chicago six weeks. Gloria's show played there longer. And their tours took them in opposite directions. It wasn't until they met in Washington, D. C., that they were able to "line up a license, et cetera." The ceremony itself finally took place in Kansas City, on January 15, 1947.

All of which explains why the Andrews were so glad to spend the next three seasons in Dallas, Texas, acting in Margo Jones' theater-in-the-round. It meant a chance to play a greater variety of roles than would be possible on Broadway. But, more important, it gave the newlyweds a chance to lead a settled life. And it was here that Tod got his first big break in the theater.

When Margo Jones tried out Tennessee Williams' "Summer and Smoke," Tod played the part of the roistering young doctor so effectively that he was asked to duplicate his performance for the New York production. Gloria joined him as an understudy in the same show.

It was on tour with "Summer and Smoke" that Tod got his second big break in the theater—though he didn't realize it at the time. Joshua Logan, the director of so many Broadway hits, caught the show in New Orleans and came backstage afterwards to congratulate Tod on his performance.

"I remember shaking his hand when he left," Tod recalls, "and saying, 'I'd like to work for you someday.' I don't know why I said it, except that I meant it."

Some time later, when Tod auditioned for the title role in the touring company of "Mr. Roberts," it was necessary to get final approval from Mr. Logan before the producer could give him the part. Only Mr. Logan happened to be in Paris, and he had only seen Tod that once in New Orleans—in a completely different kind of role. Nevertheless, he cabled the producer to give Tod the part.

"I asked him about it later," Tod explains. "How did he know I could do it? And he told me it was the way I said I wanted to work for him someday. I was so sincere, he knew I was right for 'Roberts'."

For the next two and a half seasons, Tod played "Mr. Roberts," from coast to coast and throughout Canada. In Washington, the President and Mrs. Truman, accompanied by General and Mrs. Marshall, saw the show and came backstage afterwards.

"It was the high spot of our tour," Tod recalls. "The President said that he didn't know when he had spent so enjoyable an evening and that we made him forget all his troubles."

That was in 1951—and that was when Tod was selected to read the I Am an American Day proclamation for the President on the Capitol steps.

Following his success in "Mr. Roberts," Tod appeared in the Broadway comedy, "A Girl Can Tell," then took over the Joseph Cotten role in "Sabrina Fair." He

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was also active in television, playing lead roles in many of the top dramatic shows. The one he enjoyed most was the title role in *The Hallmark Hall Of Fame* presentation of "The Life of Lord Byron." So far as Tod is concerned, however, the biggest break in his career came last April 11, when he began playing the role of Zachary James in *First Love*.

"Television is getting bigger and bigger," he says, "and every actor wants to grow with the medium. On the night-time dramatic shows, you're lucky if you get one to do a month. But, in daytime drama, you can be acting five times a week. And it's a wonderful training ground. I know that now, after doing five shows a week on daytime drama, whenever I appear on a dramatic show it goes like a breeze. They give you ten days to prepare a script. I'm used to one."

The difference, of course, is that—when you're playing the same role five times a week—"you get to know the character and then you can relax." Tod feels particularly lucky in his present assignment because he not only knows the character he portrays on *First Love*, he's very fond of him. "Zach's a wonderful person," Tod says, "with great integrity and a feeling for humanity. He's striving for perfection, yet he's very down-to-earth."

But, just as an artist paints a picture and doesn't see that it's really a portrait of himself, so Tod isn't aware—when he talks about Zach—that he's also describing someone very like himself. Although he has had ten years of uninterrupted success as a leading man, Tod is still "striving for perfection." Twice every week, he attends Sandy Mizener's class for Professional Actors at the Neighborhood Playhouse in New York. (By accident, his partner in the class turned out to be the same girl who plays his partner on TV—Patricia Barry.) He also takes singing lessons.

"I believe an actor should work at everything," he says, "and never stop learning, never stop growing."

But the real growth, Tod insists—for he's every bit as "down-to-earth" as Zachary James on TV—must come as a person. And, once you know what you want as a human being, it's good if you can adapt your job to the way you want to live—not vice versa. That's why, as far as Tod is concerned, from now on "the theater is just a hobby."

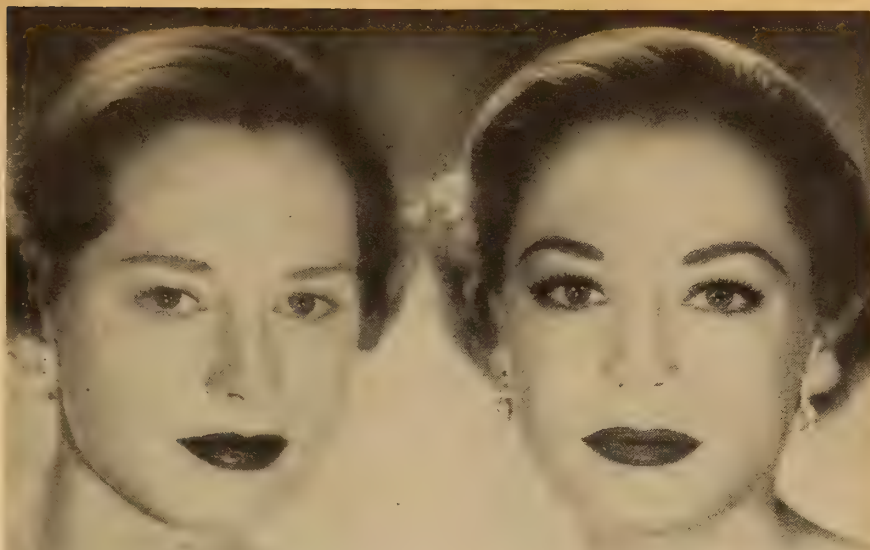
"It never allowed us a real home life," he explains. And, while he hopes to do a play this fall, it will have to be in New York where his TV show originates.

The "us" now includes Tod Walter, aged three. And, while young Tod would like nothing better than to go scampering about the country on tour, his parents happen to have other plans for him. "I want him to be a good man, a good citizen," Tod says, "and that starts in a good home."

Thanks to *First Love*, he and Gloria can finally settle down in the kind of "permanent home" they've always dreamed of. At present, it's an apartment with a terrace in Manhattan, but Gloria is busily scouring the surrounding countryside for a house, complete with roots—and a few trees.

For Tod, it's something new—not awakening in a strange hotel room in a strange town, called on the phone by a strange operator. Now, every morning, a red-headed youngster comes charging into the bedroom, "yelling and hollering."

"Nothing shy about him," Tod says with a pleased grin. "He won't have to become an actor to get over his bashfulness. He was in contact with life the day he was born."

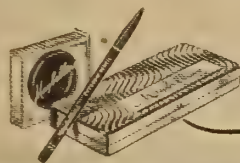


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Early to Love

(Continued from page 49)

"you should catch him before he gets up some morning—with four kids rolling on top of him in bed, with the dog barking and the cat scurrying around! I sometimes wonder if he will come out of it in one piece, but I have learned he doesn't want to be rescued. He's having more fun than anyone else."

The kids are really Bill's recreation. He loves to swim, and it's a big day when they all go off to the beach. He plays golf a little, would like to play much more frequently. But he's not an amateur cook or even a Mr. Fix-It around the house. The last time he tried to fix a curtain rod, he backed into the sliding doors of a closet and pushed them off the runners, and now they have decided it's simpler to get a handyman in the first place. He has one new hobby, and that's painting. It started when he was in "Me and Juliet," and there was leisure time between scenes. Otherwise, he lives for his work, and the family.

Although they first dated as college juniors, Bill and Mary knew each other when they both went to Thornton Township High School, in Illinois, about fifty miles out of Chicago. "He didn't give me a tumble during those years," Mary says. "In the first place, he was two years older than I, and two years ahead of me at school. He was known as a BTO—Big Time Operator—who was in everything: clubs, minstrel shows, on the swimming and track teams, cheer-leading, playing in the school orchestra and in dance bands, heading the Youth Choir at his church. He lived in Harvey, near the school, and I had to take a train in, from where I lived. I admired him from afar for a couple of years, and then he graduated, before he was seventeen, and I didn't see him for a while."

Bill went on to DePauw University, in near-by Greencastle, Indiana, but the war was on and, the next year, he enlisted in the U.S. Naval Air Corps, hoping to become a flyer. Instead, he was kept at DePauw for another eight months, then sent to ground school, to pre-flight training and primary flight training. Before he graduated to advanced training, the war was over. All through this period, however, he had added his bit by singing and playing at benefits in veterans' hospitals.

When he was discharged from the Navy, he went back to DePauw to finish college, but now he had lost two years—and Mary had caught up with him. Both were completing their sophomore year. They saw each other again, but Mary was interested in a boy from Brooklyn and Bill was just interested in readjusting to civilian life—until a Christmas vacation made him ask his cousin about girls who might be interested in a date.

That first date with Mary was almost disastrous, because they stopped for a late snack and time must have stood still for the express purpose of letting them discover each other. When they came out of the restaurant, they realized it was long past the hour when Mary was expected home.

"It was snowing," she recalls, "and, when we got to my house, Bill carried me from the car because I had taken off my light, open-toe slippers and was carrying them. My father was waiting up and, as Bill set me down, Daddy opened the front door. I murmured, 'Daddy, I would like you to meet Bill Hayes.' My father mumbled, 'How-do-you-do' and looked stern. 'Come into the house, Mary,' was all he said, and I went—with barely a good-night nod to Bill. But Bill telephoned the next day."

Six weeks later they were both in the library, and she thought Bill was lost in study, until he suddenly looked up at her. "How would you like to go steady?" he asked. She said yes, but there was a little matter of a couple of dates ahead that would have to be kept—or broken. "Break them," Bill said. After that, neither dated anyone else.

He had lost his fraternity pin and had to borrow one so they could be "pinned" in solemn ceremony, with their friends as witnesses. Bill serenaded her with "One Alone." Mary has a sweet voice, but was too shy to sing back to him. Her knees were shaking a little, anyway.

This was in January. Mary got her engagement ring on Mother's Day. "I didn't know how prophetic that date was at the time," she says. The following February, they were married—on a Saturday—and went back to their classes on Monday, living in a room at first, then finishing their senior year in a GI barracks for married couples on the campus. Later, they moved in with Mary's folks and then Bill's. But, before Carrie was born, they knew they had to have a place of their own. The only one they could find was an old store converted into an apartment. When it rained the basement filled up with water and Bill was always bailing out the place. But they didn't mind. Bill was always earning with his music, and they managed.

Later, he took an intensive two-week course in choral singing and then went on to Fred Waring's Workshop at Shawnee, Pennsylvania, for more training. While he was a student there, he got an audition with Waring, who advised him to keep on studying. At this point, Bill was a little discouraged, so they went back home to Harvey. His brother Phil had seen an advertisement for chorus singers for the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical, "Carousel," and—more in fun than in expectation—he answered it. Bill found his brother ill with a bad throat, and an appointment card to audition. It was an easy matter to change the name of Phil to Bill on the card, so Bill showed up for the try-out, cracked on a high A, but got the job.

"Up to that time, I never thought anyone could make really big money singing," says Bill, "and, when I learned the salaries the stars got, it was a revelation to me. It gave me a new slant on singing for a living." He spoke his first line in "Carousel," pushing an ice-cream cart across the stage. It was his professional debut as a singer-actor.

The end result was to inspire him to get more musical education, so he enrolled at Northwestern University, in Chicago, to work for a master's degree in music, putting in some serious study on the violin, an instrument which he had started to play while still in grade school. (Although he reads music very well, he still plays the piano by ear, having started that way.) With a daughter to support, as well as a wife, Bill took on all sorts of odd jobs while he was at Northwestern, directing church choirs, doing a twice-a-week radio show called *Songs You Remember With Bill Hayes*, guesting on other radio programs, singing at churches and synagogues, at weddings and funerals. He even found time to take a course in opera.

It was during his last semester that he got a chance to audition for the Olsen and Johnson show, "Funzapoppin." Right after he got his M.A., he joined the show as a singer-actor, touring this country and parts of Canada. Everywhere he went, Mary and Carrie went, too. When the show played New York, they found a small apartment in Greenwich Village. When the show went to Florida for a few weeks, they gave up the apartment. By this time, Billy was six weeks old, so there were two children to be looked after on tour.

In the fall of 1949, Bill's talent had interested television producer Max Liebman, and a more permanent home for the children began to interest Mary. Bill was signed for *Your Show Of Shows*, and he and Mary found a house a little way out from New York, on Long Island. It seemed wonderful to settle down for a while. Before Cathy was born, they bought their present house, leaving it only when Bill made his Hollywood movie. Mary picked up the kids and went with him but, after the picture was finished, they came back. Now that Tommy has rounded out the family to six persons, they hope they can stay put for a long time.

Although the children swarm all over the house, especially when Bill is at home, each has his or her own domain. Each room has easily cleaned floors of linoleum with big tan and white squares and walls which are wood-paneled part-way and painted in light colors above. There is a huge blackboard in each room to be decorated in whatever way fancy dictates, or to be used for practicing writing or arithmetic. Carrie has drawn a "Jones Beach" scene on hers, complete with ocean waves, figures in bathing suits, and hot-dog signs. This is the beach where her daddy took the kids on his first free day in weeks, so it was a red-letter occasion.

Little Tommy and Blanche, the housekeeper, have their own quarters. The dining room is green-walled, and hung with pictures of the children in various stages of growth. The living room is in greens and browns and tans, furnished in light-colored modern furniture. The kitchen is birch-paneled, and it's here that Bill's first painting hangs—a colorful arrangement of ships and docks.

The head of a gentle-looking brown horse, painted by seven-year-old Carrie, hangs in Bill's den, and it must be said that her style is freer than his and seems to mark the budding artist. Bill is very proud of the painting. All the children sing, and Carrie is learning to play the piano. Cathy is the actress of the group, telling stories with a great flair.

On the cocoa-brown walls of Bill's den are his framed diplomas from DePauw and Northwestern, from the honorary music society, Pi Kappa Lambda—he was elected to it three years before he could afford the dues necessary for him to take up his membership—and from the Society for the Preservation and Encouragement of Barber Shop Quartet Singing in America. His dad, sales manager for a Chicago children's book publisher, used to sing with the local barber shop quartet when Bill was a little boy, and he still remembers how he used to steal out of bed and stand on the stairs to listen.

In his den are shelves of his favorite books—from paper-covered murder mysteries to the best in fiction and biography—and his record collection, including both operatic albums and recordings of the country and Western tunes and folk music that he loves. His photographs of memorable theatrical appearances hang here, in-

GIVE—
Strike back at CANCER

cluding those from "Me and Juliet." It's here that he keeps his gold disc for "The Ballad of Davy Crockett," presented to him by Cadence on the Milton Berle show, when he made a guest appearance with Milton last spring, and marking sales of over a million at that time.

Although it may well be a turning point in his professional life, the way Bill happened to make that particular record is as casual as the way he first dated Mary, which was such a turning point in his personal life. He had done several records for one company—including a recording of "High Noon" and of "How Do You Speak to an Angel?"—but he was a little dissatisfied. One day, he stopped to buy some records at Archie Bleyer's record shop in Hempstead, Long Island, near where Bill lives. Archie, of course, is president of Cadence and a former orchestra leader for the Godfrey radio and television programs, and he knew Bill's work well. He happened to be in the store, and they began to talk, and to run over some possible numbers that Bill could record for Cadence. "Davy Crockett" was one of them—the one they decided to do. At that point, no one else had recorded it, so Bill's was the first.

Within a few weeks after its release, they knew they had a hit and, by late winter of this year, it was snowballing past the million mark. No one was more surprised than Bill. He had had his share of rave notices on television and on the stage, he had added acting and dancing to his talents as a singer and musician, he had worked in night clubs, had made fans all over the country among both children and grownups. But all this was nothing to what happened after "Davy Crockett" got around! Hundreds of new fan clubs sprang up, even in such far-off places as Africa. Little Carrie came home from school one day, announcing that everybody liked her because she was Bill Hayes' daughter. She had to be convinced that she couldn't trade on her daddy's name for long and had better get liked for herself.

Any schedule the Hayes household ever had was overthrown in a few weeks. "We never did have a household in which Daddy comes home regularly at six-thirty, or anything like that," Mary says. "But since 'Davy Crockett' and the new television show of Bill's, we're right back to where we were when he was with Caesar and Coca and in 'Me and Juliet' on Broadway. I feed the children early most nights and wait for Bill. Once in a while, he gets home early and the family has dinner together. Sometimes, I go into New York and watch the show and we eat afterwards, but mostly Bill wants to come home when he's through with his work. We both like movies and we like to go together, when he has time."

When you speak to Bill of time, he answers: "Time is the thing I don't have any more!"

It's true that he doesn't have much of it, but he still seems to find time for the things he really wants to do. He found time to do the juvenile lead in a summer stock performance of "South Pacific," in June—with his dad making the first professional appearance of his life, in the role of one of the Navy captains—and it was difficult to tell which one of the Bills, father or son, was most thrilled by the experience. He has time for the kids, who start shrieking "Here's Daddy!" the second his car turns into their street—knowing he is never too tired to listen to them talk or to play with them. And he certainly has time for a happy home life with Mary—the girl he asked for a first date only because seven other girls had already filled their schedules and couldn't say yes!



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(Continued from page 38)

"man bites dog" story. From long experience on quiz shows they had learned that, while most winners truly are happy with their prizes, they often are too excited or too shy to say so. Later, many do write thank-you letters, but—since these are turned directly over to the sponsor—the show staff rarely sees them. However, when someone gets a wrong color, or there's a delay or a claim for additional prizes, the error must be checked—and it's the gripes they remember. Like all other human beings, quiz-show crews and quiz-show stars need to be told, once in a while, that they are appreciated. Now, to the surprise of everyone, the house-winning contestants had done so. They had said, too, that this was "the most important thing which had ever happened to them." I went to their hotel to find out why.

I heard the laughter even before the door to their suite was opened. Entering, I heard a man, obviously squirming with embarrassment, say to a photographer, "You know, you really ought to get over here and let me take your picture instead."

No one but another photographer can make quite so much fuss about a camera, and the two women who were "kibitzing" obviously enjoyed the subject's distress. One of them confirmed my guess by handing over a card: "C. A. Novotny, Owner, The Montieur Studios, Hotel Roosevelt, Cedar Rapids, Iowa." Mrs. Novotny introduced the second woman: "Our neighbor, Louise Powell. She went to Europe with us."

A trip to Europe, a photo studio, well-dressed happy people obviously neither in trouble nor in need—this didn't add up to the usual situation in which a quiz-show winner states, "This is the most important thing which ever happened to me." I asked how come.

They all exchanged looks and it was Louise Powell who answered for them. "I guess you have to understand that Glad and Charlie have always been the giving instead of the getting kind. To family, to town, to friends..."

The giving, I learned, had started in Charlie's boyhood. He was the eldest of eight children. "Dad was a magician," he explained, "billed as 'Bohemian Herman.' Mother was a singer. My brother Adolph and I were in the act, too, until I was seven. Then we got stranded in Cedar Rapids and Mother laid down the law. Either Dad was going to be a magician—alone—or he was going to settle down there and raise a family. He went into the barber business."

But Bohemian Herman's heart was still in show business, and so was his son's. When the father started one of the city's first motion picture theaters, Charlie, at the age of fourteen, ran the projector.

Making his own films came next. He got hold of a beat-up old camera and began shooting newsreels for the local circuit—and home-talent plays which he wrote, directed and filmed. Love and money supplied his drive. Love of pictures and the need for money to help support the large family. Even when he went to New York, his birthplace, to study at New York University, he worked as a doorman to send money home.

He quit school to take a job with the newsreels. "It was Hollywood for me," says Charlie, "but not for long. In '29, when the studios closed down, I headed back to Iowa." With his sister as his assistant, he started a portrait studio and there met Glad Nowachek, then a student

Twice Blessed

at Chicago Art Institute. "I'd been home for a visit," Glad says, "and passed his window on the way to the train. There I saw these photos which were so beautifully lighted—and these paintings, made from photos, which were just awful. I couldn't stand it. I had to ask why such a photographer could put up such terrible paintings."

Charlie told her. He was no artist, he stated, and, if she was, why didn't she come in and go to work? Says Glad, "I took the job—and I married the photographer."

Their early years together were rich in achievement, short in cash. Charlie's sisters and brothers needed help getting started in business. The Novotnys don't dwell on the difficulties. They prefer to remember times when they helped shape some young Novotny's life. "I had twin brothers, El and Ed," says Charlie. "I agreed to take El into the studio, but it turned out that Ed was as crazy about photography as I am. So Ed put one over on his twin. He got up at five o'clock that morning. I couldn't tell them apart. When El got to the studio, there was Ed, already at work. I had to find a place for both of them."

Louise Powell cut in. "Charlie and Glad didn't stop with just the sisters and brothers. They began looking after the second generation, too. And the neighbors' kids."

It was two of those neighbors' kids, Don and Mary Ellen Johnson, who took over the studio when the Novotnys retired. "When they were youngsters," Glad explains, "they were always running in to see us, and they both turned out to be 'naturals' with a camera. When they got married, Charlie helped them find a studio in a near-by small town, then, when they had gained experience, brought them back to Cedar Rapids so we could retire."

"When you really retire," Louise Powell said, "that will be the day. You can keep busier doing things for the town than most people can working."

The score on doing things for the town, I discovered, indicated that the Novotnys are the kind of people who help keep things running. Charlie has been president of the Executives Club and belongs to the Chamber of Commerce, Kiwanis, and a number of Masonic organizations. Glad does her civic work through the Women's Club, the Eastern Star, the Red Cross. Her talent for art has been particularly helpful in the Red Cross, for she has taught occupational therapy as a volunteer in a near-by mental hospital.

In addition to his serious work with organizations, Charlie also sees that his friends have fun. "I guess I'll always do a little magic," he says. To keep magic from becoming a full-time job, he has worked out a rule: "If someone just wants to throw a shindig, I charge them. If it's for kids or a benefit, I work for free."

Their dream, through all their busy days, had been to take a trip to Europe. They scheduled it for April, but retired January 1.

"And then," says Glad, "we sat down at home and went right back to the same old tasks. But that's how we discovered Feather Your Nest."

Glad's mother was responsible for that. Dropping in, one blustery morning, she found Glad painting and Charlie retouching a negative. Tarty she suggested that, if they both were going to work as hard as ever, they might at least turn on television—and she switched on her favorite program.

"It didn't take us long to become fans," says Charlie. "We noticed the way Bud Collyer could always get people to relax

and Janis Carter could get them to talk easily. Well, we've tried enough of that ourselves to appreciate their talent. We decided to try to get tickets for the show when we took our trip."

Louise Powell took time off, from her job as office manager of her father's contracting company, to go with them. "We were all as excited as kids," she says.

Says Charlie, "I was worst. I went to the NBC ticket office and asked for tickets to *Tonight*. They were out, and suggested *Feather Your Nest*. I sort of glared at them and said, 'That's what I asked for in the first place.'"

They all felt that his fluff had been a good omen, when—at five o'clock of the day on which they had seen the show and filled out cards—Louise Hammett, the associate producer, phoned their hotel to ask them to be on the show the next day.

On the show, Bud Collyer's questions were just right. "How many baby pictures do you think you have taken?"

Charlie thought a minute, "About a hundred thousand."

"Why did you retire?"

"Well," said Charlie, "when the first babies started bringing their babies in, I thought it was time to let someone else do the job."

Glad fared less well with the quiz. "Charlie has always called me his 'arm-chair Ph.D.," but my head was in a whirl. I missed almost everything."

But, when time came to draw for the house—the Harnischfeger Corporation's P & H "Lakeside" model home—their luck changed. As Charlie held up his number, Bud shouted, "Hey, that's low!"

"That's when Charlie started looking like a small boy who had been given a big league catcher's mitt," says Glad.

The contest still had several days to run, and the Novotnys had already sailed on the Queen Mary when it ended. But Louise Hammett had arranged to radio them if they won.

Glad watched Charlie's excitement mount. She says, "He didn't say anything, but I could sense that, for some reason of his own, this was important to him. It couldn't be the house itself. We have a house. An available house could be pretty important either to Don and Ellen or to Charlie's nieces and nephews, but those kids are now able to work things out for themselves. As the days went by, I began to understand that, for some reason he wasn't yet ready to speak about, this was very important to Charlie himself."

She found out on the day they saw a steward approach with a radiogram. Glad says, "I thought my heart would stop and, for a minute, I thought Charlie's had. He opened it and turned pale. Then he said—oh, so quietly—'Glad, do you know this is the first time anyone ever gave me anything?'"

But givers remain givers. Charlie and Glad Novotny had been too long in the habit of giving not to come back from Europe with the little thank-you gifts for Bud Collyer, Janis Carter and the members of the show's staff they had met.

And that's how they nearly "broke up" the stars and staff of *Feather Your Nest*. For when—on the day they came in to accept their big prize—they handed Bud his little gift, he choked and went red-faced. And Bud said, just as Charlie had on shipboard: "This is the first time anyone ever gave me anything."

So the Novotnys weren't the only ones who were surprised. They and Bud—and all the generous people associated with *Feather Your Nest*—had proved, once again, that gifts from the heart always bless both the giver and the receiver.

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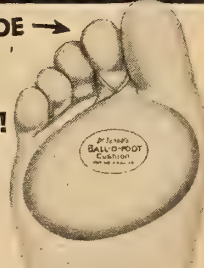
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A Mighty Man Is He

(Continued from page 37)

might be pardoned for assuming that Fess Parker is a man of temperate emotions, cool-headed and slow to anger. So watch it, stranger. His calm can be that of a mountain lion choosing the best time to spring, and his lack of haste can be that of a long fuse burning its way to a ton of dynamite.

Two things rouse his fury: Stupid inefficiency and bad manners. The slipshod job, sluffed off out of incompetence, laziness or malice, and the use of "smile when you say that" phrases without a smile, have inspired drastic Parker action. Friends say that his anger over certain types of Hollywood waste have threatened to handicap his career. Fess himself admits that one instance of "blowing his top" almost cost him his life.

The incident took place shortly after Fess had returned from his wartime job of riding a mine sweeper in Philippine waters. Fess had enrolled at Hardin-Simmons, in Abilene, and was all set to exert himself on the football field for four happy years. One afternoon, he was driving around with a girl friend when a car smacked the rear bumper of Fess' automobile. He had been moving at conservative speed, so he stepped on the gas. The driver of the car in the rear also accelerated and struck Fess' car a second time, and again a third time. He then passed Fess on the right, shouting obscenities at Fess and his girl.

Fess became 210 pounds of molten lava. When the other driver pulled into a private driveway, Fess parked at the curbing, vaulted out of his car and strode down the driveway with fists at the ready.

As Fess swung, the man slipped a knife into the left side of Fess' neck. Fess dodged, deflecting the blade—which struck his jawbone and broke. Except for this evasive action, the knife would have severed Fess' carotid artery and he would have bled to death in a matter of minutes—a fact of which the knife-wielder was well aware. He was a butcher by trade.

Fess, bleeding profusely, managed to return to his car but realized, as he tried to climb behind the steering wheel, that he dared not trust himself to drive to the hospital. He faced the fact that, for the first time in his life, he was likely to faint.

The girl, who did not know how to drive, was helpless.

Fess strode back up the driveway and told his near-murderer, "You've got to drive me to the hospital."

"You're crazy," growled the man.

"You've got to," said Fess, getting into his adversary's car.

The man, mesmerized by Fess' courage, obeyed. He drove at twenty miles an hour and he took several strange byways, occasionally casting an incredulous glance at his still-living passenger. Apparently lacking the ultimate savagery to do anything else, he delivered Fess—at last—to the hospital. A few moments more would have been too late.

For a final note of irony: Fess' case against the man was dismissed because the "fight" had taken place on the defendant's property, a technicality which interpreted Fess as a trespasser, therefore the guilty party.

Furthermore, the man testified in court that Fess had knocked him down three times. Perhaps this testimony infuriated Fess more than all his previous sufferings. "If I hit that guy three times, he wouldn't have had strength enough to have opened a springblade knife—to say nothing about cutting me," he observed flatly.

Because of the loss of his court case, Fess decided to study law, in order to move into the state legislature, eventually, and straighten out certain inequitable statutes. He entered the University of Texas and began to pound out briefs. Halfway through his pre-law course, Fess was spotted by the drama coach, who needed a tall man to tower over a Shakespearean cast of characters. An obliging customer—when not antagonized—Fess agreed to go along with a Pyramus-and-Thisbe bit. Through this and subsequent dramatic activities, he met Adolphe Menjou. "If you ever come to Hollywood, look me up," suggested Beau Brummel Menjou, who is a good judge, not only of clothes, but of the men who wear them. "I think you might have a chance for a picture career. In any case, I could put you in touch with some actors' agents."

Mr. Menjou kept his word when Fess, after graduation, appeared in Shangri-la-in-the-Smog looking for a job. According to Fess: "At Mr. Menjou's suggestion I made the usual rounds of agents' offices. Those boys surveyed me with unlimited calm. They got excited about only one thing—my accent. I had too much."

While waiting for his accent to subside, Fess enrolled at U.S.C. in theater arts classes, and soon found himself a member of the national company of "Mister Roberts." That did it. When he returned to town after a ten-week tour, he had only to mention "Roberts" and casting office doors opened on oiled hinges.

Parts in seven pictures brought him a part in "Them," which in turn brought him his contract with Walt Disney. "Them" were giant ants—if you can follow the grammar. It was a low-budget film, but it made a mint because of its special effects—one of which was a screen-filling figure of a man named Parker.

He was, Walt Disney and studio officials agreed, upon seeing "Them." Davy Crockett to a whisker. Davy Crockett, for whom they had been scanning the frontiers of the Sunset Strip nighteries for many a month—with nary a cloud of dust appearing on the horizon.

No sooner had the perfect Davy Crockett been located, and exploited in three TV films and one feature-length attraction, than a fresh problem presented itself. According to "history," there are at least three versions of the fate of the valorous Davy. One story holds that he died with the rest of the defenders of The Alamo. A second legend says that he and three or four other men were taken captive by General Santa Anna, subjected to torture, brought before a military court (although they were, technically, prisoners of war), found guilty of treason and executed. The third version insists that Crockett and a few men were returned to Mexico and there starved and beaten to death.

Television audiences refused to countenance any version that would take Davy Crockett away from their screens permanently. They began to deluge the Disney organization with protests against Crockett's death or undue injury.

Have a hunk of good news, then. A new series, called "The Legends of Davy Crockett," will tell of his fictional adventures before the 1836 siege of The Alamo—which occurred when Davy was fifty.

Davy Crockett's future is assured. Meanwhile, Fess Parker hopes to portray other mighty men of America. Much as he admires Crockett, Fess has not forgotten that he himself is an actor ("of the aw-shucks school," he says), and he wants to experience as much diversity as is possible.

This can also be stated in pure Texan:

"Don't fence me in." Freedom and scope are as important to Fess as air. When he has a holiday, his idea of a great way to spend it is hiking through the Hollywood hills. Congested as Los Angeles and its environs are, there are still thousands of acres of semi-wild territory in the area.

One of the greatest of Hollywood additions to Fess' life is the man who co-starred with him in "Davy Crockett, King of the Wild Frontier"—Buddy Ebsen. Buddy, six feet three inches tall, is known to his six-foot, five-inch friend as "Shorty." To even things up, Buddy tells mutual friends that the laconic, deliberate Parker film style proves that Fess is "the most vital actor around."

Another gag is based upon the fact that Fess is an unpretentious man who spends his money sensibly, lives well within his means, and doesn't care who knows it. When asked how soon he could leave for the "King of the Wild Frontier" location in Tennessee's Great Smoky Mountains, he replied, "In about ten minutes." He meant it, too. Had it all figured out. He would pack his clothes, his books, and his recordings in a carton, store the carton in his car—and store the car. "I figured I could always find a furnished room when I came back to town," he opined.

This economy inspired Ebsen to say that—"in order to satisfy his wild impulses"—Fess was going to buy a red sports car, probably a Mercedes-Benz.

Mr. Ebsen was left without a joke when Fess recently bought bachelor diggings directly across the street from the Ebsen home in Beverly Hills' beautiful Benedict Canyon. Fess calls the architecture "rustic modern," glories in the radiant heat installed in the floors because California seems chilly to a Texan. The house does not mean that Fess is about to get married. It does mean that he grew weary of ducking under the doorways of furnished rooms and trying to fit into apartment-hotel beds.

It also means that Fess will be close enough to Buddy for the two of them to congregate regularly to rehearse their dance routines. Both maintain that they are verging upon the sensational—Buddy has years of Broadway lights to his credit—and that Fess' version of an "off to Buffalo" is terrific.

When they were in the Great Smokies they visited the Cherokee Amphitheater, where an outdoor pageant dramatizing the tragedy of the Cherokee nation is given for three months each summer. This outdoor bowl seats about ten thousand people, and the distance from outer rim to the stage is about two hundred yards.

Fess and Buddy, clad in their fringed frontier clothes, moccasins and coonskin caps, stood at the top of the amphitheater and awarded a moment of awe to the empty edifice. Abruptly, Fess left his companion and loped to the distant stage, where he went into an off-to-Buffalo while demanding in a tone that cleaved the quiet air, "How's this?"

"Whimsical cuss, aren't you?" howled Buddy.

That's exactly what Fess is. A whimsical, tall, good-looking, talented gentleman, who is good company, has a charming sense of humor and a burning ambition to succeed.

Something should be done about those eyes of Fess Parker's. They are sea-green and fringed by thick black lashes, and their glance is as eloquent as a kiss. The Disney people had better start giving him love scenes to do, or that avalanche of angry letters is going to descend again.

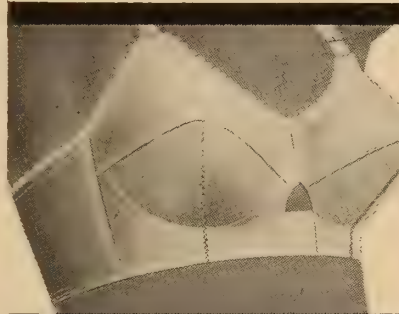
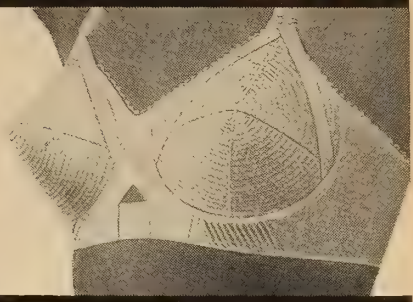
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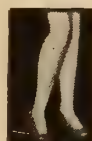
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Unexpected Romance

(Continued from page 51)

which she and Eric have created for their home on New York's East Fifty-first Street, and counting the days until their first wedding anniversary, she could find the reasons for that surprise and smile about them... but, at the actual time, Pat admits, she was startled. She says, "I was more mixed up than any heroine I have ever portrayed in a daytime drama. It was a time when everything seemed to be going wrong."

For her, the new year of 1954 might well have been toasted in vinegar rather than champagne. She counts up the small personal catastrophes: "Besides my radio programs, I had a part I liked in the stage production of 'Charley's Aunt'—but, early in January, business fell off and our closing notices went up. Then, to make matters worse, I had a tooth start to abscess. I played my closing night in self-conscious misery with a swollen jaw."

Despite her dentist's efforts to check the infection, the jaw reached football proportions within two days. Pat huddled in her midtown apartment nuzzling an ice bag, eating aspirin and feeling as gloomy as the gray clouds in the winter sky.

"That would be the time an ambitious press agent chose to call me," she remembers. "He was only looking for another client, but his way of selling his services was to rave about how 'glamorous' I was. If only I would sign up with him, he would—in his words—make me 'the sexiest dame on Broadway.' I muttered something about being the 'ladylike type' and hung up. I went to the mirror, took one look at my lopsided face and buried it in the ice bag. Right then, I didn't like men."

There was an additional reason for her state of mind, she tells you candidly. "I was in a period where it seemed every man I met was exactly wrong for me and I for him. More experienced actresses tell me it always happens, but I found it shocking. The best way I can describe it is to say that there seems to be a kind of man who is attracted by the glitter of show business but is also jealous of it. If a girl happens to be a little more successful in her field than he is in his, he then sets out to whittle her down to his own size. He undermines her self-confidence and belittles every achievement. He takes the joy out of everything. It's destructive and terrifying."

Miserable as she was that day, and taking the blackest possible view of everything, she had moped in pain-racked loneliness. "I tried to think of just one single eligible nice guy—someone who would be comforting when I was sick, someone who would be happy when I was better, someone who could stand on his own two feet, do his own job well, and expect me to do the same."

Again, the telephone brought an interruption. A friend of her mother's was calling to ask Pat to meet a young man. He was a most impressive person, the woman stated, a very talented industrial designer. He was also a member of an old and distinguished Spanish-Italian family. "And, besides, he has a wonderful idea for a television show. I told him you would be just perfect for it."

Pat, at the moment, could not have cared less. "I love and respect the Countess DeSales," she says. "She and my mother worked together for the British Information Service during the war, and she now is secretary to Franklin Roosevelt, Jr. But, feeling as low as I did then, my immediate reaction was: 'What does Lillian know about a television show?'"

Even simple courtesy took effort, but Pat agreed to meet him. "He must have thought I had the nastiest temper in television," she recalls. "When he phoned, the first thing he did was to invite me to dinner. I decided he merely wanted a date. I cut him off fast and said, if this was business, he could bring an outline of the show to my apartment. I would not discuss it over the dinner table."

Self-conscious about her puffy face, she had been definitely icy when he arrived, but the ever-ringing telephone turned the interview into a comedy of frustration. "First, it was my agent, asking when I would be healthy enough for new auditions. Eric flipped the pages of his script and started over. Next, a director called. Eric started again. Then my agent called back and, by that time, Eric had another appointment. All we could do was laugh and agree on another meeting."

Pat's troublesome tooth had subsided when the appointed day arrived, but she was still suffering that drawn-through-a-knothole feeling which follows an infection. Meeting him at the door, she announced she didn't want to talk. She was tired. Immediately considerate, he had apologized: "If that's the case, I'll leave right away."

Pat recalls with amusement, "I remember I didn't want him to go. Just as abruptly, I said, 'I'm not that tired,' and invited him in."

At their next meeting, Eric had bad news. His client had merged with another firm, and the proposed program was indefinitely postponed. A bit hesitantly, he invited her to go to the theater with him the following evening. Pat accepted.

It was after the theater that they went to the Oak Room. Says Pat, "We stayed and stayed. I forgot I needed my sleep. I didn't want to go home."

By diminishing sounds, the great city marked its swing from dark to dawn, but Pat and Eric ignored them. They heard the traffic along Central Park South hush to country-lane proportions, but they went on discussing the play they had seen. They heard the aged drivers of the even more aged hansom cabs draw up across the street to discharge their last loads of park-touring sweethearts. But, as the venerable horses went clop-clopping homeward, Pat and Eric continued to speak of her aims and hopes and ambitions in the theater. Finally, even Fritz, the courtly headwaiter, had bowed and retired, leaving the clearing up to impatient busboys. But still the two lingered.

Pat recalls, "It was the first time Eric had told me much about himself. Because his father was a diplomat, he had spent his childhood in many cities, many countries and he had a way of making places and events come alive. I learned he had studied art, sculpture and industrial design in Italy, taken his degree in international law in Switzerland, and received his Ph.D. in philosophy from the Sorbonne, in Paris."

She had loved hearing about the rich variety of his working life. For a man in his early thirties, it was a remarkable record. In Paris, he had designed sets for a theater and high fashions for Dior, before concentrating on advertising art and illustration. Then the Mexican government commissioned him "to integrate American products manufactured in Mexico with Mexican styles and culture so that they were compatible with Mexican standards"—as he had quoted from the official assignment.

In 1950, he had opened a New York office as an independent designer. Later, he

joined Lippincott and Margulies, Inc., one of the leaders in the field. "Now I do a little of everything," he had summarized, "Package design, factory studies, advertising—everything that fits into the selling of a product. Sometimes, I'm even out in a supermarket watching to see which products catch a housewife's attention."

His talk fascinated Pat. "I won't even now say I understand it," she says. "But it's close enough to radio and television advertising so that I had some opinions, too. I also had a lot of questions, and Eric, through his research, could tell me why certain things happened."

Perhaps it was because she was so interested in what he had to say that she was slow to realize that, as he talked, the character of the man himself was revealed by his comment.

Pat, remembering the startling moment of discovering her own reaction, recalls, "It finally got through to me that there was a person quite in contrast to those acquaintances I had found so depressing. He was constructive, rather than destructive; he was creative, rather than grasping. I had held a defensive attitude for so long that it truly surprised me when I realized, 'Why, I like this man!'"

The conclusion led to a decision. "As we walked home, I also realized that he would be fully justified if he believed I was nothing but a howling hypochondriac. I had moaned about that silly tooth and I had treated him worse than any man I had ever known. Right then, I made up my mind to be nicer to him."

With the decision had come an entire new, happier frame of mind. Says Pat, "Sundays became our special days. We'd drive out to Connecticut or up the Hudson, looking for some unusual little restaurant to have dinner. Each trip became an adventure." Then came the Sunday which was brightest of all. Pat says, "It really was strange the way it happened. Before starting our drive, we were having coffee and rolls at my apartment. . . ."

Eric had been unusually silent. Then, without prelude or preparation, he had looked up from his plate and said, "I don't suppose you'd marry me, would you?"

Pat, totally overwhelmed, could only nod. "For fully thirty seconds, I bobbed my head up and down. I couldn't say a word." Neither, it turned out, could Eric. Shy as a pair of teenagers over a first kiss, they had hurried to the car and, in a flustered flurry, talked of everything else under the sun.

For an equally flustered week, the word "marriage" never was mentioned. By the next Sunday morning, Pat could stand the suspense no longer. Summoning all her nerve, she confronted him: "A week ago, you asked me something. Did you mean it?"

Eric had masked his own self-consciousness with a show of indignation. "Of course, I meant it. You know I don't kid about serious matters."

Only then did an objective view of the scene filter through. Simultaneously, they realized that, in what should have been the tenderest, most romantic moment of their lives—the moment of proposal and acceptance—they were, in utter bashfulness, glaring at each other.

"We laughed until we almost collapsed in each other's arms," Pat says. "We admitted, too, we had both had the same thought. Because our falling in love had been sudden, each of us had been afraid that the other might not share it. I suppose we had both developed the habit of trying to make work take the place of love in our lives."

But, once they knew, the doubts and differences vanished. Pat's voice turns soft as she recalls: "Spring was coming,

and on our drives, watching the trees bud and the grass turn green, we felt we had a part in it. We were going along with the current of life, rather than against it. There was a feeling of being a part of that creative force which is basic."

The feeling showed itself in many ways. When they found an apartment, Pat moved in immediately. "Doing the painting and decorating together was fun," she says, "but designing the garden became almost as important as the house. There we could see things grow."

Almost immediately, she bought, as a present for Eric, a Christmas tree. "We wanted a living one," she explains. The first tree proved ill-fated. When Pat returned in early August from a summer stock engagement, Eric had planted it, but already the needles were turning brown. "I guess I should have dug deeper," he confessed ruefully, "but I struck a cement block and a sewer pipe and I quit." It was his turn to buy a tree for Pat. That, too, failed to take root. "But," says Pat, "we then bought one together, and it's flourishing."

Their wedding ceremony, too, was the result of joint planning. "I have a deep conviction," says Pat, "that getting married is so personal I wanted no one there, except our witnesses. Eric, however, pointed out my mother and sisters would be hurt. We talked it over and finally told Mother that, while at the service itself we wanted only the closest family, she could plan a reception as big and as gala as she and my stepfather could dream up."

They were married in the little chapel of the Central Presbyterian Church on September 27, 1954. Pat's dress was a ballet-length white lace over pale pink silk. For the drive to the reception at River House, she added a pink satin coat. "Everyone said I was silly to insist on a short wedding dress," she says, "but the gown and the coat made a wonderful costume later when we went to the opera. Each time I put it on, I feel like a bride again."

Eric's ring, too, is an enduring joy. Spirals of diamond-set platinum link four deep-blue star sapphires in a circlet. "It means even more," says Pat, "because he designed it himself."

Their happiness, they have both found, has brought a new quality to their work. Says Pat, "Now it's easier to interpret a role, particularly in *The Doctor's Wife*. I have a warmer, deeper feeling for it. Often, some little thing which has happened between Eric and me makes the difference. And it's wonderful to see when I've pleased him. He'll listen to a show and, if he doesn't happen to like it, he never says a word. But when he approves, his face lights up; it means more to me than all the applause in the world."

Such inspiration is not one-sided. Often a comment of Pat's will send Eric to the drawing board saying, "Now that gives me an idea. . . ."

One of the proudest achievements in the Teran household this season is the closed-circuit TV camera which the Lippincott and Margulies staff designed for the General Precision Laboratories at Pleasantville, New York. As the picture on page 50 shows, it is astoundingly tiny and has a portable control unit. Says Pat: "All I contributed toward the project was a willingness to sit in as an animated test pattern, but it was fun. I just glow when I feel I may have helped Eric, even a little."

They agree, too, on what they want from marriage. Pat returns to their springtime courtship: "To move with the current of life, rather than against it. To be a part of that creativeness which is basic. To grow together."

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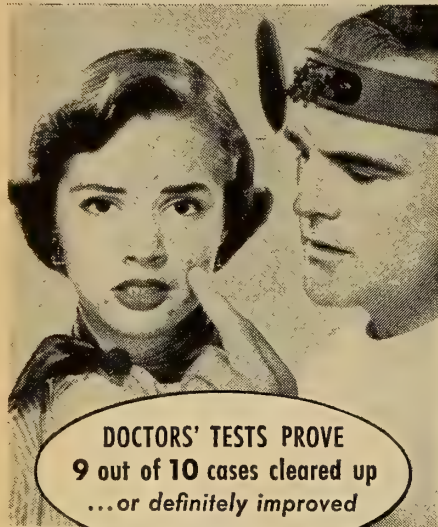
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The \$64,000 Question

(Continued from page 44)

says, "the sponsor is going to be very unhappy if contestants don't win at least a million dollars a year."

Hal is master of the biggest cash quiz in the history of radio and TV, *The \$64,000 Question*, Tuesday nights on CBS-TV. Hal also co-stars with Tom D'Andrea over NBC-TV, on Saturday nights, with a comedy titled *The Soldiers*. The clue to the true Hal is on the quiz, where he is expected to be merely good-natured, handsome, lovable, quick-witted, sympathetic, intelligent, respectful—a nice guy, which he is, anyway. But there's nothing in his contract about remaining a bachelor.

"Am I eligible? Well, I like kids and I make enough to support a thin wife and I've got this apartment."

Once a week, he commutes to New York from his handsome, duplex apartment above Sunset Boulevard, in California. His rooms are packed with books and records and paintings—for, besides cooking and girls, Hal's chief interests are reading, music and paintings by contemporary artists. Hal decorated the apartment, and autumn colors predominate. Most of the furnishings are massive, modern pieces built to his own designs.

Hal, himself, is a fairly modern piece, not exactly massive—but rugged, with an athletic stance. He is thirty-five, stands a shade under six feet, has brown eyes and type-O blood. He has dark brown, curly hair that waves gently in gentle breezes—as does his nose, which lists slightly. Hal's nose has been broken three times: Once during the course of his boxing career, the second time in a GI ball game, and the third time by Jackie Gleason in a TV skit. Women seem pleased with his looks and find fault only in that he appears to be happily single.

However, he figures he is ready for marriage now. It has something to do with coming to understand himself, a process that began some ten years ago. About this, he doesn't joke.

He was born in San Francisco. He had three sisters and two brothers. His father owned a delicatessen and they were never hard up—and never rich. His parents were very much in love and Hal doesn't ever remember a bitter argument or fight. The family spirit was fine and each of the children had respect and affection for one another. Hal recalls: "I was fifteen years old before I knew that my oldest brother and sister were really my half-brother and half-sister."

Hal got his first theatrical experience in his father's store. At the age of seven, he began mimicking the customers. His mother was a mimic, too. But only Hal got spanked—for he mimicked customers to their faces. "And I began to pick up their accents," he recalls. "By the time I was in high school, I could do a couple-dozen dialects."

In high school, Hal wrote, directed and starred in plays and operettas. He was also a three-letter man—football, track and baseball. He was an amateur boxer and won most of some twenty-five fights, but decided against professional boxing. "I guess I didn't have the killer instinct," he notes, "but you can't have everything."

In favorite subjects—such as English, languages and speech—he made good grades, but flopped around in the sciences. He was popular and was elected president of the student body. He says: "My family liked me but thought I was a bum. Not a real, unconditionally-guaranteed bum, but kind of a bum—because I didn't like to work."

He was always getting fired from after-school and weekend jobs. As president of the student body, he automatically got a weekend sales job in a department store. They threw him out—and not because he mimicked customers. Actually, he was nice to the customers. He talked about football, told jokes, played with the kids. He just wouldn't sell them anything. "I wanted to be an actor and only an actor," he explains.

The moment he got his high school diploma, he packed his bag and went to Hollywood. He had decided he would begin his career by starring in pictures and afterwards, maybe, go on to Broadway. He even took the precaution of wearing dark glasses so that he wouldn't be mobbed by autograph fans when he went to see a cousin, Irving Kumin, who was casting director at Warner Brothers.

"Well, I'm here."

"I can see that," Irving said.

Hal waited for Irving to whip out a contract—still doubtful as to whether he would sign, or just free-lance. But Irving didn't make a move, so Hal repeated, "I want to act in pictures."

"What have you done professionally?"

Hal gave his credits in high school and little-theater productions, then noted the dialects he could do. He concluded, "Now, suppose you need a seventeen-year-old boy who speaks English with a French accent. I could do it."

"Well, I'll tell you," Irving said. "If I need a seventeen-year-old boy who speaks English with a French accent, I'll get a real French boy."

Hal, slightly stunned, said nothing. Then Irving Kumin—who is Hal's agent today—said in a kindly tone: "Look, kid, go out and get some real experience. You're young. Don't rush it."

Hal took the advice, but he couldn't keep from rushing. He turned down a scholarship at the Pasadena Playhouse and went to work in a night club with four other entertainers. They had more enthusiasm than know-how and rapidly shrunk to a quartet, trio, duo—and then there was Hal alone. Someone muttered a few un-magic words, and he was working in burlesque. He was young and handsome, with a fair baritone singing voice, so found himself singing "Mighty Lak a Rose," while the strippers stripped.

"It was very frustrating," he recalls. "There I was, right out on the stage—and no one ever looked at me."

Uncle Sam came to his rescue when World War II broke out and Hal was drafted. At the classification center, he asked to be put in Special Services so he could entertain.

"They're looking for guys like you," said the interviewing officer. "You have a fine background."

Hal elaborated a little.

"That's great. Just great," the officer said.

"I know all the entertainers in Los Angeles," Hal continued. "If you station me around here, I could do a terrific job of setting up shows."

"Finding a man like you is almost too much to hope for."

Hal's orders came through shortly and he was assigned to a searchlight battery.

He was stationed in the state of Washington and, when Christmas came along, he volunteered to prepare an hour-and-a-half show for the base. In a few weeks' time he wrote, directed and starred in the show. He had no other professional help, but the show was a tremendous success, so successful that the commanding general of the base invited Hal to his office.

The general congratulated Hal and they

had a long talk and Hal told the general that his real ambition was to get into Special Services and the general wholeheartedly agreed. Within a week, Hal got his new orders—for radar school.

"I had no right to be upset. I just didn't understand the Army," Hal recalls, "Then I met this other draftee. He had several college degrees. He had passed the bar and practiced law. He had held several administrative jobs and was even head of the state police in his home state. But, in the Army, he was a permanent orderly in the mess hall. After studying his situation, I understood the Army."

Out of radar school, Hal was returned to the Washington woods. He got so bored among the foliage that he prayed to be sent overseas. But it was there that he began to grow.

"We went into a forest with radar equipment," he recalls. "I don't think there'd ever been a man in there before. Some of the trees were thousands of years old. It was something. It made me realize for the first time how trivial my problems were, and I think that was the first time I began to see I took myself too seriously."

He didn't get overseas and, in spite of a healthy physique, the Army in its illogical way separated him in 1943 because of flat feet. Hal went to work at Station KYA in San Francisco. Here he met his partner-to-be, Bob Sweeney, who was chief announcer. After six months' experience on staff, Hal departed for Los Angeles again. He was impatient to get into big-time radio and happily got a job in a regional daytime serial, *The Story Of Sandra Martin*, as Sandra's private eye.

"Then Sweeney joined me," Hal says, "and he said it was about time we got into the big-time and I told him that I'd already arrived. But he disagreed."

They shared a garret on Gower Street. They beat their heads against various walls, looking for assignments. Finally, they decided to write their own shows. In three hours, they wrote three fifteen-minute programs. Within ten days' time they were signed by William Morris Agency, they auditioned and transcribed their show with a live audience, and then watched their agent turn down a contract offer from a soap manufacturer.

"We were down to our last bar of soap and suffering from vitamin deficiency and dull razor blades," he moans, "and our agent turned down the offer."

It had something to do with property rights. Anyway, the boys were soon guesting on network shows and shortly began an 89-week run of their own on CBS. After that they worked as singles. Hal was on the Como, Gleason, Benny and Hope shows. He played the next-door neighbor on Burns and Allen's radio and TV shows. Then the Sweeney-March combo was reactivated as a disc jockey team for a year and, right afterwards, Hal and Tom D'Andrea made their debut on Donald O'Connor's edition of the *Comedy Hour* with their soldier routine.

In between times, Hal also worked in pictures as a writer and as an actor. He plays a punchy fighter in a new release, "It's Always Fair Weather," with Gene Kelly and Cyd Charisse. He had a serious role in a recent film, "Yankee Pasha." Jeff Chandler had the first lead and, while he was pursuing Rhonda Fleming, Hal, as captain of the Cavalry, did a lot of fencing—but it wasn't so bad, for near the end of the picture he got to break lances with Mamie Van Doren. January of this year, he came on to New York to play the husband in the Imogene Coca series.

"I've never worked with a more talented person than Imogene," he says. "No one fully realizes how great she is."

He turned his Hollywood apartment

over to a friend and moved into a two-room suite in a Manhattan hotel. In the hotel, he owned nothing more than his clothes, and the only thing he contributed to the appearance was an old paper clip he dropped on the writing table.

"I missed having an apartment of my own," he says. "I like to entertain. It's better than a night club. I like the kind of conversation you get in a home."

He likes either Hollywood or New York, for he has good friends in both towns. Friends he values above job and dollar. This is part of the growing up he talks of.

"It was a matter of learning to evaluate," he says. "Now, Bob Sweeney is one of my best friends. Yet there was one time we didn't speak to each other. We worked in the same office and did our show, but we had this mad on. After a week of it, we felt a little foolish and finally talked it out. We agreed that, in the future, we would never let business come first."

Hal was best man at Sweeney's wedding and is the godfather of Bob's and Beverly's child, Bridget. "They're wonderful," he says of the Sweeneys. "Their respect for one another deepens from year to year, and it's reflected in Bridget's happiness."

Hal believes the reason for most unhappiness in marriage is that couples marry too young, at least before they know themselves.

"You've got to see yourself honestly. If you aren't happy with yourself, how dare you take on responsibility for someone else's happiness?" He recalls: "There was a girl I was very much in love with, some years ago. She married someone else, and I carried the torch for a long time. It's only now that I see that—even if we had married then—we couldn't have been happy. I wasn't ready then."

In a way, Hal's a kind of romantic type. He dines his dates where the music is soft and sweet. He likes to visit picture galleries and museums. He has a feeling for historic things, and a Lincoln quill pen or an old town sends him. When in New York, he spends a lot of time in the Museum of Modern Art and in driving north through old New England villages. Back on the Coast, he likes to pick up a date around dusk, drive out to the shore for dinner and more dusk.

Hal figures he is now ready for marriage. He'd like a wife to have a sense of humor and tolerance for herself as well as others. He doesn't care much whether she's tall or small, rare or medium, spacious or thin. The only specific requirement is that she have built-in hi-fidelity equipment, for Hal is nuts about singing. In the past, he has dated Doris Day, Gloria DeHaven, Kay Starr and Betty Ann Grove, to name a few charming songbirds. He and Peggy Lee are close friends.

"Why settle for a record and phonograph when you can have the real thing?" he says. He has developed subtle, unscrupulous methods for obtaining free private concerts. One trick is to start out humming a tune. "You know," he'll say thoughtfully, "I think that's an early Rodgers and Hart number. Know it?"

Once the gal picks up the song, he cagily drops out, sits back and listens. He's positively greedy about singers and probably the best one-man audience in the country. On the other hand, he's willing to pay the piper and will knock himself out preparing exotic dishes for a date.

"It's all fun. It's the little things that make living," he says. "That's the answer to the big \$64,000 question. You're born, you live a little and you die. The thing to do is to stay awake and aware of life around you, rather than getting tied up in yourself."

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He's a Big Boy Now

(Continued from page 64)

at the appointed place precisely on the dot of 12:30. You are greeted by a pretty receptionist who ushers you into Julie's private office, assuring you that he will be along in a matter of minutes, and please make yourself at home. A break, really, because this presents an opportunity to soak up a few unscheduled impressions—more revealing and reliable, perhaps, than any you may have formed out of the sound and fury surrounding his recent historical hassle.

This office is obviously Julius La Rosa's work-studio, too. It's situated high above the bustle of "Ulcer Alley" and is remarkably quieting to the senses. It's the corner room in a large suite otherwise occupied by Frank Barone, life-long friend of the La Rosa family and, nowadays, Julie's attorney and personal manager. The furnishings are modern, but not ostentatiously so. On the west wall, a set of handsome drapes frames a fragmentary view of Manhattan skyline; from windows on the other wall, you can glimpse St. Patrick's Cathedral.

Among the things you notice is one article of furniture found in precious few Madison Avenue offices—a spinet piano. Near it is a floor-stand microphone, its cable connected to a professional tape recorder which rests on a side shelf. Sheet music, marked with penciled notations, is on the piano rack and the recording machine is loaded with a reel of magnetic tape. A forthcoming La Rosa vocal hit glimpsed in its early stages?

More details come into focus as you wait for your luncheon companion. You're aware of several golden glints in the room. For instance, the fifteen-inch-high loving cup which rests on a corner shelf and on which can be read the inscription: "To Julius La Rosa, in appreciation of your generous support to our neighborhood K.B.T. Organization." Not far away, on a wall, is a gold plaque that expresses this sentiment from the Italian Chamber of Commerce of Chicago: "In recognition of his outstanding career and his meteoric rise to stardom." Neighboring this plaque, another, smaller one has this text engraved on gold: "From the officers and men of the Submarine Base, New London, in appreciation for making our 1953 Navy Relief Ball a success."

There are other awards, including one which is to singers what the Oscar is to movie actors. It shines like a brilliant solar disc. It is a facsimile—cast in gold—of the millionth copy of "Eh Cumpari" which Julius recorded on the Cadence label. Sales have long since passed the million mark.

You wander over to a smallish desk situated in a corner between the angle of windows. On it is the usual gadgetry: pen set, blotter pad, calendar, telephone. It isn't these that catch your attention. It's the half-dozen or so books—none of which seem to quite fit into your previous mental picture of this young-man-with-the-boyish-smile, this pop-tune personality. Among the tomes are a richly-bound book titled, *The Lives of Saints, Selected and Illustrated*, Arnold Toynbee's *Study of History*, and Winston Churchill's memoirs, volume two. This last one has a couple of "working" bookmarks between pages.

On a near-by wall hangs a framed, hand-lettered quotation, some hundred or so words in length. Its authorship is not indicated, but its message seems to be one of special significance.

"It is not the critic who counts; not the man who points out how the strong man stumbled..."

Your reading of it is interrupted by footsteps behind you. Turning, you are face to face with Julius La Rosa.

"Gee, you must be about ready to flip your lid!" he says. "I'm sorry to have kept you waiting."

You explain how absorbed you've been, that apologies are unnecessary. His dark eyes light up, and his wide, wide grin is more engaging than when viewed on the TV screen. "All is forgiven—great!" he exclaims. "I'm starved! Let's eat!"

He takes your arm and you fall in step with him, headed for the elevator. On the way, office doors open furtively, feminine heads peek out. Reason? Julius La Rosa—utterly uninhibited, carefree—is singing a few bars of ballad, and that famous baritone of his echoes up and down the hall.

No impromptu vocalizing inside the elevator's crowded car as it descends to street level. Only a rapid exchange of gags between Julie and the operator. Outside, in the bright sunshine, Julie seeks your approval of his suggestion: luncheon at the Epicure, located only a few minutes' stroll from his office building. You readily approve, and the stroll proceeds with an obbligato of superlative-loaded chatter from Julie. As he talks, he tosses out expressions like "the greatest" and "terrific" and "the very livin' end!" as if he were tossing out confetti at a Mardi Gras. Most of these superlatives are applied to his regular and his recently acquired enthusiasms. Is it true that he plays a pretty fair game of Scrabble? "Pretty fair?" he almost shouts. "Why, I'm the champ! The unbeaten Scrabble champ—up at my office, that is," he adds, grinning. He gabs about golf, claiming considerably less skill because it's only weeks since he's been introduced to the game. He's latched on to chess, too. "I find the game very challenging," he says. "Beginning to learn a couple of opening gambits. If you master a good gambit, you increase your chances for a sure win."

Despite the noon-hour peak, a choice location table has been kept open for Mr. La Rosa and guest. From other tables, a few show-biz people signal hello. Julie waves a friendly response and then resumes his ebullient conversation. He's switched to a very different subject: Winston Churchill. There is a sense of discovery, a zestful and unabashed admiration in everything which Julie says about the world-renowned figure.

"This is one terrific guy," he declares. "The greatest political figure of our age." You venture to suggest that, here and there, people might be found who have a difference of opinion on that point.

"Sure, there were other 'greats' during the World War Two period," he concedes. "But what other man carried such a load of responsibility over a span of so many critical years? It's like with the Yankees, 'way back, and Joe DiMaggio. DiMag was the spark, the one fusing force, that led to victory. England was like that ball team and Winston Churchill was the spark, the fusing force that held it together. It could have been John Doe—but it happened to Churchill. England was lucky. A guy who was a brilliant statesman—but also a guy with a genius for being human. It's fascinating to read about him, and I do a lot of that, these days. You might say, I'm collecting Churchill."

And, at this point, Julie laughs a Gargantuan laugh, almost doubling up with mirth. Gleeefully, he retells a Churchill anecdote he'd read the previous night. He tells it well and, when you laugh heartily at the conclusion, Julie beams his pleas-

ure. Then, as if to demonstrate those earlier statements about being "famished . . . ravenous," he beckons a waiter. "The roast was very good," he says. "I'll have another of the same."

Nothing in the waiter's expression betrays any surprise at the request for an encore. The whole routine seems to back up the stories you've heard about young La Rosa's prodigious eating capacity . . . surprising, because his figure is trim, like that of a boxer's. Does he always devour food on this Paul Bunyan scale?

"I pack it away," he answers. "Six eggs for breakfast, with all the trimmings of a normal meal." After a thoughtful moment, he adds, "I've had occasion to dine at some of the best places in the country—places with real class, where they serve food that's out of this world. Want to know something? The place where I can enjoy food most is right at home in Mount Vernon." Julie's eyes roll up as he murmurs, "Does my Mom make a manicotti! Absolutely terrific! You'd flip!" He pauses, then says, "But there's another reason why I enjoy dining at home."

Julie quickly reaches forward, takes hold of the little basket that holds slices of bread and various rolls. He selects a hard roll—tears it in half.

"See that? I can do that at home—naturally, without any inhibitions, without causing any eyebrows to go up. It isn't 'class,' of course, but it's real. I'll bet there isn't a guy in this whole wide world who has less 'class' than my father. But Dad, he's the greatest; the livin' greatest is that man!"

Has this question of "class" been, openly or secretly, any sort of problem for Julie? He answers in his own way.

"Let's face it. This new chapter in my life has created another world, so to speak. You don't zoom to the so-called celebrity bracket, the way I did, without encountering problems every now and then. I have absolutely no wish to forget the world I come from—to forget that I'm me, Brooklyn-born Julius La Rosa—to forget that my folks struggled and scrounged so that their kids could be decently clothed and educated. Dad was just a radio repairman—the best, God bless him. Mother worked in a clothing factory. Plain people. But the livin' best!"

Julie fumbles for a cigarette, lights up, inhales deeply, and exhales a thin jet of smoke, his expression thoughtful.

"It happens to be in my nature to like people for what they are," he continues. "All I ask is that people have the same attitude toward me. I've been terrifically lucky on that score. The overwhelming majority of folks I've met, up and down the country, have had that kind of attitude with me."

Coffee is brought to the table—American style, as per your request, and cafe espresso for Julie.

"The demands are terrific," he says. "Every day, new faces, new situations. You find yourself moving in an orbit that's removed from the old way of life. The simple, unaffected way that belongs to my folks and my old neighborhood bunch. A guy's got to conform to the niceties—got to learn what they call the 'gracious' way of doing things. Don't misunderstand me. I'm all for it. It's right, correct. Only—well, there have been occasions when I've been made to feel just a little too aware of these things. As if placing my knife and fork down, just so, was the final criterion for judging my worth."

Sitting opposite Julie La Rosa, you've had as good an opportunity as anyone to judge some of these superficial aspects—what he calls "class." If table manners are any criterion, his self-doubt appears to be completely unwarranted.

The talk gets back to books. How come this seemingly all-out interest in heavy-weights like Churchill and Toynbee? Why not read for relaxation?

"Oh, but I like to read a good novel," he says. "But look—in my lifetime there's been an awful lot of history happening. I didn't participate in any of it—the Depression, a devastating World War. The most momentous years of our time—and all I did was hear about it, usually from pretty biased sources of information. I'm a big boy now. I think I can evaluate and form my own conclusions if I read a lot—history, psychology, books on philosophy, books on religious thought."

Then, with a wry look and a shake of his head, he adds, "Dig the switch. I want to attend college. I can afford it. I'm young. But I haven't got the time."

Small wonder he hasn't the time for Ivy League learning. Night-club bookings. A fifteen-minute, Monday-Wednesday-Friday network TV show (the program slot established by his idol, Perry Como). Another half-hour Saturday night show newly custom-tailored for him. Recording dates. Important things cooking this fall for the 1955-1956 season.

The outward aspect of present-day Julie La Rosa has all the look, all the trappings of the busy, big-time star—which, of course, is actually his status. All the frantic schedule-making. All the commitment-filling. All the super-charged routine that comes with having "arrived."

Nevertheless, he is the last one to forget the special circumstances leading to this arrival at star-status. He knows his emergence as a top-billing personality has been unique; he acknowledges that fact; and he is willing to comment on it.

"To a certain extent, I feel it's been a negative career, so far," he says. "By that I mean, I've just about passed the stage where people would come over to me, say nice things about my work, but seem to imply that I've had terrific luck. None of them may have really meant anything like that, but—let's face it—I've had my moments of doubt about myself. This is the kind of thing a guy has to rebel against. It's the kind of thing that calls for a lot of faith in one's self. I've used a lot of energy simply trying to demonstrate to myself and to my audience, that I have something more than the headlines, the publicity, the luck. At this point the headlines have long since died down, and now my answer is the crowds that come out when I play return engagements. I know they're paying to see Julius La Rosa, the performer."

It's proved to be a rewarding, interest-filled luncheon. After you leave the Epicure, you walk back to Julie's office for the express purpose of finishing something you started to read—that framed, hand-lettered, anonymous quotation he has hanging on the wall.

The full quotation reads like this:

"It is not the critic who counts; not the man who points out how the strong man stumbled or where the doer of deeds could have done them better; the credit belongs to the man who is in the arena; whose face is marred by dust and sweat and blood; who strives valiantly; who errs and comes short and short again; because there is no effort without error and shortcoming; who does actually try to do the deed; who knows the great enthusiasm, the great devotion, spends himself in a worthy cause; who at best knows in the end the triumph of high achievement, and who at the worst, if he fails, at least fails while daring greatly, so that his place shall never be with those cold and timid souls who know neither victory nor defeat."

WOMEN GO PLACES WITH Good Manners

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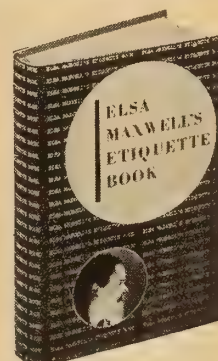
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Lois Hunt's Lullaby

(Continued from page 68)

"One of the reasons—in fact, the reason I was fearful about having a baby when we were first married—is that I knew so many girls who were just so miserable during pregnancy that it scared me. And I couldn't help wondering what giving up nine months would do to my career—precarious as a singing career, or any career in the arts, always is."

Lois's dentist-father, Dr. Mathew Marcus, is at least partially responsible, Lois admits, for her feeling that a singing career is not exactly a guarantee of solvency. Born in York, Pennsylvania, Lois was graduated as a dental hygienist from the University of Pennsylvania. But, although it was understood that dental hygiene was to be her life work, she had also been taking singing lessons ever since high school days, when a perceptive music teacher had singled her out from the Philadelphia High Glee Club to do a solo bit in a school musical-comedy production.

Later, while pursuing her study of other people's mouths, at the U. of P., Lois was simultaneously mastering the use of her own vocal equipment along more esthetic lines, under the guidance of Madame Marian Freschl, the famed Hungarian teacher, then head of the voice department of the Curtis Institute of Music. It was Madame Freschl—who also perceived the operatic diva in the dental hygienist—who precipitated a showdown in her young pupil's life by railroading her into a full-fledged recital debut in Philadelphia. The resultant critical acclaim brought a new headliner into the musical field.

This was in 1946. For a short while, Lois remained in Philadelphia, appearing regularly as soloist with Norman Black's orchestra over Station WFIL, singing in local churches and synagogues, and limiting her concert work to the Philadelphia circuit.

Then, one memorable night, Philadelphia Opera Company contralto Gabrielle Hunt introduced lyric soprano Lois Marcus to her six-foot-tall, dark and handsome brother, Morton Hunt... and, after a brief and breathless whirlwind courtship, the young lovers—at-first-sight were married and went off to New York, where Morton worked for *Look* Magazine... and where Lois found herself in the thick of a competitive melee, pitted against thousands of hopeful young singers from all parts of the country—"And almost all of them, it seemed," Lois laughs, "also lyric sopranos!"

She finally—and "finally," she says, is the word!—landed a job singing the title role of Flotow's "Martha" for a streamlined production of that opera sent out on a Midwest tour. Lois was so successful that she was next engaged for the famed Summer Opera Festival in Central City, Colorado, where she sang Marzelline in Beethoven's "Fidelio."

In the fall of 1948, Lois—along with nine hundred other young hopefuls—sang for the officials of the *Metropolitan Opera Auditions Of The Air* and was one of the twenty-six finally selected to appear on the actual broadcast series. She sang her first radio audition. Then waited, sat by the telephone for heart-in-mouth months, waiting for the call to sing in the finals... The call came. She sang in the finals. Another suspenseful week... and then came the news that she'd won the coveted Met contract, along with a \$1,000 scholarship. Lois had come into her heritage.

She has made the most of it. Now, millions of radio listeners and viewers, from coast to coast, know Lois Hunt as a regular singing star of the Robert Q. Lewis radio and TV shows, as well as a frequent

guest artist on *The Voice Of Firestone*, *Cavalcade Of Stars*, *Omnibus*, and other important programs. Subscribers to the *Metropolitan* have applauded her in nearly a dozen leading soprano roles since her debut in 1949. Her name graces the RCA Victor, Columbia and Mercury labels in recordings which range from Handel's "Faithful Shepherd" to a potpourri of Sigmund Romberg favorites. On Broadway and in summer operetta centers from Hyannis, Massachusetts, to Houston, Texas, she has sung the soprano leads in "The Great Waltz," "The Merry Widow," "Brigadoon," "Show Boat," and other hit musicals. For Grand Opera Festivals in Central City, San Antonio and Puerto Rico, and during the regular opera seasons in New Orleans, Philadelphia, Atlanta, and Pittsburgh, she has turned in stunning performances in the title role of "La Traviata," as Musetta in "La Boheme," Adele in "Die Fledermaus," and other lyric heroines. With the New York Philharmonic and the Chicago Symphony, she has soloed before hundreds of thousands in the great outdoor concert series at Lewisohn Stadium and Grant Park.

The virtuosity of songstress Hunt is seemingly limitless. During her appearances on radio and TV, she alternates, with amazing versatility, between classic arias by Verdi and Puccini and torch songs like "St. Louis Blues," sentimental ballads like "Bless This House" and hot jump tunes like "Papa Loves Mambo" and "Sh-boom." When long-hair fans raise an eyebrow following her excursions into the repertoire of the groaners and moaners, Lois is careful to explain that she actually makes no compromise with her art.

"When I do opera, I do it straight," she says, "without any horsing around. And, when I do rhythm and blues, I try to do that within its own framework, too. While different interpretive styles are called for, the fundamentals of good singing apply in either case."

The International Lois Hunt Fan Club has a membership of nearly 1,000 youngsters in 23 cities. All this, and more besides. Yet Lois's dad still insists that his daughter send him a dollar each year to renew her Pennsylvania State License as a dental hygienist and that she put in at least fifteen hours each year painting gums and polishing molars in his Philadelphia office, to "keep in practice!"

"Dad still isn't at all sure that 'this singing nonsense will ever amount to anything,'" Lois laughs, "and wants to make sure that I'll have 'a reliable source of income,' to fall back on, if need be. It was undoubtedly this emphasis on 'a reliable source of income' which increased my fear of any interference with—or interruption—of 'this singing nonsense.' But I need not have worried, for I was not one of the 'ailing' girls!"

"I did postpone (until the fall) my debut at the City Center with the New York City Opera Company, originally scheduled for last spring. I also stopped the horse-back riding Mort and I enjoy so much on the bride paths of Central Park, which our apartment windows overlook... Otherwise, I worked and played and slept and ate as I've always done, if not—especially in the food department—more so! I dreamed of peanut butter and jelly sandwiches! But my pre-natal craving was not, alas, for some one special, out-of-season delicacy, but for food, just for food! I dieted constantly—and, I thought, quite subtly—using saccharin instead of sugar, whole wheat instead of white bread... then it was around the corner, for an ice-cream soda!"

"I went to the doctor regularly, as an expectant mother should. I went to the dentist regularly, need I say! Although I was not in need of either, the nine healthy months through, as it developed. I never felt better in my life. Not an ache or a pain or even a twinge of that bugaboo 'morning sickness.' Everyone told me I never looked better in my life.

"One reason for my looking as fit as I did, during my pregnancy, is that I paid more attention to grooming than I ever did before. And to every detail. To my hair and my nails, to breathing properly—which I learned from being a singer—and to my posture. The way you look during pregnancy is largely, in my opinion, a matter of posture. Slump into yourself and you look slumped. Stand straight and try—as I did—to keep the bosom out in front of the stomach, and you'll even overcome that look of The Month Before!

"Nor did I wear maternity clothes until just about The Month Before. I wore the same kind of dresses I always wear, but larger sizes, usually with big full skirts and crinolines—and faced front! Robert Q. kept telling me that my clothes were designed 'by Omar, the Tentmaker!' but I maintain—and my husband agrees—that I proved the 'D' silhouette can be as chic as Dior's 'H' and 'A' silhouettes.

"When, toward the end, I did start to wear maternity clothes—almost exclusively one-piece dresses, like brunch coats—I borrowed most of them.

"Where the layette was concerned, I also relied largely on my friends—who, knowing how impractical I am, would surely take care of shirts and gowns and receiving blankets and such! After all, Robert Q. had promised the dozen 'hand-knit diapers' and had added that, if a boy, he would donate a totem pole—from his large collection, I assumed—and/or a pair of his spectacles! Now that we've 'produced' the boy, we're waiting for Bob to fulfill his half of the bargain!

"Mort and I had fun shopping for nursery furniture, inspecting canopied cribs and such, but we ended up by borrowing a bassinette, done in ruffled yellow organdy—which settled the nursery problem for us, because the linoleum was green, so everything was yellow and green except the walls, which are a very pale gray. The drapery fabric is a charming block print, with cartoon-like characters, toys and animals all over it. A very original pattern, it inspired us with the original 'do-it-yourself' idea of transferring some of the designs to the wall—which we did, and it was a lot of fun! Drew the characters on a large sketch pad, blew them up, traced them on the wall, then painted them exactly the same colors as in the drapery material. Having never done anything like this before, we felt a new talent had been added!

"Casual though I may sound," Lois adds, "about the layette and borrowing the bassinette and all, we were anything but casual about preparing ourselves to be informed and capable parents. We both took the course for prospective parents conducted by the American Red Cross. Under the guidance of Miss Elizabeth J. Tiernan, Registered Nurse, we learned, by practicing on doll models, how to bathe, how to diaper, how to burp our live baby when it came. We were taught how to prepare formulas and sterilize. We also learned the anatomy of pregnancy—what is going on, during the period of pregnancy, within the mother. A three-week course, two-hour sessions, two nights a week—I wouldn't have missed an hour of it. It gave me an understanding of the processes going on within me. And, the more knowledge you have, the less apprehensive you are.

"And, if we are not prepared to cope with each unexpected development in our infant's behavior and growth, it won't be because we didn't all but commit to memory Dr. Benjamin Spock's *Baby and Child Care*. We've even sent to Belgium for a French edition of Dr. Spock's book for our wonderful French housekeeper, Simone Mascot, who came to us from France only a few months ago.

"Planning for the education of the heir or heiress presumptive is another prenatal concern of parents today. With long waiting lists for the better schools and colleges making it necessary to put in one's bid before the prospective student is born, Mort—who also graduated from U. of P. and from Temple University—and I spent hours poring over school and college catalogues. My only reason for rather hoping the baby would be a boy is that I know of more good schools for boys than for girls!

Nor did we have any preconceived ideas of what our son should do or be. We've always been a very close-knit family, Mort and I, never the kind of young-marrieds who lead their own private lives by day, get together for cocktails and dinner at night. Mort always reads the first drafts of his articles to me—because I am, he tells me blandly, 'the average female reader!' And, whenever I'm doing something new or special, on the stage or screen, Mort is always 'in the audience.' Being as close-knit as we have been, we talked about the changes the baby will make in our lives. But we feel flexible enough now to have our lives changed and not feel disrupted.

"We had fun, too—half in fun, but wholly in earnest—trying to decide on a name for Miss or Master Hunt! We pored through dictionaries, encyclopedias, telephone directories, opera scores and opera programs, not to mention literature, classic and modern. We drew lots for names, wrote them on little pieces of paper. We quickly eliminated, I may say, most of my operative roles as name possibilities—Adele in 'Fledermaus,' for instance? Uh-uh, not Adele! Musetta? The 'No's' had it! Marzelline? Ouch! Martha? Well, mmmm, possibly! We thought rather favorably of Monica, the role I sang in Gian-Carlo Menotti's 'The Medium'—and very favorably of Norina, the role I was learning in Donizetti's 'Don Pasquale,' when I became pregnant. Boys' names, like boys' schools, came more easily than girls'. We liked John and Mark, but decided that a rather long name—of at least two syllables—would go better with the one-syllable name of Hunt. If a boy, we finally agreed, we would call him Christopher. But, by early in the morning of July 11, 1955, when the great moment arrived—and it was a boy!—we had changed our minds again and named him Jeffrey Marcus Hunt.

"Fun," Lois says, a glow in her eyes, "all the nine months through! I found myself very much enjoying being at home, straightening out bureau drawers, putting ribbons and bows in unnecessary but cute places—things like that, feminine things, because I felt very feminine.

"Judging from my experience, I can honestly say that to regard pregnancy as an illness, or a period of maladjustment—or even as the 'delicate condition' referred to by the more genteel novelists—is as dated as the old wives' tales which would scare the life out of you if you accepted them. No kind of sense in being riddled by the fears and superstitions of another generation. I certainly wasn't.

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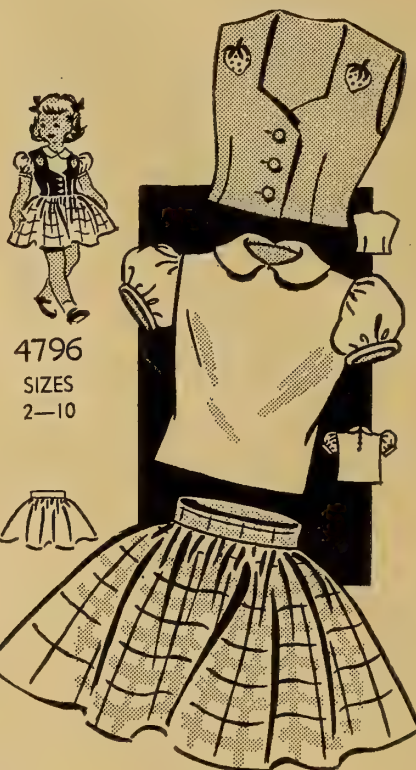
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Daytime Diary

(Continued from page 21)

THE ROAD OF LIFE Sybil Overton's intricate web tangles about her own feet as too many people get too close to the lie with which she has apparently destroyed Jim's marriage by framing Jocelyn. But Jocelyn herself may have become her own worst enemy, for not even the hope of enlisting Armand Monet on her side is strong enough to help her keep up the pretense of romantic interest in him which is so repugnant to her. CBS Radio.

THE ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT Gil Whitney's scheming wife Cynthia has led him to hope that divorce will soon free him to marry designer Helen Trent, whom he has always loved. But Cynthia has other plans at the back of her mind, plans that may be helped by sleek Fay Granville, Gil's new secretary. Meanwhile, wealthy Brett Chapman continues his pursuit of Helen despite her lack of encouragement. Will she be forced to turn to him in the end? CBS Radio.

SEARCH FOR TOMORROW Still driven by frustrated hatred of Joanne, her former daughter-in-law, Irene Barron feels that at last she can revenge herself in a particularly despicable way on her husband, who is friendly with Joanne. But when she seeks to involve Melanie Pritchard, has she bitten off more than she can chew? As Stu Bergman and his wife suspect, Melanie is not quite the innocent Southern flower she appears. CBS-TV.

SECOND HUSBAND Diane's marriage to Wayne Lockwood is endangered by the antagonism of her own children—an antagonism cleverly encouraged by Wayne's family, who have never approved of Diane. To add to Diane's insecurity, Wayne's partner, Kenneth Stevens, has fallen in love with her, and the children seem much more inclined to turn to him than to their new stepfather. Can a marriage survive so many hostile forces? CBS Radio.

THE SECOND MRS. BURTON Mother Burton's activities continue to make things hard for her children as Stan, trying to run the paper by himself, continually finds her money or influence getting in his way. And Marcia, too, would be coming under Mother's influence if her husband, Lew Archer, had a weaker personality or less money of his own. Has Buck Halliday come into Mother Burton's life to stay—for better or worse? CBS Radio.

THE SECRET STORM Driven by relentless hatred—hatred that amounts to madness—Pauline continues to pyramid evidence that Peter Ames, husband of her dead sister, is unfit to bring up his own children. Knowing Pauline's real motive is to prevent his marriage to Jane Edwards, Peter struggles desperately to reveal the vindictive jealousy behind her accusations. But Pauline and her powerful family hold most of the cards. CBS-TV.

STELLA DALLAS Stella's desperate efforts to get her daughter Laurel's marriage back on a sound footing is thwarted at every turn by Stanley Warrick and his mother, who are determined to break it up so Laurel can marry Stanley. The brief distraction offered by Janice Bennett comes to nothing, and Stella is frantic as she sees Stanley once again making advances to Laurel—advances which are not discouraged. NBC Radio.

THIS IS NORA DRAKE As a nurse in the Mental Hygiene Clinic, Nora Drake is no stranger to mental illness. But the man who claimed guilt for the murder of Ruth Shoemaker—the man who begged for help and then disappeared before it arrived—is a more terrifying problem than she has ever dealt with before. Can she and reporter David Brown work together in this strange case? Or is David himself in some way involved? CBS Radio.

VALIANT LADY With the apparent recovery of Chris's wife Linda, and her return to a semblance of normal life, Helen Emerson finds herself in a strange and compromising position. Her love for Chris makes it impossible to keep up the fiction of being a family friend, which means that sooner or later they must face giving each other up completely. Will Margot make it impossible for Helen to turn to Bill Fraser for comfort? CBS-TV.

WENDY WARREN AND THE NEWS The return of her Aunt Dorrie's girlhood friend brings an unexpected problem for Wendy in her capacity as a small-town editor with the town's welfare at heart. For Vergie's husband, Big Jim, turns out to be a ruthless operator with political and financial plans that Wendy must fight. Will this almost amiable battle between friendly enemies turn into something much nastier? CBS Radio.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES Joan finds herself in an awkward position as she disapproves of the infatuation of her old friend, Phil Stanley, for the temperamental opera star, Clara Bauer. Distrusting Clara, Joan nevertheless feels reluctant to be honest with Phil for fear she will be misunderstood. Not so long ago she herself seemed to be the girl Phil was in love with—even though her happy marriage naturally kept him silent. ABC Radio.

THE WOMAN IN MY HOUSE Jessie Carter often thinks that being mother—and mother-in-law—to an increasing family is something like a delicate juggling trick. She must balance continuous care and supervision with the appearance of casualness, and never allow the children to think that they are not running their own lives. And she must keep her husband's heavier hand from showing too plainly. What happens when she slips up? NBC Radio.

YOUNG DR. MALONE Tracey Malone learns that a young stepmother faces one problem after another in dealing with a teen-age stepdaughter, even though she and Jill weather each crisis as it comes along. Will her past, when it emerges, be too much for the delicate relationship? Meanwhile Jerry has his own serious problems as Ted Mason's plans to take over the Clinic approach fruition. Will Ted's wife Marcia turn the tables? CBS Radio.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN When Dr. Anthony Loring's marriage took him once and for all out of Ellen Brown's reach, she turned to Michael Forsythe with the hope that a substitute happiness might lie in marriage with him. But, now that her engagement to Michael is broken, Ellen once again finds Anthony in her thoughts—although they are colored in a strange way by the influence of the artist, Ivan Mansfield, and his view of life. NBC Radio.

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Happiness to Share

(Continued from page 57)

Beside the bed, Frank saw a battered old radio. It was Helen's only means of entertainment. With a wave of his hand and trying to sound cheery, Frank said, "Hi." Helen's big, dark eyes thanked him for having taken the trouble to come all the way from St. Louis to visit her. "Hi," she answered.

Frank and Carl sat on the bed. He didn't sing to Helen. Rather, they sat and talked music and records all afternoon. Helen told Frank, "I switch my radio from one station to another so I can hear your records. It was nice of you to come for a visit."

On leaving the charity home, Frank—who had been broken up inside to see the loneliness written on Helen's pretty face—learned that Helen's parents lived in Rolla, Missouri. Frequent visits to Helen were financially impossible for them. When he and Carl left the home and were driving back to St. Louis, Carl said, "Wouldn't it be wonderful if there were some kind of organization that would go out and see people like this all the time? Not so much to entertain them, you know—but just sort of company!"

Frank jumped at the suggestion. "What would you call a thing like that?"

"The Friendship Club," said Carl.

That's how the Friendship Foundation of America was born. Their first title, the Friendship Club, wasn't used because a similar title was already in existence. But the Friendship Foundation contained all the elements of their original idea. On their drive back to St. Louis, Carl and Frank developed a motto and a creed. In time they had these printed on cards, with their motto on one side: "Help yourself by helping others," and their creed on the other: "Resolved—to help my fellow man at any time in any way possible, regardless of race, creed, or nationality, without thought of repayment."

The creed was basic to the theme of a book by Lloyd C. Douglas, *Dr. Hudson's Secret Journal*, which Frank had come across as a result of his wide reading: "It is the story of a man who is finally convinced that you can be happy and successful in life by living eighteen lines from the Bible. But Mr. Douglas didn't tell his readers what the lines were. He hinted at them in the preface—then made his readers go to the Bible and count them out. I did. I found them in the Book of Matthew—the first four verses of Chapter Six.

"Carl and I hoped that we could plant this idea in the minds of our teen-age fans. If they accepted the idea in their formative years, we thought it would do immeasurable good."

Frank had the cards sent to his prospective fans. "If they felt they wanted to use it as a daily rule to live by," he says, "then they were invited to mail a registration card back, and we sent them a Friendship Foundation membership card." There were no dues, nothing was required to become a member. Frank and Carl only hoped that the presence of the card would bring to the surface that basic desire in every man "to help others."

"Thousands of cards came in, but I never knew how many members we had," says Frank. "We later got letters from older folks—not just teenagers. And, when I went on a personal appearance tour, I often met them. Seeing their age, I would look at them in surprise, saying, 'Are you a member of a Frankie Laine Fan Club?' And they answered, 'No, but I do belong to the Friendship Foundation!'"

Frank's generosity, his desire to help

others, have been part of his life ever since childhood. Born March 30, on Townsend Street in the heart of Chicago's "Little Italy," the oldest of seven brothers and sisters, Frank early learned the meaning of sharing. His parents, Anna and John LoVecchio, from the village of Monreale, Sicily, worked hard to keep their brood clean and fed. Frank's father was a barber. He wanted his oldest son to be a pharmacist or architect. His mother wanted him to choose for himself. Frank knew he wanted to sing from the first day he was able to hold enough air to carry a full note.

When he was four years old, the family moved from Townsend Street to Siegel Street on Chicago's North Side, to 1440 Park Avenue (across from the Immaculate Conception, where he went to grammar school), to Schiller Street (a block and a half from the school), where they lived for twenty-five years. Frank says it didn't make any difference what street they lived on—for them, it was always a street of happiness. At the Immaculate Conception, Frank sang in the choir. "For my first five years," he says, "I sang hymns. I was never a boy soprano or anything like that. I never had a solo. I didn't stand out from the crowd. I didn't have that kind of a voice. I was just one of the guys."

In his first year of high school, Frank had to give up the choir because the rehearsals took too much time—he had an after-school-and-Saturday job in a drug store that helped his family make ends meet.

When he was still in his teens, Frank sang his first solo. "Tom Hennahan, a pal of mine, gave a birthday party for his sister, Theresa. Tony Benson, a young professional ukulele player, was there. 'Sings' were popular in those days. We started on 'Mia Bella Rosa,' with Tony on the uke. 'Mia Bella Rosa' had a plaintive lyric. As we sang, I gave myself up to the song. I had tears in my eyes, the girls were all crying—and everyone else stopped singing. It was just one of those things. That is how my solo singing really started. After that, every time we went to a picnic or party, they used to call on Tony to play and me to sing."

Frank loved to sing. It was one way he could give of himself generously. When he was still in his teens, his friends all met in the Merry Garden Ballroom on Chicago's North Side. One Sunday afternoon they urged him to take a crack at singing with Joe Kayser's orchestra. Songs like "Through," "Coquette" and "Old New England Moon" were popular at that time. Kayser's band was filled with now-famous names: David Rose, Mugsy Spanier, Gene Krupa. The crowds loved Frank from the start. He spent every spare moment after that at the Merry Garden. To Frank, who loved to give, singing was sharing.

Frank's first singing paycheck went to keep the family together. "It was the heart of the Depression," he says. "My dad was earning \$26 a week. We were so close to going on relief it was heartbreaking. This is one thing my mother didn't want to happen. We did go on relief once—for two days—and Mother was frantic with shame. So Pop said, 'To heck with it, we'll starve first!' So we took ourselves off relief, wouldn't accept anything. That's when I happened to sing as guest at a marathon."

The marathon was staged by Eddie Gilmarin at the Merry Garden. Frank was numb with fear. He started on "Beside an Open Fireplace," but the first few bars were sung out of habit. "When it was over," says Frank, "I was greeted with an

ominous silence. I thought I was a goner. I walked toward the exit—it looked to be miles away. Then, when I reached it, the roof fell in. Eddie Gilmartin called me back for a encore. I sang another, and another, and then another. Some instinct told me to get off while I was still ahead. I did." But the applause rolled on.

The marathons and walkathons of the Thirties were especially designed for Frankie Laine, a man who liked to sing, who liked to give himself to an audience. "There were two ways to make money in a marathon," says Frank. "To compete in the walkathon or danceathon, or to entertain—sing, dance, or tell jokes. The shows lasted from 8 to 12 P.M. The audience, coming to see the marathon, threw money to the performers entertaining in the ring. Those of us who weren't in the marathon at the moment picked up the coins, handing it over to whoever did the turn. For example, my turn came to sing 'Beside an Open Fireplace' and, if they liked me, the money would shower on the floor. The other kids picked it up, turning it over to me. If I was lucky, I had an encore, and the copper shower was repeated. After my turn, I picked up for the other kids."

Eddie Gilmartin opened a new marathon in Baltimore in 1931, inviting Frank to go along as a contestant. "He promised that, if I didn't last as a contestant, he would give me a job as an afternoon master of ceremonies. I lost my partner after six days, was alone in the contest for ninety days, then got another partner, and finally wound up winning the thing. I'd left home at seventeen, absolutely broke, and came back three and a half months later with \$4800! When I came home with this money—or I should say when the \$4800 came home with me—the LoVecchios had a New Orleans Mardi Gras on Chicago's North Side."

After a rest, Frank followed the marathons from Baltimore to Floral Park in Bergen, New Jersey, to Atlantic City. As a result of the hot and cold work in New Jersey, Frank came down with a fever of 105. But he continued to work, for he didn't want to let his friends down. Finally, he had to go to bed to rest, making his partners promise to wake him for the evening's work. But they let him sleep. When he awoke, a day later, he was out of the running.

The management carried Frank while he recovered. Later, in Atlantic City, he won the walkathon, setting a world's record of 3,501 hours. "We called them 'grinds,'" says Frank. "We ate eight meals a day. We burned up so much energy we had to eat every three hours. During that contest I put on twenty pounds!" Frank's record of 3,501 hours still stands.

In January, 1936, Frank left the walkathons for a job with the Atlas Powder Company, as shipping clerk, because the "grinds were getting too tough." As Frank says, "The entertainment became less a factor, and the physical endurance part became more prominent. Finally, you had to be an Atlas of strength yourself to wind up with prize money—so I went to Stamford, Connecticut, with the powder company."

"After a year there, I went home to Chicago. I tried to start singing again. A friend from my marathon days found me a job in Cleveland. For five months, I sang at a little place called Lindsay's Sky Bar."

Five months' singing gave Frank confidence. He began thinking that success might soon be his. On the strength of his showing in Cleveland, he went to New York with a publicist—but New York was not ready for Frank. "I was ashamed to go back to Chicago or Cleveland," he says, "so, for two years in New York, I battled

it out. I finally landed on a radio station—made a lot of radio friends, but that's about all." Then, in 1940, Frank's brother Sam was being married, and Frank took that opportunity to return to Chicago.

Cleveland called Frank again. Art Cutlip, his piano player at Lindsay's, wrote him about another job. Frank was in the hospital recuperating from a knee injury. "By the time I reached Cleveland," he says, "Art had given me up and gone back to school. When I got there—no job."

Frank finally found work at the College Inn. Some friends introduced him to a girl singer, June Hart. She needed work and Frank generously got her a job at the Inn. Then he was fired.

"We had mutual likes in music," he says, "and we sang the same songs. When she quit the Inn, in September, 1940, I found her another spot at the Cabin Club. Then Red Norvo, a friend of mine, came to town—his girl singer had gotten married and left his orchestra. I said, 'Come on down to the Cabin Club and hear June.' He hired her and took her to New York."

"I had known June about a month," says Frank, "but in my career it was the difference between success and failure. She had one oldie in her repertoire—'That's My Desire.' I had never heard it, and I didn't know it. It haunted me. After working a couple of more places in Cleveland, I gave up singing in February, 1941, and went to work for the Parker Appliance Company."

In a short time, Frank became a skilled machine operator—but the rhythm of the machine never let him forget the pulsing melody of "That's My Desire." When the war hit in '41, Frank tried to enlist but was frozen to his machine job. In 1943, he was sent to the West Coast to set up a similar department in South Gate.

"I wanted to live in Hollywood," says Frank. "I hoped to make some singing contacts. I ended up driving sixty-four miles a day back and forth from South Gate to Hollywood, and was too tired to see anybody."

When the war ended in 1945, Frank was let go. He was out of work. Then Al Jarvis took an interest in him and gave him a fifteen-minute "live" section on his disc-jockey show. Jarvis invited Frank to share his Garden of Allah apartment, and Al took Frank to sing on his Sunday hospital tours. "We visited every hospital in California within a one-day-up-and-back bus ride."

The added experience again made Frank think that success was in the offing. Then one rainy night, with his last forty dollars in his pocket, he was held up! It was a dark moment in his life. Frank walked disconsolantly two blocks through the rain to Billy Berg's, a small club, in search of a bit of cheer for his spirit.

Billy Berg's was a Vine Street club frequented by musicians and show people. Frank had sung there before, for fun. That night, he sang for a plate of spaghetti—and wound up with a paying job. When the applause died down, Hoagy Carmichael came out of the audience to congratulate him—and urged Billy Berg to hire Frank on the spot.

"At Berg's, I acted as emcee—introducing the other acts. Twice each night, they let me do a singing spot of my own. I sang all the old songs and nobody paid any attention."

"One night I made an announcement—I was going to sing a brand-new song. The house got quiet and I gave out with the number I'd heard six years ago, 'That's My Desire.' It wasn't new when it came out in 1931; it wasn't a hit. When it was revived in 1940 by June Hart, it still wasn't a hit. But I couldn't forget it."

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"When I finished, Mrs. Berg ran up saying, 'My goodness, what a beautiful tune—sing it again!' Well, she was the boss's wife, so I sang it again—and I sang it four or five times a night from then on."

While at Berg's, Frank cut a record at Mercury, "I May Be Wrong But I Think You're Wonderful." The high school crowd thought he was wonderful, too. Agent Milt Krasne's two children heard it, and told him: "This Frankie Laine is really good!"

"One of the kids remembered my name from the Garden of Allah," says Frank. "While there, I had taught them how to dive in the swimming pool. Since we were practically old friends, they got their father to come down to Billy Berg's."

"Mr. Krasne liked my singing 'That's My Desire,' and got me eight 'sides' to do at Mercury. But Mr. Berle Adams, now a vice-president at the MCA agency, didn't want me to record 'Desire.' I insisted. I told him, 'Either I do this tune or I don't record!' There I was, looking for a job, looking for the big break—and gambling on that tune. But I had great faith in it. Mr. Adams was amazed at my recklessness, but finally said, 'Okay, send me a copy!' Then I couldn't find the lyrics or sheet music! I spent a hectic week. Finally, in Rings—an old music store in Hollywood—I tracked it down. When I sent him a copy, he wired back, 'You can pick the rest of them, too!' I chose 'River St. Marie,' 'September in the Rain,' and then wired him, 'Now, you pick one.' He picked a song, 'Ain't That Just Like a Woman.'"

"That's My Desire" was an immediate smash. It was recorded by twenty-five different artists, but Frank, who now records for Columbia, outsold them all. It still sells ten to twenty thousand copies a year. Frank's first royalty check was for \$36,000. It was 1947, and Frank was immediately an international success.

Frankie Laine accepted his success graciously. He had struggled too many years to be carried away by the immediate thrill of the crowd's acclaim. For ten years, he and his close friend and accompanist, Carl Fischer, literally traveled from country to country to satisfy all of Frankie's fans. France, Italy, England—all raved over the great singing personality. Fan clubs sprang up in such unlikely spots as Cairo, Johannesburg, Malta and Iceland. When he played the London Palladium in 1952, the reviewer described his voice as "that of a purring lion."

The fans went wild at the Palladium. When Frank came on stage, one woman leaped into the orchestra pit, clambered onto the stage and ran to embrace Frank. Then the orchestra struck up "God Save the Queen." The lady froze, out of habit, in mid-stride. Immediately after the British national anthem, the bobbies pounced on the intruder, intending to whisk her off stage. She had been carried away by the crowd's and her own enthusiasm and now stood frightened at her own audacity, shaking like a tiny English robin in the rain. Frank came over, put his arm around her, and took her into his dressing room. She was about forty-five years of age and obviously embarrassed at her stunt. Frank was amazed that such a frail soul could so easily vault five feet of footlights. "Oh, I'm so mortified," she exclaimed. "Now, little lady—don't you be," said Frank. "I've never had such an enthusiastic reception in all my life." And he meant it.

Frank was such a fantastic success at the Palladium that he was approached to go into television. Enough film was shot in three weeks to make up twenty-six shows. Then he went back on the road. Before the films were released to TV, Frank had played London twice again—once at a command performance for the Queen!

While at Los Angeles' Cocoanut Grove in 1948, Frank was introduced to actress Nan Grey, celebrating her birthday there. A year later, they met again at a friend's house. And a year after that—June 15, 1950—they were married.

Nan's two daughters by a previous marriage (Pam and Jan, 11 and 12 years old), immediately took to Frank. He's proud of the fact they call him "Daddy." Their reactions to his TV show, however, are mixed. Talking about the song "Swamp Girl," they asked, "Daddy, why did you do that song? It's corny." Frank explained it was an "adult" number. He had to sing a variety of songs for his audience. "Sometimes," he says, "they don't like a song until after I explain why I sang it. And sometimes they don't like it even after I explain it."

Frank is a generous and sensitive husband and father. Though he still makes many personal appearances, when he's at home, Frank's time belongs to the family. His hobbies are hunting, riding and golf. Much of his time is devoted to teaching his daughters how to putt. As for himself, he says, "My golf is not a threat to Bing."

Frank owns one horse—a palomino. He has always loved horses, has been crazy about the freedom and excitement of riding. When he was still working his way to the top, "going riding" cost too much—and owning a horse was out of the question. So, seven years ago, as soon as his success had been earned, he bought the palomino. He keeps it in Chad's Glendale Stables. He rides when he can. The palomino is a symbol of his success.

Frank shares many interests with his wife, Nan, the most important being her interest in interior decorating and antiques. When they were first married, Nan sometimes traveled with Frank on his personal appearances. "We traveled by car," says Frank, "from New Orleans to Chicago. I don't have to tell you that New Orleans is a paradise for antiques. Nan loaded the car so full I had to watch the bridge and overpass markings to make sure we could drive under. Well, it wasn't that bad, really. But, on the way home, I told her, 'If we keep this up, we'll have to open a store.' She turned to me and said, 'Well?' So we did."

Frank says, "Because of the store, questions came up like, 'How should I paint this?' and 'Where should I put my sofa?' Soon Nan was so busy with interior decorating, she didn't have time to shop for stock. So we sold the store. Nan now has her interior decorator's license, is working with Wallace McDonald, Beverly Hills builder."

Frank's life was saddened last year when his good friend and accompanist, Carl Fischer, suddenly passed away. They had been together for ten years. Frank and Carl met accidentally through a mutual friend—they were introduced as a "boy who sings and writes lyrics, meet a guy who writes music."

They were inseparable from the start—Frank and Carl reflected one another's generosity of heart and sensitivity. They had the same tastes in music and together wrote both popular songs ("We'll Be Together Again," "What Could Be Sweeter" and "When You're In Love"), and semi-classical music (such as "Reflections of an Indian Boy"). Victor Young orchestrated

and scored "Reflections," conducted it with the Cleveland Symphony last August. It will soon be recorded by both Columbia Records and Decca.

Frank feels that Carl was the greatest influence in his professional and personal life. Typical of this relationship was Carl's Friendship Foundation suggestion after their meeting with young, bedridden Helen Maysey. He had, in essence, crystallized and made clear to Frank a philosophy he unconsciously had been living all his life. Carl's passing left a gap in Frank's life. Though he does not tell of it, Frank has arranged for Fischer's widow and her two children to share in the Laine financial success for life.

Frank lives his generous philosophy every day of the year. One of his habits is to search out young, new talent and encourage it along the way to success. Bobby Milano was one of his "finds."

In 1948, Bobby Milano (then Charlie Caci) came to Shea's Theater in Buffalo with his brother. Says Frank: "His brother persuaded me to put him on the bill. I had never seen him perform and, frankly, I was afraid if he were bad he'd break the continuity of the show. At first, I said 'No.' But the brother wouldn't give up. He stayed in the dressing room and, every time I came in, he'd say, 'Please, Mr. Laine, I'm telling you my brother is sensational.' I finally said, 'All right.' Charlie went out, doing an imitation of me singing 'Baby That Ain't Right.' It tore the house down. He was sensational, all right."

"But he was too young. I told him when he was 17 or 18 to come and talk to me. A few years later, when Carl passed away, I ran into another accompanist I'd known for years—Al Lerner, who is with me now. Al said, 'Frank, there's a kid living at my house you ought to hear.'

"What does he sound like and what's his name?" I asked.

"Bobby Milano—he sounds like nobody. He has a style of his own, although he does a pretty good imitation of a lot of people—including you."

"I said, 'Where is he from?'"

"Buffalo."

"You don't mean Charlie Caci, do you?"

"And he said, 'Yes.'"

So Frank took Bobby Milano—formerly Charlie Caci—under his wing, as promised. He sent him to his vocal coach, Lillian Goodman, arranged to have Betty Hutton hear him, and Betty persuaded Al Livingston to sign him at Capitol Records.

Frank carries his proteges—such as Bobby Milano, Jerri Adams and Sue Clauson—as long as they need to be carried. He pays their expenses for singing lessons, sometimes their professional wardrobe, oftentimes plane or train fare to benefits—everything that is needed, from gowns to grooming, shoes to singing lessons. With some of his "finds," expenses have gone over \$5,000. When they're ready he tries to get them either a recording contract or a guest shot on a TV show.

Frank gives unstintingly of his own experience and his own time to help these youngsters along. He asks nothing in return. He admits, if they would like to return this investment in their future, once they are successful he would accept it—but nothing more—and only because it will give him the opportunity to help someone else up the ladder.

Frank's generous giving is simply a reflection of his own basic philosophy of life, a philosophy written out on the little card he carries in his pocket: On one side, "Help yourself by helping others"—and, on the other, "Resolved: To help my fellow man at any time in any way possible, regardless of race, creed, or nationality, without thought of repayment."

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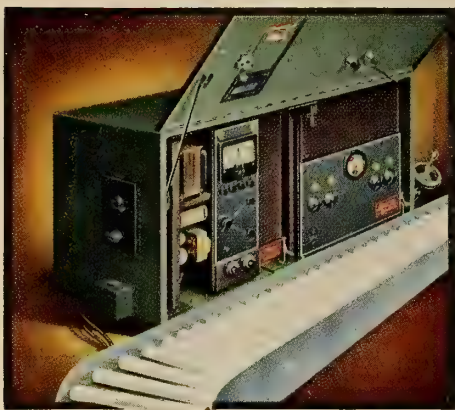


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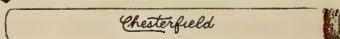
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SMILE IN YOUR
SMOKING!

Chesterfield

Made the Modern Way — with *AccuRay*



TV RADIO MIRROR

DIO MIRROR'S N. Y., N. J., Conn. Edition

EXCLUSIVE

Do you really know
ETHEL and ALBERT?

Break The Bank-
Lawrence Welk
BIG NEW CONTEST



ROSEMARY CLOONEY



JOHN BARAGREY



ROSEMARY DeCAMP

Tennessee
Ernie Ford



LASSIE





You can have **That Ivory Look** in just 7 days

Very young beauties have it—so can you! Yes, the *milder* your soap, the more your skin will look like hers. A simple change to regular care with her pure, mild Ivory leaves your skin deliciously *clean*, so soft and healthy-looking. That Ivory Look becomes you, too!

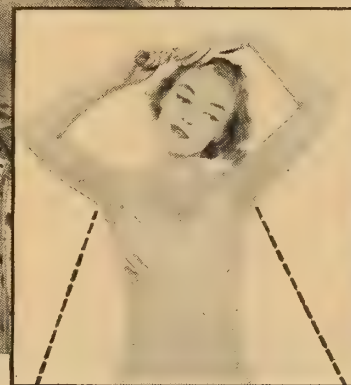


Wash your face with pure, mild Ivory . . . mild enough for baby's skin and so right for your complexion, too.

99 1/3% PURE...IT FLOATS

MORE DOCTORS ADVISE IVORY THAN ANY OTHER SOAP!

New! Doctor's deodorant discovery now safely stops odor 24 hours a day



This Seal certifies that New Mum with M-3
won't irritate normal skin or damage fabrics

The roast is almost done, the table's set, and she's whipping meringue for his favorite pie. Suddenly, he's home!

But this busy, pretty wife is ready for that bear-hug *any* time. She uses New Mum.

This doctor's deodorant discovery now contains M-3, an invisible ingredient that *keeps on* destroying odor bacteria 24 hours a day.

New Mum is *all-day dependable*—used by more fastidious women than any other deodorant. Contains no harsh ingredients—will not block pores or irritate normal skin. Creamier New Mum is fragrant, gentle, safe for prettiest fabrics—*stays moist in the jar*.

Buy New Mum today at any toiletry counter—it's that milk-white jar with the bright red cap.

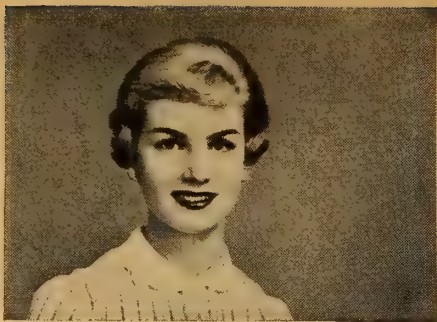
Proved in comparison tests made by a doctor. A deodorant *without* M-3, tested under one arm, stopped perspiration odor only a few hours. Yet, New Mum *with* M-3, tested under the other arm, stopped odor for a full 24 hours.



New Mum® Cream

with long-lasting M-3 (HEXACHLOROPHENE)

Another fine Product of Bristol-Myers



she's popular!

Because she comes into contact with so many people, she relies—naturally—on internal sanitary protection. She mightn't put it in so many words, even to herself, but there's lots about the bulky belt-pin-pad harness that is definitely repellent to fastidious women. The possibility of odor, for example. Or bulges. All the difficulties and problems, in fact, that Tampax eliminates for good and all!



she's a leader!

She was the first in her set to turn to Tampax. Nobody urged her, nobody advised her—she made up her own mind from an ad such as this. Every Tampax advantage seemed to her logical, true—and desirable. The way it ends disposal problems. The fact it's invisible and unfelt when in place. Even the pleasant discovery that you can wear it in your shower or your tub. (And many women do!)



she's a Tampax user!

She wouldn't go back to "all that other rigmarole" (as she puts it) for the world. As she tucks a Tampax package in a corner of her suitcase, or puts a few spares in her purse, she's even grateful for the small size and inconspicuousness of Tampax. You can get your choice of 3 absorbencies of Tampax (Regular, Super, Junior) at any drug or notion counter. Why not do it this very month? Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Massachusetts.

OCTOBER, 1955

TV RADIO MIRROR

N.Y., N.J., Conn. Edition

VOL. 44, NO. 5

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Cover portrait of Tennessee Ernie Ford by Gabor Rona of CBS

buy your November copy early • on sale October 6

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*She
was losing
him...*

**and she didn't
know why**

SHE HAD ADORED HIM from their first meeting and he seemed no less attracted to her. But, recently, his desire turned to indifference, and tonight there was a suggestion of a sneer on his lips as he wormed out of two dates they had planned later in the week. She was losing him . . . and she knew it. But, for what reason she hadn't the remotest idea.

What she didn't realize was that you may have good looks, nice clothes, a wonderful personality, but

they'll get you nowhere if you're guilty of halitosis (unpleasant breath).

**No tooth paste kills germs
like this . . . instantly**

Listerine Antiseptic does for you what no tooth paste does. Listerine instantly kills germs, by millions—stops bad breath instantly, and usually for hours on end.

Far and away the most common cause of bad breath is germs. You see, germs cause fermentation of proteins, which are always present in the mouth. *And research shows that your breath stays sweeter longer, the more you reduce germs in the mouth.*

Tooth paste with the aid of a tooth brush is an effective method of oral

hygiene. But no tooth paste gives you the proven Listerine Antiseptic method—banishing bad breath with super-efficient germ-killing action.

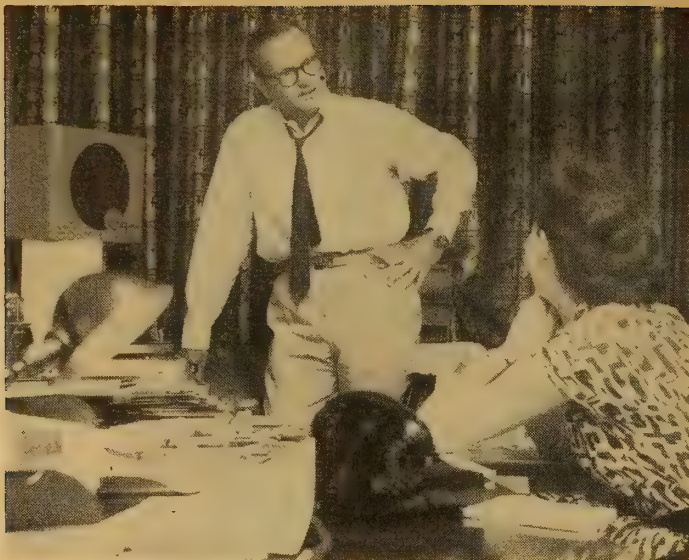
**Listerine Antiseptic clinically proved
four times better than tooth paste**

Is it any wonder Listerine Antiseptic in recent clinical tests averaged at least four times more effective in stopping bad breath odors than the chlorophyll products or tooth pastes it was tested against? With proof like this, it's easy to see why Listerine belongs in your home. Every morning . . . every night . . . before every date, make it a habit to use Listerine, the most widely used antiseptic in the world.



LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC STOPS BAD BREATH

4 times better than any tooth paste



In his office at WCBS, Bob and his assistant Charlotte Lord discuss latest song recordings—including some written by Bob.

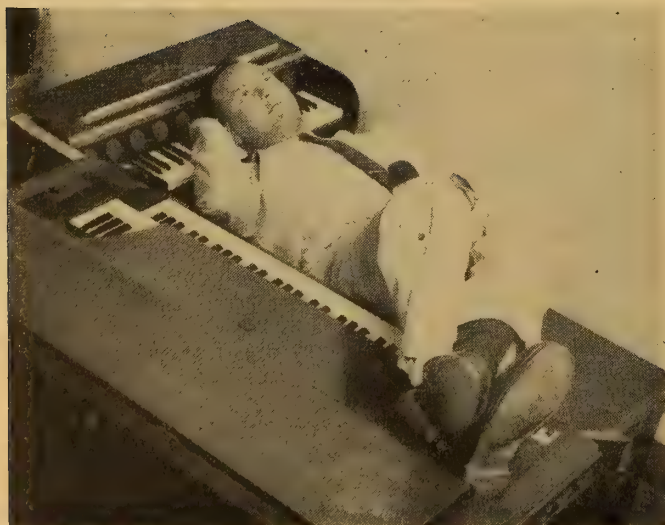


He and accompanist Sy Mann were in the Cavalry at the same time, but only met 5 years ago at WNEW.

A Man and His

WCBS star Bob Haymes' varied and eventful life has been sprinkled with stardust and shows every promise of bigger and better things to come

By ELLEN TAUSSIG



On the go from sunup to sundown, Bob has found his own ways and places to relax. Like Bob himself, they're unusual.

AMID the frantic hustle and bustle of the show-business world and its inhabitants, it is refreshing to meet someone who tries and, for the most part, succeeds in leading a comparatively normal, well-balanced life. Such a person is Bob Haymes—singer, actor, composer and all-around good fellow who for half his young life has been active in all phases of the entertainment fraternity.

Currently, Bob entertains Station WCBS listeners twice daily with *The Bob Haymes Show*, from 8:15 to 9 A.M., and *Melody In The Night*, from 10 to 11 P.M. On the morning show, the mood is bright and breezy as Bob spins records, gives the time and weather, sings a few songs, and chats with his gifted accompanist, Sy Mann. On his evening show, Bob sets a quieter, mellower pace with soothing instrumental and vocal recordings.

Though young in years, Bob has had extensive experience in movies, night clubs, on Broadway and in radio and TV. During his thirty-two eventful years, he has also managed to see a goodly part of the world, and says, "I never like to get in a rut."

Born in White Plains, New York, Bob was two when he and his mother and brother Dick moved to Paris. Bob's mother, formerly a concert singer, had entered women's fashions and soon became one of Paris' leading couturieres. Bob received his early education in France and Switzerland, and spent some time in England. Returning to this continent, he finished his education at Loyola School in Montreal. Then, at seventeen, he set out to become a singer.

Having been coached in singing by his mother, Bob landed a job with Carl Hoff's orchestra in Armonk, New York. In the next few years, he appeared throughout the country, with Bob Chester, Orrin Tucker, George Hall and Freddie Martin. During his singing stint with Freddie Martin at the Coconut Grove in Los Angeles, Bob was asked to make a screen test for Columbia Pictures. The result: leading roles in some 25 movies, including "Over 21" with Irene Dunne, and "Cover Girl," with Rita Hayworth. At the same time, Bob carved his niche in radio circles, starring on his own network show, *Sunday Serenade*, and *Sealtest Village Store*.

The Army interrupted Bob's career in 1942, and



After getting his pilot's license a year ago, Bob bought a Swift, which he keeps at Teterboro Airport.

Dreams

he became a member of the U.S. Cavalry. After a year and a half, however, an injury landed him in the hospital, and he was later discharged.

Moving to New York, Bob took a turn on Broadway, appearing with Grace and Paul Hartman in "Angel in the Wings." Next, he turned his talents to writing—composing songs, and writing special material for stars such as Eddie Cantor, Vic Damone, Eileen Barton, and his brother Dick. In 1949, Bob briefly resumed his night-club singing, then in 1950 returned to radio with a series of programs for Station WNEW before joining WCBS.

Nowadays, Bob pursues a multiplicity of interests. In addition to his radio shows, he has been writing the *Julius La Rosa Show* seen on CBS-TV, and continues with his song-writing. Two of his newest songs, "Pass It On" and "Let's Stay Home Tonight," have been recorded by La Rosa.

Although he works hard and steadily throughout the week, Bob insists on time off for the weekend. A natural athlete and lover of the wide-open spaces, Bob feels "You really aren't living unless you're outdoors." Two other loves are his Model A Ford and flying. A good mechanic, Bob always had a hankering to take an old car and fix it up and, since last February, he's been doing just that with his Ford. Paradoxically, Bob also owns his own plane—which he calls Tom Swift—and likes to get up into the wild blue yonder once or twice a week. On vacations, Bob flies himself down to the Caribbean, where he has part-ownership in a boat and goes fishing and skin diving. And, although he has a bachelor apartment in the city, he says, "If I didn't have to get up so early in the morning, I'd certainly have a home in the country."

Although he has spent most of his life in the show-business spotlight, Bob says he would eventually like to concentrate on writing songs and shows—because it comes easily to him, and because he feels it isn't as nerve-racking. This is but one of Bob's many dreams, which include a home of his own, more travel, more songs to be written. And, no matter what Bob wants, his eagerness, drive and all-around ability seem certain to gain for him his goal, for he is one young man who knows where he's been, where he is—and where he is going.



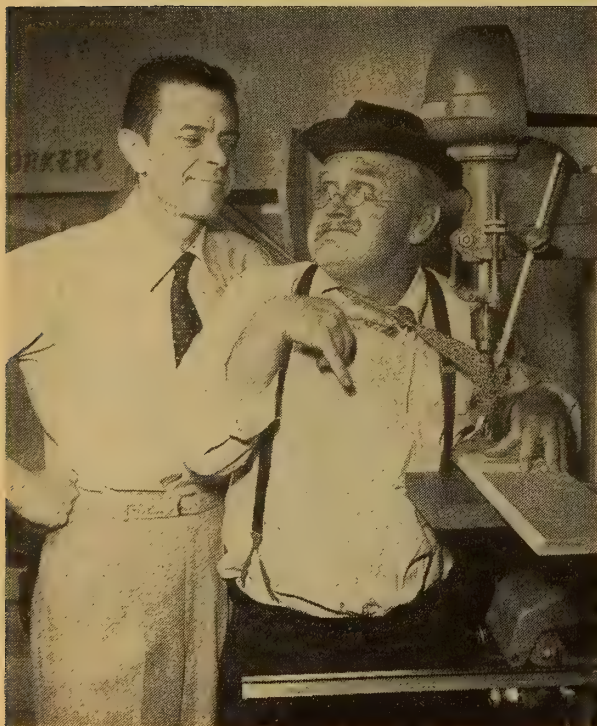
A capable pianist and organist, Bob taught himself to play while he was singing with orchestras throughout the country.



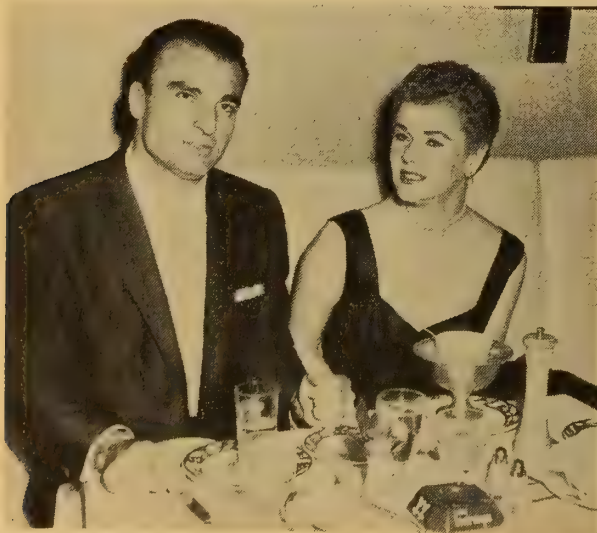
Bob's latest pride and joy is his Model A Ford which (with apologies to the new Thunderbird) he calls his Lightningbird.

WHAT'S NEW FROM COAST TO COAST

• By Jill Warren



Funsters Dave Willock and Cliff Arquette preach *Do-It-Yourself*, will practice it now on Saturdays.



Newlyweds Martha Wright and Mike Manuche, a New York restaurateur, enjoy dinner at The Harwyn.



Birds fly in a mobile in the nursery Morton and Lois Hunt decorated for their fledgling, Jeffrey Marcus.

THE FALL TV season is about to begin, and there are many new and interesting shows on the 1955-56 network schedules.

NBC: More than seventy-five mammoth productions have been set for NBC-TV's "Spectacular" series this year, embracing the entire field of entertainment. "The Skin Of Our Teeth," with **Mary Martin** and **Helen Hayes**, will be presented September 11, followed by a musical version of "Our Town" on Monday night, September 19. **Frank Sinatra** stars in the Thornton Wilder classic, in the role of the narrator, and **Eva Marie Saint** will play the girl. This will be her first singing role.

Max Liebman's first spectacular this season will be a musical based on *Heidi*, to be presented Saturday night, October 1. Starring in the immortal children's story will be **Ezio Pinza**, English comedienne **Jeannie Carson**, **Dennis Day** and **Pinky Lee**.

Perry Como tees off his new Saturday-night, hour-long show on September 17. It will feature a rotating list of guest stars, and plenty of music.

Variety will be the word on Tuesday nights, with **Milton Berle** and **Martha Raye** alternating most weeks. Also set for the same Tuesday-evening time during the season are **Bob Hope**—who is to do six shows—and **Dinah Shore**—who has been signed for two.

Do-It-Yourself, which was a popular Sunday-night half-hour on NBC-TV this past summer, has been given a fall daytime berth on Saturdays, beginning September 24. **Cliff Arquette** and **Dave Willock** are co-starred, and the comedian-hobbyists will demonstrate how to make everything from a jungle gym to a shower curtain, with laughs tossed in with the instructions. (Continued on page 22)

DOCTORS PROVE A ONE-MINUTE MASSAGE WITH

PALMOLIVE SOAP CAN GIVE YOU A *Cleaner, Fresher Complexion...Today!*

GETS HIDDEN DIRT THAT ORDINARY CLEANSING METHODS MISS!

1.

Dirt left on face after ordinary cleansing!

Rub your face hard with a cotton pad after ordinary casual cleansing with any soap or cold cream. You'll see that you didn't remove deep-down dirt and make-up. "Ordinary-clean" is just superficially clean!



2.

Beautifully clean after 60-second Palmolive facial!

Rub your face the same way after 60-second massage with Palmolive. Pad is still snowy-white! "Palmolive-clean" is deep-down clean. Your skin is free of clinging dirt that casual cleansing misses.



Mild and Gentle

Only a Soap This Mild CAN WORK SO THOROUGHLY
YET SO GENTLY! PALMOLIVE BEAUTY CARE CLEANS
CLEANER, CLEANS DEEPER, WITHOUT IRRITATION!

No matter what your age or type of skin, doctors have proved that Palmolive beauty care *can* give you a cleaner, fresher complexion the very first time you use it! That's because Palmolive care gets your skin *deep-down* clean by removing the hidden, clinging dirt that casual methods miss.

Here's the easy method:

Just massage your face with Palmolive's rich, gentle lather for 60 seconds, morning and night. Rinse and pat dry. It's that simple! But remember . . . only a soap that is *truly* mild can cleanse thoroughly without leaving your face feeling drawn and uncomfortable. And Palmolive's mildness lets you massage a full minute *without irritation*.

Try mild Palmolive Soap today. In just 60 seconds, you'll be on your way toward new complexion beauty!

DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!

She's shooting for Stardom

Philadelphia beauty Shirley Forrest has parlayed hard work and talent into an increasingly successful career



Shirley lives at home with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Feldman. They had once wanted Shirley to be a teacher, but are now very happy and proud of their daughter's success.



Shirley (with Louis, WPTZ's hair stylist) practices what she preaches, finds her work inspiring because it helps so many.

EVERY career-minded person has his formula for success, and lovely Shirley Forrest is no exception. Shirley has mixed the tangible—hard work—with a bit of the intangible—luck—to become a star on two TV stations, with a dual career in fashion and singing. At Station WPTZ, Philadelphia, Shirley presides over *Charm Headquarters*, Saturdays and Sundays at 12:15 P.M. Tuesdays at 8:30 P.M., she presents *Beauty And Fashions* on WPFH-TV, Wilmington, Delaware. Both programs are designed to educate women of all ages in the ways of charm, beauty and fashions. Guests include famous models, fashion coordinators, show-business stars, as well as viewers. Shirley proves herself an expert in the field, too, as with ease and grace she demonstrates beauty techniques and comments on fashions. . . . The other half of Shirley's career, operatic singing, is displayed on WPFH-TV, Sunday evenings at 7:30, on *Opera Workshop*, which features light and grand opera. Shirley femcees the program and often takes a lead role. . . . A native of Philadelphia, Shirley showed a love for music at an early age. She began taking singing lessons her senior year in high school, and paid for them by modeling. She also worked her way through the University of Pennsylvania—where she majored in German—doing TV work, modeling, and lecturing at the Philadelphia Modeling School. Her first TV break came in 1951 as a result of placing in the finals of the Miss Philadelphia Contest. Still only a sophomore in college, Shirley became "The Magic Lady" on WFIL's *Let's Have Fun At The Zoo*. Highlighting her senior year was an exciting trip to Jamaica to narrate and star in the featurette film, "Dream Island." Since graduation, Shirley has plunged full speed ahead with her career. For her beauty and fashion shows there are models to audition and train, guests to interview, mail to answer, and numerous rehearsals. Then there are singing lessons in New York, personal appearances at women's clubs and fashion shows. "I love my work," Shirley says with eagerness, "and have the incentive to try to go further in my two careers." Then she adds, with a twinkle, "Marriage and children, of course, are important, too, but I still have plenty of time." Judging performances past and present, it seems likely that, whatever Shirley Forrest wants, she will get—and justly deserve.

New lanolin shampoo adds rich sparkle *...can't dry hair!*

Get ready for the softest, silkiest, most sparkly hair of your life! For the instant this new double-rich lanolin shampoo goes into action, it starts enriching your hair with a beauty you have never witnessed before!



What manageability! What a joy to set! Instead of after-shampoo dryness, you discover a new dream-like softness that only this "twice-as-rich" lanolin shampoo can bring! Your waves ripple into place . . . luscious deep waves . . . softer, lovelier than you ever hoped they'd be!



You'll *enjoy* the great clouds of fleecy lather you get with this new double-rich lanolin shampoo. Wonderful feeling, luxurious lather that feels twice as rich, and *is* twice as rich. *Busy* lather that actually *polishes* your hair—brilliantly. A sensational new Helene Curtis beauty discovery!



When your hair sparkles, *you* do! Make your hair your *loveliest* feature . . . soft as summer clouds and shimmering like satin in moonlight—with this new shampoo miracle—Helene Curtis Lanolin Lotion Shampoo. Sounds wonderful? It is! Try it and you'll agree. 29¢, 59¢ and \$1, everywhere!



STEVE ALLEN'S TURNTABLE



HELLO again from Hollywood, where we're just winding up the final scenes on "The Benny Goodman Story." Working a double schedule—making a movie in the daytime and doing television at night—I'm about ready for a vacation. But before taking off for who-knows-where, I've got some interesting record news.

"Fill Your Home with Music" is Decca's idea to start off the fall season, and a fine idea it is. They have gathered together a terrific group of special album releases, with Bing Crosby heading the list. "Old Masters" is the name of the Crosby set, and it's a wonderful follow-up to last year's "Bing" album. On this one there are thirty-six songs done by the Groaner through the years, and they are all the original master recordings. Bing has included ballads, rhythm songs and special material—such tunes as "These Foolish Things," "Shoe Shine Boy," "And the Angels Sing," "Mr. Crosby and Mr. Mercer."

Sammy Davis, Jr. singing "Just for Lovers" is also included in Decca's big album special. Sammy does a wonderful job on twelve romantic songs—such as "Wait Till You See Her," "Come Rain or Come Shine," "The Thrill Is Gone." The arrangements are great, and so is the band, conducted by Sy Oliver.

"Ethel Merman Memories" is the title of another big Decca album, with Ethel belting out the great tunes of the Gay Nineties and the Roaring Twenties. "Tarrara Boom De Ay," "Listen to the Mocking Bird," "Memories," "Frankie and Johnny," and many others are given the Merman treatment. The music was arranged and conducted by Jay Blackton, with The Mitchell Boys Choir and The Old Timers Quartet.

I'm very pleased that Decca has also included "Steve Allen's All-Star Jazz Concert" in this special album release. This set was actually recorded during a concert at Manhattan Center in New York City in May, 1954. It has been done up in two volumes, and features such talented jazz stars as Yank Lawson, Bobby Haggart, Billy Butterfield, Ray McKinley and Sylvia Sims. The tunes are all standards such as "Big Noise from Winnetka," "Sweet Georgia Brown," "That's A-Plenty," and "Basin Street."

Woody Herman has done up a good record of "Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing" and "The House of Bamboo." Both tunes are theme songs from two new movies of the same titles. (Capitol)

"Young Ideas" is Gordon Jenkins' latest, with a great vocal chorus by Stuart Foster. The tune is a beautiful ballad which you may have heard introduced on NBC-TV's "The King and Mrs. Candle" production on August 22. The reverse side finds Jenkins' orchestra and vocal chorus playing and singing a new rhythm tune,

"Goodnight, Sweet Dreams," which is very reminiscent of "Goodnight, Irene."

Lillian Briggs is an exciting new singer just signed by Epic Records. For her first release she sings "I Want You To Be My Baby" and "Don't Stay Away Too Long," with O. B. Massingill's orchestra. Lillian's style is a little like Kay Starr's and, incidentally, she is also a fine trombonist.

The "King of the Mambo," Perez Prado, has recorded a new album called "The Voo Doo Suite." It's a Prado composition, done in four movements, and quite unusual, to say the least. (Victor)

Dean Martin may be feudin' and fightin' with his partner, Jerry Lewis, but he certainly sounds relaxed on his new album, "Carolina in the Mornin'." Accompanied by Dick Stabile and His Orchestra, Dean croons a whole slew of Southern-type standards, including "Mississippi Mud," "Basin Street Blues," "Waiting for the Robert E. Lee," and others. (Capitol)

Dean has also waxed a cute duet with the French chantoosie, Line Renaud, called "Relax-Ay-Voo," and it could be a big hit. On the backing, Line and Dean revive the popular oldie, "Two Sleepy People." Dick Stabile's orchestra provides the music on this, too. (Capitol)

"Harp Magic" is the name of a new album by Robert Maxwell, one of the finest harpists in the country. Accompanied by a large orchestra, Maxwell plays such lovely standards as "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes," "Bewitched, Bothered and Bewildered," "Prelude to a Star," and "In a Sentimental Mood." He also does a magnificent solo of "Clair de Lune." (M-G-M)

Capitol has produced a big, new album of "Oklahoma!" taken directly from the soundtrack of the about-to-be-released

movie. It features the film's stars—Gordon MacRae, Gloria Grahame, Shirley Jones, Gene Nelson and Charlotte Greenwood—singing the Rodgers-Hammerstein score.

"Satch Plays Fats" is a new Columbia album. Translated, it means Louis Armstrong and his orchestra play some of the tunes written by his late friend, the talented Fats Waller. In his inimitable style, Satchmo does such wonderful oldies as "Honeysuckle Rose," "Keepin' Out of Mischief Now," "Ain't Misbehavin'," "All That Meat and No Potatoes."

Don Cornell's record of "The Bible Tells Me So" has been a big smash, and Kay Armen hopes to win honors with her version of the same song—which, incidentally, was written by Dale Evans (Mrs. Roy Rogers). Kay gives it the beat interpretation, complete with hand-clapping background. On the reverse she sings a religious ballad, "I Wonder When We'll Ever Know" (The Wonder of it All). Kay gets good support from Joe Lipman's orchestra and the Ray Charles Singers. (M-G-M)

"Tonight at Midnight" is a new instrumental album of all standards, with fine arrangements by Don Costa. The piano solos are by a fellow named Steve Allen. (Coral)

Victor is releasing a fabulous collector's special in "The Glenn Miller Army Air Force Band." They have done up five 12-inch LP's in one deluxe package, all taken from newly-found tape recordings the late Miller made while he was in service. You'll feel nostalgic at such tunes as "G.I. Jive," "In the Mood," "Suddenly It's Spring," "Begin the Beguine," and dozens of others recorded by Miller's big band.

That does it for now. I'll be seeing you again next month from New York.



With her husband Paul Weston providing the music, Jo Stafford scores another big hit with "Ain't Cha-Cha Coming Out Tonight." (Columbia)



Only Bobbi is specially designed to give the softly feminine wave necessary for this new "Blithe Spirit" hairstyle. No nightly settings are needed.



Soft, natural from the start... that's the "Soft Talk" hairstyle after a Bobbi. And Bobbi is so simple to give!



Bobbi's soft curls make a natural, informal wave like this possible. A Bobbi always gives you care-free curls as in this winsome "Capulet" hairdo.



Bobbi is made especially to give young, free and easy hairstyles like this "Confection" hairdo. And the curl stays in—no matter what the weather.

NEVER TIGHT, NEVER FUSSY

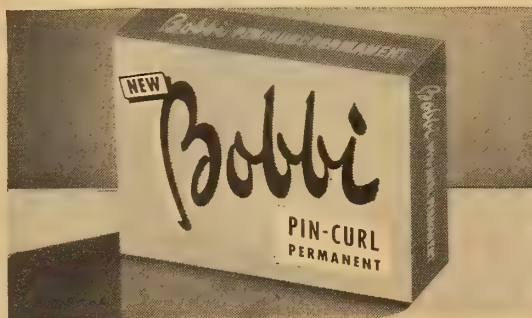
Softly feminine hairstyles like these are yours with a Bobbi—the special pin-curl permanent for soft, natural curls

If you dread most permanents because you definitely don't want tight, fussy curls, Bobbi is just right for you. This easy pin-curl permanent is specially designed for today's newest softly feminine hairstyles.

Bobbi gives a curl *where* you want it, the way you want it—always soft, natural, and vastly becoming! It has the beauty, the body, the soft, lovely look of naturally wavy hair.

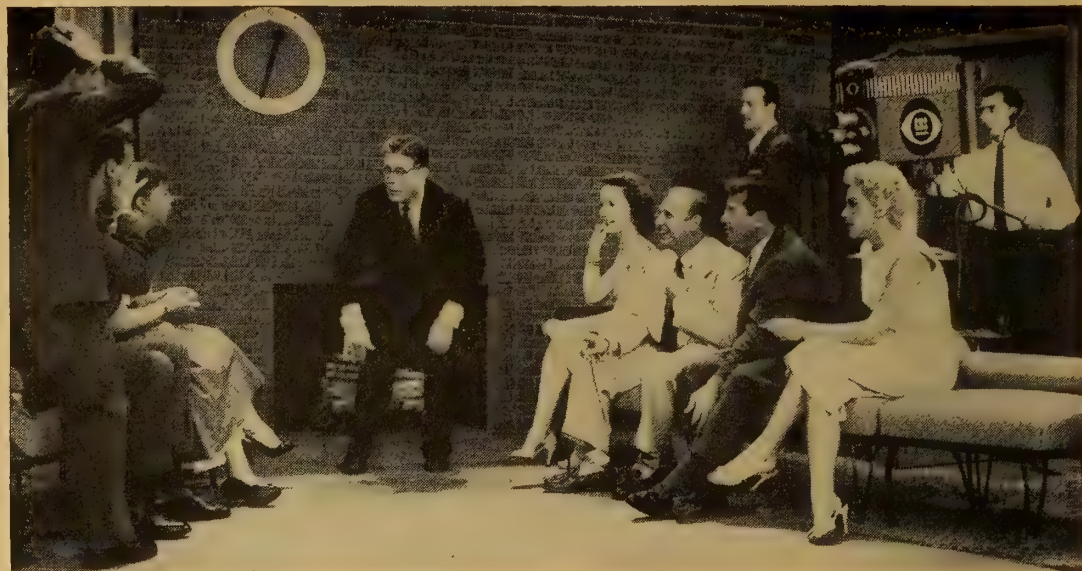
You pin-curl your hair just once. Apply Bobbi's special Creme Oil Lotion. A little later rinse hair with water. Let dry, brush out...immediately you'll be happy with your hair. And the soft, natural look lasts week after week. If you like softly feminine hairstyles, you'll love a Bobbi.

New 20-Page Hairstyle Booklet! Colorful collection of new softly feminine hairstyles. Easy-to-follow setting instructions. Hints! Tips! Send now for "Set-It-Yourself Hairstyles." Your name, address, 10c in coin to: Bobbi, Box 3600, Merchandise Mart, Chicago, Ill.



Just simple pin-curls and Bobbi. No separate neutralizer, no curlers, no resetting. Everything you need—New Creme Oil Lotion, special bobby pins. \$1.50 plus tax.

FUN for ALL



On and behind the scenes: Above, guest Rudy Vallee leaps into action and acts out a "stumper" for his team while the opposing team beams as the seconds fly by. Below, Rudy joins producer-emcee Mike Stokey (seated at table) and the regular panel members (left to right, around Rudy and Mike), Hans Conried, Dorothy Hart, Jackie Coogan, Carol Haney, Robert Clary and Rocky Graziano, in a pre-show discussion. Says Mike, perched cozily beside a CBS-TV camera: "The personalities who make up our teams have as much fun as the home audience, and often ask if they can come back!"



At lunch with Mrs. and Mr. Rudy Vallee, Mike asks Rudy to guest on the show. Mike and his staff spend a full week—lining up talent, selecting stumpers, handling endless show details.

As a student at Los Angeles City College, Louisiana-born Mike Stokey was active in the dramatic club. One of the group's favorite pastimes during rehearsal breaks was playing charades. Always a fellow with a headful of good ideas, Mike decided the game would be a natural for television and presented his suggestion to a Hollywood station. They agreed with Mike and, in November, 1947, *Pantomime Quiz* was born. Today one of the oldest and most popular TV shows, *Pantomime Quiz* and creator Stokey can boast a fine record. In 1949, the show won an "Emmy" as TV's most popular program, and Mike was voted TV's Outstanding Personality. The next year, Mike was voted TV's Favorite Quizmaster and his brainchild was named the Best Live Show. . . . No newcomer to show business, Mike has spent most of his career—except for four years in the Air Force—announcing, writing, directing and producing radio and TV shows. *Pantomime Quiz*—seen on CBS-TV, Fridays at 8 P.M. EDT—is, of course, his all-time favorite and proves what Mike has always said—that "actors like to act for fun, as well as money."

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100% NON-ALKALINE!
Will not dry or devitalize hair!



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*Lets Hair Behave
and Hold a Wave!*



*As Gentle and Mild
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*Leaves More Luster!
More Natural Color!*



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Easier to Set!
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30¢ OFF
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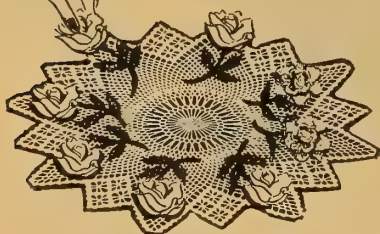
We offer this big saving because we know—once you try PALMOLIVE SOFT SHAMPOO, you'll always use it. Tell your friends! Hurry! Regular 89¢ price (even that's a bargain) comes back when limited Special Offer supply is gone.

TODAY...GET NEW PALMOLIVE SOFT SHAMPOO!

NEW DESIGNS FOR LIVING



7327

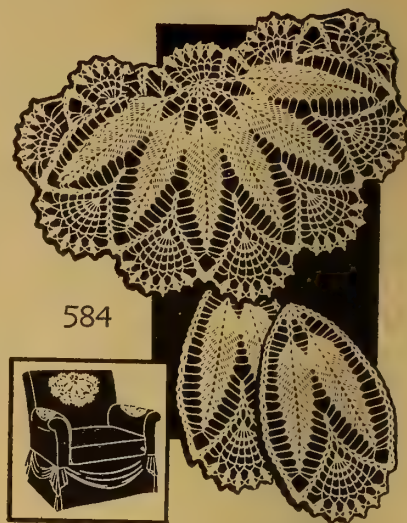


7327—Crochet roses in color to decorate this unusual doily. They stand up in life-like form against their lovely background. "3-D" doilies: larger, 22 inches in No. 30 mercerized cotton; smaller, 13 inches. 25¢

584—Protect and beautify your fine furniture! Feathers in a fan shape add interest to chair or buffet. Use No. 30 crochet cotton. Directions included. 25¢

7046—Sew this pretty party dress with puffed sleeves, embroidery icing. Child's Sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, 10. Pattern pieces, transfer of embroidery. State size. 25¢

7285—Colorful rickrack and simple crochet stitches make this pretty cover doll. Keeps mixer clean. Pattern pieces, transfer of embroidery, directions. Use No. 30 crochet cotton, rickrack. 25¢



584



7046
SIZES
2-10



7285



7248



667
SIZES
12-18

7248—He's a doll—he's a 'Jama Bag. The children pop their P.J.'s into the slit in front. Bunny snoozes on their beds till night-time. Two flat pieces plus round stuffed head. Pattern pieces, transfer. 25¢

667—Crochet this shell-stitch jumper of knitting worsted. Wear it over blouse for daytime; for evening, trim with metallic-thread-flowers. Directions for crocheted jumper. Sizes 12-14, 16-18 included. 25¢

7392—For TV relaxation—make yourself ballet and boot style slippers. Transfers, pattern pieces, directions. Sizes Small, Medium, Large, Extra-Large included. Use velvet or quilted fabric, trim with embroidery. 25¢



7392

Send twenty-five cents (in coins) for each pattern to: TV RADIO MIRROR, Needlecraft Service, P.O. Box 137, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, New York. Add five cents for each pattern for first-class mailing. Send an additional 25¢ for Needlecraft Catalog.



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Now There Are Two Fabulous Formulas
New **SUPER SOFT** SPRAY NET, without
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REGULAR SPRAY NET for more elaborate
styles, harder-to-manage hair.

Whether you're working, playing, shopping . . .
we can take one worry off your mind. Your hair!
A whisper of Helene Curtis **SPRAY NET** will
keep it just the way you set it . . . soft, natural,
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For Helene Curtis has found a way to put
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wonderful, wonderful spray that leaves no
stickiness whatsoever.

A pretty hair-do will always pick you out of
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America's favorite hair spray because it really
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3 SIZES: New 69¢ size, Large \$1.25, Giant \$1.89—all plus tax

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Just set your pin curls with
Helene Curtis **SPRAY NET**.
They'll dry in minutes!

**NEW
69¢
SIZE**



Now you can try **SPRAY NET**
for only 69¢. Perfect for
purse, travel, bathroom
cabinet.



Left: Ward Wilson, Jim Gordon, Gussie and Marty Glickman give out with baseball facts, statistics and feministics. Below: Marty, Ward and Gussie join Vince Scully, who does the play-by-play accounts of Brooklyn Dodger games.



*"Gorgeous Gussie" Moran,
tennis star turned sportscaster, proves
she's still the most popular*

GLAMOUR GIRL OF SPORTS

HAVING stood the tennis world on its collective ear by wearing lace panties on the staid Wimbledon courts, Gorgeous Gussie Moran this year did likewise to the baseball world and inspired a Brooklyn bard to write: "Baseball was a matter of facts/ And figures and statistics;/ Now that Moran is in the clan/ It is naught but feministics." . . . The kidding is good-natured for, as distaff member of *Warm Up Time* and *Sports Extra*—the sports commentaries that precede and follow the Brooklyn Dodger baseball games on New York's Station WMGM—Gussie has won the hearts of the Flatbush Chowder and Marching Organization. The Brooklyn Dodger Sym-phony blares out her charms and Hilda Chester rings out praises of Moran on her famed cowbell. . . . Gussie was co-starring on a Los Angeles sports show when WMGM asked her to join Marty Glickman, Ward Wilson and Jim Gordon on the two programs. She went to Vero Beach for spring training, studied "The Official Encyclopedia of Baseball," committed back copies of "The Sporting News" to memory. Today, she spouts batting averages with the best of them and also injects such interesting lore as the fact that the Gil Hodges have a bathroom done in pink. As a result, the shows have built up a large feminine audience. Women are flocking to Ebbets Field, although Gussie, in order to be at the studios for broadcast-time, watches the games on TV. . . . To be near the WMGM studios, Gussie has rented a three-room apartment in Manhattan's East 60's. She does her own cooking, preferably Mexican and Chinese food, also designs tennis clothes. . . . Gussie first took up tennis while in high school in Santa Monica, California. She received world-wide publicity when she appeared on the tennis court at Wimbledon wearing lace panties, but Gussie's press clippings also tell of her superior coordination and sound strokes. In 1948, she was fourth-ranking in the national amateur standings. . . . The tall, long-legged, green-eyed damsel wishes that people would refrain from asking, "Do you have them on?" They mean the lace panties, but, as Gussie sighs, "What can you say?" . . . A local sportswriter smiled when he said that: "Incidentally, when male sports commentators fluff one, they call it a bloomer, but with Gussie, shouldn't it be called a panty?"



From "tennis anyone" to "who's on first."



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lipstick

will be

old-fashioned



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THE REVOLUTIONARY

NEW

LIPSTICK BY Toni



Three new shades for
the new season in
Red — Rose — Coral

... glides on at a touch ... yet stays on
twice as long as "long-lasting" lipsticks

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*Twice as long? Yes! Just put on Soft Touch
and forget about it. No need to retouch—with
Soft Touch. No messy smear ... and so comfortable!*



"Yes, I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo," says Rhonda Fleming. It's the favorite of 4 out of 5 top Hollywood movie stars!

It never dries your hair! Lustre-Creme Shampoo is blessed with lanolin . . . foams into rich lather, even in hardest water . . . leaves hair so easy to manage.

It beautifies! For soft, bright, fragrantly clean hair—without special after-rinses—choose the shampoo of America's most glamorous women. Use the favorite of Hollywood movie stars—Lustre-Creme Shampoo.

Hollywood's favorite Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Never Dries—
it Beautifies!



Rhonda Fleming starring in "TENNESSEE'S PARTNER"

A Benedict Bogeaus Prod. An RKO Radio Release. Color by Technicolor.

Ask your questions—

Matchmaking

Could you tell me whether Richard Coogan, who plays Paul Raven in Love Of Life, is married in private life? He and Peggy McCay, who plays Vanessa, make such a perfect couple on TV, and their roles as husband and wife seem too real and convincing to be fiction. I like to believe they are really in love off-camera.

D.F., Hartford, Mich.

Richard Coogan is happily married to a former singer, Gay Adams, and they have a five-year-old son, Ricky. Peggy McCay is one of New York's most popular belles, but has still to say her "I do's."

Cupid to Cop

Would you tell me about Ben Alexander, who plays Officer Frank Smith on Dragnet and Badge 714 on TV?

A.S., Clintonville, Wis.

Ben Alexander began his career at the age of three in the movie role of Cupid. Nevada-born Ben followed this debut with eleven years as a top child movie star. But his present role as Sgt. Friday's sidekick is good casting. Ben's godfather was Jack Finlinson, assistant chief of the Los Angeles Police Department for thirteen years. And, as Ben says, "I look like 90 percent of the cops in Los Angeles." . . . After Cupid, Ben played child parts, notably in the "Penrod" series, then was cast as the "bad boy" and decided to quit movies when he was beaten over the head in "Are These Our Children?" In 1929 he enrolled at Stanford University and, while there, made his last film, "All Quiet on the Western Front," for which he won a number of acting awards. Ben entered radio in 1935, became a leading emcee and announcer on such programs as the *Charlie McCarthy Show* and *Father Knows Best*. He debuted on TV in 1949, was co-starring with his wife on a weekly Los Angeles and San Francisco giveaway show when Jack Webb spotted him and asked him to join *Dragnet*, his first dramatic role in 17 years. . . . Ben claims he is more of a businessman than an actor, proves it by owning four thriving West Coast gas stations and two motels. He started the gas stations to keep the men in his former Army radar division together and currently employs all of them. . . . Ben has a twelve-year-old son, Nicholas, by a former marriage, and he and his wife Lesley have recently welcomed a new Alexander. Their home is in Hollywood, their chief pleasure a large cabin cruiser called "Sunday's Child," a description which applies to both Ben and Lesley.

information booth

and we'll try to find the answers

Father And Son

I should like to know something about Buster Crabbe, who stars with his young son "Cuffy" in NBC-TV's Captain Gallant Of The Foreign Legion.

N.C.G., Winnetka, Ill.

Ten-year-old Cullen "Cuffy" Crabbe walks off with this year's honors for small-fry adventures, having tripped off to Africa with his dad Buster Crabbe—swimming, movie, radio and TV luminary—to make friends with Arab youngsters, meet some bona-fide Foreign Legionnaires, spend some time in Gay Paree, receive an Italian motor scooter as a gift—and, incidentally, film the *Captain Gallant* adventure series. . . . Buster Crabbe's youth was equally exciting. Born in Oakland, California, Buster was raised in the Hawaiian Islands, on a pineapple plantation on which his father was overseer. Like most Island youngsters, Buster practically lived in the water. In high school, he was a 16-letter man, winning a letter each year in football, basketball, track and swimming. He won the light-heavyweight boxing championship of Hawaii while at the University of Hawaii, then returned stateside to study law at U.S.C. . . . At this point, the 1932 Olympics were staged in Los Angeles and Buster won a place on the U.S. swimming team and then proceeded to win the 400-meter title, becoming the first Olympic swimmer to do the distance under five minutes. That was the second Olympic appearance for Buster, whose swimming accomplishments have netted him five world

records, 16 world, and 35 national, championships. . . . Hollywood promptly signed the trim, 200-pound swimming star as a movie star and he made some 170 films, including the Tarzan, Buck Rogers and Flash Gordon series. In 1940, he swam at the World's Fair, then formed Buster Crabbe's Aquaparade to tour the states and Europe for five years. His first TV program, *The Buster Crabbe Show*, drew 11,000 letters its first week, and was followed by *Figure Fashioning By Buster Crabbe* on TV and *Luncheon With Buster Crabbe* on radio. . . . Mr. and Mrs. Crabbe have three children—Cuffy, 10, Sande, 18, and Susan, 16—all of whom reside in New York's suburban Westchester County. The Crabbes also own a home on Lake Arrowhead, California. And all are expert swimmers and riders.

Encore With Tears

I would like to know something about Carol Richards, who sings on CBS-TV's The Bob Crosby Show.

C.H., Phoenix, Arizona

The first time titian-haired Carol Richards was asked to do an encore, she wept bitterly. Four years old at the time, Carol "thought they meant I didn't sing it right the first time." But after more church choir and amateur production singing in her native Harvard, Illinois, Carol learned to enjoy her curtain calls and, at fifteen, was happily vocalizing on an Indianapolis radio station. Meanwhile, she continued her formal schooling, studied dramatics, sang in the glee club, edited her school paper, made her debating team, and was president of her class in her junior year. Then the big break came in the form of a singing contest conducted by Bob Hope in 31 cities. Carol won, appeared on Hope's show and pleased "Ski Nose" so much he brought her to Hollywood for more guest appearances. Soon Carol was being featured on the *Edgar Bergen Show*, *Bing Crosby Show*, *Martin And Lewis Show*, and *Lux Radio Theater*. She starred on her own network radio show, played Dennis Day's girlfriend, and was featured on *I Love Lucy*. She's recorded solo, has also disc-dueted with Bing Crosby, and has played in the top night clubs. In August, 1954, she joined the *Bob Crosby Show* as a temporary replacement while Joanie O'Brien was on her honeymoon. But audience reaction was so enthusiastic that Bob asked Carol to stay on as a member of his troupe.

Carol lives with her two young daughters in an unpretentious, three-bedroom house in North Hollywood. A talented decorator, she paneled her living room with



Carol Richards

knotty pine, papered her own bedroom and created a circus motif for her daughters' room. Her hobbies are sculpturing and poetry and she also enjoys swimming, watching football games and the outdoor life.

Calling All Fans

The following clubs invite new members. If you are interested in joining, write to the address given—not TV RADIO MIRROR.

Baird Fan Club (Bil, Cora and their puppets), c/o Robert Brawnschweiger, 155 Virginia St., Hillside, N. J.

Bob and Ray Fan Club (Bob Elliott and Ray Goulding), c/o John Collins, 712 E. 27 St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Steve Lawrence Fan Club, c/o Carol Massie, 762 Cooper Ave., Lowellville, O.

McGuire Sisters Fan Club, c/o Dale M. Hoffman, 20 North Main St., Box 2, Miamisburg, O.

Kokomo Club (Perry Como), c/o Jane Devening, 1315 Q Ave., New Castle, Ind.

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—If there's something you want to know about radio and television, write to Information Booth, TV RADIO MIRROR, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. We'll answer, if we can, provided your question is of general interest. Answers will appear in this column—but be sure to attach this box to your letter, and specify whether your question concerns radio or TV.



Ben Alexander

12 CHILDREN'S DRESSES

\$3.45

ALL FOR ONLY

12 Children's Dresses at this low LOW price!



Tremendous assortment!

Good condition, ready to wear.
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Price includes all 12 dresses!

Sizes 1-6X	\$3.45
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FREE GIFT WITH EVERY ORDER!
RUSH ORDER NOW!

Send \$1 deposit now! Pay postman balance plus C.O.D. and postage.

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\$1 DEPOSIT MUST ACCOMPANY ORDER!	Age	Size	Price

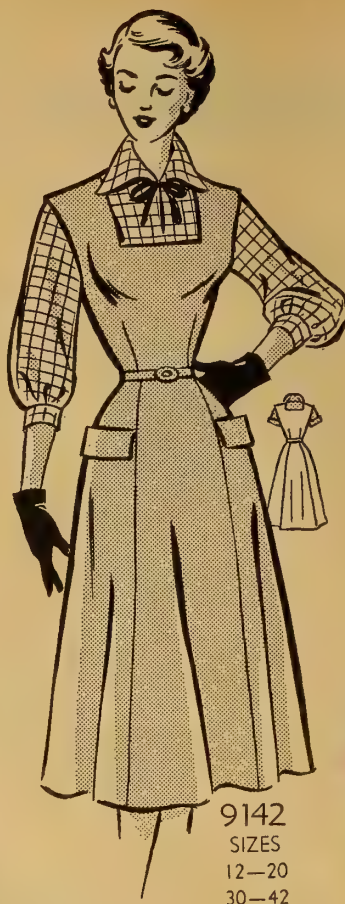
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No order accepted without \$1 deposit.

New Patterns for You



9142
SIZES
12-20
30-42



9389
SIZES
9-17



9172
SIZES
34-48

9142—Wear this jumper with its own blouse or with other blouses and sweaters. Bare it for a date-dress. Misses' Sizes 12-20; 30-42. Size 16 jumper takes 3 yards 39-inch fabric; blouse 1 $\frac{1}{8}$ yards. 35¢

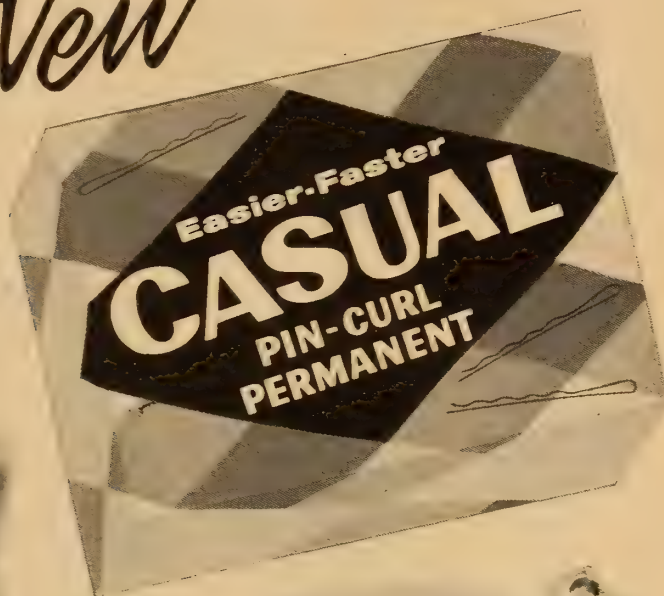
9389—Beginner-easy, jiffy-sew. No waist-line seam. Nip-in the waistline with your favorite waist-cincher. Jr. Miss Sizes 9-17. Size 13 takes 5 yards 39-inch fabric. 35¢

9172—Complete wardrobe of mix'n'match separates in one pattern. Each styled to slim, to flatter. Women's Sizes 34-48. Size 36 skirt and vest takes 3 $\frac{3}{8}$ yards 39-inch; blouse, 2 $\frac{1}{8}$ yards 35-inch fabric. 35¢

Send thirty-five cents (in coins) for each pattern to: TV RADIO MIRROR, Pattern Department, P.O. Box 137, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, New York. Add five cents for each pattern for first-class mailing.

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New



SET IT!



Set your pin-curls just as you always do.
No need for anyone to help.

WET IT!



Apply CASUAL lotion just once.
15 minutes later, rinse with clear water.

FORGET IT!

That's all there is to it! CASUAL is
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**Naturally lovely, carefree curls
that last for weeks . . .**

CASUAL is the word for it . . . soft, carefree waves
and curls—never tight or kinky—beautifully manageable,
perfect for the new flattering hair styles that highlight the softer,
natural look. Tonight—give yourself the loveliest wave
of your life—a CASUAL pin-curl permanent!



takes just 15 minutes more than setting your hair!

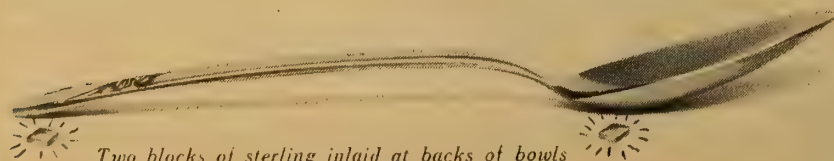
\$1.50 PLUS TAX



Practical as "everyday" ware
and romantic, too

Holmes & Edwards sterling inlaid silverplate

Just as the best man won you . . . Holmes & Edwards wins you. It is the best . . . the *only* silverplate with extra sterling inlaid at backs of bowls and handles of most-used pieces. 52-piece service for 8 and chest, \$84.50.



Two blocks of sterling inlaid at backs of bowls
and handles promise longer, lovelier silver life.

WHAT'S NEW FROM COAST TO COAST

(Continued from page 6)

Monday, October 3, is the starting date for a new daytime series called *Matinee*. It will be seen weekdays and will be a full-hour, live dramatic program with a complete new drama and cast each day. Scripts will come from all sources. Some will be originals; others will be repeat showings of some of the best night-time dramatic television of the past. *Matinee* promises to be a tremendous undertaking. During the season it will present some two hundred and forty-four different plays, requiring twenty directors and approximately five thousand actors.

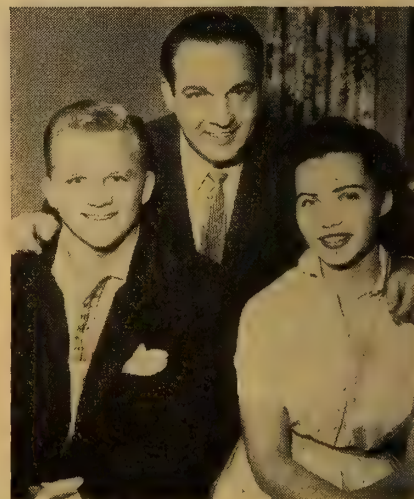
Jackie Cooper stars in a new situation comedy, *The People's Choice*, starting Thursday night, October 6. The former child star plays a government bird-watcher-turned-councilman. His leading lady will be **Pat Breslin**, in the role of the mayor's daughter.

Two interesting one-shots have been set for Sunday night, October 9. The first is "Tomorrow—1976," which will be part of NBC's forthcoming "Telementary" series and will offer viewers a look at life in the United States twenty-one years from now. The second will be a special show, starring **Ethel Merman** and paying tribute to her twenty-fifth anniversary in show business.

CBS: The Ford Star Jubilee will be a monthly one and one-half hour program to be seen every fourth Saturday night. **Noel Coward**, **Mary Martin**, and **Bing Crosby** have been signed to alternate in the star spots, with Bing penciled in to lead off the series on September 24. **Orson Welles** has also been signed in the capacity of actor-director. His first production will probably be the CBS-TV version of "Trilby," with the bearded Orson playing Sven-gali.

The Phil Silvers Show makes its debut Tuesday night, September 20. This is the long-awaited filmed situation comedy, with Phil playing an Army sergeant. CBS-TV refrained from presenting it last year—even though they had the complete series already filmed—because they didn't have the proper time spot for it.

The Jackie Gleason Hour begins Satur-
(Continued on page 24)



Crosbys—Gary, Bob and Cathy—each have contract ties to the CBS clan.

PLAYTEX® Introduces the Amazing New Girdle Material...*Figure-Slimming* FABRICON*!

Sensational New PLAYTEX

light-weight
Girdle

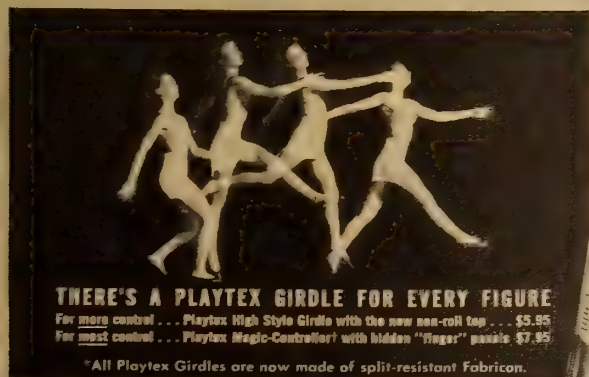
Made of wonderful new *split-resistant*
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... a miracle blend of downy-soft
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more freedom! Fabricon has more stretch! No other
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new coolness! "Open-pore" Fabricon lets your body
breathe! Only Playtex Girdles are so soft, cool, absorbent.

invisible control! Not a seam, stitch or bone any-
where. No other lightweight girdle tucks in your tummy, slims
down your hips like this new Playtex Girdle. Makes all your
clothes fit and look better. Does more for your figure than
girdles costing up to \$15.00! And Light-Weight washes and
dries in a wink. New Playtex Light-Weight Girdle \$4.95
At department and better specialty stores everywhere.



THERE'S A PLAYTEX GIRDLE FOR EVERY FIGURE

For more control... Playtex High Style Girdle with the new non-roll top... \$5.95
For most control... Playtex Magic-Controller! with hidden "finger" panels \$7.95

*All Playtex Girdles are now made of split-resistant Fabricon.

Playtex...
known everywhere
as the girdle
in the SLIM tube.

P.S. The girl is wearing the new Playtex Living® Bra! made of elastic and nylon, \$3.95

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International Latex Corp'n... PLAYTEX PARK... Dover Del ★ In Canada: Playtex Ltd... PLAYTEX PARK... Arrnprior, Ont.

*U.S.A., Canada and Foreign Pats.
and Pats. Pending

Replies From Survey Reveal:

9 OUT OF 10 NURSES SUGGEST DOUCHING WITH ZONITE FOR FEMININE HYGIENE



What Greater Assurance Can a Bride-to-be or Married Woman Have

Women who value true married happiness and physical charm know how *essential* a cleansing, antiseptic and deodorizing douche is for intimate feminine cleanliness and after monthly periods.

Douching has become such a part of the modern way of life an additional survey showed that of the married women who replied:

83.3% douche after monthly periods.
86.5% at other times.

So many women are benefiting by this sanitary practice—why deny yourself? What greater “peace of mind” can a woman have than to know ZONITE is so highly regarded among nurses for the douche?

ZONITE's Many Advantages

Scientific tests *proved* no other type liquid antiseptic-germicide for the douche of all those tested is so **POWERFULLY EFFECTIVE** yet **SAFE** to body tissues as ZONITE. It's positively non-poisonous, non-irritating. You can use ZONITE as often as needed without the slightest risk of injury. A ZONITE douche immediately washes away odor-causing deposits. It *completely* deodorizes. Leaves you with a sense of well-being and confidence. Inexpensive. Costs only a few pennies per douche. Use as directed.



If any abnormal condition exists, see your doctor.

WHAT'S NEW FROM COAST TO COAST

(Continued from page 22)

day night, October 1. The first half will be the variety *Stage Show*, and the second half will be the Gleason filmed production of “The Honeymooners,” with his cohorts, Audrey Meadows and Art Carney.

Navy Log, a factual adventure series drawn from the heroic exploits of the U.S. Navy, as logged on the official record, is being presented in half-hour dramatizations Tuesday nights. The dramas—all true-life stories—will depict the courage and daring of Navy personnel in this country and abroad. The Navy is cooperating with CBS-TV, providing facilities, information and the like, to produce the series.

Chrysler will begin presenting their Thursday-night special shows in a few weeks, alternating the dramatic *Climax* with the musical, *Shower Of Stars*. Jack Benny has already been signed for ten appearances.

Victor Borge has been signed to do two special one-hour, one-man performances on CBS-TV this season. The Danish musician-comedian will also make several guest appearances later in the fall.

ABC: M-G-M, the last motion-picture studio hold-out against television, has finally joined the parade. Beginning Wednesday night, September 14, *The M-G-M Parade* will become a weekly TV show, following *Disneyland*. George Murphy will serve as host and director.

September 14 is also the date for the new *Disneyland* series, starting off with “The Legends of Davy Crockett,” co-starring Fess Parker as Davy and Buddy Ebsen as George Russel. In “The Legends,” Walt Disney is introducing a new character—who could possibly become another national hero to youngsters. He is Mike Fink, the legendary American keelboat king, and he is played by Jeff York, an actor who stands six feet, four inches, weighs 230 pounds, has a fifty-inch chest measurement, and also possesses a rousing baritone voice. Needless to say, Disney has signed Jeff to an exclusive contract.

Warner Bros. Presents makes its bow on Tuesday night, September 13, with the first of its filmed drama series, “Casablanca.”

Also to be seen during the season will be complete stories done around the movies, “King's Row” and “Cheyenne.” Actor Gig Young will appear each week as host and will present a six-minute segment of each show, “Behind the Cameras at Warner Bros. Studios.”

Medical Horizons is an interesting new TV series, beginning Monday night, September 12. This documentary will promote the American way of medical life by presenting specific accomplishments in medicine brought about through the teamwork of modern medical research, education and practice. The series will originate live from medical institutions and research centers throughout the country.

This 'n' That:

CBS has signed Cathy Crosby, Bob's daughter, to a contract, and she's all set for a vocal career, following completion of her schooling. Cousin Gary also has a CBS pact, and the network would probably be very happy if they could tie up the rest of the “little Crosbys.”

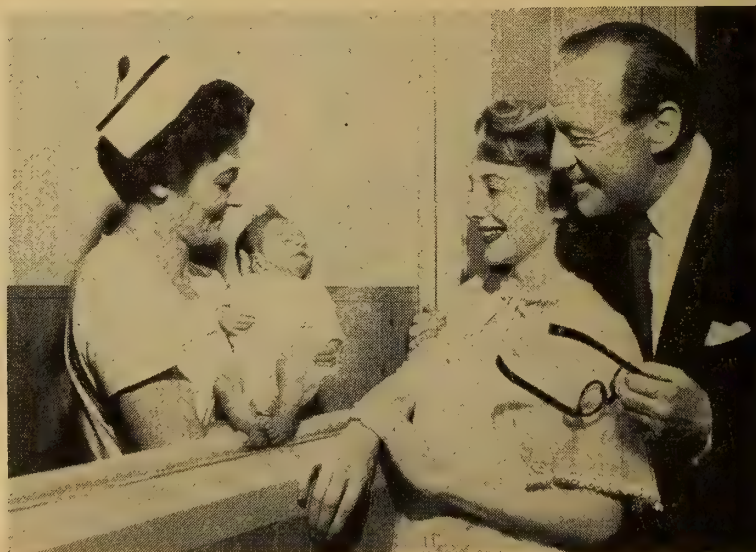
Dr. Frances Horwich, “Miss Frances” on NBC-TV's *Ding Dong School*, will start a teacher-recruiting drive this fall on her show. She hopes to go into the serious problem of the teacher shortage in the “parents' portion” of program, and will urge parents to encourage young friends and relatives to enter the teaching field.

Mary Stuart is singing Joanne Barron's lullabies to her own baby Cynthia now. Mary, who is married to TV producer Richard Krolik, has starred as Joanne in *Search For Tomorrow* in more than 1000 CBS telecasts.

And Jack Benny is now a grandfather! His daughter, Joan, and her husband, Seth Baker, are the proud parents of a tiny lad, named Michael. Jack celebrated the occasion by knocking a year off his age, and says from now on he's thirty-eight!

Mulling The Mail:

Mrs. R.W.I., Lafayette, Ind.: Curt Massey did sing on Chicago radio in the early 1940's, but hasn't done much professionally



Nurse Eva Blumstein shows off baby Michael to his mother, Joan Benny Baker, and Jack Benny, who thereupon “aged” from 39 to 38!



Jayne Meadows gets a head-start on Yuletide with hand-crocheted gifts.

since his show with Martha Tilton went off last year. He spends most his time with his family on his ranch near San Diego, California. . . . Miss L. K., Puryear, Tenn.: Bess Myerson, of *The Big Payoff*, is married to Allan Wayne, a manufacturer, and they have an eight-year-old daughter. . . . Mrs. H. A., Rochester, N. Y.: Jan Arden has been off the Robert Q. Lewis show for some time and has been doing mostly night-club work in the East and Midwest. . . . Mrs. L. McN., Philadelphia, Pa.: Cliff Edwards (Ukulele Ike) is scheduled to be one of the main human characters on the forthcoming *Mickey Mouse Club* show. . . . Mrs. F. C., South Hadley Falls, Mass.: Louise Albritton has not appeared on any regular show since *Concerning Miss Marlowe*. In private life she is married to newscaster Charles Collingwood. . . . Miss L. L. V., Chicago, Ill.: Tony Martin's real name is Alvin Morris, and he was formerly married to Alice Faye. . . . Mr. J. W., Los Altos, Calif.: Vampira, who emceed the late-hour horror show on Los Angeles TV, is not married. Her real name is Maila Nurmi.

What Ever Happened To . . . ?

Minerva Pious, the famed "Mrs. Nussbaum" of Fred Allen's radio program several years ago? Minerva has done little professional work since the Allen show went off the air. Recently, however, she signed to play a featured role in the movie, "Joe Macbeth," which is being filmed in Europe for release by Columbia Pictures.

Haleloke, the Hawaiian songstress and ex-Little Godfrey? Haleloke now has a steady job with a New York organization specializing in Hawaiian flowers, information and services. She recently guested on Horace Heidt's *Show Wagon* on NBC-TV.

If you have a question about one of your favorite people or programs, or wonder what has happened to someone on radio or television, drop me a line—Miss Jill Warren, TV RADIO MIRROR, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y., and I'll try my best to find out for you and put the information in this column. Unfortunately, we don't have space to answer all questions, so I try to cover those personalities and shows about whom I receive the most inquiries. Sorry, no personal answers, so kindly do not enclose stamped envelopes or postage, as they cannot be returned.



...Are you always fresh as a daisy?

Everywhere—all day—you'll be confident of your loveliness . . . when you use Fresh Cream Deodorant. Your underarms will stay fresh, moisture free.

Fresh contains the most effective perspiration-checking ingredient known!

Fresh is extra effective . . . yet it's kind to skin. Creamy smooth, not sticky, not greasy. Has a delicate fresh fragrance. Use Fresh every day—have an air of freshness always.

COMPARE!

See if your present deodorant is as effective as Fresh

Test it under one arm. Use Fresh Cream under the other. See for yourself if Fresh doesn't stop odor best, keep underarms drier, protect your clothes better than any other deodorant you've ever used.



a *Fresh* girl is always lovely to love

Fresh is a registered trademark of Pharma-Craft Corporation. Also manufactured and distributed in Canada.



What have they done to WHITE RAIN?

Feel it! Gobs and gobs more lather!

Feel that rainwater softness!



What a clean feeling! Will my hair be soft and sunshiny...in better condition? I just know it!

NEW PACKAGE...

NEW
EASY-GRIP BOTTLE...


WONDERFUL NEW
LOTION SHAMPOO!



NEW *WHITE RAIN*

By *Toni* the people who know your hair best!

Born to be an ACTOR



John Baragrey's wife is Louise Larrabee — actress.

For a romantic gentleman like John Baragrey, life is all drama—and drama is the life for him

By ERNST JACOBI

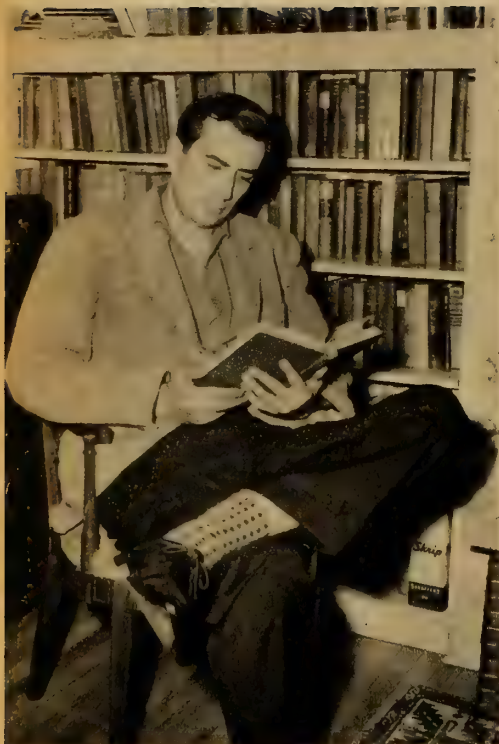
ON THE EVENING of November 28, 1954, John Baragrey took his final bow in his ninth Broadway flop, a farce called "One Eye Closed" which had lasted all of three performances. With rare unanimity, critics had panned it unmercifully, punning on the difficulty of "keeping the other eye open." Although Baragrey had received his usual excellent notices for his own part, the cumulative effect of nine successive failures was still depressing.

It hardly helped that his agent called a couple of days later, offering him

See Next Page ►

Born to be an ACTOR

(Continued)



For all his fine physique, John would rather read than roll logs. And, though he loves to cook, he'd rather eat! He and Louise are "city folks," but enjoy country life when playing summer stock at such playhouses as the one in Ivoryton, Conn.



a job on radio. "I don't know," Baragrey said doubtfully. "I don't even know if I can do it."

John had been in the theater for fourteen years, done a number of movies, and been a highly popular television star since 1946. He'd never done anything in radio, though, and—while he would have welcomed the opportunity during his struggling years—he couldn't get excited over it at this point of his career. Moreover, considering his lean and rangy six-foot, three-inch frame, his shock of black hair, arching eyebrows and aristocratic features, anyone was bound to agree that using only his voice was a shocking waste of valuable assets.

"It's a very good daytime drama called *The Doctor's Wife*," his agent explained. "You're to play the part of Dan Palmer, an idealistic young doctor practicing in a small town in Connecticut . . ."

"A doctor?" Baragrey interrupted, suddenly interested. "A small-town doctor. Okay, Dick. Thanks a lot. I'll take a stab at it."

As he put down the phone, John's mind skipped back some twenty-five years to his childhood and early youth in the little town of Haleyville, in the northern part of Alabama.

In those days, young John Baragrey (his real name, his father being of Basque descent) had idolized his Uncle Wash—Dr. Washington M. Godsey, his mother's brother and Haleyville's only resident physician. He'd spent more hours on more afternoons with him than he could count or remember. And, when Uncle Wash had recently passed away, his death had opened up veins of sorrow and regret unexpected after all these years.

Uncle Wash's house wasn't far from that of the Bara-



John Baragrey has acted in virtually every medium—TV, radio, Broadway plays, Hollywood films. While entertaining troops in the Pacific, during the war, he and Louise were cast in the same play for USO. And that's how John met his bride-to-be.

greys and each afternoon, when John came home from school, he went a little out of his way to see whether his uncle's black Ford coupe was standing in front of the gate. If it was, he'd go in or patiently wait outside, hoping to be taken along on his uncle's calls. In the car, Uncle Wash would talk to him almost as though he were a grownup, treating him like a young colleague, explaining his cases to him and filling him up with medical lore. When there was no danger of contagion for the child, the doctor would let John carry his bag into the house for him, give him a chance to listen and observe and let him occasionally help with some medical

chores. "My assistant," he always introduced John to his patients. But Johnny's proudest moment came once during an emergency, when Uncle Wash had to operate immediately and really needed an assistant. There was no one else available, and he had to let Johnny apply the ether and watch the patient's breathing.

"Well, Doctor Baragrey," Uncle Wash said, after it was all over. "I think we did a good job."

"That 'we' lingered for a long time," John recalls today. "I think in those days I wanted to be a doctor almost as much as I wanted to be an actor."

The wish, the drive to be an (Continued on page 82)

Daddy's wife ~ At home



Jean Hagen believes in growth and development, with one motto: "Don't be afraid to be yourself."



Danny Thomas and Jean were thrilled when "Make Room for Daddy" won an Emmy award in its first year on TV.

By BETTY MILLS

JEAN HAGEN, co-star on *The Danny Thomas Show*, "Make Room For Daddy," was changing in her dressing room when teenager Sherry Jackson—who plays her daughter Terry—came bursting in, chattering like a hot Geiger counter. She pirouetted in front of Jean and, all in one teen-age breath, exclaimed, "My-new-skirt-what-do-you-think-of-it? Isn't-it-just-the-greatest!"

Jean's look traveled down the skirt from waist to hem. It was like one long, all-enveloping pant-leg, leaving only a half-inch peek between lower hem and bobby-sock. Jean said, "It reminds (Continued on page 86)"

The Danny Thomas Show, "Make Room for Daddy," on ABC-TV, Tues., 9 P.M. EDT, is sponsored by the American Tobacco Co. for Pall Mall Famous Cigarettes and by the Dodge Dealers of America.

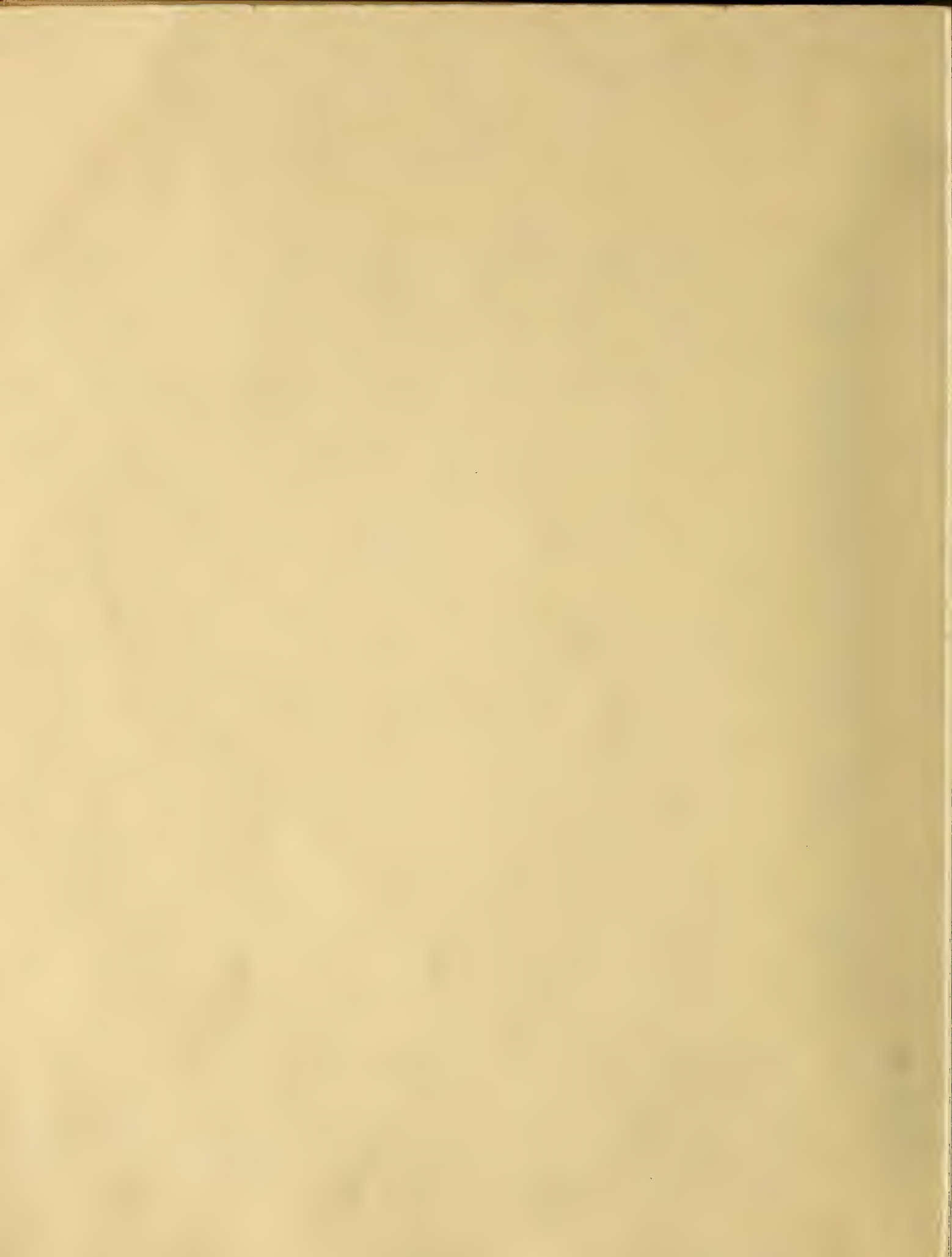
**Jean Hagen followed her heart
to the Danny Thomas show—and to
a happy marriage all her own**



Tom Seidel is Jean's real-life husband, a building contractor, who does wonderful things for their house.

Jean herself has been nominated for both TV's Emmy and Hollywood's Oscar awards. But her most satisfying starring role is as a housewife—and mother of little Aric Philip, 3, and Patricia Christine (known as "Chris"), 5.





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Tom Seidel is Jean's real-life husband, a building contractor, who does wonderful things for their house.





It's "just like old times" for 20-year-old Steve Lawrence, when he helps sister Rose and their mother with the dishes.



Fans surround him in the studios. But, at the old neighborhood candy store, he's still just Steve—who likes ice cream.



Young Steve Lawrence had a dream, and another Steve—Allen, that is—is helping to make it come true

By ED MEYERSON

AS EVERY baseball fan knows, Brooklyn is obviously part of the United States, since the Dodgers play in the National League. But, to many a TV fan, Brooklyn's chief export seems to be participants for quiz shows and studio audiences. Even on *Tonight*, NBC-TV's late show, Steve Allen merely has to interview someone who says he's from Brooklyn and the audience invariably responds with laughter and cheers.

But to Steve Lawrence, the handsome young singing star of *Tonight*, Brooklyn is no joke. That's where he lives! And, like all Brooklynites, he not only loves the place—he'll defend its honor at the drop of a hat. What's more, although Steve is now a top recording artist as well as a regular on the Allen show, he continues to live near the same community where he was born, and where he grew up.

"I read the papers," Steve says. "All this juvenile delinquency—there's no excuse for it. When I was a kid, our neighborhood was just as tough as it is today. We were under the same influences. As a matter of fact, I was in a club myself. Everyone was. A couple of kids would get together and say: 'Let's have a club,' and that's how it would start. Then they could all wear the same kind of jackets with the name of their club on the backs—and 'SAC' (Social Athletic Club) under it.

"My club was the 'Alabama Dukes'—but the worst we ever did was get into snowball fights. Today, the 'Dukes' are all responsible citizens, holding down jobs or serving in the Army. Some are already married and have children (Continued on page 99)

Steve Lawrence sings on *Tonight*, starring Steve Allen, as seen on NBC-TV, M-F, 11:30 P.M. EDT (11 P.M. CDT), under multiple sponsorship—and the preceding *Steve Allen Show*, over WRCA-TV (New York), M-F, 11:15 P.M., sponsored by Knickerbocker Beer.

SOMETHING FOR MOTHER



Music has always been part of his home. Above, left, brother Victor joins Steve in a song for papa Max and mama Anna. Below, left, Judy Rotkowitz is not only a neighbor—and former schoolmate—but coordinator of Steve's fan clubs. Center, he still slips money into the refrigerator for Mother to find! And, right, he still likes to discuss things with his dad.



Like Diane of Valiant Lady



Left: Flora Campbell stars as Helen Emerson in *Valiant Lady*, and Marion plays her rebellious daughter, Diane.

Not much of a view from the apartment



Marion Randall heard the city calling with a voice not to be denied

DREAM TOWN

By PHILIP CHAPMAN

HER MOTHER and father saw Marion (Sue) Randall off on the train to New York. Her father said, "Good luck, Sue. Don't worry about anything. You can always come home." Her mother kissed her cheek and said, "You'll have a wonderful time." She paused, then smiled. "I've always trusted you. I'm not worried about you now."

Sue smiled, too, and touched her mother's hand. "Thank heaven for that." And she got on the train and came to New York, where she got a room at the Studio Club, and a job, and she made some friends. . . .

Thus begins the story of one of the newest and brightest young TV stars in show business. When I kept an (Continued on page 75)

Marion Randall is Diane in *Valiant Lady*, on CBS-TV, M-F, 12 noon EDT, as sponsored by General Mills for Gold Medal Flour, Bisquick, other products, and by The Toni Company.



She's a "soft touch" for a wee, wobbly kitten—but doesn't believe in keeping it helpless.



Marion's still enchanted by the very sidewalks of New York, and is getting used to the city's round-the-clock din.

she shares with Inez and Priscilla. But the girls love their kitchenette—their busy phone—and getting ready for dates!

35





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Left: Flora Campbell stars as Helen Emerson in *Valiant Lady*, and Marion plays her rebellious daughter, Diane.



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Garry's Golden



Garry's acts of kindness sometimes take a reverse twist, letting others do unto him what impulse dictates—thus, one eager fan discovered that Mr. Moore's crew cut isn't half so bristly as it looks! Left, he's low man on the totem pole—Ken Carson just above, then Denise Lor and Durward Kirby.

By WARREN CROMWELL

SIX TIMES each week, Garry Moore sends this gentle admonition to the millions of faithful television viewers who make it a point to tune him in: "Be very kind to each other!" At the close of each television show on which Garry is emcee, the friendly thought is spoken, and the warm philosophy thus expressed has come to be known as part of Garry Moore and part of his programs.

Yet, when the program is over and the lights in the studio are turned off, the thought is not forgotten. It is not forgotten by the many viewers, as letters attest, nor is it forgotten by Garry Moore himself. For the man with the crew haircut and the unusual sense of humor lives by the precept he voices.

Garry gladly tells how he began using the thought. "It all started," he says, "at the end of a radio program of mine back in 1949. It was the custom then, as it still is, at the end of a show, when there is a little time left over, to give a slogan for safe driving. On this occasion, I spoke (Continued on page 101)

Garry is moderator of *I've Got A Secret*, CBS-TV, Wed., 9:30 P.M. EDT, sponsored by Winston Cigarettes. His *Garry Moore Show* is seen on CBS-TV, M-F, 10 A.M. EDT, under multiple sponsorship.

Rule



His heart goes out to such gallant youngsters as Billy Jennings in the 1955 Easter Seal Drive for crippled children.



That rocker was a gift from a fan—his secretary, Shirley McNally (below), can tell of many, many grateful letters.



Our Mr. Moore knows that giving a smile costs nothing—but receiving one can be more priceless than uranium



It was thrilling beyond belief . . . the happy Ferrer home in California, the arrival of precious Miguel Jose, all the fun of being wife and mother. But there was more to come, as Rosie found new worlds to conquer . . . in England, Scotland—and Ireland.



EVERYTHING'S ROSIE

By MARTHA BUCKLEY

THERE are two men in Rosemary Clooney's life these days. One of them calls her Rosie. The other doesn't call her anything. She calls one Joe. The other is named Miguel—but he's better known as "Bombo." One, of course, is her husband, Jose Ferrer. The other is her "fat baby" (the quotes are Rosemary's), who was born on February 7, this year.

It took me just about five minutes to discover all this when I saw Rosemary in London recently, for the first time in more than two years. . . . "So hello," said Rosie, as she breezed into London's swank new Westbury Hotel—for all the world as though it were the Brown Derby

and we'd seen each other only a couple of weeks before.

"What's new?" I countered—as though the whole world didn't know what's happened to Rosemary Clooney in the past two years or so.

Rosie tossed back her mane of blonde hair, smoothed her tailored black wool suit as she sank gratefully into a chair and grinned the typical Clooney smile at a hovering waiter.

"Something long and cool with lots of ice," she said. "I don't usually mind drinks without ice in England," she explained, "but this 'unusual weather' has got me. Might be back in California." And (Continued on page 84)

Rosemary Clooney Sings is heard over CBS Radio, Mondays, from 9 to 9:15 P.M. EDT.

Jose and Rosemary Clooney Ferrer

—and son!—find the whole,

wide, wonderful world

lying before them



WIN A VISIT WITH A STAR



Break The Bank: Dynamic emcee Bert Parks congratulates Jim, Betsy and Willard Allis after they broke the bank for \$5200.



The Lawrence Welk Show: The maestro and his Champagne Music have long been a West Coast sensation.



First-prize winner will be flown to and from New York or Los Angeles via United Air Lines.

An exciting weekend in New York or Hollywood, as the guest of Bert Parks or Lawrence Welk, can be yours—almost for the asking!

HOW WOULD YOU like to live the life of a celebrity—be the guest of a celebrity—for a fabulous weekend, in New York or Hollywood? Sound exciting? Well, it will be for the lucky winner of this big new contest. All you have to do is decide whom you would like to meet—Bert Parks, star of *Break The Bank*, in New York—or the star of *The Lawrence Welk Show*, Maestro Welk himself, in Hollywood. Once you've made your choice, answer the ten questions selected by Bert Parks and Lawrence Welk from *Break The Bank* categories and, in fifty words or less, tell why you would like to meet the star of your choice. Then mail in the complete coupon on page 41—and start dreaming of a delightful weekend that could happen to you!

Bert Parks is master of ceremonies for *Break The Bank*, on ABC-TV, Sun., 10 P.M. EDT. *The Lawrence Welk Show* is seen on ABC-TV, Sat., 9 P.M. EDT. Both popular programs are sponsored by the Dodge Dealers of America.

ANSWER ALL OF THE FOLLOWING QUESTIONS:

1. Featured in Irving Berlin's smash musical, "As Thousands Cheer," was the song, "Having a Heat Wave." The gal who introduced this song is a great singing star. What is her name?

Answer: _____

2. One of the most famous little girls in storyland and movieland is the heroine of "The Wizard of Oz." Judy Garland played the movie role. What is the name of that famous fictional little girl?

Answer: _____

3. Gilbert and Sullivan gave us many delightful tunes. Remember the one about three young ladies who sang, "Three little maids from school are we"? Name the operetta in which this song was featured.

Answer: _____

4. As a dancer she was known as Lucille LeSueur, but she went to Hollywood, changed her name and, in the Roaring Twenties, roared to stardom in a movie called "Our Dancing Daughters." What is her name?

Answer: _____

5. An all-time hit, "Lazy Bones," was composed by a man who has many other hits to his credit, including "Little Old Lady." Name this composer.

Answer: _____

6. Mexico has given us many stars. One of the most famous was the man who starred in such big silent movies as "Prisoner of Zenda," and "The Student Prince," with Norma Shearer. Name this famous man.

Answer: _____

7. A popular song of not so long ago was "The Carioca," which became a smash hit over night. It was featured in a movie which starred Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers. Name that movie.

Answer: _____

8. She was born on Christmas Eve, became famous as a stage star in "Daddy Long Legs," then as a movie star in such roles as "Mrs. Dodsworth," opposite Walter Huston. Who is she?

Answer: _____

9. The beautiful "Indian Summer" first came to life as a piano piece in 1918, and was well up on the "Hit Parade" of 1939. Name the great composer who gave us "Indian Summer."

Answer: _____

10. This lovely actress was once a schoolteacher, but she left her students for starring roles in movies such as "Lloyds of London" and "My Son, My Son." Who is she?

Answer: _____

Complete the following sentence in 50 words or less: I would like to meet
(Check one only)

☐ BERT PARKS IN NEW YORK

☐ LAWRENCE WELK IN HOLLYWOOD

because _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY or TOWN _____ STATE _____

Mail your entry to:
Win a Visit with a Star
TV RADIO MIRROR
P.O. Box 1789
Grand Central Station
New York 17, N. Y.

CONTEST RULES—READ CAREFULLY

1. Each entry must include the coupon containing your complete answers to the ten questions above, plus your fifty-word statement saying why you would like to visit *either* Bert Parks in New York or Lawrence Welk in Los Angeles.

2. Address entries to: Win a Visit with a Star, TV RADIO MIRROR, P.O. Box 1789, Grand Central Sta., New York 17, N. Y.

3. This contest ends midnight, Friday, October 7, 1955. Entries postmarked after that date will not be considered.

4. The first-prize winner will receive a weekend for two as the guest of Bert Parks in New York—or as the guest of Lawrence Welk in Los Angeles—depending on the choice specified. The winner will be flown to and from New York or Los Angeles by United Air Lines, will meet Bert Parks or Lawrence Welk, stay at a luxurious hotel, visit leading night clubs and the theater. The fifty second-prize winners will each receive a "Break the Bank" game. The fifty third-prize win-

ners will each receive a Lawrence Welk record album.

5. Entries will be judged on the basis of accuracy in answering the ten questions above, and originality in stating reasons for wanting to meet either Bert Parks or Lawrence Welk, in fifty words or less, on the coupon.

6. You may submit more than one entry. In case of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded. The decision of the judges will be final.

7. This contest is open to everyone in the United States and Canada, except employees (and their relatives) of Macfadden Publications, Inc., the Dodge Division of Chrysler Corp., its agencies and dealers.

8. All entries will become the property of Macfadden Publications, Inc. No correspondence can be entered into in regard to the entries. Names of all winners will be announced in the January 1956 issue of TV RADIO MIRROR.



Tommy Rettig is a growing boy and needs all the energy foods I can give him. He's also a "typical fan," proud of his autographed pictures. And he has great fun with Lassie, who "auditioned"—and chose!—him for his present TV role.

HE LOVES A "LASSIE"

By MRS. ROSEMARY RETTIG

AS THIRTEEN-YEAR-OLD Tommy Rettig's mother, I often get letters like this: "Dear Mrs. Rettig: My son has just turned fourteen, and overnight he has become a stranger to me—we hardly talk the same language any more. Did you have this problem when Tommy turned the teen-age corner? And, if so, how did you handle it?"

Although much of Tommy's time is taken up with acting and the CBS-TV *Lassie* (Continued on page 94)

Tommy Rettig is Jeff Miller in *Lassie*, returning to CBS-TV, Sun., Sept. 11, 7 P.M. EDT, as sponsored by the Campbell Soup Company.

Now, in his teens, a new hobby—dancing at home, with such friends as Jim Hookstratten, Marilyn Hall and Fred Gabourie.



But, now that he's 13, my son

Tommy has also discovered girls—and all the other teen-age problems!



He doesn't consider it work, playing with such wonderful people as George Cleveland ("Gramps"), Jan Clayton (his TV mother, Ellen)—and Lassie.

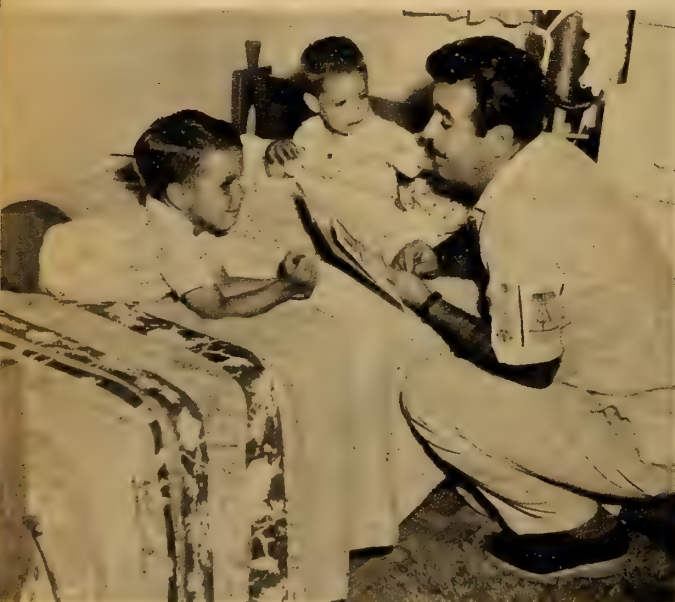


Tennessee's Partners

By BUD GOODE



Ernie clings to the name "Tennessee" as he clings to the rewarding memories of his childhood on a farm.



Most of all, Ernie hopes to be the same kind of dad to Buck and Brion as his own father has been to him.

SOME PEOPLE think of Tennessee Ernie Ford, star of both NBC-TV and CBS Radio, as a rollicking, romping, riproaring humorist from Tennessee. Yet there is a gentleness of nature in Ernie that many of his listeners have sensed with their inner ear, and many of his viewers have seen with their hearts as well as their eyes.

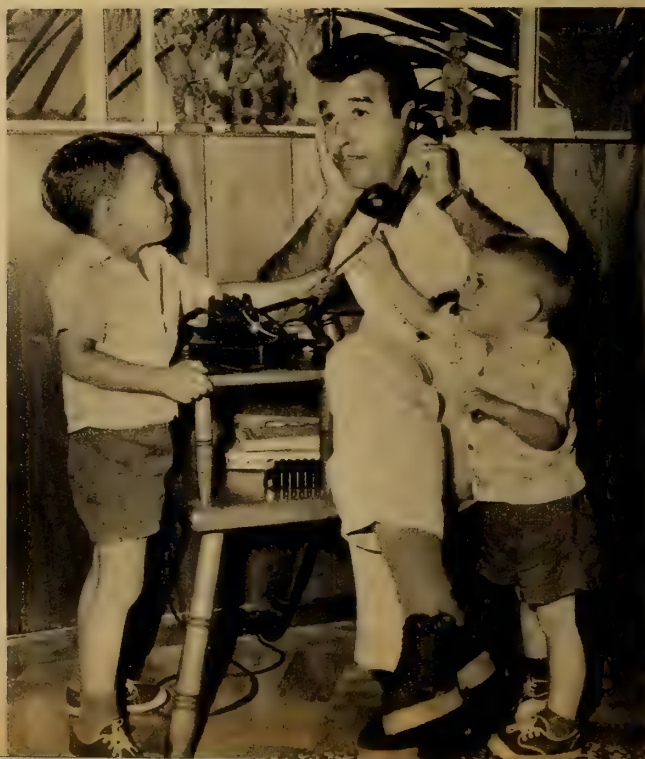
With his booming bass voice, black hair and brown eyes, Ernie is ruggedly handsome. Yet his bigness of frame surrounds a gentle nature, the sort of stuff that philosophers are made of. His "Ernie-isms" are being accepted across the country as woodsy philosophy. Ernie is becoming a pea-picker's Plato.

It's the thoughts of a man, as well as his actions, that make him a philosopher. On the Sunday of last May 29, for example, Ernie once again found himself back in the choir box of the Anderson Street Methodist Church in his home town of Bristol, Tennessee. He was home as a result of a gigantic celebration held in honor of the Tennessee boy who made good. Throughout the entire state, Governor Frank Clements had proclaimed it "Tennessee Ernie Ford Day."

Though he had traveled far and fast in the past five

Continued →

Life for his children is set in a different scene, but Ernie has found that the same truths apply everywhere.





California branch of a fine Tennessee family: Ernie, wife Betty, and sons Jeffrey Buckner (Buck) and Brion Leonard.

"Faith, family and friends"—these are the magic words which shape Ernie Ford's philosophy and set it to music

Tennessee's Partners

(Continued)



Ernie now has a pool 'n' everything. But the family's greatest joy is just "being together."



years—from a small Pasadena radio station, to Hollywood radio, TV and recording contracts, all topped by two weeks at the London Palladium—none of the experiences of his rocket-like rise to success compared with the thrill that Ernie felt at that moment, as he stood looking into the upturned faces of his family and friends.

There have been moments in all our lives when we've experienced an electric mental flash where a moment of pure vision spotlights the meaning of life. As Ernie stood singing to his old friends their welcoming smiles reached up to him. He was engulfed by a great, warm, back-at-home feeling. It was this which prompted the sudden flash of insight: Faith, family and friends—these things, he saw, were the lasting things in life . . . they never change.

What makes a man think such a thought? What are the subtle forces in his background which, like rivulets—when suddenly joined together—become a clear river of thought that makes a man a philosopher? What has given Ernie Ford the background for his homespun pea-pickin' Platoisms?

From the time he was eight years old to the time he left home at eighteen, Tennessee Ernie Ford lived on a farm near Bristol. "My dad," he says, "was an easygoing man who taught me many things. 'There are some things in life,' he used to say, 'that you'll always have to put up with. You might as well get used to them. On a farm, they're weevils, potato bugs, late spring rains, and heavy winter snows. Son, you'll just have to get used to them.

"'Patience,' my dad said, 'is best learned on a farm. You can be in a hurry with your chores, but with your crops you've just got to wait six months. No amount of frettin' will bring them out of the ground any faster.' And my dad also taught me that there's no place on the farm for worry. A farm was meant for work. Worry never helped crop or calf. When you've got troubles, you do a little bit about it every day. The doin' will chase the worryin' away."

But a philosopher is made of more than thoughts. Ernie's music, for example, has taught him the relation of the note to the tune, the relation of the part to the whole; his music has taught him that first things come first.

"I learned my faith early," he says, "at the knees of my mother and dad. They were very active in the church. In fact, the kids from hundreds of miles around still refer to my mother as 'Aunt Maude' and my dad as 'Uncle Clarence.' Dad has taken these kids on everything from picnics to 'possum hunts.

"When I was just two years old," Ernie says, "my dad took me into his Sunday School class, braggin' on me that I knew all the words to 'The Old Rugged Cross.' I rightly don't know if I did or not. I later sang tenor in the choir. After my voice changed, I sang bass—been doin' so ever since."

As a result of his interest in music, Ernie early learned that in the pattern of life there is both good

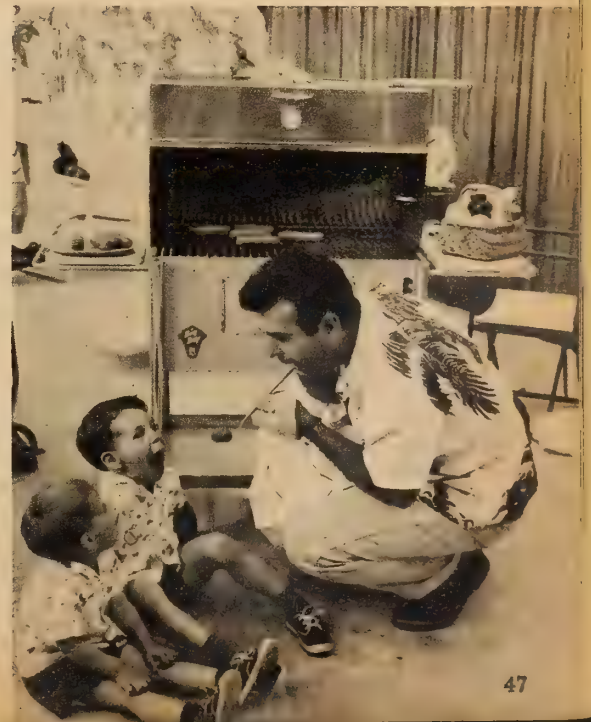


Mother and Dad were so proud when their boy came back to Bristol for the statewide "Tennessee Ernie Ford Day." Ernie himself was humble and grateful—as he's teaching his own sons to be—for all the blessings and fun of life.

and bad. "When I was a kid," Ernie says, "I remember the preacher, my mom and dad and I used to go to the jail to visit the prisoners. We took cigarettes, food, magazines and song books along, and we all sang. After the preacher read a little out of The Book, we'd sing again.

"These jail congregations were made up of everything from murderers to chicken thieves. I remember how the prisoners pressed their faces up close to the bars and joined in the singin'. Their faces lit up and they all sounded real nice. You couldn't tell from their faces which were the hardened criminals. They all had a soft spot in them somewhere. It was clear to me then that, in (Continued on page 78)

Tennessee Ernie Ford Show, seen on NBC-TV, M-F, 12 noon EDT, sponsored by Procter & Gamble (for Dreft and Tide), Miles Laboratories (makers of Alka-Seltzer), and others. *Tennessee Ernie Show*, CBS Radio, M-F, 7:05 P.M. EDT, as sponsored by Philip Morris Cigarettes, and NoDoz, others.







Rosemary plays Bob Cummings' sister on his hilarious show. Ann B. Davis (left) is his assistant, Schultzie.



Dad leaves for work before Mother—and "Neats" (Nita Louise) wants a big kiss, too.

A FULL LIFE

*Rosemary DeCamp (alias Bob Cummings' sister)
loves every moment of her busy, sunlit days*

BY FREDDA BALLING

SEPULVEDA BOULEVARD (alias U.S. Highway 101-A) is a colorful sight in itself, as it passes through a series of Southern California beach cities. There are antique shops, bait shacks, pet hospitals along the way, and occasional glimpses of the sparkling Pacific. The newest cars travel its many lanes, coastal shipping passes near the shore, the most modern planes zoom overhead from near-by airports. But, frequently, the most colorful sight along Sepulveda is lovely Rosemary DeCamp (alias sister Margaret MacDonald of *The Bob Cummings Show*). (Continued on page 69)

The Bob Cummings Show, on CBS-TV, Thurs., 8 P.M. EDT, is sponsored by the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company for Winston Cigarettes. Previous episodes can be seen on NBC-TV, Sun., 10:30 P.M. EDT, thru September.

Left: Her husband is Judge John Shidler, and their daughters are Margaret, 12; Martha, 9; Valerie, 7; Nita Louise, 3. Below: Margaret reads at bedtime to her sisters—and mother Rosemary.



All Rosemary's leisure is spent with her girls. Above, a game with Margaret.



The youngsters are always in something. Here it's good, gooey paints for Martha and Neats.





Ethel and Albert



Two wonderful people—Peg Lynch and Alan Bunce, who are happily married—but not to each other!

By MARTIN COHEN

ALAN BUNCE, who co-stars in *Ethel And Albert*, was at home in his built-in-1750 clapboard house when one of his sons got tangled in a crazy phone call. "What's it all about?" Pop asked.

"They want Peg—Peg Bunce," number two son reported. "They insist there is a Peg Bunce here."

Alan grinned. After eleven years, he is used to it. So is Peg Lynch, who is the other half of the *Ethel And Albert* team. Very often, people insist—to Peg's and Alan's faces—that they *must* be married. The reason is simple and flattering:

See Next Page →

Peg Lynch and Alan Bunce (above) are so real as Ethel and Albert (at left), viewers believe they're actually husband and wife. But here are their true-life families, gathered on the lawn of Peg's Connecticut home: From left to right—Alan and his daughter Jill (Virginia); Peg's aunt, Mrs. Helen Renning; Peg's mother, Mrs. Frances Lynch; Alan's son Elliott; little Elise Astrid and her mama, Peg Lynch; Peg's husband, Odd Knut Ronning; Alan's son Lanny (Alan Nugent) and Alan's wife, Ruth Bunce!





"Lise," at four, looks like Odd, acts like Peg, has a brightness all her own. "We're not rushing her," says Peg. "She's rushing us!"



Mama Peg is off to become her other self, Ethel. But Lise's in good hands, with Grandmother Lynch.

Ethel and Albert

(Continued)



Albert at home: At the piano, left to right—son Elliott, Ruth and Alan Bunce, daughter Jill, son Lanny. Below, the Bunces' German shepherd looks the other way, as Alan and Ruth raid the vines.





Actually, there's plenty of playtime for both Lise and her parents, at their charming country home, when Peg isn't writing, producing, acting in *Ethel And Albert* and Odd Ronning isn't busy with his work as a consultant engineer.

Their domestic skirmishes on TV look as though they're really being played for keeps. Peg and Alan know what they are about, for both are very much married—but not to each other.

The second question that always comes up is this: Are Peg and Alan in private life anything like what they appear to be on the show? Well . . .

TV's Albert Arbuckle is inclined to be a little boastful—Alan Bunce is self-effacing. Albert Arbuckle bumbles quite a bit—Alan gets to the point rather quickly. And Alan Bunce himself, for all of his first-rate TV clowning, is quite serious. He was president of the New York chapter of AFTRA for two terms and

then president of the whole national organization for another two terms. This is not an office given a man who is frivolous.

And Peg Lynch?

"Well, I'll tell you," Alan says. "Peg's got a great sense of humor. That's obvious from her performance and the kind of script she turns out—but she hardly ever laughs at my jokes."

Peg may not laugh at a joke, but sometimes that's flattering: The better the joke, the busier Peg is analyzing it. She's got a big, well-oiled, powerful brain, and she's got into the habit of using it. She's a hard-working gal. She owns the (Continued on page 79)

Ethel And Albert, starring Peg Lynch and Alan Bunce, CBS-TV, Mon., 9:30 P.M. EDT, is sponsored by Instant Maxwell House Coffee.

Below, at right—Alan and Ruth have an historic old house in Connecticut, too, dating back to the Revolution. Below, at left—a strictly family foursome, with Lanny and Elliott on this side of the net, Jill and their dad on the other.



who's who on MONITOR

**NBC gives new meaning to
weekend listening as it presents
a spectacular parade of personalities
and events throughout the world**

SINCE last June, NBC has been providing its listeners with a weekend magic carpet, called *Monitor*, which reaches any place in the world where there is something of interest or importance, with the mere push of a button. With a format as flexible as a rubberband, *Monitor* snaps into action each Saturday at 8 A.M. and bounces through forty hours of continuous entertainment. Some of the biggest names in show business serve as "communicators," handling four-hour segments of the program, while other celebrities appear intermittently as featured performers. At one moment, *Monitor* may take listeners to a night club for a jazz session, to a Broadway theater during play rehearsal, to a championship sports event, a wedding—even into the ocean to hear oysters laughing. On the purely practical side, there are frequent time signals, weather and traffic reports, local and worldwide news. *Monitor* listeners are certainly familiar with the bleep-bleep tones heard periodically. This is *Monitor's* unique trademark—which, actually, is a distortion of the high-frequency tones heard when making a long-distance telephone call. Thus far, *Monitor* has made great strides in revolutionizing the purpose and function of radio and, as long as listeners "stay aboard" its magic carpet, they can look forward to even more unusual horizons ahead.



FRANK BLAIR, handsome *Monitor* communicator, who, at 39, is a 20-year veteran of broadcasting, is also one of NBC's busiest news commentators. A native of South Carolina, Frank forsook a pre-med course to join a stock company as a director. A few months later he took one of the company's actresses as his wife, then joined a Charleston station as a newscaster. Subsequently, he switched his news activities to Washington, served in the Navy, moved to New York in 1953. Frank, wife Lillian and their seven children now live in Irvington.



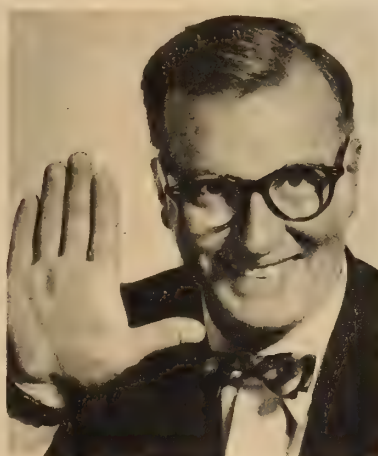
MORGAN BEATTY, another communicator, has been broadcasting to NBC listeners of the top-rated program *News Of The World* for nine years. Born in Little Rock, Arkansas, he became a newspaper reporter while still in high school. After attending college in Kentucky and Missouri, he was a member of the Associated Press from 1927 to 1941, when he joined NBC as military analyst. The next year he was a war correspondent from London, then a Washington correspondent until 1946, when he became editor-in-chief of *News Of The World*. Morgan lives near Washington with his wife and two sons.



NBC President Sylvester L. Weaver, Jr. sits in on a *Monitor* session handled by communicators Clifton Fadiman, Walter Kiernan, Morgan Beatty and Dave Garroway. Behind them is Radio Central, the \$150,000 push-button "listening post of the world."



JOHN CAMERON SWAYZE takes time out from "hop-scotching the world for headlines" on his nightly TV *News Caravan*, to preside as a communicator on a *Monitor* segment.



DAVE GARROWAY, always "at peace" on or away from his marathon radio and TV schedule, also lends his easy-going nature to a four-hour slice of *Monitor* entertainment.



CLIFTON FADIMAN, who for many years has combined his great talents as an author, editor, critic and lecturer with radio-TV emceeing, is right at home as a *Monitor* communicator.

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who's who on MONITOR

(Continued)



Monitor covers the world for NBC Radio from 8 A.M. EDT on Sat. to 12 midnight, Sun., and includes regularly scheduled network shows and frequent "breaks" for local-station news.



PAULINE FREDERICK, NBC's diplomatic reporter, and the only woman network news commentator, has filled her life with "firsts" and "onlys." After earning her B.A. and M.A. at American University in Washington, D.C., she launched her journalism career by interviewing the wives of Washington diplomats for the *Washington Star*. Since then, Pauline's traveled around the globe, covering war trials, spy trials, presidential conventions and inaugurations. In 1947, she was the only woman on a B-29 mission to the inauguration of the President of Uruguay. She was also the only woman commentator to cover the opening of the Council of Foreign Ministers in Paris, the lifting of the Berlin Blockade, and the Korean crisis in the U.N. One of her latest firsts, on *Monitor*, occurred at the 10th Anniversary celebration of the U.N. in San Francisco, when she got the first American radio broadcast with Russia's V. M. Molotov.

ART BUCHWALD, *Monitor's* roving European correspondent, travels about the continent. Armed with his tape recorder, Art chats with noted Americans-in-Paris, foreign diplomats, and the man on the street—from cab driver to gendarme. Art, who has regaled *New York Herald Tribune* readers for several years with his column, "P. S. from . . .", was born in Mount Vernon, New York, thirty years ago. At 16, he joined the Marines, and spent 18 months in the South Pacific. After his discharge, Art studied at the University of Southern California until 1948, when he received a \$250 war bonus check and with it bought himself a one-way ticket to France. When his resources approached nil, Art got a job with *Variety*, next joined the European edition of the *Herald Tribune*. Happily married and "gaining weight every day," Art is at his best as he records the off-the-cuff remarks of the people he interviews.



AL "JAZZBO" COLLINS, whose soothing voice leads *Monitor* listeners through a Saturday night session of dance music, is a big man—in size and musical know-how. A native of New York, he majored in radio at the University of Miami, and has worked at many stations. Last winter, after four years at WNEW in New York, Al moved to NBC. When he comes down from his "cloud," he lives with his wife Shirley on Long Island.



HENRY MORGAN, satirist extraordinary, holds the extraordinary position on *Monitor* of TV reviewer, and relays his bizarre observations to listeners. In 1933, 20-year-old Henry became the youngest announcer in radio. Since then, he has startled and delighted audiences with his "inspired chaos," on a variety of radio and TV shows. A bachelor, Henry has an apartment in Manhattan where he reads avidly—and "thinks."



LEON PEARSON, who brings *Monitor* listeners up-to-the-minute reviews of Broadway plays and movies, has been with NBC for eight years as a news commentator and critic-at-large. A Swarthmore graduate, he earned his M.A. at Harvard, became a newspaper columnist and news commentator, then a globe-trotting member of the International News Service. He has won praise for covering the U.N. since its inception.



RAY GOULDING and BOB ELLIOTT, better known as just Bob and Ray, also serve *Monitor* as critics-at-large—largely humorous. The master cut-ups from Boston, who have been a radio and TV team for almost ten years, are apt to pop up any time throughout the weekend with their "cast"—from Mary McGoon to Steve Bosco—to present an off-beat review of a sports or stage event, or offer a special "bargain."

As daughter, wife, mother—and beloved star—Arlene Francis has earned and thoroughly enjoys

the Gift of HAPPINESS

By HELEN BOLSTAD



Arlene and her husband, Martin Gabel, share all their son Peter's interests—from pint-sized magazines to parlor football.



A CERTAIN magazine writer, well known for his bitter exposes of prominent personalities, once concluded an hours-long interview with Arlene Francis by saying, "That's enough sweetness and light. Now give me the names of some people who don't like you. I need to get some conflict into this story."

Although a bit taken aback, Arlene laughed and tried to comply. But, after a minute, she shook her head. "Obviously there must be some, but apparently I just haven't cultivated them. I can't think where to send you."

Remarking that he would find such informants for himself, the writer departed. His air was confident. Human nature being what it is, he might well have expected that a woman who divides her life among husband, child, television, theater—and innumerable charities—must, through the sheer pressure of time, have stepped on a few super-sensitive toes. Also, that a woman so successful in all her endeavors must certainly have aroused some sharp-tongued person's warped jealousy.

The result of his search (*Continued on page 89*)

Arlene Francis is editor-in-chief of *Home*, NBC-TV, M-F, 11 A.M. EDT and PDT, and its preceding program, *People At Home*, 10:45 A.M. EDT, under participating sponsorship. She is hostess of *Soldier Parade*, ABC-TV, Thurs., 8 P.M. EDT, for U.S. Army Recruiting, and a panelist on *What's My Line?*, CBS-TV, Sun., at 10:30 P.M. EDT, for Remington Rand and Stopette.

Favorite room of both friends and family is the library, which is Arlene's reading room and workshop and a gathering place for all visitors.



On the mantel, her mother's photograph—on stairway, an oil painting of son Peter by actress Claire Trevor.





1. Mother Burton has never been able to resist interfering in her children's lives. But, now that she is engaged to marry Buck Halliday, she has found a new life of her own. Her daughter-in-law Terry is delighted at the results of her plan to bring Mother Burton and Buck together, but, as she admires the engagement ring, Stan Burton disapproves strongly.

the SECOND Mrs. BURTON

RECENTLY, Mother Grace Burton has been feeling as gay and young as a June bride. Not that the "Dowager Duchess of Dickston" has lost any of her regal manner or envisions yielding any of the matriarchal claims which have always served as a constant reminder to her daughter-in-law Terry that she is "the second Mrs. Burton." Only that, silver-haired and still a handsome woman, Mother Burton is having a December romance.

Long a widow, Mother Burton reigns as head of Dickston's most influential family. It is a position the strong-willed woman thoroughly enjoys—although her efforts to dominate and guide the lives of her son Stan and his wife Terry, and her daughter Marcia and her husband Lew Archer, have sometimes proved to be destructive. Certain that she and she alone knows what is best, Mother Burton has been eager to protect her family, laying down the law rather than letting them make—and correct—their own mistakes.

With her magnetic personality, Mother Burton might achieve more by giving suggestions only, rather than the meddlesome tactics she has used. But her desire for control has been too strong for Mother Burton ever to resist interfering. This has aroused resentment among the second and even the third generation of Burtons—all of whom seem to have inherited Mother Burton's strong-mindedness. But, as Mother Burton meddles in their lives and tries to dictate policy on the family newspaper, she is moved by a fear that she refuses to admit—the fear of spending her last years alone in Burton Towers, the large mansion in which she would like her children, though married and with families of their own, to live with her.

Terry has long recognized this fear of her mother-in-law's. When her own father recently married again, late in life, it occurred to Terry that—if Mother Burton did the same—it might be the solution to keeping the matriarchal widow from interfering in her children's lives. For, if Mother Burton found a romantic interest of her own, she might be too occupied to interfere in her children's lives.

With this idea in mind, Terry and Marcia drove from Dickston to Poughkeepsie to learn something about Buck Halliday, the widower who had once been a beau of Grace Deever's and was John Burton's strongest rival before Grace married John some thirty-five years ago. The girls had called on Buck, found him a bluff, somewhat flamboyant, hearty and quite likable man. They suggested that he call on Mother Burton, and they asked that he keep their visit a secret.

The wealthy real-estate dealer has followed the girls' suggestion, and he and Mother Burton have found that the attraction they felt for each other in their younger days still stands. The romance blossoms as Buck and Grace have frequent dinners together, make a trip to the theater in New York and discover, in their middle-aged courtship, the pleasure of each other's companionship.

Marcia and Lew Archer and Terry are delighted with the way matters are progressing. But Stan takes an immediate and strong dislike to Buck. As Mother Burton's only son, Stan has had to fight hard not to be strangled by her apron strings. But now he objects to the idea of his mother's marriage—objects almost without knowing why. He searches for faults in Buck, but his objection

A December romance reveals a new aspect of Mother Burton—and promises changes for all those near to her



2. Behind Mother Burton's haughty veneer has always been the fear of a lonely old age. Now, this fear vanishes as she plans her marriage to bluff, flamboyant Buck Halliday.

See Next Page—→

the SECOND Mrs. BURTON

(Continued)



3. As she helps Mother Burton with her trousseau, Terry draws closer to her mother-in-law and discovers a new warmth where she had formerly found only haughtiness.

Pictured here, as heard on the air, are:

Terry Burton.....Patsy Campbell
Stan Burton.....Dwight Weist
Mother Burton.....Ethel Owen
Buck Halliday.....Howard Smith

The Second Mrs. Burton, heard over CBS Radio, M-F, 2 P.M. EDT, is sponsored by Hazel Bishop "Stay-On" Cosmetics (for Long-Lasting Lipstick, Compact Make-up and Complexion Glow), General Foods (Instant Swans Down Cake Mixes), others.

only fires Mother Burton's interest in her suitor. Finally, despite Stan's protests, she accepts Buck's proposal of marriage.

Stan cannot even protest that Buck might be marrying his mother for her money or that the marriage might deprive him of his inheritance. For both Buck and Grace are more than secure financially and have signed an agreement that their fortunes will go to their respective families.

Then the subject of where Buck and Mother Burton are to live arises. Buck insists that they live in Poughkeepsie, where he is successfully engaged in the real estate business. But Mother Burton cannot think of leaving Dickston—where she reigns as social leader—or Burton Towers, where she reigns as family matriarch. Both are adamant in refusing to give up a home that means so much to each of them. As a result, the engagement is off and on and off again, as they quibble about the matter. Finally, Buck gives in and says that he will live in Dickston. As this point, Mother Burton remorsefully and romantically offers to live in Poughkeepsie.

During these quarrels over their future home, Stan claims that these disagreements prove Buck and his mother are not really in love. When the engagement is "off," Stan is pleased. When the romance resumes, he is unhappy.

Plans for the wedding move ahead, as Mother Burton shops for a trousseau and makes plans for the reception. Stan watches gloomily, and even Terry, Marcia and Lew—who approve of the marriage—must pause every now and then to wonder whether this December romance is really a wise step. Can the marriage which is now uppermost in all their minds really work out? Terry is optimistic—but, whatever happens, will this really change her own position as the *second Mrs. Burton*?



4. The engagement flounders as Buck argues that he must live near his real-estate business in Poughkeepsie and Mother Burton refuses to leave her home in Dickston.



5. Roses have always been particularly dear to Mother Burton. When Buck chooses this way of saying he'll live in Dickston, she remorsefully agrees to live wherever he likes. Terry sees the December romance full of promise of happy years to come for Mother Burton. But Stan, Mother Burton's only son, views the wedding plans unhappily. Are his doubts justified?

This is Kathy Godfrey



Above, baby Kathy with big brother Arthur in those childhood days at Hasbrouck Heights, N.J. Below, Mrs. Godfrey, the gallant mother they both admire so much.



So like her brother Arthur in her vivacity and courage, but with a feminine wit and charm all her own

By GLADYS HALL

THERE MAY BE warmer, folksier, more eager and outgoing people in the world than Kathy Godfrey—but I doubt it. We met the other day for the first time, at Cyrano's, the little French restaurant Kathy frequents in New York's middle Fifties. And, in less than nothing flat, it was heart-to-heart, woman-to-woman talk such as Kathy might have exchanged with a schoolgirl chum from her old home town of Hasbrouck Heights, New Jersey, or with a good neighbor out in Arizona, where her home is now.

Before we parted, an hour or two later, I—who had known very little of Kathy Godfrey, other than that she is Arthur's sister and has her own network show on CBS Radio—learned that she is married to Dr. Robert

Now Kathy has her own children—a daughter, 18, just wed—and son Robin, 11, who visits Kathy in New York (below).





There are so many sides to our Miss Godfrey: Her valiant battle against polio . . . her warm love of "people" . . . and her enthusiasm for her programs, which let her meet and talk with many, many people.

See Next Page ►

This is Kathy Godfrey

(Continued)

Ripley . . . lives in a ranch house a short distance outside a Western city . . . has two children—her married daughter, Nancy, eighteen, and son Robin, who is eleven . . . that two English bulls (Snifty and Christopher Robin), an outsize collie (Nicholas the Great), a guinea pig, two parakeets, two ducks and three tanks of tropical fish (belonging to son Robin) are "the other members of the family" . . . and that "Rosalie the Indispensable" minds the house while Kathy, in New York, minds the mike!

Friendly is the word—perhaps the aptest and most fitting word in the dictionary—for Kathy Godfrey. Yet there are so many words to describe her:

Pretty, for instance. Kathy is very pretty. Sapphire blue eyes, dark-lashed. Dark hair, chestnut brown with russet lights in it. Slim—117 pounds slim. Five-foot-five in height. Chic. And, although you can't pinpoint it, there is a resemblance to brother Arthur, despite the difference in coloring. Perhaps it's the way she laughs, or an expression in the eyes—a "family resemblance." All this, plus a husky voice which has been described as "a combination of Jean Arthur and Margaret Sullivan, with just a hint of Loretta Young!"

Courageous. Definitely, Kathy has courage. The never-say-die brand of courage which enabled her, after being stricken with paralytic polio at the age of eighteen, to walk again . . . to marry and bear children . . . and

to have a career—a progressively more and more successful career in the field she loves with an abiding love.

And *happy*. For, when the talk turns to the Big Deal in her life as of now—the *Kathy Godfrey Show* on CBS Radio—her happiness simply shines! The show itself is a happy one, featuring guests, not just because they're singers or dancers or "names"—not even because they're the little tailor, age 87, from the Bronx, or the carnival barker or the understudy who were among her early visitors on the program—but because something *nice* has happened to them, something happy which they can pass on to you and me.

Spiritual, too, is a word that belongs to Kathy Godfrey. For—earthy as she is, and human as can be, and gay—there is spiritual quality about Kathy, and you feel it. What you feel is her faith, her own particular and proven faith, of which she says: "I'm pretty solid in my belief in the power of positive thought. I really do believe this—that, if you want something, really want it, *you will get it.*"

She should believe it. It worked for her. For, when polio hit Kathy and doctor after doctor told her she would never walk again (some even questioned whether she would ever be able to stand again)—*she walked again.*

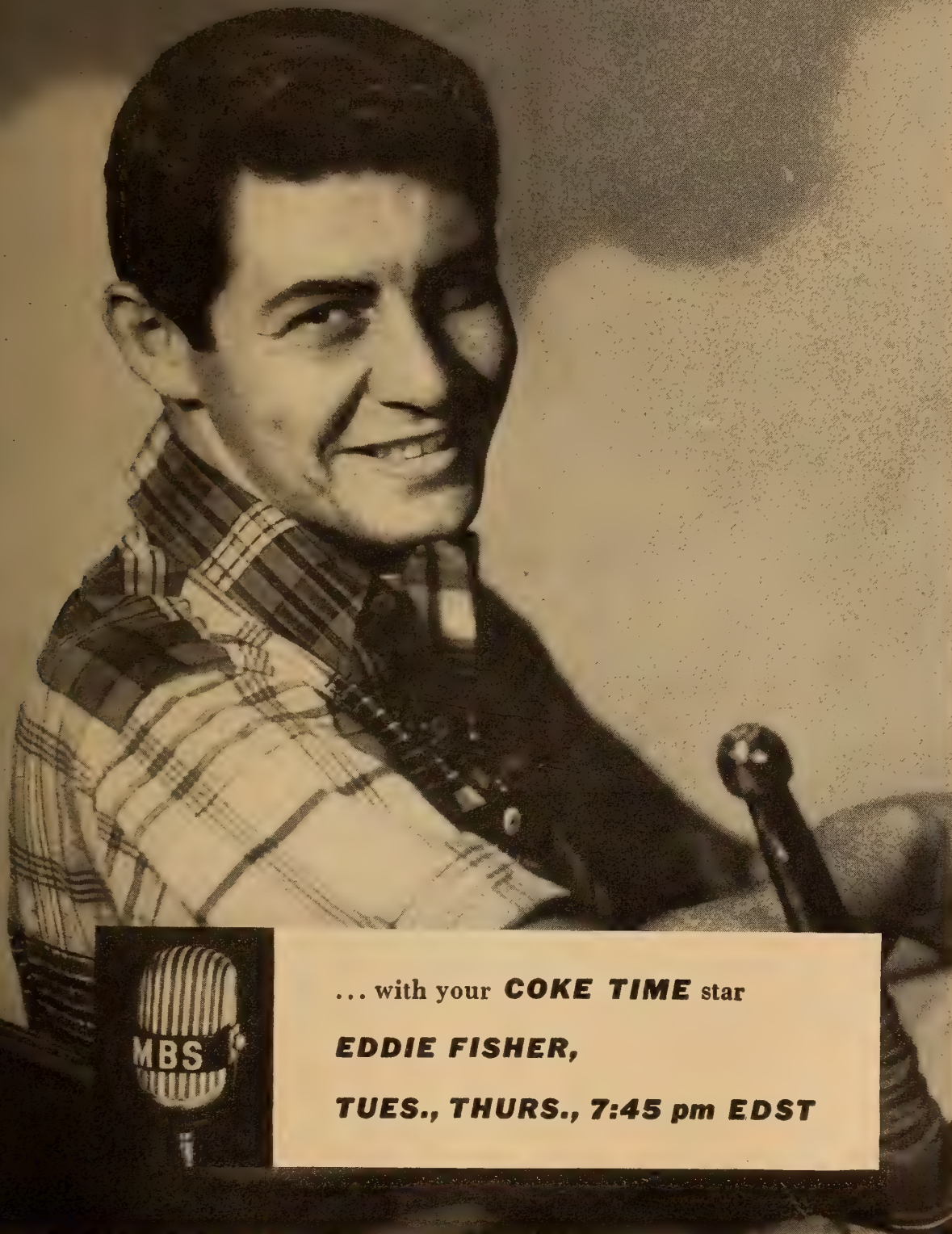
Today, the active and agile (Continued on page 96)

The Kathy Godfrey Show is heard over CBS Radio, Sun., from 2:05 to 2:30 P. M. EDT.

Kathy would love to do a show with a panel of New York taxi drivers, "who know everything about everything." Below, son Robin agrees that cabbie Morton Weinberg really seems to know his stuff!



**YOU ARE YOUNG AT HEART
LISTENING TO MUTUAL—
the radio network for all America...**



... with your **COKE TIME** star
EDDIE FISHER,
TUES., THURS., 7:45 pm EDST

Do you really know yourself?

LIFE is unpredictable. Nobody can say for certain what problems tomorrow will bring, but if you know yourself, how you react, what you want out of life, you can meet problems with the odds all on your side.

How would you act if in-laws were spoiling your children? What would you do if the man you love turned to someone else? If you had more money, would you know how to use it well? Have you found faith and learned to live with God?

Life's problems are many. Happiness can be just around the corner or can be gone forever. You will want to capture it for yourself and for your family.

You can learn to know yourself better by reading TRUE STORY—the magazine of human problems told by the people who lived them. These people are not rich or famous; they are ordinary folk who have come through one of life's many trials and learned some important truth they want to share.

**How would you have acted in their place?
Would you have done as well—or worse?
Could you have avoided the problem entirely?**

Only when you have known the innermost feelings of others can you know your own feelings. Only when you understand others can you claim to understand yourself.

This sharing of human experience in a complicated world is the idea behind TRUE STORY. It is carried out even in the homemaking, child-care, beauty, and self-improvement features. The Editors who conduct these important departments were chosen not only for their thorough knowledge of the subject but for their broad experience with people and how they live, their eagerness to talk with readers and learn their opinions. Recipes, for example, come from readers. They are tested scientifically in the TRUE STORY kitchen but they have first been tested and found good by a housewife and her family.

If you believe that you can learn from your neighbors, if you believe that in the long run the sum of human experience is the surest guide, if you believe that the effort to understand yourself and other people better is of first importance in leading a good life, then read TRUE STORY, not only for entertainment but for the truth it tells you about life.

J. S. Manheimer

PUBLISHER

A Full Life

(Continued from page 49)

Regular travelers on Sepulveda are now used to seeing Rosemary—a remarkably pretty girl with gray-green eyes fringed with sooty lashes, brown hair dramatized by premature wings of white at each temple—talking furiously to herself as she drives along. Stopping at signals, she may consult a manuscript, experiment with a tone or gesture. She may review her timing, or question a stage direction, or caution herself—aloud—to pause at such-and-such a point for a laugh. Then, to the license plate ahead, she says: "Yes, but suppose the laugh doesn't come?"

Often, a fellow motorist reassures her by shouting to the actress—so busily exercising her art on the way home to her second "professional job" as wife and mother—"Hi, Rosemary! Very funny show last week. Keep belting 'em, kid!"

Rosemary DeCamp is almost never called "Miss DeCamp" or "Mrs. Shidler." The butcher, baker, electrician, veterinarian, delivery boy, ice-cream vendor, forty or fifty neighborhood children—and all passing highway acquaintances—know her approvingly as "Rosemary."

Her reaction to this camaraderie? "Sometimes I'm startled, but I'm always more flattered than surprised!"

Wholesale adoption of Rosemary by the population is not a new manifestation. Originally, it was fostered by her Nurse Judy Price characterization on the Dr. Christian radio program. It was advanced by heartwarming "best friend" roles in such films as "Cheers for Miss Bishop," "Hold Back the Dawn," "Blood on the Sun," "From This Day Forward" and "By the Light of the Silvery Moon." Lately, she has been repossessed by all her old-time fans—and claimed by a multitude of new ones—because of her outstanding performance on *The Bob Cummings Show*.

Funny as that show is (and it boasts a masterly script by writer-producer Paul Henning), it can never come up to actual life in the DeCamp-Shidler household. Rosemary and her husband, Judge John Shidler, live in a hillside house on a wind-washed, sun-dazzled piedmont about thirty miles from the nearest movie studio or TV station. Set on a curving street named Camino de las Colinas ("Highroad of the Mists"), the house is a rambling, two-story, white stucco structure with wide, arched windows and a red tile roof. It is surrounded by trees half a century old, by *copa de oro* vines heavy with their great golden flowers, by bougainvillea in clarion bloom, and by resplendent views of the timeless Pacific.

"Rambling" is not precisely the correct term for the house. It sits still, actually, but it vibrates like a bass drum marching in a high school band. In this case, however, the band is inside the drum. The DeCamp-Shidler complement of children is four—all girls. However, to the best of everyone's knowledge, there has never been a day during the past plenty years when a mere quartet of children flowed in babbling stream through the house. Usually, the number would be twice to three times the "native" population.

The Shidler roll call reads: Margaret, Martha, Valerie, and Nita Louise.

Margaret was born November 21, 1942. She is a willowy, blue-eyed girl, full of dreams about becoming a concert pianist. Her heroine is Myra Hess, and one of the most breathless evenings of her life was that spent at a Hess concert.

Martha was born July 25, 1946. ("There was a pause in the roll call between Margaret and Martha," Rosemary explains,

What's New in Colgate Dental Cream that's MISSING-MISSING-MISSING in every other leading toothpaste?

It's GARDOL—To Give Up To 7 Times Longer Protection Against Tooth Decay ... With Just One Brushing!

GARDOL Makes This Amazing Difference!

MINUTES AFTER BRUSHING WITH ANY TOOTH PASTE



DECAY-CAUSING BACTERIA RETURN TO ATTACK YOUR TEETH!

12 HOURS AFTER ONE COLGATE BRUSHING GARDOL IS



STILL FIGHTING THE BACTERIA THAT CAUSE DECAY!



No other leading toothpaste can give the 12-hour protection against tooth decay you get with Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol

Any toothpaste can destroy decay- and odor-causing bacteria. But new bacteria return in minutes, to form the acids that cause tooth decay. Colgate Dental Cream, unlike any other leading toothpaste,* keeps on fighting decay for 12 hours or more!

So, morning brushings with Colgate Dental Cream help protect all day; evening

brushings all night. Gardol in Colgate Dental Cream forms an invisible, protective shield around your teeth that lasts for 12 hours with just one brushing. Ask your dentist how often to brush your teeth. Encourage your children to brush after meals. And at all times, get Gardol protection in Colgate Dental Cream!

*THE TOP THREE BRANDS AFTER COLGATE'S.

Cleans Your Breath While It Guards Your Teeth

"because John was away at war.") Martha is known as the family zoologist and gypsy, one activity supplementing the other. "I never know where she is," her mother notes equably. "One afternoon I decided that I had wondered once too often about where she was spending so much time, and set out to look for her. I was told that she had been working on some sort of cave, an activity positively forbidden in these unstable clay hills. I located the young lady almost at once—only her feet and ankles showing. When I shouted at her to crabwalk out of there with speed, her answer came back, muffled but ecstatic: 'I have found five baby owls.' Well, I've always wanted a white owl and Martha knew it, so all scolding was forgotten while she and I drove around the neighborhood finding homes for the abandoned feathered babies that we couldn't keep."

Martha also has the distinction of having captured, without gloves, what may be the only three-cornered lizard in the California hills. That's right: It had two tails. In the old days, it would have been instantly christened "P-38," but the "Davy Crockett" set has never heard of World War II's most fascinating outline against the skies.

Martha's butterfly collection was the joy of her heart until it was raided by a vandal, a tragedy inadvertently given worldwide publicity. What the news dispatch lacked in authenticity, it supplied in sprightliness. The marauder who munched on the lepidoptera was Martha's baby sister, Nita Louise, eighteen months old at the time and distinguished by an odd appetite and no qualms.

Rosemary happened to mention the domestic mishap at the radio station and the next thing she knew, the story had been grabbed gleefully by one of the wire services. A single discrepancy was included: The owner of the butterfly collection was stated to be Judge Shidler. You know how those things are handled—"Noted jurist loses priceless collection to small daughter's palate."

A few weeks later the letters began to pour in from Hong Kong, Patagonia, Egypt, the Pacific Islands, and the upper Amazon. Along with the letters of condolence came handsome specimens of the butterflies typical of the writers' geographic area.

Judge Shidler, tepid toward the entire winged world up to that point, suddenly became interested. Thereafter, in his rare spare hours, he might be found with text, notebook, and magnifying glass, studying the rainbow array of fancy-flies—while making sure that they were well out of tongue-reach of the young lady with the exotic cravings.

By that time, Martha—whose collection had started the whole thing—had turned to a new hobby: Money. She is now known as "Little Dough Eyes." She owns a ceramic piggy bank roughly the size of a yearling calf, and there is a local rumor that before long she won't be able to lift it without a crane.

Daughter number three is Valerie, born December 14, 1947. Perhaps the prettiest of a wonderfully comely group, she has the ingratiating habit of asking visitors for their autographs. She has spent enough time with her mother on shopping tours to have come to the conclusion that autograph-collecting is something every alert child does. It is the family opinion that she currently owns the finest known collection of the squiggles of ice-cream vendors, garbage collectors, TV repairmen, grocers' delivery boys, and casual passersby.

Being fascinated by the written word, Valerie is also inclined to communicate with her mother by note. Several times each day, Rosemary is in receipt of some such neatly printed request as, "May I go

over to Susie's house answer yes or no."

Nita Louise, the baby whose hobby is eating anything that doesn't scream first, was born March 21, 1952, and is dubbed "Neats" by the family. "Neats" is an exact accolade. Temperamentally, she is a junior-grade fashion plate. She is agog over new shoes, ribbons in her hair, and ruffled dresses worn over five petticoats, and she resists with considerable force the morning suggestion that she get into her zipper suit. (Rosemary dresses the girls in identical styles, varying colors to suit the complexion of each. Mainly, they wear quilted cotton zipper suits for leisure, a system which has saved Rosemary hours of shopping time and hours of junior indecision over what to wear.)

The father of this agile brood is a tall, handsome, dedicated man of the law who met Rosemary when she was a student at California's renowned Mills College, and he himself was completing his law course at Stanford. "When I met him," Rosemary recalls, "I knew he was an exceptionally dedicated man, but it didn't dawn on me that our home was to be sort of a recuperating station for various kinds of fledglings with broken wings"—which is the DeCamp way of saying that Judge Shidler regards the providing of shelter and counsel for

and altogether ideal for Rosemary to sort out, for prompt completion, one or two projects from among the several hundred planned in her dreams. Because the dining-room wall had been painted a dusty rose recently, she decided that Project One might consist of adding vertical serpentine silver lines on the window wall for a contemporary effect, reminiscent of wave marks upon sand. Also, this could be entrusted to a corps of junior workers while Rosemary assailed Project Two: Building a tile-topped circular seat around a magnificent old evergreen growing in the garden.

In the dining room, Rosemary assembled ladders, stools, brushes, thinner, aluminum paint, and a zipper-uniformed crew. At her own site of endeavor, she collected trowels, grout, tile, and the outline of a tentative design.

In a few moments, industry was rampant—a fact which spread through the neighborhood as if wafted on the fragrance of popping corn. In no time, each daughter had a buddy on deck and eager to help. In no time plus-one-hour, each daughter had at least two buddies. In no time plus-two-hours, sixteen Brownies assembled for a meeting which had been overlooked in the date book.

Rosemary shunted the Brownies to the lower patio, where they prepared to haunt field and stream, doing whatever Brownies do do. Meanwhile, there was a drive on milk, Cokes, and fruit juice. With grout on her hands and mayhem in her heart, the tile-setter was called upon again and again to mix punch, supply additional sandwiches because someone had forgotten her little brown bag loaded with provisions, and to arbitrate discussions between Brownies and certain anti-Brownie guests.

At this point, the telephone rang and the welcome voice of an old school chum brought word that the chum was at the airport and had been notified of a two-hour minimum delay in airline connections. She and her husband wondered if it would be convenient. . . . Of course, of course. Just tell the cabbie to take 101. . . .

No time now to get that new permanent; no time to buy that airy new frock; no time to do anything except whip up iced coffee and one of those spontaneous-combustion desserts.

The guests arrived, greetings were exchanged, and the upper patio was pre-empted for the adults—at least, that was Rosemary's edict to her small fry and their battalion. Conversation proved to be easy, familiar, and altogether delightful. Actress, tile-setter, decorating foreman, and mother relaxed simultaneously into one woman's uncomplicated enjoyment of her guests.

Promptly, a joyous scream from the lower patio was followed by a mass attack upon the adult meeting and the leader's announcement. "I've just found one of our lizards, the one with fingernail polish on its nose. Where shall I hide it so the cats can't get it?" And she held up a wriggling organism in triumph.

Rosemary said, "Excuse me a second," and gave her daughter both advice and admonition. "And now, where were we. . . ."

Mrs. Shidler, the judge's mother, arrived for a brief call, was introduced, and a second later was spied by her grandchildren. "Mah Jongg," they yelled, avalanching upon her. "Come down to our patio and play Mah Jongg."

She said she had to make a telephone call first. She had been trying to make contact with a friend all day without success. She returned shortly to say that there was no response—perhaps all the telephones were out of order. (The airline had agreed to call Rosemary's guests when their plane was thirty minutes away from take-off.)

Mrs. Shidler was drawn Mah Jongg-

R. S. V. P.

You're invited . . . to one of the gayest social events of the year, **Charles Baxter's** gala dinner-dance at the Waldorf-Astoria . . . where top stars of daytime drama prove they shine just as brightly at night! Your favorite players from

The Guiding Light



Love of Life



The Secret Storm



and The Brighter Day

will be there . . . in light-hearted, intimate **full-color** pictures . . . be sure to see them all in the

November issue of

TV RADIO MIRROR

on sale October 6

the worthy unfortunate as one of the responsibilities of his job. Sometimes, the Shidler guest is a teenager who needs temporary guidance; sometimes, it is a frightened girl in her twenties, a long way from home, who needs assistance through professional training, a divorce readjustment, or pregnancy.

Also involved in good works of various kinds—such as sewing for the local hospital and aiding at bazaars—are Rosemary's mother, who lives near by and drops in regularly, and Judge Shidler's mother, who is also a frequent joiner of the clan.

Now that you have met the central figures in a cast likely to shag in and out of this drama, it is only fair to detail for you a more or less typical day in the life of actress-householder Rosemary DeCamp Shidler.

This particular morning got under way at about seventy degrees, bright and clear

ward when a new chorus of screams arose from the lunch area. Some villain had "filled" the Brownie sandwich bags with bees. The adults went to the rescue, found a total of two bees. No trial was held, but it was apparent that some zoological type had, at considerable effort and peril, trapped a bee in each of two luncheon sacks simply to keep the day from becoming a bore.

Rosemary led the trek back to the breeze-filled patio, cool and peaceful to the eye, and was presented with a letter. "May I have an ice-cream bar? Answer yes or no," it read. Rosemary wrote, "No. Mrs. John Shidler," and returned it to her three-year-old, serving as messenger for both parties to the communique. A moment later, an upstairs window opened wide and a flurry of paper torn to confetti bits came floating down in eloquent comment.

From the lower garden arose a jumble of murmurous delight as a new delegation, headed by an ecstatic Shidler lass, broke through the gate, announcing: "Merry Christmas (the dog) is having her puppies. First, she had one, and just now she coughed up another one."

This announcement was still trembling in the air when a magazine writer and photographer (due a day later, according to Rosemary's calendar) arrived to do a home sitting.

Said the traveling guests, "It's been wonderful, but I think we should be getting back to the airport since we seem to be out of communication. . ."

The air was split by a shrill wail.

Until that moment, throughout the not uneventful afternoon, Rosemary had remained imperturbable, accepting each new development with bland philosophy and a shrug highly flavored with "C'est la vie."

Now, abruptly, she sprang into action, her eyes wide, her movements quick and correlated. The amused spectator had been translated instantly into the mother whose ear knows every note and modulation of a child's cry. The wail, rising near and nearer, was not that of outraged pride or angry frustration. There was fright in it, and need.

It was Valerie who rushed into her mother's arms, blurring something about a fall from the swing. Expertly, Rosemary looked her over, deciding that the small nose was not broken, only skinned, and that the forehead was only scraped, not badly bruised. Rocking back and forth as she crouched with the seven-year-old in her lap, Rosemary kissed the tears away, murmuring the comfort and reassurance that are powerful cures for small damage. Finally, she set the child back on her feet and headed her toward further play.

The guests, somewhat shaken, moved toward their taxi, uttering the niceties—lovely home, delightful visit, it must never again be so long between meetings. Then Rosemary's chum said frankly, "I don't see how you manage, yet you certainly do—beautifully. You're everything: Wife and social worker, homemaker and mother, career woman and handyman. I should think you would have had a nervous breakdown before this."

Rosemary laughed from the depths of her heart. "Me—nervous? I don't have time for that sort of thing." And, as she waved her guests on their way she added, "Hurry back, and when you think of me, just remember—it's a full life."

Martha joined her mother. "Look—a three-cornered lizard. It has two tails," she particularized.

Rosemary studied it. "Only on these premises could it happen," she muttered. "But, as I said, it's a full life."

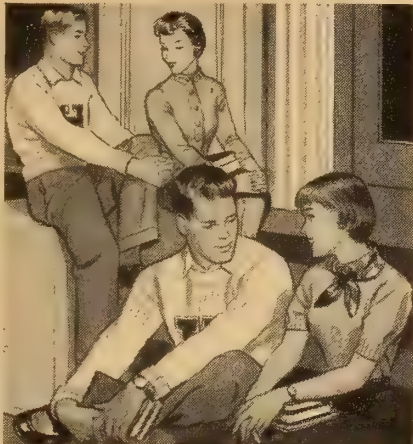


How to cope with a wolfish stranger?

- ☐ Konk him ☐ Outwit him ☐ Get off the train

You're the perfect lady you were brought up to be—but to Fang Boy you're just another morsel of smooch-bait. How to escape his clutches? (Got a bumbershoot handy?) There's a simpler way than denting his so-called brain. *Outwit him*—by asking

another male passenger to exchange seats with you. It's a perfect squelch. Fail-proof! Ever try to outwit calendar problems, too? You can, by choosing Kotex*, and getting the safety—the *non-fail absorbcency* you need for perfect confidence.



To snare a Man of Letters, should you speak—

- ☐ First ☐ His language ☐ With an accent

So you don't know a dribble from a drop kick, hey? Better start discovering the sports page, if you want the letter-sweater lad to get your message. Learn to talk boy language—about football, basketball, track. See what an ice breaker it can be. And don't be a date breaker, at "that" time! Go to the games in comfort—with Kotex and the chafe-free softness that *holds its shape!*



Which does most for your social rating?

- ☐ Your gloves ☐ High heels ☐ Your hat

You'd prove you're part of the "grown up" world? Wearing a chapeau adds to a gal's social stature. Forsake the bareheaded or peasant (babushka) look. A hat's vital to your outfit—for church, club or school ceremonies; job hunting, travel. To add poise on certain days, let Kotex and those *flat pressed ends* prevent revealing outlines. Try all 3 sizes: Regular, Junior, Super.

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins

Free booklet! Want hints on dating, etiquette, grooming, fashions? Send for fascinating free booklet "Are You In The Know?" Gives poise-pointers selected from "Are You In The Know?" advertisements. Write P. O. Box 3434, Dept. 12105, Chicago 54, Ill.



*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Inside Radio

All Times Listed Are Eastern Daylight Time.

Monday through Friday

NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
Morning Programs			
8:30 8:45	Local Program	John MacVane	
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Robert Hurleigh Easy Does It News, Cecil Brown 9:35 Easy Does It (con.)	Breakfast Club	News Of America
10:00	Mary Margaret McBride 10:05 Norman Vincent Peale One Man's Family Second Chance	Cecil Brown	My True Story
10:15 10:30	Guest Time* News 10:35 Johnny Olsen Show	10:25 Whispering Streets	Arthur Godfrey Time
10:45	10:55 News	When A Girl Marries	
11:00	Strike It Rich	Companion— Dr. Mace Paging The New	Arthur Godfrey (con.)
11:15	11:25 Holland Engle		
11:30 11:45	Phrase That Pays Fibber McGee & Molly	Albert Warner, News Your Neighbor's Voice	Make Up Your Mind Howard Miller Show
	*Wed., Faith In Our Time		

Afternoon Programs

12:00	Noon News 12:05 Here's Hollywood	Valentino	Wendy Warren & The News
12:15 12:30 12:45		Frank Farrell	Backstage Wife Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Pauline Frederick	News, Cedric Foster Luncheon At Sardi's Letter To Lee Graham	Road Of Life Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15		Luncheon With Lopez 2:25 News, Sam Hayes America's Front Door	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	News 3:05 Wonderful City Spotlight Story Just Plain Bill	Ruby Mercer Show	Martin Block This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Right To Happiness Stella Dallas Young Widder Brown Pepper Young's Family	Bruce & Dan	Martin Block (con.) Linkletter's House Party Fred Robbins Show
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Woman In My House Lorenzo Jones Lone Ranger 5:55 Dan'l Boone	Sgt. Preston Bobby Benson America's Business 5:50 Wismer, Sports 5:55 Cecil Brown	Broadway Matinee Treasury Band- stand
		Musical Express Bobby Hammack Gloria Parker Vincent Lopez	

Monday Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Three Star Extra	Local Program	ABC Reporter	Jackson & The News
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Alex Dreier, Man On The Go News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter In The Mood	Bill Stern, Sports George Hicks, News	Lowell Thomas
8:00	Your Land And Mine	Top Secret Files	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe Strange Saga 7:55 News	Scoreboard 7:05 Tennessee Ernie Edward R. Murrow
8:15 8:30 8:45		Broadway Cop	Red Benson's Hideaway 8:25 News Voice Of Firestone	Mr. Keen, Tracer Of Lost Persons 8:25 Doug Edwards Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts
9:00	Telephone Hour	News, Lyle Van 9:05 Footnotes to History Spotlight Story Reporters' Roundup	Music Tent	Rosemary Clooney
9:15 9:30 9:45	Band Of America		9:25 News Freedom Sings 9:55 News	Bing Crosby Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall 9:55 News
10:00	Fibber McGee & Molly	Virgil Pinkley	News, Edward P. Morgan How To Fix It Martha Lou Harp	Scoreboard 10:05 Dance Orchestra
10:15 10:30		Orchestra Distinguished Artists		

Tuesday

Evening Programs

NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Local Program	Bill Stern, Sports	Jackson & The News
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Three Star Extra		Lowell Thomas
8:00	Alex Dreier, Man On The Go News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter Eddie Fisher	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe Strange Saga
8:15 8:30 8:45	People Are Funny	Treasury Agent	Red Benson's Hideaway 8:25 News Hideaway (con.) 8:55 News
9:00	Dragnet	John Steele, Adventurer	Suspense
9:15 9:30 9:45	Biographies In Sound	News, Lyle Van 9:05 Footnotes To History Spotlight Story Army Hour	8:25 Doug Edwards Disk Derby, Fred Robbins
10:00	9:55 News	Sammy Kaye Show 9:25 E. D. Canham, News	Disk Derby (con.)
10:15	Fibber McGee & Molly	Virgil Pinkley	Bing Crosby Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall
10:30	Heart Of The News New England Survey	Men's Corner Dance Music	Scoreboard 10:05 Dance Orchestra

Wednesday

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Local Program	Bill Stern, Sports	Jackson & The News
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Three Star Extra		Lowell Thomas
8:00	Alex Dreier, Man On The Go News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter In The Mood	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe Strange Saga
8:15 8:30 8:45	Conversation	True Detective	Red Benson's Hideaway 8:25 News Hideaway (con.) 8:55 News
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	News 8:35 College Quiz Bowl	Sentenced	FBI In Peace And War 8:25 Doug Edwards Disk Derby, Fred Robbins
10:00	Best Of Groucho	News, Lyle Van Spotlight Story Family Theater	Disk Derby (con.) Bing Crosby Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall 9:55 News
10:15	Truth Or Consequences	Sammy Kaye Show 9:25 News President's News Conference	
10:30	Fibber McGee & Molly	Virgil Pinkley	Scoreboard 10:05 Newsmakers Presidential Report
	Heart Of The News Keys To The Capital	News, Edward P. Morgan Behind Iron Curtain Relaxin' Time	

Thursday

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Local Program	Bill Stern, Sports	Jackson & The News
7:00 7:15	Three Star Extra		Lowell Thomas
7:30 7:45	Alex Dreier, Man On The Go News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Behind The Iron Curtain Gabriel Heatter Eddie Fisher	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe Strange Saga
8:00	Roy Rogers	Official Detective	Red Benson's Hideaway 8:25 News Hideaway (con.) 8:55 News
8:15 8:30	Dr. Six Gun	I Am Brady Kaye	The Whistler 8:25 Doug Edwards Disk Derby, Fred Robbins
9:00	News 9:05 X Minus One	News, Lyle Van 9:05 Footnotes to History Spotlight Story State Of The Nation	Disk Derby (con.)
9:15 9:30 9:45	The Loser 9:55 News	Sammy Kaye Show	Bing Crosby Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall
10:00	Fibber McGee & Molly	Virgil Pinkley	Scoreboard 10:05 Dance Orchestra
10:15 10:30	Joseph C. Harsch Jane Pickens Show	Book Hunter Henry Jerome Orch.	

Friday

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Local Program	Bill Stern, Sports	Jackson & The News
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Three Star Extra		Lowell Thomas
8:00	Alex Dreier, Man On The Go News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter In The Mood	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe Strange Saga
8:15 8:30 8:45	National Radio Fan Club	Counter-Spy	Red Benson's Hideaway 8:25 News Hideaway (con.) 8:55 News
9:00	Radio Fan Club (con.)	City Editor	Godfrey Digest 8:25 Doug Edwards Disk Derby, Fred Robbins
9:15 9:30 9:45	9:55 News	News, Lyle Van 9:05 Footnotes To History Football from Orange Bowl*	Disk Derby (con.)
10:00	Ted Heath Orch.	Virgil Pinkley	Bing Crosby Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall
10:15 10:30	Stars In Action	News, Edward P. Morgan How To Fix It Indoors Unlimited	Scoreboard 10:05 Dance Orchestra

*Begins Sept. 30

Inside Radio

Saturday

NBC MBS ABC CBS

Morning Programs

8:30 8:45	World News Roundup	Local Program	Doug Browning Show	News
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Farming Business Monitor		No School Today	News Of America Farm News Garden Gate
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Monitor	American Travel Guide	No School Today (con.) Breakfast Club Review 10:55 News	News 10:05 Galen Drake Show 10:55 News LeSueur
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Monitor	Lucky Pierre Johnny Desmond Show 11:55 Young Living	News 11:05 Half-Pint Panel All League Club-house	Robert Q. Lewis Show

Afternoon Programs

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	National Farm & Home Hour Monitor	I Asked You Tex Fletcher Wagon Show	News 12:05 How To Fix It 101 Ranch Boys American Farmer	Noon News 12:05 Romance Gunsmoke
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Monitor	Football—Game of the Week	Football	Football Roundup
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Monitor	Football (con.)	Football (con.)	Football (con.)
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Monitor	Football (con.)	Football (con.)	Football (con.)
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Monitor	Football (con.)	Football (con.)	Football (con.)
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Monitor	Teenagers, U.S.A. 5:55 News	News 5:05 Dinner At The Green Room	Adventures In Science Richard Hayes News, Jackson 5:35 Saturday At The Chase

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Monitor	John T. Flynn World Traveler Report From Washington Basil Heatter	News 6:05 Pan-American Union Sports Kaleidoscope Bob Edge, Sports Afield	News Sports Review Capitol Cloakroom 6:55 Joe Foss, Sports
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Monitor	Pop The Question Magic Of Music	News 7:05 At Ease Labor-Management Series	News, Jackson Gangbusters
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Monitor	Wheel Of Fortune Quaker City Capers	News 8:05 Dance Party	21st Precinct Disk Derby, Fred Robbins
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Monitor	Hawaii Calls Lombardo Land	News 9:05 Dance Party (con.)	Two For The Money Country Style 9:55 News, Jackson
10:00 10:15 10:30	Monitor Grand Ole Opry		News 10:05 Hotel Edison Lawrence Welk	Country Style (con.) Your Hit Parade

Sunday

NBC MBS ABC CBS

Morning Programs

8:30 8:45	Monitor		Light And Life Hour	Renfro Valley 8:55 Galen Drake
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	World News Roundup	Wings Of Healing Back To God	News 9:05 Great Moments Of Great Composers Voice Of Prophecy	World News Roundup Sidney Waiton Show Organ Music, E. Power Biggs 9:55 News, Trout
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	National Radio Pulpit Monitor	Radio Bible Class Voice Of Prophecy	News 10:05 Message Of Israel News 10:35 College Choir	Church Of The Air Church Of The Air (con.)
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Monitor 11:35 New World	Frank And Ernest Christian Science Monitor Northwestern Reviewing Stand	Sunday Melodies 11:05 Marines On Review News 11:35 Christian In Action	Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir Invitation To Learning—"The Out-Of-Doors"

Afternoon Programs

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Monitor	Marine Band		News, LeSueur 12:05 The Leading Question World Affairs Washington Week
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	The Eternal Light Monitor	News, Bill Cunningham Merry Mailman Basil Heatter, News Christian Science Lutheran Hour	The World Tomorrow Herald Of Truth News 1:35 Pilgrimage	Woolworth Hour—Percy Faith, Donald Woods
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	The Catholic Hour	Professional Football	Dr. Oral Roberts Wings Of Healing	News 2:05 Kathy Godfrey World Music Festival
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Monitor	Professional Football (con.)	News 3:05 Pan American Union Billy Graham	World Music Festival (con.) 3:55 News
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Monitor	Salute To The Nation Nick Carter 4:55 Lorne Greene	Old-Fashioned Revival Hour	Rhythm On The Road
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Monitor	Adventures Of Rin Tin Tin Wild Bill Hickok 5:55 News	News 5:05 Church In The Home Greatest Story Ever Told	News 5:05 On A Sunday Afternoon 5:55 News

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Meet The Press Monitor	Public Prosecutor—Jay Jostyn On The Line, Bob Considine All Star Sport Time	Monday Morning Headlines Paul Harvey, News Evening Comes	Gene Autry
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Monitor	Richard Hayes Show Studio Concert	News 7:05 Showtime Revue George Sokolsky Valentino Travel Talk	Jack Benny Amos 'n' Andy
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Monitor	West Point Band Enchanted Hour	American Town Meeting	Our Miss Brooks Gary Crosby
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Monitor	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Success Story Manion Forum Keep Healthy	News, Paul Harvey News, Quincy Howe Sammy Kaye 9:55 News	Music Hall, Mitch Miller
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fibber McGee & Molly Joseph C. Harsch American Forum	Billy Graham Global Frontiers	Overseas Assignment Seven Deadly Sins Revival Time	News, Schorr 10:05 Face The Nation John Derr, Sports

See Next Page→

TV program highlights

NEW YORK CITY AND SUBURBS AND NEW HAVEN, CHANNEL 8, SEPTEMBER 8—OCTOBER 9

Baseball on TV

DATE	TIME	CH.	GAME
8, Th.	2:00	11	Kan. C. vs. Yankees
9, F.	2:00	11	Chi. vs. Yankees
10, Sat.	2:00	8, 11	Chi. vs. Yankees
	2:55	2	Dodgers vs. Cinc.-R
11, Sun.	2:00	8, 11	Clev. vs. Yankees-D
	5:00	9	Dodgers vs. Cinc.-R
13, Tu.	2:00	11	Det. vs. Yankees
	9:00	9	Dodgers vs. St. L.-R
14, W.	2:00	11	Det. vs. Yankees
	9:00	9	Dodgers vs. St. L.-R
15, Th.	2:30	9	Dodgers vs. St. L.-R

D—Doubleheader R—Road game

DATE	TIME	CH.	GAME
16, F.	8:00	9	Giants vs. Dodgers
	8:30	11	Bos. vs. Yankees
17, Sat.	2:00	2, 8, 9	Giants vs. Dodgers
	2:00	11	Bos. vs. Yankees
18, Sun.	2:00	8, 9	Giants vs. Dodgers
	2:00	11	Bos. vs. Yankees
20, Tu.	1:30	11	Pgh. vs. Giants
	8:00	9	Phila. vs. Dodgers
23, F.	1:30	11	Phila. vs. Giants
24, Sat.	2:00	2, 11	Phila. vs. Giants

Monday through Friday

- 7:00 4 & 8 Today—Awake with Garroway
 8:55 4 Herb Sheldon And Jo McCarthy
 9:00 2 Skinner Show—2nd cuppa coffee
 7 Russell's Corner—Big, warm Todd
 9:30 7 Morning Matinee—Feature films
 10:00 2 Garry Moore Show—Moore fun
 4 & 8 Ding Dong School—TV nursery
 10:30 2 Godfrey Time—Arthur is back
 10:45 4 People At Home—Interviews
 11:00 4 Home—Arlene Francis, femcee
 7 Romper Room—TV kindergarten
 11:30 2 & 8 Strike It Rich—Warren Hull
 5 Wendy Barrie—Unpredictable & fun
 12:00 2 Valiant Lady—Daytime serial
 4 & 8 Tennessee Ernie—Pea-picking
 7 Time For Fun—More distraction for jr.
 12:15 2 & 8 Love Of Life—Serial story
 12:30 2 & 8 Search For Tomorrow—Serial
 4 Feather Your Nest—Serial
 7 Entertainment—Variety, Tom Posten
 12:45 2 (& 8 at 2:30) The Guiding Light
 11 Dr. Norman Vincent Peale
 1:00 2 Jack Paar Show—Rolling
 1:30 2 & 8 Welcome Travelers—From NY
 9 First-Run Features
 2:00 2 & 8 Robert Q. Lewis Show—Très gai
 5 Maggi McNellis—Engrossing patter
 2:30 2 Linkletter's House Party—Artful
 4 Jinx Falkenburg—Interviews
 5 Ern Westmore—Female renovating
 3:00 2 & 8 Big Pay-off—Quiz for madam
 4 Ted Mack Matinee—Variety
 9 Ted Steele Show—Rhythm & relaxin'
 3:30 2 Bob Crosby—Melodic variety
 4 It Pays To Be Married—Bill Goodwin
 7 Joe Franklin's Memory Lane
 4:00 2 The Brighter Day—Daytime drama
 4 & 8 Way Of The World—Story
 4:15 2 & 8 Secret Storm—Serial
 4 First Love—Early wedded years
 4:30 2 & 8 On Your Account—\$\$\$ Quiz
 4 Mr. Sweeney—Chuckles with Ruggles

EARLY EVENING

- 6:30 4 Sky's The Limit—Quiz, M, W, F;
 Patti Page—Songs, T, Th.
 11 Liberace—Keyboard virtuoso
 7:00 7 Kukla, Fran & Ollie—Delightful
 7:15 7 John Daly, News
 7:30 4 Eddie Fisher—M, W, F; Dinah
 Shore—T, Th.
 9 Million Dollar Movies
 7:45 2 Julius La Rosa—M, W, F; Upbeat—
 T, Th, singing stars. (Series ends Sept. 19)

LATE NIGHT

- 10:00 9 Million Dollar Movies
 10:45 11 News & Weather
 11:00 2 4 5 News & Weather
 11 Liberace—Candlelight concert
 11:10 5 Featurama—Short features
 11:15 2 Late Show—Feature films
 4 Steve Allen Show—Socks

Monday P.M.

- 7:30 2 Robin Hood—Premieres Sept. 26
 5 Life With Elizabeth—Hilarious
 8:00 2 Burns & Allen—Coupled comedy
 4 & 8 Caesar Presents; Sept. 19,
 8-9:30, "Our Town," musical version, with
 Frank Sinatra, on Producer's Showcase
 7 Digest Drama—True stories
 8:30 2 Godfrey's Talent Scouts—Variety
 7 Voice Of Firestone—Long hair recital
 9:00 2 & 8 Those Whiting Girls—Comedy
 4 The Medic—Penetrating dramas
 9:30 2 December Bride—But April bright
 4 Robert Montgomery Presents
 7 For Doctors Only—Live from hospitals
 10:00 2 & 8 Studio One—Hour dramas
 7 Eddie Cantor—Pop-eyed laffs
 10:30 4 Big Town—Mark Stevens' adventures

Tuesday

- 7:30 2 Name That Tune—\$\$ Quiz
 5 Waterfront—Tugboat dramas
 7 Warner Brothers Presents—New,
 full-hour films. Premieres Sept. 13
 8:00 2 Navy Log—Drama—Premiere Sept. 20
 4 Place The Face—Returning 9/27,
 Milton Berle Show; 10/4 Martha Raye
 5 Star Playhouse—Hollywood films
 8:30 2 You'll Never Get Rich—Phil Silvers
 4 Arthur Murray Party—Till 9/20
 7 Wyatt Earp—Terrific adult westerns
 9:00 4 Fireside Theater—Jane Wyman
 7 Make Room For Daddy—A bedlam
 9:30 2 & 8 Joe & Mabel—New comedy
 4 Pontiac & Circle Theaters—Hour
 dramas produced by Fred Coe
 7 Du Pont Cavalcade Theater—Stories
 10:00 2 \$64,000 Question—So much money!
 7 Name's The Same—Fadiman's panel

Wednesday

- 7:30 7 Disneyland—Repeat films till Oct.
 8:00 2 Godfrey & Friends—Returns Sept. 14
 8:30 4 & 8 Father Knows Best—Comedy
 7 M-G-M Parade—Half-hour films
 9:00 2 & 8 The Millionaire—Stories
 4 Kraft Theater—Superb hour plays
 7 Masquerade Party—Costume quiz
 9:30 2 I've Got A Secret—Moore's mum
 7 Penny To A Million—\$\$\$ Quiz
 10:00 2 & 8 U.S. Steel Theater—Front Row
 Center—Alternating fine hour dramas
 4 This Is Your Life—Live as of Sept. 21
 10:30 4 Doug Fairbanks Presents—Stories

Thursday

- 8:00 2 Bob Cummings Show—Farce
 4 & 8 Best Of Groucho—New show
 as of Sept. 22
 7 Soldier Parade—Hour of GI talent
 8:30 2 Climax—Mystery & suspense yarns
 4 Make The Connection—Quiz
 7 Stop The Music—Beginning Sept. 22

- 9:00 4 & 8 Dragnet—Sgt. Friday at work
 5 Wrestling—Two hours; live from
 WABD's studios
 7 Star Tonight—Filmed teleplays
 9:30 2 Four Star Playhouse—Absorbing
 4 & 8 Ford Theater—Top-rated dramas
 10:00 4 & 8 Video Theater—Back Sept. 22
 10:30 2 Halls Of Ivy—The Ronald Colmans

Friday

- 7:30 2 My Friend Flicka—About a horse
 5 Life With Elizabeth—About a gal
 7 Rin Tin Tin—About a dog
 8:00 2 & 8 Mama—Peggy Wood stars
 4 Truth Or Consequences—Never dull
 7 Ozzie & Harriet—Returns Sept. 23
 8:30 2 Topper—Last of the series
 4 & 8 Life Of Riley—Turbulent Bill
 9:00 2 Playhouse Of Stars—Filmed dramas
 4 & 8 Big Story—Hard hitting stories
 7 Dollar A Second—\$\$\$ Quiz
 9:30 2 Ray Milland Show—After Sept. 30,
 Our Miss Brooks
 4 & 8 Dear Phoebe—Funny stuff
 7 The Vise—Spine-chillers from Britain
 10:00 2 Undercurrent—Mystery; The Line-
 Up returns Sept. 30 with police stories
 5 Alec Templeton—Piano patter
 10:30 2 Person To Person—Morrow's visits

Saturday

- 7:30 2 Beat The Clock—Stunts for prizes
 4 Show Wagon—Heidi's talent salute
 8:00 2 America's Greatest Bands—Fine
 4 Perry Como Show—Hour variety
 9:00 2 Two For The Money—Shriner's back
 4 & 8 People Are Funny—Art Link-
 letter; Oct. 1, 9-10:30, Liebman Presents,
 "Heidi," Ezio Pinza, Dennis Day, Pinky Lee
 7 Lawrence Welk Show—Champagne
 music
 9:30 2 It's Always Jan—Comedy stars Janis
 Paige; Sept. 24, 9:30-11—Ford Star Jubi-
 lee, with Mary Martin, Noel Coward
 4 Durante-O'Connor Shows—Comedy
 10:00 2 Julius La Rosa—Last weeks for Julie
 4 & 8 Here's The Show—Gobel
 returns Sept. 24
 10:30 2 Damon Runyon Theater—Stories
 4 & 8 Your Hit Parade—Jaunty music

Sunday

- 6:00 2 I Love Lucy—Repeat of early shows
 6:30 2 You Are There—Expert documentary
 7:00 2 Lassie—Returns Sept. 11
 4 & 8 It's A Great Life—Hearty
 7 You Asked For It—Art Baker
 7:30 2 Jack Benny—Alternates with
 Private Secretary. Jack's first, Sept. 25
 4 Spectacular—Sept. 11, 7:30-9, "Skin
 of Our Teeth," Helen Hayes, Mary Martin
 8:00 2 & 8 Toast Of The Town—Variety
 4 Sunday Hour—Comedy & variety
 8:30 11 Dangerous Encounter—Adventures
 9:00 2 G-E Theater—Ronald Reagan, host
 4 & 8 TV Playhouse—Hour teleplays
 7 Chance Of A Lifetime—Variety
 9:30 2 Appointment With Adventure
 5 Life Begins At Eighty—Sprightly
 10:00 2 Stage 7—New teleplays
 4 & 8 Loretta Young Show—Stories
 5 Mr. & Mrs. North—Whodunits
 7 Break The Bank—Bert Parks, quiz
 10:30 2 What's My Line?—Job game
 4 Bob Cummings Show—Comedy
 5 China Smith—Dan Duryea stars

Dream Town

(Continued from page 35)

appointment to spend an afternoon talking with her not long ago, I hadn't any idea what to expect. After all, Marion (Sue) Randall is cast as the "star-crossed" daughter of Helen Emerson in *Valiant Lady*—a girl named Diane, who has been married briefly, and who has come to New York to satisfy her restless ambition.

Diane is working for a suave character named Whitlow Preston, and a nice guy named Joey Gordon is trying to beat his time with her. And Diane—away from the restraining influence of her mother—is having a bit of a ball, playing-off one man against the other. Under such circumstances, one might well expect "Diane" to be one of those glittering girls you see strolling along Madison and Park Avenues, with hair like chrysanthemums and make-up a la Audrey Hepburn, perhaps—since Sue Randall herself had been a model for a while—even carrying the inevitable hatbox.

The girl waiting at the table in Louis and Armand's restaurant wasn't like that at all. Her dark brown hair, which obviously had never been touched by a drop of artificial rinse, was parted in the middle and brushed back in the simplest possible manner. Her young face was scrubbed-looking, and her make-up had been applied lightly, almost invisibly. Her pert nose was peeling a little from sunburn. She wore a simple black dress, and no jewelry.

It was only after we had talked for an hour or two that I realized there was good reason behind this austerity of dress and make-up. Although Sue is an extremely pretty girl with an excellent figure, her charm lies in her personality, in her serene poise and intelligence, her ability to be in command of any situation.

The impact of that personality is immensely heightened by the fact that she looks like a schoolgirl down from Vassar to meet a grandmother-who-disapproves-of-things. It's a good thing she *hasn't* got such a grandmother. Why? Well, that's quite a story.

You see, when Sue first came to New York, she put up at the Studio Club, an extremely respectable lodging place for young girls. At first, she didn't know anybody. Then, one afternoon, she stepped out of her room, all dressed up—just as the girl who lived next door came in, folding a dripping umbrella. "My gosh, is it raining?" Sue wailed. "And I left my umbrella in a cab yesterday!"

"It's pouring," said the girl, and matter-of-factly held out her own umbrella. "Here, take this one."

"But what if you need it before I get back?"

"Then I'll borrow from somebody else. See you when you get back, and I'll tell you how the system works."

Later that night, Sue returned the umbrella and had a long, informative chat with the girl, whose name was Priscilla and who was a private secretary and a singing student. She was twenty-four, and wise in the ways of the big city. She explained how girls at the Club augmented their wardrobes by borrowing from one another, and gave Sue some other pointers, as well—lessons that Sue, then only eighteen, might have had to learn the hard way.

Not long after that, another girl, Inez, a secretary in an advertising agency, joined the team, and this newly formed triumvirate of career girls—all for one and one for all—decided the only sensible thing to do would be to pool their funds and



The danger in waiting for your child to outgrow pimples

by MARCELLA HOLMES
NOTED BEAUTY AUTHORITY

(former Beauty Editor of "Glamour" magazine)

Of all the mail that reaches a beauty editor's desk, there is none so urgent—so heartbreaking—as letters from young people with disturbed adolescent skin. That's why I feel it is important to alert mothers to the double dangers of this teen-age problem.

Psychologists tell us that pimples undermine poise and self-confidence, can even cause *permanent* damage to a child's personality. Skin specialists warn of another danger: acne-type pimples, if neglected, can leave the child's skin *permanently* scarred.

Fortunately, today there is a modern scientific medication developed especially for pimples. It is called CLEARASIL . . . and CLEARASIL has been actually tested

and proved effective. *In skin specialists' tests on 202 patients, 9 out of every 10 cases were cleared up or definitely improved while using CLEARASIL.*

Greaseless, fast-drying, antiseptic . . . CLEARASIL may be said to "starve" pimples because it helps remove the oils pimples feed on. Ends embarrassment immediately because CLEARASIL is skin-colored to hide pimples as it works.

So, if you have a teen-age girl or boy, watch carefully for the first sign of pimples . . . then take action. CLEARASIL is guaranteed to work for you as it did in doctors' tests or money back. 59¢ and 98¢ at all druggists.

SPECIAL OFFER: Send name, address and 15¢ in coins or stamps for generous trial size of CLEARASIL to Eastco, Inc., Box 12 FF, White Plains, N. Y. Expires Oct. 31, 1955.

share an apartment. They were already sharing everything else, anyway—including occasional dates with the same boy-friends.

The three girls started out early one hot summer morning, each with a newspaper with little pencilled circles dotting the rental columns. When they met at the appointed place in the middle of the afternoon, a more discouraged trio did not exist in all of New York. Comparing notes, they found that not one of them had walked into a place she'd care to stay in longer than fifteen minutes—well, Inez had found one, but the rent was out of sight.

They were dragging along Central Park West when Priscilla saw the "Vacancy" sign. "It's probably either a basement room or a ten-room penthouse," she said, "but take a look at that lobby. Cool, and all those chairs. We could at least sit down for a while."

It is by such remarkable flukes, as any veteran apartment-hunter could have told them in the first place, that you finally find what you're looking for. When the girls had cooled off long enough to follow the building superintendent into the vacancy on the first floor, they found a spacious living room, kitchen and dinette, and two bedrooms, one of them large enough for two of the girls to use.

The girls sighed in unison. It was just right, except there wasn't a stick of furniture, a rug or a curtain in the place. "You see, it would have to be furnished," Sue said to the super.

He grinned, "But it is!" And then he explained how the management kept a big warehouse full of furniture in Greenwich Village, and all the girls would have to do would be to go down there and pick out the things they wanted. "\$200 a month," he added, and waited.

Sue did some fast mental arithmetic. "That comes to \$66.66 for two of us, and \$66.67 for the other."

"Couldn't we rotate the extra penny?" Inez asked.

"I'll rotate if everyone else will," said Priscilla. The three of them turned to the super. "We'll take it!"

The apartment was finally furnished, and the girls moved in on a Friday afternoon. Everything was clean and sparkling, and it took them almost no time to pack away their things. Then, since they all had early dates, they went into a mad exchange of dresses, stockings, even shoes, and emerged twenty minutes later, three very smartly turned out young ladies.

Since Sue's date that evening was a pretty typical one, let's follow her on it. The boy was a law student at Columbia. She'd met him through her brother. He was tall and had a haircut and was named Jim and was fun and altogether nice. They got an early start, the day was warm and sunny, so they grabbed a subway express to the Battery and then rode the Staten Island ferry for a few trips, to cool off.

They stopped off in the Village on the way back, browsing through bookshops and wandering past the sidewalk art exhibits in Washington Square. They stopped for some pizza at a hole-in-the-wall with sawdust on the floor, then made it to 55th Street just in time to beat the curtain of "Kismet." After the theater, they dropped in on a little spot on Sixth Avenue where a good new Dixieland band was holding forth, had clams at McGinnis' seafood bar on Broadway, then meandered on home. . . .

Even at nineteen, an evening such as Sue had had, topping a day of packing, moving, and unpacking in the heat, can leave a girl pretty worn out. Sue stretched out on her bed, pulled up a sheet, kicked it off again, sighed luxuriously, and thought, as

her eyes closed, "I'll sleep till noon. . . ."

No more than two or three hours later, the stillness was split wide open by what was surely the sound of ten model-T Fords being driven over a cliff, accompanied by shouts and shrieks of maniacal laughter. Sue jumped a yard in the air and landed on her feet, running. A second later, her roommates joined her at the window.

On the sidewalk a few yards away, a crowd of revelers, somewhat the worse for wear, was happily taking turns throwing empty beer cans at the outside walls of the apartment. The three girls squealed with indignation. But, before they could think of what to do, the party moved on, the noise they made diminishing as they turned the corner.

"I can see," said Priscilla thoughtfully, "that there might be disadvantages living on the first floor."

"It'll probably never happen again," Inez said, yawning. "Just a freak thing—I'm going back to bed."

"Me, too," said Sue, yawning, too. "Good n— wait! What's that?"

for

ARMCHAIR ADVENTURERS

You've followed the exciting exploits of **MARK STEVENS** as the crusading editor in **Big Town** . . . the gallant deeds of **PRESTON FOSTER** as the courageous captain of **Waterfront** . . . through the magic of your TV screen. Now follow these rugged he-men right into their homes . . . see them as their own wives and children see them . . . in revealing words and exclusive pictures . . . through the magic of

November's
TV RADIO MIRROR
at your newsstand October 6

They all stood listening, and there was no mistaking it. Somebody not far away had started playing a couple of bongo drums. As they listened, another set of drums started up half a block down the street, picking up the rhythm. Then, by twos and threes, more joined the chorus until the still, hot night throbbled with the weird beat, and the entire neighborhood seemed to be one great vibrating chorus. It wasn't until an hour later that, as slowly as it had began, the serenade of drums faded and finally ceased.

"Now I've heard everything," Priscilla said. Sue was too tired to reply.

"But," Sue told me, "we hadn't heard anything yet. Half an hour later, it sounded like every siren in New York was screeching in our living room, and presently a hook-and-ladder, two fire engines, several police cars and the fire chief drew up around the corner. Just when we were getting dressed so we could run out into the street looking decent, they all went clanging away again. And, an hour later, as we were starting to doze off, five million kids came swarming onto the sidewalk in front of our windows and started bouncing balls against the wall, screaming

and fighting and generally having the time of their lives."

"Then you woke," I said, "and found it was all a nightmare."

"True, except that I didn't wake up. I hadn't even gone to sleep. I carried a bundle of laundry to the neighborhood shop, asked the people there some questions, and suddenly it was all clear."

Sue, fresh from Philadelphia, had read that the melting pot of New York had received a great influx of newcomers and hadn't yet had time to assimilate them, or adequately house them. But she couldn't have foreseen that a goodly portion of them had taken over the neighborhood around the new apartment, and in their casual way had made it home. Ebullient, fond of noise and laughter, they were packed sixteen-to-a-dozen in tiny rooms, and the streets had become their common living room and playground.

It was fun to make a big noise at four in the morning. It was hot and nobody could sleep, anyway, so why not play the bongo drums? It was easy to set fire to a mattress with a cigarette, but there was no water in the room, so why not call the fire department to put it out? Such fun, such excitement! And, of course, children must play somewhere when school is out. Such a lovely wall to throw the balls at!

"We finally figured out why we'd never noticed all this on our previous visits to the apartment," Sue said. "You see, we'd always been there in the early afternoon—the only time the neighborhood was quiet."

Well, there they were, and there were their neighbors, living it up all night and most of the day, and the girls had a lease, signed and iron-clad. What to do?

They stayed of course. "I was scared to death at first," Sue said. "Oh, not of anything in the neighborhood. But, when I told my folks I'd moved into a new apartment with friends, they decided to drive to New York for a visit, to sort of look things over. Naturally, I'd built the place up in my phone talks to Mother, and I could just imagine what they'd say if they had to dodge hurtling cans or—well, if they just *heard* how it was."

"The night they were due, all of us worked like mad to make the apartment look as nice as possible. But we knew it was a losing fight, because the weather was hot and humid and everybody within a square mile was up and out, and you couldn't hear yourself think. There were sidewalk picnics and squabbles and the bongo drums were starting and somebody threw the first can of the evening, and—oh, I knew we were in for it."

"And then, just half an hour before the deadline, I heard the wonderful sound of thunder. A few minutes later, the skies just opened up and buckets of rain fell. When my folks drove up, there wasn't a soul on the streets, there was no sound but the rain, and through the windows you could see the trees of Central Park glistening in circles around the street lights."

And Mrs. Randall, walking into the spotless, candlelit apartment, turned to her husband and said, "Why, my dear, it's charming!"

"It rained all night," Sue finished, grinning. "Fate was kind."

By now, of course, the girls have acclimated themselves to their neighborhood, just as anyone who is young and hopeful adjusts to the changed tempo of New York. While they cook dinner, or iron slips, or wash out stockings, they raise or lower their voices in conversation to equalize the noise outside. They are away most of the time, at work or at play, and when they are home they sleep comfortably against the clash and clatters. Now, the New York fire department would

wake them only if it thrust a ladder through their window and came in with hatchets and hose.

If Sue represents a new look in young TV stars, the story of her life so far has a new look, too, at least compared with most of the older biographies. By the old rules of the game, Sue would just be finishing college now, and then she would be presented to Philadelphia society in a white dress with a swarm of eager stags surrounding her, and then she'd get married and settle down to raise a family.

After all, the Randalls are Philadelphia "mainliners," and her father is a real estate counselor (indeed, he's president of the national association of such counselors, which he founded). Sue grew up in a big house, with a big garden, in an atmosphere of gentility and affluence. But, fortunately for her ambitions, there was never anything stuffy or Victorian about her folks or their attitudes.

They sent her to the Lankenau School, a private academy for young ladies where the only dramatic activities concern Mr. William Shakespeare, and the tall girls have to play the boys' roles. Sue was tall, but boys' roles didn't suit her at all, so she began joining little-theater groups around Philadelphia. One of them cast her as Miriam in "Dear Ruth"—and, from then on, Mr. Randall was wasting his breath when he kept talking, year after year, about Sue's going to college.

Sue was Corliss in "Kiss and Tell," and Jenny in "Jenny Kissed Me," and Ginny in "Goodbye My Fancy," and she did some musicals. She grew older and became pretty, and her brother introduced her to some of his fraternity brothers, and a new world of dates and romance opened up before her. She loved it, but she was not to be sidetracked by anything like a man—not yet, anyway.

She was going places. Nothing could stop her now. She modeled for a Philadelphia store, and for youthful fashion magazines. In 1952, she did her first stint in summer stock. And, finally, when she finished school, she took off for New York, with her parents' blessing. She studied at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, and spent a summer at Richard Aldrich's Falmouth Playhouse, appearing with Helen Hayes—of all exciting and unforgettable experiences—and then in "Life with Father," and in "The Swan," with Gloria Vanderbilt.

Whew! Here we are, up to date, with our Sue getting assignments in *Pond's Theater*, *Armstrong Circle Theater*, *Kraft Television Theater*—and finally walking into the office of one Buz Blair and capturing the prize role of Diane in *Valiant Lady*, after a hundred girls had read for it.

And here's a revealing glimpse of Sue as she really is:

She came home to the apartment, not long ago, with a kitten a friend had given her. When Priscilla and Inez arrived an hour or two later, Sue was reading a book and the kitten was playing with a spool.

"Don't worry," Sue said at once. "She's housebroken. The boy who gave her to me says she's a very rare breed. Very delicate. Can eat only scrambled eggs and imported chicken-liver pâté."

Priscilla and Inez stared at the kitten. "Well!" said Priscilla. "How delicate can you get? Have you fed her yet?"

"Sure."

"You mean—you scrambled eggs, and went out for chicken-liver pâté?"

"Are you kidding?" Sue grinned. "I gave her half a can of cat food, and she gobbled it down. It was her, or me."

That's Marion (Sue) Randall—working hard to fulfill her own dreams, like a real *Valiant Lady*!



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Tennessee's Partners

(Continued from page 47)

the worst of us, there is some good.

"The preacher, my mother and dad and I even visited the chain gang. I remember how the prisoners clanked their chains in rhythm to our hymns. I learned another lesson there: It's never too late for faith to touch the hardest heart. Once, when we came on the gang, one giant of a man spoke up to the preacher. 'Go away,' he said, 'you can't do nothing for me.' And the preacher said, 'Why?' 'Because,' the prisoner said, 'I've killed a man.' But somehow the preacher's message of faith reached him. As we left, the big man said with tears in his eyes, 'Thank you, Parson.'

"I remember on Christmas Eves, during my teens, we used to sing carols from an old coal truck. My brother Stanley and I borrowed it from the coal man, drove it to the farm, filling it with straw, and the biggest part of the choir would pile in with my brother and me. We drove through the township from county poorhouse, to the two jails, the old ladies' home and the orphanage, delivering Christmas parcels to the poor folks, candies to the kids, and singing carols to all. I can't think of a better way for a youngster to live the spirit of Christmas."

Every philosopher knows you can't take life too seriously, you've got to take it lightly and with a sense of humor. There were times in Ernie's early life when his humor and his music were closely tied together.

Ernie had two singing teachers when he was in high school: Mrs. Hayes, who traveled from school to school teaching music and glee club, and Mrs. Schroetter, the voice teacher at Virginia's Intermount College for Girls. "Mrs. Schroetter," says Ernie, "put on operettas at the end of the school season—but she had to go outside the college for her male voices." Since Ernie was one of the boys in her private class, he was always invited to take part.

"One evening after rehearsal at the college," he says, "it was raining. Mrs. Schroetter told me how to take a short cut through the building that would help keep me out of the rain. I took it, but didn't find the right door, because I ended up in the girls' dormitory. They were in their slips at the ironing boards out in the hall. When they saw me, they screamed and popped back into their rooms. One of the girls finally showed me the right door. But, until she did, there was more confusion than a bucket of red ants at a picnic.

"During rehearsals, I got sweet on one of the little gals in the college. I told her one day, 'You stick your head out the window tonight about 11:30 and I'll serenade you.' Well, to make a long story short, in an Eastern girls' college, you just never did anything like that. But I did. And I

got reported by the campus policeman.

"He told me I had to go down to the court next day to make an appearance. I told Mrs. Schroetter and she said, 'Oh, bosh, forget all about it.' I forgot it until the middle of my solo, when in came the local gendarme. He had a warrant citing me for contempt of court. It was all Mrs. Schroetter and I could do to keep him from hauling me off to jail right then. I had to promise faithfully I'd be there for sure, next morning.

"On top of the recent ruckus in the dormitory, I was getting a reputation around Bristol as a real law-breaker. If you don't keep your sense of humor, singing can get you into a pot of trouble."

There's an old saying that the best philosopher is the one who has his hand on the plow. Ernie, raised on a farm, was never a stranger to work.

"I remember," he says, "as a kid I used to go out in the corn field in the morning just as it was getting light, pick a pile of corn, haul it back to the barn, shuck it, shell it, sack it, and pack it on the mule.

"Then I got up on the mule and we rode down past Wheeler's Chapel—that's where Grandmother and Grandfather Ford were married—past the cemetery where they're now buried, and down past the old Barnes house (that's where my folks were married), to Mr. Hall's old-fashioned water-wheel mill.

"I gave the miller his share of the freshly ground corn, packed it back on the mule, and trotted off home. For dinner that night, we had corn bread made from the corn I'd picked in the fields that morning.

"Speaking of work, threshing time was the biggest thrill of my young life. When I was big enough to travel around to the neighbors, I used to work with the threshers sixteen hours a day. I was paid fifty cents a day and dinner. Though I was feeling mighty puny after sixteen hours of work, getting to sit at the table with the men made me think it was worth it."

When he was twelve years old, the Depression was on, and Ernie went into town every Saturday afternoon to work in Mr. Hughes' grocery store. "I swept out, carried packages, delivered groceries, and waited on customers," he says. "I worked twelve hours and earned one dollar. To a twelve-year-old, in those days, a dollar was a lot of money."

Boy and man, Ernie is as long on honesty as the state of Tennessee. At the grocer's one Saturday afternoon, while sweeping in the back, Ernie knocked a dozen eggs to the floor. Broke every one. He could have swept them up, put them in the trash, and never said a word. But he didn't.

"Eggs cost twenty-six cents a dozen," he says. "So, when I went up to Mr. Hughes, I figured I'd owe him another three hours' work—or at least he'd take it out of my one dollar pay check. It sure irked me, but I knew there was nothing else to do. When I told him about the eggs, he patted me on the head, saying, 'Well boy, too much honesty never hurt a man—but it sure bruised those eggs. Forget it.'"

Ernie belongs to the family-style school of philosophers. This is best illustrated by the manner in which his family spent their holidays. "The family liked to share. And it showed. Thanksgiving, Christmas, the Fourth of July—it didn't make any difference what the holiday was—all the uncles, aunts and cousins on both my mother's and father's side got together for dinner. They all brought something. I could barely see over the table. We always had turkey and chicken and country-fried ham with red-eyed gravy.

"Now red-eyed gravy is to Tennessee as beans are to Boston and as lobster is to Maine. You make it from the leavings of the ham in the frying pan. To make red-eyed gravy you add a half cup of coffee—plus your other ingredients. We put it on everything and what-have-you—biscuits, corn bread, light bread—(light bread, that's the store bought'n loaf)—all in all, we were pretty sloppy soppers.

"That was real family-style living. We never had less than three kinds of beans. And everything was home-made—cranberry sauce, jams and jellies, ice cream, everything. I especially looked forward to the holidays down at my cousin's in the country. The kids went rabbit and quail hunting. Sometimes we were able to add to the turkey, ham, and chicken."

Today, Ernie still celebrates family-style. "My wife Betty's sister comes down from San Francisco, and her folks come over from San Bernadino, and the country cousins gather over at our place in Whittier. Feel lonesome if we don't get more than fifteen or twenty around the table. And we try to have the same kind of spread—still eating pretty high off the hog."

But with all his success, Ernie has not changed in the eyes of his family and friends. His May home-town trip back to Bristol proved that. In the big parade down Bristol's main street, with his mother and father in the back seat with him, Ernie waved and called to most of the folks by their first names.

And next day, driving back to his house, he stopped in to see his near-by cousin; he found him in the yard cutting wood.

"Hi ya, Ernie," his cousin said without missing a stroke on the saw.

"Hi," said Ernie.

His cousin kept at the log, talking over the saw's sound. "Went down to the lake today. Caught a few fish—but they ain't been bitin' as good this year as last. . . ." Finally, he put the saw down and, wiping his brow, he said, "What's new with you, Ernie. . . .?"

No, in the eyes of his family, Tennessee Ernie hasn't changed. It was as if he had never left home.

And the next morning, back in the choir box of the Anderson Street church, Ernie felt the same way. When the great, warm, welcoming, back-at-home feeling rushed over him, it was as if he had never been away. Looking out into the smiling upturned faces of his friends, he had the thought that proves him a philosopher: Faith, family, friends—these give meaning to life . . . these are the lasting things . . . the things that never change.

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Ethel And Albert

(Continued from page 53)

show, writes the show, and acts one of the leads. Doing three jobs—plus being a mother—keeps her so busy that, unlike Ethel Arbuckle, Peg seldom has time for a nice, friendly spat with her real husband.

Peg Lynch was born in Nebraska, raised by her mother and grandparents in Rochester, Minnesota, and educated at the University of Minnesota. She majored in English and drama, so she went to work at a small radio station as a writer-announcer. In general, life was beautiful, and Peg managed to sell her show to ABC shortly after she arrived in New York, in 1944, and has since made the transition to TV. Today she has a four-year-old daughter named Lise, an antique house built around 1728—and the handsomest husband in New York City (and it's a big city).

Alan Bunce was born in Westfield, New Jersey. His mother died when Alan was in grammar school, and he was raised by an aunt. No one in his family was in the theater and he had no secret ambition to act. Out of high school, he went to work in the Cotton Exchange. He quit that job to sell candy. The next step, combining both experiences, might have been to sell cotton candy—but Alan, illogically, became an actor. Today, he has three children, an antique house that was headquarters for General Israel Putnam—and the loveliest wife in New England (and New England has a lot of people, too).

Alan originally got into theater work rather casually. While he was trying to sell \$500 worth of calories a week, a friend got him into a little-theater group. When he was offered a two-line part in a Broadway show, he stopped selling candy. Then one of the leads quit the show and Alan got the part.

"My family thought I was foolish to fool around the theater," he recalls. "They figured I'd have a fling, then settle down and do something sensible again. Actually, the theater kind of reached out and embraced me."

People in the theater took to Alan easily. Even his wife-to-be, Ruth Nugent, was practically thrust upon him by her father, J. C. Nugent, the actor and playwright.

"After my first summer in stock," Alan says, "I came back to New York to look up my only contact, Augustin Duncan, who was directing a play at the Belmont Theater. I went over to the theater and saw that the cast starred the Nugents—J. C., Elliott and Ruth. There was a rather stocky man in the doorway and he belted, 'What do you want?' I got scared and mumbled my reason for being there, and just then this auburn beauty comes to the door and the man says, 'You take my daughter to lunch, young man, and when you come back you can get to see Mr. Duncan.'"

That was how Alan met his future wife. She was cast as an ingenue that season and played her part so simply and beautifully that, for ten years, critics continued to compare every new ingenue with Ruth.

"She was so beautiful I'd just melt looking at her," Alan says. "It was a couple of years before we married, and by that time I was completely molten."

The marriage to Ruth also sealed Alan's marriage to show business. He has since played in many outstanding Broadway shows, including "Valley Forge," Howard Lindsay's "Tommy," and the Grace George vehicle, "Kind Lady." He has, in his twenty years of theatrical experience, toured the country dozens of times and played a half-dozen foreign countries. He has well over ten thousand radio and TV programs

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to his credit. During the past spring, he starred in *Pond's Theater*, *Kraft Television Theater*, *The Elgin Hour* and *Studio One*.

When he first met Peg Lynch, however, he was engaged in a six-year run as *Young Dr. Malone*, in person. "I fluffed my first audition for the role of Albert," he recalls. "I played the part for gags. But I was so enthusiastic about the script that Peg gave me another chance."

Peg had "arrived" by that time, and was on the ABC network fifteen minutes every weekday morning. She hadn't originally intended to play the part of Ethel herself, but it had been the conclusion of the program's director, Bob Cotton—after auditioning a few dozen actresses—that Peg was best for the role. When they subsequently lost their first Albert—Richard Widmark—to Hollywood, they auditioned a new crop of actors.

That was when Alan Bunce appeared on the scene, just eleven years ago. It was about that time that Alan became active in AFTRA, and he asked Peg's help in writing speeches. "To keep the facts straight, however," he says, "let's remember that I had another critic, too—my wife Ruth."

About eight or nine years ago, Bob Cotton and Alan noticed that Peg frequently absented herself without reason from their usual long daily chats. On August 12, 1948, they were invited to the Little Church Around The Corner for the explanation. That was the day Peg married Odd Knut Ronning.

Odd, a Norwegian, had been studying engineering at Syracuse University. He had looked up Peg and her mother because he was a distant cousin. Odd fell in love with Peg. Peg fell in love with Odd, too, because she wasn't crazy. Odd is very blond, very handsome and very, very nice.

Today, the Ronnings and Bunces live within five miles of each other at Stamford, Connecticut. Peg's house, more than two hundred years old, has thick black-walnut walls which are so hard you have to drill to get a nail in. In the center of the house there is a six-foot, square fireplace which faces into three rooms. The foundation consists of six boulders, each the size of a Cadillac convertible. Alan's home, though not as old as Peg's, has considerable historical significance, for General Israel Putnam used it as field headquarters during the American Revolution. Today its occupants are all civilians: Alan and Ruth Bunce, their two sons, Alan Nugent (Lanny) and John Elliott, who are Yale students—and Virginia, their fifteen-year-old daughter.

"The boys are bright and husky," Alan says. "Jill—that's Virginia's nickname—is a lovely girl. The way she takes to people kind of reminds me of Peg. The other day, we drove a package over to a neighbor and the neighbor wasn't home. Jill carried the package up to the door and, instead of just leaving it with the maid and running back to the car, Jill took her time. She chatted with the maid for a minute and you could see her warmth. It's in her manner. She enjoys people and likes to make friends."

When the Bunces bunch together, they look like a brush fire. All have red hair. Ruth is blue-eyed, with a trim figure. Now that the children are grown, she gives much of her time to community projects. She has been president of an organization which calls itself "Arts for Youth." The organization supplements public school programs with concerts, lectures, art exhibits, plays, etc. Another thing that keeps her stepping is General Putnam's old headquarters—which, incidentally, is now a fourteen-room house with two maids' rooms, the latter permanently unoccupied.

"The children are just as proud of Ruth as I am," Alan says.

The Bunces function smoothly as a family. A few summers back, they all took off on a six-week, ten-thousand-mile tour in the station wagon. Of course, there was no summer vacation this year, because of the show. For relaxation, Alan's chief hobby is carpentry. He has a fine shop which he made himself. He does practical things, such as building porches or putting windows in the barn. He also takes care of the Bunces' big German shepherd dog.

Peg and Odd have no dog. Odd, you see, takes his gardening seriously and wants no digging-type creatures in his flower beds. His flowers are beauties and fill him with joy, but life is still no bed of roses. During World War II, Odd fought in the underground movement against the Nazis. Now, a family of moles is leading an underground battle on his flowers.

"You're sitting on the porch," Odd says, "and suddenly you see a flower kind of tremble, shake and then violently disappear. We run for the mole trap and apply

recently asked Aunt Helen if she would please take some dictation. And Lise dictated a script.

"We used a little girl in one of our shows and I made the mistake of telling Lise about her," Peg tells. "Well, I couldn't have expected it, but Lise cried because we hadn't cast her. I explained that she wasn't old enough and, for the next few days, she was so good. I suppose she was trying to show how old she really was."

Pictures of Lise cover one entire wall of Peg's New York bedroom. This apartment is the same one she occupied when she arrived in the city. It is a handsomely set-up place in an old brownstone on a very quiet park. The living room is big and comfortable, with a fireplace and huge windows, but it is here that Peg's secretary, Maggi McAllister, works. Peg prefers the small bedroom.

Her working hours are punishing. When she has writing to do, she may get up as early as three A.M. She has coffee and hot bouillon, and keeps working steadily until Maggi arrives around ten.

Peg's standards are set high, as is obvious from the quality of her show. She is quite serious about every detail and yet, in spite of her business-like approach, she has one of the most genial organizations in the business. As Walter Hart, her producer and director, says, "We've never had people work with us who weren't nice as well as talented."

Walter Hart and Alan Bunce are the only men permanently associated with the show. Walter's associate producer is Toby Sutton, wife of an actor and mother of a one-year-old. All, however, are enamored of Peg for her kindness and humanistic attitudes. And the show is something they are all proud of.

Pride in *Ethel And Albert*—along with a proprietary interest—seems to extend to all of Peg's fans. They have played a most important role in her career. If you are one of them, you know if you write Peg Lynch a letter, you get an answer from Peg Lynch. If you answer that letter, you get another letter from Peg. She has corresponded with some men and women for years.

When Peg meets one of her correspondents in person, they usually test her.

"I'm Mrs. Adams," a lady will announce.

"Which Mrs. Adams?"

"Of Spring Valley."

"Of course, you have a boy in the Navy."

Peg has a list of friends that totals around five thousand. The entire five thousand have not yet tested her memory but, so far, she has demonstrated phenomenal feats of recall when called upon to identify the hands which have written the letters.

Peg's fans are not only loyal but, at times, better informed on her status than Peg herself. A few years back, when she was on network radio, she was told in late spring that her contract wouldn't be renewed. She had planned a month's vacation in Norway and, under the circumstances, decided to extend it. Her fans, in the meantime, began to harass the network and were soon getting letters from the network president that read, in part, "You may rest assured that *Ethel And Albert* will return in the fall." The fans sent the letters on to Peg at her home address, and the letters were forwarded to Europe—and that was how Peg first learned she would have a new contract.

That happened during the first year of her marriage: "I remember calling Odd from the studio when I was fired. I remember how it all happened. The woman in charge of not renewing contracts came up to me and said, 'Peg, I've got something to tell you. Your contract isn't being renewed.' She waited and then said, 'Don't you want to say some-



it—but we haven't caught a mole yet."

Odd is a consultant engineer for a Massachusetts firm. He travels quite a bit, and Peg's in New York most of the time, but the house is never empty. Peg's mother lives there and—together with Peg's aunt, Mrs. Helen Renning—takes care of Lise when Peg is working.

"I don't like working in the city," Peg says. "But, if I'm home and Lise calls for me, I can't refuse her. I may have a deadline to meet, when Lise knocks on the door and says, 'Mommie, I forgot to kiss you good morning.' Well, you can't turn a child down—and so we wind up playing happily for half an hour."

Lise is quite advanced for a lady who was four just this past June. She can handle a typewriter well enough to turn out fifty different words. "It was all her idea to learn to read and write," Peg explains hastily. "We're not rushing her. She's rushing us!"

Lise is petite and pretty. In a general way, she rather resembles her father's side, but her interests are similar to Peg's. She

thing?" So I asked, 'What's there to say? My contract isn't being renewed. That's all.' So she said, 'Come into my office and talk.' 'Talk about what?' She said, 'Talk about your contract not being renewed.' So I said, 'We've already talked about it.' She said, 'You know we don't want to lose you.' So I said, 'Lose me? You just canceled the show.' She said, 'That's what I want to talk to you about. We may want you back.' So I said, 'Well, I'm going to Norway, but I'll leave my address so you know where to find me.' For by that time, it occurred to me that I would not have a mere month for my vacation but two or three, so I phoned Odd and told him what had happened and told him I was taking a taxi home. When I got to the apartment, he was in mourning. But I told him, 'I'm happy about it.' He said, 'You can't be. Last night, you were crying because you lost a safety pin—and today you don't care about losing a show. It certainly is true that men don't understand women.'"

"Adore" is not a word to be used indiscriminately, but it would be fairly accurate to say that Peg adores Odd. And why not? Odd is pleasantly romantic—when they were separated by visas and sovereign governments, he had the florist deliver a rose a day to Peg. When he loses his temper, he always blames it on something he did. He is always cheerful. He is charming and gracious and good company. Like a Viking, he thinks nothing of driving a hundred and fifty miles from Massachusetts to New York to have dinner with Peg—then, at midnight, drive back to Stamford because he has promised daughter Lise that he will be at breakfast in the morning. He's a good husband, but has given few ideas to the video series.

"Really," says Alan Bunce, bouncing back in, "you have no idea where Peg gets her stories except out of her own head. Sometimes we can give her an incident. You never know what she will pick up. Once she did a script on an eccentricity of mine: I like to finish a flight of steps on my left foot and will skip a step to do it. Other times, you think you have something terrific for her. I went up to her the other day and said, 'Peg, something very funny happened at our house this past week. My aunt was visiting and she came down to breakfast wearing—' Peg interrupted me. She said, 'Stop! You gave me an idea. Now let me think it out.' Actually, I haven't even begun to tell the story!"

The people in *Ethel And Albert*, and the situations, and the acting and direction, are so simple and real that they are disarming. The aim is for laughs. But even so, it would seem that there is a serious thought behind every chapter.

A recent story whirled around the competition between Ethel and Albert as they checked the accuracy of each other's memory. The more serious they became, the funnier the show. But right at the climax, as Albert was about to ax Ethel's ego, he realized how unimportant it was. He suddenly felt monstrous.

"It's like that with most big arguments in marriage," Peg observes. "If the couple could remember what they're fighting about, it would seem awfully silly."

But, anyway, *Ethel And Albert* isn't a show with a message. It's like a weekly boxing event between the same fighters, or a series of battles within a war. The series reflects the classic domestic conflict, two people with minds of their own and motors running at different speeds, who, in spite of it all, love each other—and who, if they could, would smother each other with happiness. That's what gives the show its blood, its warmth and laughs.



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HOME SERVICE
DIRECTOR

—SAYS

These recipes are family favorites. Many were sent in to us, over the years, by interested readers. But most of this book's recipes came from talking with housewives in their own kitchens, for I have been able to visit readers of TRUE STORY and its associated magazines the wide country over. My purpose was to keep in touch with that very important phase of housework—cooking for the family. In this way I collected the most unusual group of recipes.

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Born To Be an Actor

(Continued from page 29)

actor, had been there as far back as he can remember. And it probably always had been the stronger one, but there seemed to be plenty of time before he had to make up his mind. At any rate, the conflict was resolved cruelly and decisively a few years later.

John had been graduated from high school at sixteen and gone on to the University of Alabama where he played football, worked on the paper, joined a drama group, and also took a lot of pre-med science courses. He had fun during his freshman year, but, one afternoon toward the end of it, this phase of his life ended abruptly.

It was one afternoon he'll never forget. He'd been in a gay, carefree mood, walking with some friends across the lush grass of the sun-drenched campus, past the stately elms lining one side of the square, and up the steps to his fraternity house, where someone handed him a telegram. His father had been killed in an accident. The words blurred as he read them. Then, as he grasped their meaning, the impact left him numb.

Later that evening, he was back home in Haleyville, embracing his mother. Her quiet dignity, her face strained with grief—that was another thing which left its mark on John, teaching him more about life and human emotions than he's learned in all the drama schools since.

There wasn't enough money, after that, for him to continue his studies. His father—an oil engineer—hadn't had much work during the Depression. When he was killed in a fall from a derrick in Hobbs, New Mexico, he'd been working for the first time in several years. Instead of going back to school, John had to stay home and help support his mother and his younger brother and sister. After a year at home, he went to near-by Birmingham and worked in a railroad yard, sending most of his paycheck home.

By 1940, John's mother no longer needed her oldest son's help. But—with the world already at war—to resume his studies, go on to medical school and become a doctor seemed too remote and distant a goal for the husky young man of twenty-one who was anxious to make his mark—and make it soon. It was four years since he'd left school. Four years

during which he'd stood still. And, during those years, the drive to be an actor had definitely gained the upper hand.

Nobody in John's family had ever been on the stage. But, instead of raising objections and trying to dissuade him from so precarious a career, they were all for it when he told them of his plan. "John," his mother said, "if that's what you want to do, go ahead with it. I'm sure you'll be successful at whatever you try."

One of John's first discoveries when he came to New York, in the fall of that year, was that he spoke with an A-la-bama accent and that he'd have to get rid of it before he could land a job on the stage. Speech coach Frances Robinson Duff managed to "remove" his lazy drawl in a relatively short time. His range today easily encompasses the sonorous thespian accent of a John Barrymore, the model for a part he successfully portrayed in "The Royal Family." Nowadays, the only time some Alabama sunshine creeps back into his voice is when he talks to his mother on the telephone. "For a couple of hours afterwards, he sounds as though he were livin' on a li'l ole plantation," says his wife Louise.

In order to support himself during his early months in New York, John worked behind a soda fountain at Schrafft's—which was a veritable hotbed of bright, young theatrical talent. With John at the same 43rd Street branch at the time was John Forsythe, while Kirk Douglas, Robert Dall and John Lund occupied similar strategic positions at other branches, and Gregory Peck was a page at Radio City. All you had to do in 1940, if you wanted to meet many of the stars of 1955, was to have sodas at Schrafft's and take a guided tour through Rockefeller Center.

Baragrey had his first break the following summer, when he landed a job in a stock company in Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania. One of the plays he did there was "Getting Gertie's Garter," which subsequently played on New York City's "subway circuit," circulating among Manhattan, the Bronx, Brooklyn and Queens. This brought him to the attention of New York producers and audiences.

His next major engagement, however, turned out to be with Uncle Sam. John was inducted into the Army, assigned to Special Services, and served in the Pacific,

where—of all places—in New Guinea in 1944, he met the girl whom he was to marry four years later.

Louise Larrabee was a young actress touring the front with a USO troupe in the show "Petticoat Fever." John, on short notice, was asked to take the featured part of the radio operator. Louise—along with some two thousand GIs—first took notice of her husband-to-be in a scene in which he was at a radio set waiting for an important message. All went well until out of nowhere a huge dog, a Great Dane—who was called "Hamlet," of course, and was the mascot of some outfit stationed in Rabaul—ambled onto the stage, staring hungrily at an inviting part of Corporal Baragrey's muscular anatomy. When Baragrey looked around and straight into the dog's drooling countenance, he did a perfect double-take. "Message must have arrived by dog sled," he announced, bringing down the house.

After his return from the service, in 1945, a steady succession of engagements kept Baragrey sufficiently occupied to forestall any return to Schrafft's soda fountain. As a matter of fact, working in all three media of stage, screen and television, he quickly blossomed forth as one of the busiest actors at either end of the Hollywood-Broadway axis. He was in producer Fred Coe's first dramatic television offering—as well as in the first production of the *Kraft Television Theater*, TV's oldest dramatic program—and since then has starred in well over fifty video plays, appearing on practically all such major programs. In 1951, he was voted the best TV actor of the year for his portrayal of John Wilkes Booth.

In the movies, he was first seen as Escamillo opposite Rita Hayworth's "Carmen." He followed this up with "Shockproof" and "Four Days' Leave"—with Cornel Wilde, who became a close personal friend—"The Saxon Charm," with Robert Montgomery, and his latest release, "Tall Man Riding," with Randolph Scott. Of these he liked "Shockproof" so little he never even went to see it, and he wasn't much happier about "Four Days' Leave," though he enjoyed its filming—which gave him a glorious trip to Switzerland.

John came to the attention of Hollywood as a result of a highly successful fourteen weeks' engagement in the summer theater at Skowhegan, Maine, in 1946, where he was spotted by Bette Davis who originally wanted him to play the lead opposite her in the film version of Edith Wharton's "Ethan Frome." Ever since, summer has been Baragrey's busiest season, and he's acquired an enthusiastic following in such famous summer theaters as that of Westport, Connecticut, the Bucks County Playhouse and the Fairmount Park Theater in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, where he has appeared regularly for the past several seasons. He's also been on national tours in "Arsenic and Old Lace," "Jane Eyre," "Richard III," "Design for Living" and "The Bad Man" (with Jose Ferrer), "The Green Goddess," and many others. Last summer, his principal appearances were in "Sabrina Fair," in "Candle Light" (with Eva Gabor—they repeated it on television on the *Pond's Theater* in May), and in "The Road to Rome" (opposite Arlene Francis).

Summer stock means a great deal to Baragrey. "For a TV actor," he says, "it's like a post-graduate course. Besides, it's a lot of fun. There's nothing like getting a direct response from a live audience."

On Broadway as was mentioned before, John's luck hasn't been nearly as good so far, although he's been associated with plays of such stature as Ben Hecht's "A



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Flag Is Born," Arthur Koestler's "Twilight Bar," and Jean Giraudoux's "The Enchanted," to name only a few. None of these plays had much popular success, and most of the others were flops. Even where the name of a star like Constance Bennett, in "I Found April," seemed to assure success, the play folded before it ever reached Broadway. By no means discouraged, however, Baragrey is confident that his luck is bound to change soon and that he'll be in a Broadway hit yet.

After their meeting in New Guinea in 1944, John Baragrey and Louise Larabee had been dating each other off and on for four years, whenever their conflicting schedules happened to bring them together in the same place at the same time. This occurred again in 1948 in Los Angeles, Louise's home town, where they managed to arrive within a day of each other—John for the filming of "The Saxon Charm" and Louise with the national company of "Carousel." This time, they decided to get married.

Making their home in New York, they've since been lucky enough to avoid any excessively long separations. Both of them are passionately devoted Gothamites who flock back to the city the minute any outside acting chores are over. "We'd be very unhappy if we'd ever have to move away from New York," John says.

Their base of operations is a second floor walk-up apartment off lower Fifth Avenue, on the outer fringe of Greenwich Village. They have no children and no pets, but seem to be deeply contented in each other's company. Neither of them likes to go out or even eat out, (in fifteen years, John remembers having gone to a night club only twice, each time under duress). While Louise paints—usually her favorite subject, her husband—John admits to no hobbies, except reading. Having

appeared in three adaptations of novels by Jane Austen, he has become a confirmed Janite, but has no other special favorites.

Although he played football in school, John's trim, athletic build today is by no means the result of strenuous exercise—unless you count shaking his head from side to side saying "no" to second helpings. Other than that—"lifting my knife and fork," he says, "is about the only exercise I do and enjoy."

According to his wife, he is not a finicky eater. "John will eat about anything you put in front of him," Louise says. "The only exceptions are liver and lobster, of which he isn't very fond. But he loves okra. Fortunately, he doesn't insist on hominy grits for breakfast, despite his Alabama upbringing."

When Louise works and John doesn't, he'll take complete charge of the kitchen department, allegedly wielding a pretty mean spatula and proving himself a shrewd shopper. In addition to groceries, he'll also at times buy clothes and accessories for Louise.

"John has wonderful taste," she says. "I can trust him blindfolded. The other day he came home loaded with packages. 'I was feeling so good, I simply had to go out and charge something,' he said. But the nice part was that he didn't buy anything for himself—it was all for me."

This kind of unselfishness has made Baragrey fully as popular with his fellow artists as he is with his public. He's always willing to share a dressing room assigned to him alone, has never tried to upstage another player, and is known for his old-time courtesy and considerateness.

Though women have a marked tendency to flock after him, Baragrey has none of the conceit commonly attributed to a matinee idol. In fact, he's liable to become acutely embarrassed if anyone makes

a fuss over him. It's one of the hazards he dreads when he goes shopping for Louise. And there have been times when unsolicited affection has made him angry.

Not long ago, a girl somehow got hold of his unlisted telephone number, called, and asked him to meet her at a certain address. "Did you know I was married?" John asked.

"Oh," the girl said. Then there was a pause. "Do you have any children?"

"No," he answered.

"Good," the girl went on, obviously relieved. "Then it doesn't matter."

After he hung up he said to Louise that they really should go up there together and embarrass her. "That wouldn't be very kind," his wife said good-naturedly.

"Well," he answered. "She was trying not to be very kind to you."

Where John himself is concerned, however, there isn't a vindictive or mean bone in his body, and his wife maintains that he's about the most soft-hearted person Louise has ever known. "It's reached a point with John," she says, "where he can't read about an airplane crash or a highway accident without being upset by it for days. Even when he doesn't know any of the persons involved."

Perhaps that's one of the reasons why John Baragrey gets so much satisfaction out of the more sympathetic roles he has played on TV and radio—such as young Dr. Palmer in *The Doctor's Wife*. There, in particular, he found an outlet for his instinctive reactions to the suffering of others and for his frustrated drive to help and to heal. That was a moral debt he felt he owed to his Uncle Wash. But, as modern doctor or historic adventurer, in radio or on TV, John knows the contentment which comes from doing a job well. For such born actors as John, life is all drama—and drama is the life.

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Everything's Rosie

(Continued from page 38)

then I started hearing about Joe and Bombo.

"It's a theory of Joe's," Rosemary went on, as she took a sip of her lemonade and sighed ecstatically, "that, the nearer you come to living like the natives of a country, the better you will like that country. Joe's a great one to try to understand a nation's customs . . . why they drink rum in Cuba, for example, or why the English don't like ice. And it's funny, but it works. I wouldn't like un-iced drinks or tepid beer in Hollywood, but here they taste just right."

Then Rosemary was groping through her handsome black handbag. "Thought I had some snapshots here of Bombo to show you," she explained, "but I must have left 'em in my other purse."

"Bombo?" Rosemary had obviously been asked the question a time or two before. "I know," she shrugged. "Silly, isn't it? Something his father thought up, and it came from nothing that I know of. He's really named Miguel Jose, you know, and someday I guess we'll get around to calling him Miguel—but, right now, Bombo seems to suit him better."

If I was finding it a bit difficult to adjust to Rosemary, the wife and mother, it was even harder to visualize the brilliant, versatile, unorthodox Mr. Ferrer in the role of doting father, and I said so.

"Joe's a wonderful father," Rosie said, as matter-of-factly as though she were discussing his acknowledged ability as an actor, director or singer. "He has a theory about babies, too. Before Bombo was born, Joe made me a great speech one evening in which he expounded this theory—which is, briefly, that men who say they're afraid to give the baby its bottle or change its diapers are just kidding themselves and really missing a great deal. I kind of took it all with a grain of salt. But, sure enough, after Bombo ap-

peared on the scene, Joe lived up to his pronouncements and he's better than I am with a safety pin."

Much as I wanted to hear of Rosie's career plans, her British debut in Glasgow, and her forthcoming Palladium appearance, it would have been difficult to change the subject under discussion, for which she showed such enthusiasm. Anyway, she was obviously just getting warmed up.

"You'll really have to see my fat baby to appreciate it," she went on, "but he looks so like his father it's ridiculous. You'd think I had nothing to do with him at all!" Rosie's blue eyes twinkled as she took another sip of her drink. "Actually, I had a quick glimpse of him the moment he was born, and he looked so like Joe I couldn't stop laughing. Let's face it, on Joe those features look good—but on a new-born baby . . . well!"

"Did we want a boy?" Rosemary repeated my next question. "I'll say we did. You see, my nine-year-old sister, Gail, lives with us, so we already felt as though we had a daughter and we wanted a son very badly. So when the baby was born—and I got over laughing at his looks—I begged the doctor to let me tell Joe myself. He was in the waiting room and, as they wheeled me down the corridor toward my room, I spied him and shouted, 'It's a boy. How happy can you get?'"

In view of Rosemary's obvious enthusiasm for motherhood, my next question was a foolish one, but I asked it all the same: Did she want any more children?

"Gosh, yes!" She had scarcely waited for the words to be out of my mouth. "At least five more. You see, that's the good thing about making records for a living . . . and recording my radio show. It doesn't matter about my figure—and, believe me, I put on weight having Bombo. It seemed like he'd never arrive."

(Rosemary, incidentally, isn't the only one who enjoys the state of impending motherhood. In the long run, all her fans

benefit, for her manager, Joe Shribman, reports that she never sang better than when she was expecting her baby. "Her recording of 'Hey There' and 'This Ole House' was made while Rosie was waiting for the baby," he said, "and it sold over two million copies.")

Now Rosemary was searching through her bag again. With a quick glance to make sure husband Jose wasn't lurking around the pillars, she drew out a small box and thrust it into my hands.

"A present to Joe for our second anniversary," she explained. "Five years ago, he received some garters from Cartier's with gold slides and hooks on them. And, ever since I've known him, he's been dropping hints about having suspenders to match. So . . ." she watched proudly as I raised the lid to reveal the gold-trimmed suspenders, "I picked them up from Cartier's this morning."

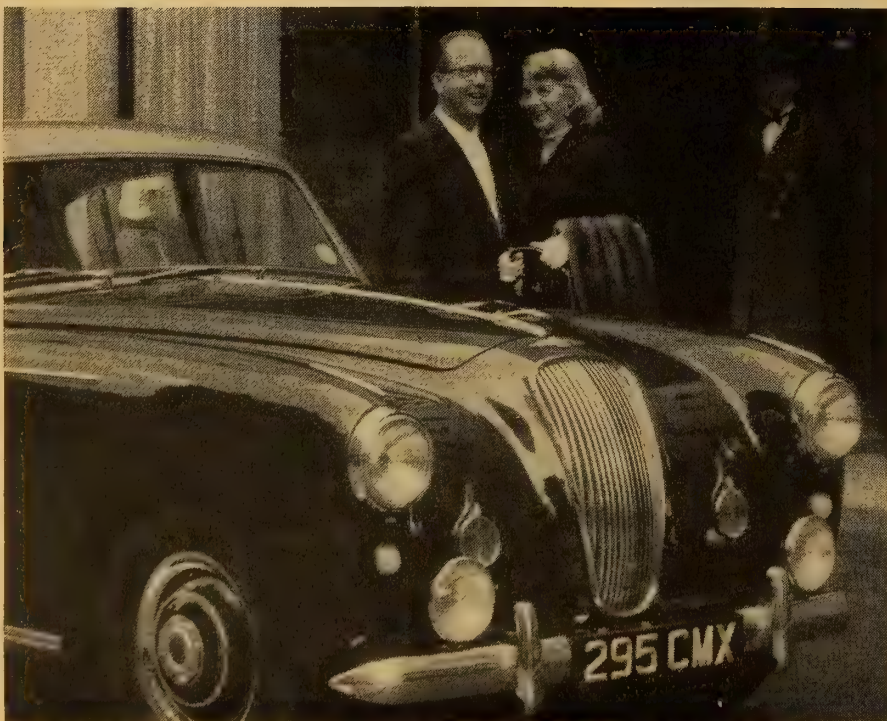
You've come a long way, Rosie, I thought, from the little town of Maysville, Kentucky—where you were born on May 23, 1928—to shopping at Cartier's on Bond Street in London . . . from doing kid vocal duets with your sister Betty to starring in pictures, on your own radio show—and now, at that mecca of all performers, the London Palladium.

Everything careerwise happened so fast to Rosie that it might have turned a less level head. Her first singing experience came when she provided entertainment for her grandfather's mayoral political rallies back in Maysville. Then, after the Clooney family moved to Cincinnati, she and sister Betty became a vocal team and sang for several months on radio station WLW. There they were heard by bandleader Tony Pastor, who immediately signed them as featured vocalists with his orchestra—and, since both girls were under eighteen, an uncle accompanied them on tour as chaperon.

It was while Rosemary was singing with Pastor that she first came to the attention of Joe Shribman, who pulled her out of the band and put her out as a solo recording act. Her first record, "Bargain Day," made little impact on the disc fans of the country. Neither did her second, or third—or even tenth. Then came "Come On-a My House," and the rest is history. Suffice it to say Rosemary still gets shaky when she thinks how close she came not to recording the tune . . . for the simple reason that she was afraid of the Armenian dialect.

Night-club engagements, radio and TV, pictures, romance, marriage and motherhood . . . Rosie Clooney has taken them all in her stride. She's still as unaffected as a friendly puppy; she has no illusions about herself as an actress or a glamour girl. "I'm a girl anyone can look like," she says, which is somewhat of an exaggeration, when one considers her five-foot-four-inches of slimness and the fact that she must diet carefully—to gain weight. She likewise has no illusions about her Paramount contract. "I'd recorded a hit tune," she says, "and I knew the studio merely wanted to take advantage of what popularity I'd achieved. If I've been able to act a bit, as well as sing . . . well, it's to the directors' credit, not mine. I just do what they tell me to." Refreshing candor, indeed, in a business where most comedians yearn to play Shakespeare, and too many glamour girls fancy themselves great tragediennes. Refreshing, too, to find a girl whom stardom has not changed. As a British newspaperman put it, "She's exactly the same as she was when I met her in New York five years ago."

But now Rosemary was carefully tucking the anniversary gift away, and settling



Rosemary Clooney and her accompanist, Buddy Cole, in front of the Ferrers' London hotel. Car is a Lagonda—with steering wheel on right, in British style.

back to talk of her second favorite subject—Great Britain.

"We both love the British Isles, really," she smiled. "Must be a throwback to my Irish great-grandpop, I guess—for, although this is my first visit, I feel as though I'd lived here all my life."

Jose, in England for studio interior shots after directing and starring in "Cockleshell Heroes" in Spain, rented a country house in for the arrival of Rosie and the baby... a remodeled old dwelling known as Black Jack's Mill.

"It's terrific," Rosemary rhapsodized. "Straight out of 'Mrs. Miniver'. Lots of china and copper and huge fireplaces, and the mill stream running alongside. It was really a mill, you know, when it was built a couple of hundred years ago, but I'm happy to report that it was modernized by an American and has five bathrooms and central heating. Let's face it, it isn't always as warm in England as it is today."

Rosie loves living in the country, and the hour's drive into the heart of London doesn't bother her in the least. "Although I wouldn't dare to drive myself in England," she added. "I've only just learned to cope with traffic in California, and this left-side-of-the-road business has me completely baffled, even when I'm on foot. But Joe is wonderful. I guess he's ambidextrous or something, but it doesn't bother him at all to drive on the wrong side of the car on the wrong side of the road. As for living in the country—well, I'm really used to it. After all, it's as quiet as the country where we live in Beverly Hills, and even our apartment in New York is very high and faces away from the street, so we might be miles away from all the hustle and bustle of the city."

"As a matter of fact," Rosemary continued, "my week's engagement in Glasgow found me living a city-type existence

for the first time in ages, and I can't say I'm enamored of it. Our hotel was next door to the station, and two trains a night seemed to run right through my room. You know, the kind of engines that chug right up to the platform and then let off steam with a terrific 'whoosh'... and then back up and start all over again. Golly, when I got back home, I fell into bed and slept from five in the afternoon until next morning.

"The people were wonderful in Glasgow, though," she went on, her eyes sparkling at the recollection. "Do you know, after my first show there were about three thousand fans waiting outside, and almost as many after every performance, but I've never seen such orderly crowds. Just about everyone had an autograph book in his hand, but, whenever I explained that I didn't have time to sign any more because it was time to go onstage, they'd wait patiently until after the next show."

"The audiences were wonderful, too," Rosemary continued. "I'd been warned that in Scotland they really considered themselves part of the show, and that they'd call out compliments or insults with equal abandon. But I guess they feel kindly toward Americans, or something, because they were certainly kind to me. And it was all so friendly and informal, with people shouting out 'Go to it, Rosie,' and calling for their requests. Mostly they asked for 'The Dimple,' and I finally had to tell them that, since the baby's born and I know where the dimples are, I shouldn't really be singing it any more."

Somehow, you see, the conversation always seemed to come back to the baby.

"I left Bombo in England with his daddy and his nurse," Rosie said. "I was only away for a week, and I've discovered it's quite a thing to take a five-month-old baby on trips. It's the luggage problem.

"Besides," she went on, "it was time for his second inoculation, and this time it was Joe's turn to take him. When Bombo had his first shots, I went all to pieces. I'm not usually the sensitive-type mother, but to see that little mite feeling pain for the first time, and not being able to explain it to him, was more than I could stand. I must confess that I burst into tears, and the more I cried the more the baby cried, and the more he cried, the more I cried, and all in all it was quite a damp performance. So Joe figured for the good of all concerned it would be better if Daddy did the honors the second time 'round."

Between Glasgow and the Palladium, there was a quick trip to Ireland for the Ferrers, to visit their good friend, director John Huston.

"I guess every Irishman, no matter how many generations removed from the old sod, gets a special thrill out of visiting the country," Rosemary laughed, "and I think I met every Clooney living in Ireland. You see, one newspaper carried the somewhat erroneous report that I was visiting there to search for long-lost relatives, and it seemed like literally hundreds of Clooneys presented themselves at the Huston door. To make matters even more confusing, there's a part of Ireland called Cloone, its residents are called 'Cloonies,' and they all showed up, too. But it made me terribly proud, I can tell you, and I think great-grandfather would have been proud, too."

And that about sums up Rosemary Clooney these days. Proud of being Irish, proud of her husband, proud of her son. The fact that she's also a top star definitely takes second-place in her life, and I just hope that when next I see her she's well on the way to that family of five she's hoping and planning to have.

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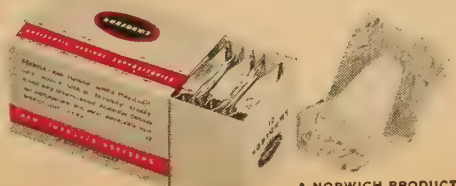
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Daddy's Wife—At Home

(Continued from page 31)
me of a motion picture I saw recently." Sherry turned a quizzical eye. "Oh, really—which one?"

"The Long Gray Line," Jean said, with a laugh. "Don't you think it's a little extreme, Sherry?"

"Well . . . maybe a little. But almost all the girls are wearing them this long now."

"So they wear them down there," Jean smiled, "but on you it looks—well, you know . . ." There was a slight pause as Sherry took in Jean's reaction, a reaction she'd come to respect. Jean continued: "It's just not the thing for you, Sherry, honey—at least, I don't think so. Even though others are wearing trip-length skirts, you know you look better in shorter styles. Don't be afraid to be yourself, Sherry, to do what's right for you."

"Don't be afraid to be yourself" is a philosophy Jean Hagen has lived with ever since she was a girl in Elkhart, Indiana. She has always been herself, stood by her own beliefs. In Hollywood, the "yes" town, Jean frequently has swum upstream against the tide of professional opinion.

Before she joined *The Danny Thomas Show*, Jean was under contract to M-G-M, where her ideas were highly respected. In the picture, "Singin' in the Rain," producer Arthur Freed wanted Jean to play the part of the gravel-voiced, Brooklynese silent star as broadly as possible. Jean disagreed with the producer, saying, "People will get tired of the grating voice." Meetings were called and discussions were held at great length. The clincher came when Jean attended the last of these meetings and gravel-voiced her way through the entire hour. The executives went away with their hands to their ears. Jean won her point—because she has always known what was right for her.

From 1949 to 1953, Jean played a variety of roles at M-G-M. Comedy in "Adam's Rib"; a tramp in "Asphalt Jungle"; a comedy-musical character in "Singin' in the Rain." Professional people in the industry respected her talent and versatility. When she was offered the role of Margaret in *The Danny Thomas Show*, some of these same professionals were aghast that she even thought of accepting the part: "But, Jean, you're so versatile. Why stereotype yourself as a housewife?"

However, Jean and her husband, Tom Seidel, talked it over. They decided that being seen once a week on TV would do more for her career than three years in the movies. There was another advantage: On TV Jean would be playing her own favorite real-life role—that of a wife (to Tom Seidel) and mother (to her own children, Chris, five, and Eric, three).

TV-wise, doing what she thinks is right for her has paid off for Jean Hagen. The first year *The Danny Thomas Show*, "Make Room for Daddy," was seen, it was given a Sylvania award—and "Daddy" Danny has twice won the coveted Academy of Television Arts and Science's Emmy. Jean herself has been twice nominated for the award.

The philosophy, "Don't be afraid to be yourself" Jean learned at her father's knee. She says, "My father, C. M. Ver Hagen, was a square-jawed Dutchman who encouraged us to speak out, to speak our minds. He encouraged us to be ourselves, to do what we thought was right for us. He had a droll sense of humor. He had to have a sense of humor, with eight children! I remember hearing one of his friends—who had kids of his own—asking, 'What kind of advice do you give your children?' My father said, 'I don't

give them any advice. I try to find out what they want to do, then I tell them to do it.'

"That's the way the family was raised—with enthusiasm. I, for example, can't remember when I didn't want to be an actress. Somehow, it has always been the thing for me. Though there was one day in my life when my dad and I didn't agree on acting—but that comes later.

"When I was five years old, we put on plays in the cellar. My sister did the writing, I directed and produced. We all acted, including my brothers. My mother was ticket-taker. We charged pins. It was a good way for Mother to keep her strawberry pincushion filled.

"We moved to Elkhart, Indiana, when I was twelve. Our home, the cellar productions, the many kids in the neighborhood—and my grandmother next door—all were so familiar, my heart so wrapped up in them, that I didn't want to leave. My grandmother Natalborg was my best friend. As a child, when I learned a new scene or a new poem, she encouraged me with pennies and her home-baked cookies. I would have memorized Shakespeare for one of Grandmother's cookies.

"While growing up, I think everybody has someone older to look up to, to make a hero out of. That's the kind of friend my grandmother was. I know how much time two children take, and I wonder how my mother got around to all eight of us. There just isn't time enough to spread around that much love and affection. That's why Grandmother Natalborg meant so much to me—she sort of brought me up.

"Sherry Jackson and I have a similar relation. I think children go through a period when they want someone else to go to, in addition to their own mother and father—I know I did. Sherry came to me the other day, for example, saying she wanted to go steady with a boy. I said, 'Don't you think you are still kind of young . . . ' and we kidded around the subject for a few minutes, the way girls will. She finally agreed by saying, 'Well . . . maybe I am too young—but he's so cute!'

"I remember when I was in high school, in Elkhart, I had several older tutors, so to speak, whom I thought a great deal of and who helped me and encouraged me through my teens. My dramatics teacher in high school was the first. She encouraged me to do more dramatic work, so I joined the local little-theater group. The director there was Mary Thompson and she encouraged me, so I took private lessons from a professional, June Rohleder,

and she, too, gave encouragement to me.

"But success in any business is made up of a number of things. It's how long you've been around and, sometimes, who you know, and what you know about your job . . . they all make for success. The people who guided me early in my career knew this—though ours, strangely enough, was more a professional relationship than a personal one. I knew what I wanted from the time I was able to say 'elocution lesson.' These people advised me how to get to my acting goal the quickest, surest way.

"And it's lucky for me they were around, for I had ideas of my own. This brings us back to the idea of finding guidance and enthusiastic encouragement outside of the home—it's one way for a child to round out his world of experience. Today there are all sorts of clubs—YMCA and YWCA, 4H's—and many other places where young people can get guidance, encouragement, be put on the right track.

"I wanted to act and was ready to go out and conquer the world when I finished high school. But, fortunately for me, Mary Thompson took me aside and suggested that I should go on to college. I hadn't given a thought to college; I thought I didn't need it. It was Mary who decided me. Of course, now I'm grateful for her help.

"Miss Thompson also got me my first professional job—when I was a freshman at Lake Forest College in Lake Forest, Illinois—on a radio show called *The Brewster Boy*. I played a real eccentric teenager. I'm afraid the producer had me typed."

After a year at Lake Forest, Jean went to Northwestern University at Evanston, about 100 miles from Elkhart, for two years and a summer. She wanted to get out in a hurry. She worked her way through school with the *Brewster Boy* role.

"When I came home to Elkhart," Jean recalls, "I told my dad I was leaving for New York to crash Broadway. My parents had been of the opinion that my dramatic training was preparing me to be a teacher. When I said, 'Broadway,' they couldn't have been more surprised. My dad said, 'Oh, no, you're not! You're staying to get your teaching credentials!'

"I'd always had arguments with my father—but we both enjoyed them. Besides, it was one way to get attention. Well, of course, he didn't know how badly I wanted to go to Broadway. When he found out what it was I really wanted to do, according to his theory of not giving advice, he encouraged me to go ahead."

Jean loved New York the minute she saw it. She had very little money, moved into a single room with her friend, actress Pat Neal, and started looking for a job. Jean says, "This was when apartments were very difficult to get—we couldn't have afforded one, anyhow. Our room had no bath. We had to walk two blocks every morning to a friend's house to bathe!

"The first job I had was selling cigarettes in a night club. I took this because I wanted my days free to look for an acting job. Later, I ushered at the Booth Theater, working nights for the same reason. And that is where I got my first stage work."

Jean was caught in a conversation at a backstage party one evening with the play's authors, Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur. It was widely known that the play was not going well. When the writers asked Jean what she thought of it, she said—being true to herself—"I don't think it's very good. Maybe it needs some



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more writing . . ." The authors were a bit surprised at this boldness, but it made the desired impression. For a while, Jean thought her brash remark had cost her any chance of ever being in a Hecht-MacArthur play. But the writers did offer her a replacement job when Louis Calhern's wife took sick. Then, just as Jean's goal seemed to be won, Jean came down with appendicitis.

Her stage career was launched in earnest, however, when she came back from the hospital and Hecht and MacArthur offered her a role in "Swan Song"—the show she'd criticized. Her big break came the following year, in Lillian Hellman's "Another Part of the Forest." From that, she went into "The Traitor," and then "Born Yesterday."

Jean met her husband, Tom Seidel, shortly after beginning rehearsals on "Another Part of the Forest." "We met in the lobby of the Booth Theater," Jean recalls. "We were introduced by my friend Pat Neal. I was going with someone else at the time, but don't misunderstand me—Tom made an impression. I didn't forget him. Three months later, when he called for a date, I said, 'Yes.' We took a drive in the country.

"Tom has always been interested in a thousand things—that was one part of his personality that attracted me—and photography happened to be one of his many interests. He took a motion picture camera along on the trip and we took pictures of our day. We dig them out and run them every anniversary. Tom hasn't let me forget our first date!

We were married two months later. I was doing 'Dear Ruth,' in summer stock in Connecticut, when I slipped and broke my leg. Tom said it was silly to waste six weeks hobbling around in a plaster cast. He suggested we turn our time to better advantage—and proposed marriage. We were married July 3, 1947.

"Our honeymoon was an unforgettable affair. We traveled to the Thousand Islands near Kanoqua, Canada. Tom and I both love to fish, and this was an ideal spot. But it also was most miserable. It rained all the time—and me with a plaster cast on my leg! The rain made it soggy, and the mosquitoes were determined we'd get no rest. It was undoubtedly the most miserable honeymoon anyone could ever spend."

Shortly after her honeymoon, Jean signed what she thought was a one-picture deal with M-G-M. "But I didn't read the small print!" she laughs. With a couple of years of pictures and contracts with options ahead of her, Jean settled down in Hollywood, moving in with her old friend, Pat Neal, and waited for Tom to settle affairs in New York and join her.

Having always done what she has thought best for her, Jean picked the parts she felt best qualified for at M-G-M—"Asphalt Jungle," for example—and has always stuck to her guns when she felt her acting or professional integrity was at stake, as in her meeting with the executives about her characterization in "Singin' in the Rain."

It was for this role as the silent-screen star that Jean won her Oscar nomination. So, with this success, her philosophy of doing what she thought was right for her has paid off professionally. But Jean was not satisfied with this apparent success: "It wasn't that I didn't have work," she says, "because there was always something to do. But people never recognized me! No one knew I was in pictures! When I was asked, 'Do you work?' and I said, 'Yes, I'm an actress,' people replied, 'Oh, really. Have we seen any of your pictures?' If I answered, 'Singin' in the

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Rain,' they said, 'Oh, we don't remember you in that.' And, if I said 'Asphalt Jungle,' they said, 'Well, now... we don't remember you in that, either—what part did you say you played?' My answer to that was: 'I wasn't Marilyn Monroe!'

Because of those reactions Jean felt something was wrong with her career, though she didn't know what. One night, she and Tom—then an agent, now a building contractor—sat down to discuss her career. They decided that she could be seen by more people in one week on TV than in a year on the screen.

When Jean and Tom saw the first Danny Thomas script, they felt it would be right for her. If realistic acting were any criterion, Jean knew she would never better understand a part than this one—she would, after all, simply be playing herself.

When, after the first five weeks on the air, the show won the Sylvania Award, Jean knew that her "Don't be afraid to be yourself" philosophy had again paid off. About the Emmy, Jean says, "I couldn't have been more thrilled about anything—especially since it was really unexpected. The only thing is that you work so hard, and you know everybody else in TV works so hard, you sometimes feel you should get a medal for just being on."

By the second month the show was on the air, Jean knew her choice of career change had been a success. "Nobody recognized me when I was in the movies," she says, "but the attitude toward people in television is entirely different. It's a neighborly attitude. And I find I enjoy it. Besides, it comes in handy. If I'm shopping someplace and have left my checkbook at home—well, it really doesn't matter. The manager will say, 'Oh, for heaven's sake, that's perfectly all right, don't think a thing of it. Anytime you want to pay is okay!'"

The enjoyment that Jean now gets from being recognized by her fans is carried over into the production of the show. "Danny Thomas," says Jean, "is a naturally funny man. It's a great experience working with him. One time, Danny was in the middle of a tearful scene, when suddenly Rusty Hamer sneezed. 'God bless you!' said Danny and went right on. It didn't faze him—in fact, it added to the scene."

"Working on 'Make Room for Daddy' is very much like a live show. Or, rather, it's very much like a new Broadway opening night every week! For example, we play a great deal off the audience's reaction. Danny will say, 'I'll read this line and, if I don't get a laugh, don't say anything, because I'll ad-lib something else.' Therefore, there is a great deal of tension, but it's a wonderful acting challenge."

Jean also feels that her television schedule is better than the motion picture schedule. "I work four days and then I have three days off. Besides this, on Monday and Tuesday, I get home in time to tuck the children in and read them a story—it's 'Davy Crockett' now, but last month it was 'Cinderella.'"

"They are really too young to stay up and watch the show, and I don't want to confuse them. Children have a hard time telling the difference between play acting and real life—and, if they were to see me on TV as Danny's wife, they might be confused about me and Daddy."

"Though I think that Chris is old enough now to tell the difference. She came in last week, saying, 'I saw a show last night and it had a ghost on it. I was very scared—but I know something...'"

"What do you know?" I asked.

"I know that, after the show, the ghost goes home and watches himself, just like

you do! So Chris, at least, is beginning to understand the whole thing."

When Jean works on her script at home, hubby Tom Seidel cues her on her lines—when he isn't building in and around the house, that is. "Hammer and saw," says Jean, "are a vice with Tom. If I don't watch him, he'll fill the Benedict Canyon with houses. We'd no sooner moved into our present home than he built a barn, added a car-port, and turned the garage into a playroom for the kids."

"We are both great outdoor people. In fact, Tom says I'm made for swimming pools. He always threatened to buy a lot, build a pool and a bathhouse, and live in the bathhouse until we built our own home. I was perfectly willing."

Instead, the Seidels moved into their present Brentwood home about five years ago, when Jean found she was carrying Chris—born August 26, 1950, and named Patricia Christine after Jean's good friend, Pat Neal. Aric Philip, now three, was born August 19, 1952. The children occupy a bright sunny room. But, as they get older, Tom is already warming up his tools to make an addition for their separate quarters.

When Jean and Tom first moved into their home, it was twins—a small house with a summer guest house, both on one lot. Tom joined them together with a few deft blows, like an expert Justice of the Peace tying the wedding knot.

The rambling home, now laid out in a lazy U is a three-dimensional color picture inside and out, of the Jean Hagen personality. Easygoing in its sprawling spaciousness, its every nook and corner is a reflection of some facet of Jean's varied personality. There's gaiety written all over the master bedroom's red and white

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print wallpaper; elegance in the Queen Anne spread; warmth in the color tones of their Early American decor; friendliness in the glow of their stained wood walls; nostalgia in the favorite antique—her grandmother's delftware; and Jean's success has left her as unassuming as the old-fashioned red painted flatiron she uses as a doorstop. Like the house, Jean is a thoroughly comfortable person to be with.

The front door is another feature of the house which reflects a facet of Jean's personality—the front door was once the back door. Prior to its present vice-versa position, guests had to tramp through a canyon acre of land and up a thousand steps. Jean felt that this was fine—if you wanted to live like a hermit. But, for functional purposes, some other arrangement had to be found. For practical Jean Hagen, the obvious thing to do was to switch the front and back doors. Tom Seidel's building genius did it. The switch saves the mailman a daily 1000-step hike. He thinks Jean is a doll.

The sign on the redwood picket fence that surrounds their pool and front yard gives the final touch to the three-dimensional picture of Jean Hagen. The sign is a subtle clue that reminds us of Jean's philosophy, "Don't be afraid to be yourself—to do what is right for you." In large capital letters, the sign reads "SEIDEL". In small letters below—set off in brackets somewhat as an afterthought—"Hagen)."

It's clear that Mrs. Tom Seidel (née Jean Hagen) knows what is right for her. Jean knows that playing the part of loving wife and mother is the best role of all.

The Gift of Happiness

(Continued from page 58)

was particularly gratifying to a member of the NBC press department who had had previous encounters with this hate-hunting gentleman. "This time he was stymied," she reports. "He phoned a few weeks later to say that the story was off. No 'conflict,' in it—he couldn't find anyone with a grudge. The more people he questioned, the more he heard what we had already told him—that Arlene has the same warmth off stage that she has on. She also has a sense of humor. And she never gets temperamental. Because she herself is a happy woman, she has a gift for making others happy, too."

Since this contagious quality of happiness reaches viewers via three totally different television shows on three networks—ABC's *Soldier Parade*, CBS's *What's My Line?* and NBC's *Home*—it has won Arlene admirers in a wide assortment of places.

Arlene is especially intrigued with one aggregation. "I'll bet I'm the only performer on television who has a cat, dog and bird fan club," she says. "It started," she explains, "when a dog in Rochester sent me such a cute letter that I read it on *Home*. Now I get letters signed by all kinds of pets. I'm disappointed, though. I haven't yet heard from a caterpillar."

The caterpillar contingent can scarcely be missed, for the human beings who regard Arlene with affection turn up in many varied places.

Walk along New York's Forty-sixth Street, for instance, through the jewelry district where fortunes in gems are often traded right out on the curb, and you may possibly overhear a wholesaler tell a manufacturer, "Make me up an order of hearts. Like Arlene Francis wears."

These hard-headed businessmen have good reason to like Arlene, for it is probable that she inadvertently has sold more diamonds for them than any actress since Lillian Russell! It all happened because Arlene, who calls herself "incurably sentimental," always wears the heart-shaped locket, outlined in diamonds, which her husband, Martin Gabel, gave her on the first anniversary of their marriage. Frankly copied in precious diamonds, pearls or rubies—and also in lowly rhinestones—it is in continuous demand both in luxury shops and dime stores. The heart lockets have become as popular with grown-up girls as Davy Crockett trinkets are with the small fry.

A group which might, with a slight stretch of the imagination, be designated as the occupational descendants of Davy himself chose a most extravagant way to express their liking. Inviting Arlene to attend their national convention, each member of the Fur Trappers of America brought the prize mink pelt of his season's catch as a gift to her. These, made up into a magnificent coat, have a conservative value of \$25,000.

The armed forces have regarded Arlene as their special sweetheart ever since she made her first USO tour during World War II. Lonely GIs gave her many affectionate, informal titles. The United States Army made it official by naming her an honorary sergeant, thus showing appreciation for both her front-line entertainment and the encouragement she has subsequently given talented servicemen and women on her television shows.

But, of all the honors and titles which have come her way, the ones Arlene herself most deeply cherishes are those which she holds in common with her women viewers: Daughter, Wife, Mother.

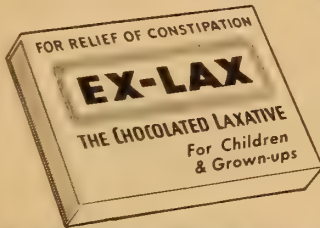
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and her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Aram Kazanjian, is so strong that it has carried the three of them safely through the kind of conflict which has wrecked many a family's ties. It started during her childhood, Arlene explains, because, "Both my father and my mother wanted the best of everything for me—unfortunately, our views of what was best were in complete disagreement."

Arlene's heart's desire, even as a small girl, centered around the theater. Born in Boston, she moved, at an early age to Riverdale, a section of New York, where she took part in community theater activities. "I was stage struck," says Arlene. "Even the Sisters at the Convent of Mt. St. Vincent Academy, where I went to school, agreed that I should be an actress."

Her father, however, was unalterably opposed. With the objectivity of an intelligent woman, and the understanding of a loving daughter, Arlene analyzes it: "You must know what kind of a man my father is. He came here from Armenia, where most of his family had been killed in the Turkish massacres. I think this intensified his desire to protect me from anything and everything. In New York, he became the foremost photographer of children—a sort of Constance Bannister of his day. He's a big man and, I still think, a very handsome one. He was frugal, careful, honorable, serious. He was also immensely strict—and immensely kind. He believed the theater was no place for a well-brought-up young girl. It just wasn't respectable."

Her mother, American-born of English-German heritage, was, according to Arlene: "The exact opposite in appearance and temperament. She was small, blonde, and always very gay. She loved the theater and was most anxious for me to have a pleasant social life."

Matters came to a crisis after the family moved into New York City and Arlene was graduated from the fashionable Miss Finch's. "Father relented sufficiently to permit me to attend the Theater Guild School for a year, but then immediately sent me on a trip to Europe." She returned to find he had a nice, lady-like occupation all arranged. He had opened a gift shop for her on swank Madison Avenue. "I hated every moment of it," says Arlene. "I kept sneaking over to Broadway to do auditions, hoping that, if I actually landed a part in a play, my father would permit me to take it."

The economics of the Thirties administered the *coup de grace* to the gift shop. "I felt sorry, of course," Arlene says, "that my father had lost a great deal of money. But I also felt free. At last I had a chance to do what I had always wanted to do."

Radio provided her first part. "I auditioned," Arlene recalls, "for all the minor roles in a script—a dog, a cat, a little girl and a witch." Being on the air was somewhat less offensive to her father. Arlene went on to do daytime dramas, comedies and serious night-time shows. She at last won his full approval. "George Abbott gave me my first real stage job in 'All That Glitters.' Father knew Mr. Abbott to be a responsible man, a gifted man, a good man. If a man of such stature believed I had talent and wanted me in a play, Father decided it must be all right."

Thus, through patience, love, work and understanding, the conflict was at last resolved. Arlene's ties with her parents remain close. Today, they have a Park Avenue apartment a few blocks distant from Arlene's own four-story town house. "My father is the official advisor in all things relating to our tiny garden," she

says happily. "We consult him before we do so much as pull a weed."

The focus of Arlene's life continues to be the romance which began during a radio rehearsal ten years ago. Breathless as a sixteen-year-old, she recalls how she met actor-director-producer Martin Gabel. "The show was *Big Sister*. I had a minor role and Martin played the lead, Dr. John Wayne. He had the most magnificent voice I had ever heard—and I was also scared to death of him."

Martin liked her, too. ("Because I was a girl, I guess.") He proposed, thanks to Orson Welles, in a theater while waiting for their cues. "We were both in Welles' production of 'Danton's Death,'" Arlene explains. "Martin was supposed to be dying; I was his nurse. Well, you know Orson. If there was a difficult staging trick to be found, he'd try it every time. He brought us on stage by way of a creaky old elevator, cranked up from the cellar by a complaining stagehand. And Orson's rehearsals always run slow. And—you get to know a man pretty well when you're shut up three hours with him in a cellar."

They eloped to Paterson, New Jersey. Says Arlene, "Louis Calhern was our best man and Jimmy Cannon our witness—or maybe it was the other way around."

They were in Hollywood, where Martin was directing a picture, when their son Peter was born. "It was a funny situation, now that I think of it," Arlene says. "Here I was, great with child and working, right up to time to go to the hospital, in a radio show titled, *The Affairs Of Ann Scotland*. I was supposed to be a

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sort of private eyelash, dashing around having all sorts of wild adventures."

For three months, she devoted all her attention to her son. "Then we returned to New York and there were so many things to do."

Arlene's ability to handle many interests happily and neglect none is founded on a very deep-seated conviction. "I have a modern life based on a terribly old-fashioned idea. I'm almost an anti-feminist. While I do think a woman should have the freedom to utilize her talents, I also believe that the man is head of the house and its life must center around him. It is just as important to me to get my husband's suits to the cleaners on time as it is for me to get to a television rehearsal on time."

With a staff consisting of a couple, plus a secretary and a once-a-week laundress, Arlene runs her household with an efficiency which would be the envy of even the strictest Victorian housekeeper. Her

recipe for achieving this is summed up in one word—organization. "I'm a great one for writing things down," she says. "It is both my pleasure and my pride to attend to duties myself, not to leave planning and decision to someone else."

Her day begins at 7 A.M. At 7:30, she has breakfast with Peter, who now is nine. After arranging her household affairs, she takes him to school and goes on to the NBC studio at 8 A.M. At noon, when the *Home* broadcast is finished, she has business appointments, interviews or meetings with sponsors. At 1:30, she returns to the studio for additional rehearsals of *Home*. The latter part of the afternoon is devoted to work with her secretary. Family hours begin at five. Both Arlene and Martin feel those belong to Peter. If she has no show that evening, they dine early.

All of them love parlor games—"spelling games, adventure" games, things like that." In summer, baseball holds the family interest. "Martin's a Giant fan," Arlene says, "and I had to learn baseball in self-defense." Peter, who shares their enthusiasm, thinks he would rather be a baseball player than an actor—"Acting is too hard a job." Going to the studio with Arlene one day during vacation, he played catch with a crew member, on the edge of the *Home* set, until the producer turned umpire and called time.

Peter, who once, as a tiny tot, complained that Arlene "went to too many works," now takes her job for granted and finds nothing unusual in the fact that his mother, as editor-in-chief of *Home*, has flown a helicopter, ridden a camel and gone down to the bottom of the ocean in a diving bell.

All of them are excited about Martin's plans for this fall. He will then produce "Moby Dick," bringing Orson Welles back to Broadway in the star role. "That will be quite a reunion," says Arlene with anticipation.

Arlene traces some of her ability to handle both home and career duties to her father's training in that unmourned gift shop. "Be around such a man long enough," she says, "and you're bound to learn, perhaps even by a process of osmosis. Running that gift shop, I learned how to keep books—and I still do them myself. I also learned there are a hundred cents in every dollar and they all need to be earned."

Arlene believes, too, that it wouldn't be amiss if drama schools included a course in bookkeeping and in tax regulations. "That's what most aspiring thespians neglect, and yet it's the thing you deal with most of your life—how to pay for the bacon and eggs." She believes, even more strongly, in a pay-as-you-go policy. "Take care of those bills first of all."

A wife's outside interests, she also feels, can strengthen a marriage rather than weaken it. "It keeps you from getting sloppy—mentally, physically, emotionally." She thinks that having a busy schedule can even contribute to continued romance: "Martin and I still make dates to see each other. We appreciate the time we have together."

"Thinking time" is most difficult for her to manage: "Norman Vincent Peale has some fine advice about that, which has helped. He suggests, whenever there is a free moment, that we empty the mind of work, worry, strain. Letting a little spiritual influence flow in isn't a bad idea, either."

The final, self-imposed Francis rule is one which assures her continued popularity with cast and crews as long as she remains in television. She says—and heeds it—"Never let your temper rise higher than your blood pressure."



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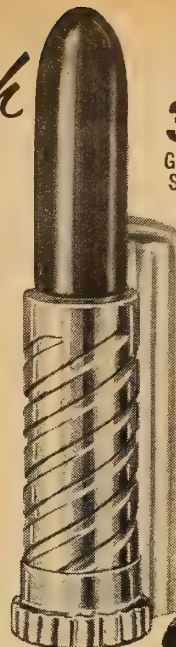
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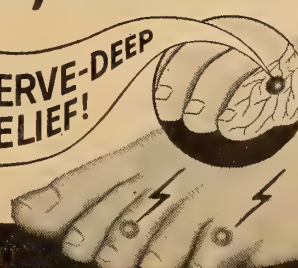
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THE BRIGHTER DAY Editor Max Canfield has had one unhappy experience in romance. Is he heading for another as he learns the truth about Lydia Harrick, the charming sister-in-law of the temperamental, selfish architect whom Reverend Dennis hired to build the Youth Center? Has Don Harrick a hold over Lydia more significant than his own demanding nature? How will Grayling Dennis and his bride Sandra be involved in Max's love affair? CBS-TV and CBS Radio.

FIRST LOVE Zach's trial for the murder of Petey takes him and Laurie through the darkest hours of their lives. Can they ever completely recover from such a dreadful ordeal—even after the truth is revealed and Zach is free? Will some emotional reaction end by twisting their feeling for one another into misunderstanding—particularly insofar as the young lawyer who fought for Zach is concerned? NBC-TV.

THE GUIDING LIGHT The meeting between Kathy Lang and Marie Wallace leaves each of them wistfully certain that the other is the woman in Dr. Dick Grant's life. Are they both wrong? Meanwhile, Kathy's friend Bertha Bauer struggles through a serious problem as her recently widowed mother shows every intention of taking over her daughter's life and home. Will Bill permit it? How will young Michael react? CBS-TV and CBS Radio.

JUST PLAIN BILL Close family ties lead both Bill and his daughter Nancy into trouble as each of them tries to do something for the other. Disturbed at her father's efforts to help a friend, Nancy takes a hand in the situation and endangers her own family. Will the young lawyer whom Bill is trying to help be grateful or annoyed as Bill is instrumental in forcing him to realize the truth he has tried to avoid? NBC Radio.

LORENZO JONES Belle's efforts to help Lorenzo regain his memory culminate in an audacious scheme—and when the scheme fails she really acknowledges despair. Is it possible that after years of effort she must resign herself to the fact that Lorenzo, unable to recall their marriage, really wishes to go on to another romance and another life? If this is true, what lies ahead for Belle? NBC Radio.

LOVE OF LIFE Vanessa Raven knows she is taking a chance when she makes a foster-home for the unfortunate little daughter of the deranged Judith Lodge,

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MA PERKINS Only because, in the course of her long and busy life, Ma has overcome so much trouble can she face the disappearance of Gladys' baby with so much courage. At first the mystery seems impenetrable, complicated by Gladys' state of mind. But Ma knows what can be accomplished by faith and courage, and never loses hope. Still, what about the marriage of Gladys and Joe? Apart from Baby Jane, is something else disturbing it? CBS Radio.

ONE MAN'S FAMILY The Barbour girls are ruefully mindful of many long-ago tussles with their father as they face problems with their own grown and half-grown children that echo the past. Will they handle these problems as Father and Mother Barbour handled them? Will they do better or worse—or just the same? Claudia, facing family rebellion, wonders if modern psychology really has all the answers. NBC Radio.

OUR GAL SUNDAY Though Leslie Northhurst's death removed the threat to Lord Henry's title and estates, it has created another one that looms even more blackly over the Brinthropes' happiness. As Sunday's efforts to save Lord Henry's good name lead her into actions all too easily misinterpreted, the trouble between them deepens and Lord Henry becomes convinced that their futures lie in different directions. CBS Radio.

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY After years of a happy marriage, Peggy Young Trent faces the possibility that her husband Carter may have disappeared for good. Believing himself liable to a homicide charge, Carter desperately tries to put his past behind him and build a new life in far-away New York. Is it possible that little by little the substitute may come to replace the real thing with Carter? NBC Radio.

PERRY MASON Only a man of Perry Mason's vast and curious experience would have a chance of discovering what is going on in tycoon Sam Merriweather's organization. The slow poison being administered by Sid Kenyon and Eve, the woman posing as Sam's daughter, has already taken its toll before Perry begins to suspect that the eventual victim will be Lois Monahan, known to all as Sam's secretary but in reality his true daughter. CBS Radio.

THE RIGHT TO HAPPINESS New understanding unites Carolyn and her husband, Miles Nelson, after the crisis that came close to ending their marriage. And Annette Thorpe is, apparently, defeated as far as Miles personally is concerned. But Carolyn knows Annette too

well to be deceived about her attitude toward defeat of any kind. From what quarter will Annette's new attack come—and will Carolyn be able to meet it once more? NBC Radio.

THE ROAD OF LIFE Sibyl Fuller is torn by a desire to confess to Jim the secret she thinks has won him—the truth about the phone call that led to the deporting of his wife Jocelyn as an undesirable alien. Not knowing that Jim's pretense of love has been directed toward the very end of getting her to tell him the truth that will reinstate Jocelyn, Sibyl wanders toward the edge of disaster. Will some evil sixth sense save her? CBS Radio.

THE ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT When Gil Whitney's marriage to Cynthia Swanson seemed to bar him forever from Helen, she turned briefly to wealthy Brett Chapman for comfort. But now that Cynthia appears willing to divorce Gil, Brett sees that he has no real place in Helen's thoughts. Will this make him her enemy? And will his enmity be more dangerous than she knows, in view of his knowledge of Gil's secretary, the sleek and predatory Fay Granville? CBS Radio.

SEARCH FOR TOMORROW Young Melanie Pritchard has been very frank about the reason for her trip to Henderson—her desire to catch a rich husband. Is her frankness a clever way of disarming her victims? Is Marge Bergman right when she finds herself unable to take Melanie to her heart? And what about Nathan Walsh, who seemed like Melanie's logical quarry—until certain unexpected changes took place in the Bergman household? CBS-TV.

SECOND HUSBAND The misgivings with which Diane entered into her marriage with Wayne Lockwood are more than justified when it becomes painfully evident that his wealthy family will never approve of his alliance with a young widow, mother of two children. Opposition from Diane's children complicates her position, but the fatal misunderstanding connived at by Wayne's father is more than Diane can face. Must she look elsewhere for happiness? CBS Radio.

THE SECOND MRS. BURTON Stan Burton is wearily ready to proclaim that if anything can cause more trouble than one's parents it's one's in-laws. Already much disturbed over his mother's association with flamboyant Buck Halliday, Stan is plunged into further gloom when his wife Terry's father appears on the scene and makes things worse. Will Stan have to bribe his mother not to marry Halliday? Will Terry allow it? CBS Radio.

THE SECRET STORM Defeated in her last vicious effort to ruin Peter, Pauline Tyrrell knows a momentary pang of real remorse. Will her evidently sincere apology deceive Peter into trusting her, and treating her once more as the sister of his dead wife and the loving aunt of his children? Or will his need to protect Jane Edwards make him as cautious as he should be in dealing with Pauline? And what of Jane's husband, no longer missing? CBS-TV.

STELLA DALLAS Long ago, when her daughter Laurel married Dick Grosvenor, Stella Dallas vowed to allow Laurel to manage her own affairs. But she has been unable to stand by and see Laurel's marriage wrecked through a series of misunderstandings arranged by her enemies. Will Stella be able to save Laurel from the machinations of Ada Dexter and her

son, Stanley Warrick? Will they wreck the marriage through Dick, if Laurel remains invulnerable? NBC Radio.

THIS IS NORA DRAKE Reporter David Brown, collapsing in a frightening blackout, gives Nora the first clue to the mystery she has always sensed behind David and his sister Lorraine. Is David responsible for his own sickness? Is there something Lorraine knows that could help? Why does Lorraine's own mother distrust her—and what did the unhappy, deranged murderer whom David helped capture mean when he claimed a resemblance between David and himself? CBS Radio.

VALIANT LADY Helen Emerson's efforts to help Linda regain her place in normal society and reestablish her marriage to Chris are painful enough—since Helen loves Chris—without the tragic by-product that unexpectedly overtakes her. Will misunderstanding and malice permanently damage Helen's reputation? How will her children be affected if the plans of Linda's mother are successful? Can Helen count on Bill Fraser? CBS-TV.

WENDY WARREN AND THE NEWS At the beginning of Wendy's friendship with Dr. Dalton and his appealing little daughter, the disturbance they caused in her life was purely emotional. But there are strange and threatening elements tightening a hold on the Daltons' new life, building up danger so far-reaching in its consequences that it will be a long time before all the truth comes to light. Will Wendy be able to avert a possible tragedy? CBS Radio.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES Joan and Harry Davis are well aware of the fate that usually overtakes matchmakers, but the girl they have chosen for their friend Phil Stanley seems so right for him that they feel confident they cannot be making a mistake in promoting the match. And in a sense they are right—for the kind of trouble into which their matchmaking activities lead them is far from anything they could have anticipated. ABC Radio.

THE WOMAN IN MY HOUSE No matter how large or how small the family, there is always one problem at the core of it so far as the parents are concerned—how to maintain that delicate balance between not too much and not too little supervision of their children's lives. Have the Carters succeeded? Sometimes Jessie Carter, thinking of her brood, congratulates herself. And at other times she wonders . . . without ever being sure. NBC Radio.

YOUNG DR. MALONE At long last the fight is out in the open—the fight that Dr. Ted Mason is sure will end in his wrestling leadership of the Dineen Clinic from Dr. Jerry Malone. But Jerry has many assets Ted cannot evaluate—honesty and the confidence of the townspeople, among them. And Ted counts as an asset something he would do better to investigate—the help of his wife Marcia, and her money. CBS Radio.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN Millicent Loring, knowing her husband Anthony is still in love with the young widow from whom she alienated him by a trick, schemes desperately to save her marriage no matter how she has to hurt Ellen Brown. Can Ellen's new, faint hope for the future survive Millicent's ruthless attack? Will Anthony come to Ellen's aid despite his wife—or will he be as much deceived as everyone else by Millicent's schemes? NBC Radio.

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He Loves a "Lassie"

(Continued from page 42)

series, he is all boy, and I can safely say he hasn't missed any of the typical growing boy's problems. This includes everything from a child's sprained finger to a young teenager's sprained heart.

I am very definitely aware of the "sudden change" that comes over our teenagers—at thirteen or fourteen, they suddenly discover themselves and the world around them. Tommy, for example, recently came bounding Lassie-like into our Westwood apartment, after a Saturday matinee, and announced, "Mom, I've got a problem."

I said, "Yes, what is it?"

He said, "If my girl, Marilyn, keeps on growing, I don't know how much longer I'm going to be able to get her into the show for twenty-five cents."

"So?" I asked.

"So," he answered, "when a real man takes his girl to the movies, he pays for the whole thing. I think I need a boost in my allowance."

I can remember a similar incident, not too long ago, which points up the sudden changes the "teen" years bring. I had taken Tommy and another little girl to the same show, calling for them afterwards. When I dropped the girl off in front of her house, Tommy leaned out the car window to say: "Don't forget, I bought your popcorn. You owe me a dime!" So, you see, things have changed.

I have always tried to keep the lines of communication open with Tommy. I think that this can best be accomplished by trying to see the world through his eyes, by remembering what my life was like at his age... oh, how I wanted independence! Tommy is no different from other teenagers in this regard. They all become acutely conscious of themselves and of the opposite sex, and they are naturally interested in exploring this exciting new subject. My opinion is that independence should be encouraged, but teenagers still need a certain amount of guidance.

I have found that a party at the house is one way to bring the children together—and still supply the needed supervision. For example, I have had a bridge game going in another room while Tommy and his friends partied. I don't think it's wise to stand by all the time, trying to look inconspicuous—for example, by changing the records on their machine. The children soon get wise to this, knowing that they are being "policed." Rather, I think, it is better to have some obviously good reason just to walk through now and then, to refill the punch bowl or distribute cookies.

The idea is not so much to interfere or to try to supervise their games or dancing, as to let them know you are there in case of emergencies. You see a lot more than they think you see, and it better equips you to cope with their problems when they bring them to you. Because you are not ignorant of their problems, you are able to handle them in a diplomatic way. It's the diplomacy that is important.

You have to encourage the free flow of ideas back and forth. Take questions of sex, for example—the teenager has hundreds of unanswered questions. This is an important subject in his life. You can't ignore the questions, for he will then go elsewhere with his queries. You have to accept this kind of question nonchalantly, for—if your teenager suspects that you think this is a problem—you're in hot water.

For example, I have always wanted Tommy to have a lot of young friends, boys and girls alike. So it threw me the other day when he came in and told me he was going "steadily."

I said, "You mean 'steady,' don't you? Aren't you a little young for that?"

"You don't understand," he replied. "Steadily" means you like a girl, but can go out with anyone else you want. "Steady" means you like a girl, but can't go out with anyone else!"

"Oh," I said, "and you are going 'steadily.'"

"That's right," he said.

Well, you can see that, with this definition, I was very much relieved.

I think this age can best be described as the one at which boys discover girls and vice versa. As Tommy says—and I quote: "I've discovered them."

Well, haven't we all! In fact, it's with just this point in common that I am able to reassure Tommy that his changes are not unique with him. "Tommy," I say, "don't worry. I felt the same way... I did exactly the same thing when I was your age." I try to reassure him that everything that is happening to him has happened to me, too.

I think this is the answer to the question in the letter from the teenager's parent whose line of communication with her son had been broken. To make sure that Tommy and I do talk the same language, I've never been afraid to share with him my own early experiences—to point out that we have experiences in common. It helps to keep us in contact. I think the same assurance would help to re-establish contact with children who have suddenly become strangers.

Even though an acting career is not the usual thing for a boy of his age, Tommy has a strong desire to "belong." This is true of all teenagers. In Tommy's case, the desire to be like the other boys goes back to his first days in school. "Don't treat me like a special boy," he said. "I want to be like everyone else."

When he was doing some of his first screen work at 20th Century-Fox, I realized the importance of his going to school with other children. When he was between pictures, I arranged for him to go to St. Paul's in Westwood. Later, when we moved, he went to Notre Dame, where he was just graduated, and now is going to Chaminade High School.

So, with the exception of his acting, Tommy is very much like a carbon copy of the all-American boy: He has his school friends, his parties, certain chores, and, like everyone else, he plays ball. I'll never forget the episode with the baseball mitt.

Tommy came to me one day saying, "I could sure use a new mitt..."

I said, "I don't know whether I ought to get you a new mitt. First, because I'm not sure you need one. And, secondly, because you will probably play ball with it in front of your piano teacher—and you know that gives him heart failure."

Tommy said, "The mitt is worn out—so worn out that, if you don't get me a new one, I'll probably sprain five fingers and then the piano teacher will have heart failure!" I felt blackmailed. But, needless to say, he got his mitt.

Like every American boy, Tommy has certain chores to do around the house; he has the dogs to feed and walk, he has to pick up around his room, he's responsible for the garbage, cans, and papers, and returning the empty soda bottles. The money he gets from the bottles is clear profit, for it is over and above his newly-upped allowance of five dollars a week. The five dollars takes care of his school lunches, an occasional hot-dog dinner with his friends, and the Saturday afternoon matinee—that's tickets for two.

Tommy's at the age where he loves to talk automobiles. I've learned to encourage his automotive and scientific interests by supplying him with a mountain of magazines each month: *Science Digest*, *Flying*, *Popular Science*, *Aviation*, *Time*, *Flight*, *American Science* and *Popular Mechanics*. The information he gleans from these books comes in handy. Once I stalled in the middle of Wilshire Boulevard and couldn't get the car started again. Tommy said, "I can tell from the sound that it's flooded. Now hold your foot down on the accelerator—don't pump it . . ." I did and the car started.

Another time, I came home after having the motor die about five times in heavy traffic. Tommy took a screwdriver and set up the idling-jet. Motor ran fine. I don't understand what happened, but he could explain the whole thing to you.

For years, Tommy's interests have run along the scientific line. According to his teacher, he is very good in mathematics and scientific subjects. For a while, when he was younger, he wanted to become an inventor. The past two years, he's shifted his sights—now he wants to be a doctor. But he doesn't want to give up acting, he'd like to combine his acting and medicine. He had some idea, a while back, about going to college, joining the Naval ROTC, and then becoming a flight surgeon. When I asked him why, he said, "Then I can get my medical training free!"

Tommy's talent was discovered outside the family. His acting career began by accident in 1947, in New York, when he was five and a half years old. In fact, it began more as a dare than anything else, when I called a friend's bluff. She had maintained for some time that Tommy was great stage material, that he had a lot of talent. I always said, "If he has it now, he'll have it later."

She was determined, though, to prove to me that Tommy should be seen. One day, she came to me, saying, "If Rodgers and Hammerstein told you that Tommy had talent, would you believe them?" I said, "Who are Rodgers and Hammerstein?" Well, later, we all had a great laugh at that!

At any rate, she did arrange the audition. I sat outside in the car. One of the men in the office came out, asking me to come inside. I did. As I walked through the offices, I saw Tommy at one end of the corridor speling away this great long kindergarten poem. He struck me as being quite "hammy!" But Rodgers and Hammerstein were thrilled with his natural ability. They loved Tommy from the start and wanted to sign him.

We were rushed over by cab to the Shubert Theater, where Joshua Logan was directing Mary Martin in "Annie Get Your Gun." Tommy was put up on the stage, where he was asked to "talk to the back door." Tommy broke into his poem, his voice booming out across the theater. In seconds, he had his audience in stitches. He was signed, we rehearsed for a few days, and left with the touring company for Texas. Tommy hadn't had a complete run-through before he went on in his first performance.

We were on the road twenty-two months. Tommy just loved it. In fact, he adjusted more easily than I did. After the first three weeks, I was sort of dickering with myself as to whether or not we should leave—show business required a new kind of patience. But Tommy thrived on the new sights and sounds, the new faces and places. He was sick only two days in the next twenty-two months, after touring forty-five states and Canada. It was soon plain to me that he was "at home" in show business.

When we finished the tour, Tommy and I returned to New York, where he did an educational film with Eddie Albert called "Human Beginnings." The film is still used throughout the country to teach sex education in public schools. After it was finished, Tommy and I took some time off. This was the summer of 1949, and the World Series was in progress.

Tommy fell in love with Joe DiMaggio and the Yankees—so, at the game, I bought him a Yankee uniform, complete with baseball bat and hat. That day, when we returned home, several calls were waiting for us from director Marc Daniels. He had been trying to reach us for some time. When we went over to his office later, Tommy still had on his uniform.

"Where have you been?" Mr. Daniels asked.

"To the World Series," Tommy answered, happily. "We saw Tommy Henrich hit a home run when the score was tied. He saved the day, and the Yankees won! It was great!"

"Oh, it was great, was it?" said Mr. Daniels. "Well, it just so happens that I'm a Brooklyn fan, and I had money on the Dodgers to win. I fully expected," he continued humorously, "to give you a job today. But, if you're Yankee fan, I'm not sure you're the boy for it."

Tommy said very seriously, "I'm sorry you lost the money, Mr. Daniels. But, job or no job, I still want the Yankees to win."

"Well," Mr. Daniels said, "with an attitude like that, you'll never lose—so you might as well have the job."

He signed Tommy in the role of Pud in "On Borrowed Time" for the *Ford Theater*. And no sooner was Tommy off the air than we were besieged with phone calls from agents who wanted to represent him. I told them all that I would be happy to speak with them one at a time.

One of the agents who called was Milton Goldman. I made an appointment to see him on the following morning. But, when I went to the address he gave me, I saw Paul Small's name on the door. I was new to show business, but I was not so new that I didn't know Mr. Paul Small was one of the biggest agents in town. I was sure that some mistake had been made, and I told Tommy so. We turned around and started down the hall. But Mr. Goldman came out, saying, "Why, Mrs. Rettig, we've been expecting you!" Mr. Goldman hadn't told me he was Mr. Small's representative.

We signed with Mr. Small's office and he advised us to make two motion pictures which had been offered to Tommy, rather than another stage play. The first picture, "Panic in the Streets," for 20th Century-Fox, was to be shot in New Orleans and they wanted Tommy to leave right away. This was just prior to Christmas 1950. When we went up to 20th's New York offices to discuss the part with director Elia Kazan, I was thinking of Tommy—how he hadn't had a Christmas at home in two years. But, at the same time, I was thinking of all the negotiations that Mr. Small had gone through to set the pictures, and I didn't want to upset him. Finally, my concern about a Christmas at home for Tommy just popped out, and I told Mr. Kazan how I felt. He said, "That's the most human thing I've heard a stage mother say. Of course, Tommy can stay for Christmas."

After "Panic in the Streets," Tommy went to Hollywood, where he did M-G-M's "Two Weeks with Love"—and we've been in Hollywood ever since. Tommy made a number of pictures before "Lassie" came along: "River of No Return," "5,000 Fingers of Dr. T," "The Egyptian," and many others.

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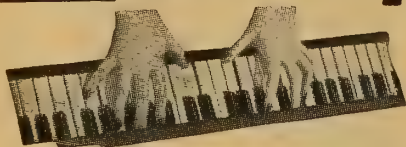
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Tommy went to trainer Rudd Weatherwax's home to spend a few nights and get acquainted with Lassie. Tommy didn't get much sleep. Lassie kept opening the bedroom door and waking him in the middle of the night—Lassie wanted Tommy to come out and play! But soon they adjusted to one another's waking and sleeping routine, and Lassie ended up spending nights at the foot of Tommy's bed.

People frequently ask me how Tommy works, and whether or not I work with him or coach him. I haven't touched or interfered in Tommy's work since the one time I tried it during the first few weeks of the "Annie Get Your Gun" tour: I remember, that at a matinee, one of Tommy's lines didn't sound right to me. I thought he should get a bigger laugh, so I told him, "Tommy, tonight when you read that line, do it this way . . ." "Okay, Mom," he said.

That night he changed the line as I had suggested. There was no laughter or applause at all! When he came off, the stage manager, Eddie Mendelsohn, asked, "Tommy, what happened there? Why did you change that line?" Tommy looked up at him with his big eyes and said, "My mom told me . . ."

Eddie turned to me, saying "Ricki, if you knew more than the director, don't you think you'd be directing . . ." And then, with a laugh, he picked up a hair brush and gave me a whack across the seat! I haven't interfered in Tommy's business since.

Frequently, though, when Tommy is working, a producer will say, "Mrs. Ret-

tig, I'll tell you what I want from Tommy and you can explain it to him." He is surprised when I tell him to work directly with Tommy, who doesn't need any help from me.

In fact, Tommy is gaining a reputation as "one-take Rettig." He has his memory to thank for that. When he gets a script, he reads the whole story through to set the idea. Then he doesn't look at it again until he gets his call sheet, which explains the work to be done the next day. He comes home from the studio, practices his piano, and plays outside. The following morning, he gets up fifteen minutes early and studies the day's work. This is all the preparation he needs—and I don't interfere.

But that doesn't mean Tommy and I don't share other interests. The big moment we both look forward to is the date we have once a week when he "takes Mother out to dinner." We go to Lowery's, where we sit, munching our prime ribs, and spend the evening talking about his girl friends, the parties he's been to, who's holding whose hand in the balcony at the Saturday matinee, all the latest "dope" (as he calls it)—and all sandwiched in with numerous searching questions and advice.

Tommy and I have never built up any conversational barriers. We talk about everything. I think it's the parent's job to establish this precedent, for when children are very young they all go through that questioning "why?" stage. The questioning period is the time for parents to cement a lasting relationship with their children. The key to this relationship is one word—"because"—followed by any reasonably sensible explanation. But you must take the time to explain.

The time is well spent. It pays off later, for you'll never lose touch, you'll never find a sudden stranger on your hands when the teen-age corner is turned. I know, for it's paid off for me, when during our weekly dinner date Tommy and I share everything from prime ribs to problems!

This Is Kathy Godfrey

(Continued from page 66)

Miss Godfrey gets along, and gracefully, too, with the aid of a cane. "Actually," she says, "I use a cane now, not because I need it for support in walking, but because my balance is precarious. This is a walking world and, with a cane, people are less likely to bump into me. One bump, even a baby bump, would send me sprawling!"

"Speaking of canes, this one I'm carrying today, snakewood with a silver handle—lovely, isn't it?—once belonged to George Gershwin. Mimi Raymond, who knows I love interesting canes, found it for me in Los Angeles. It belonged to a collector there, Glen Henderson, who'd had no idea of ever parting with it—but let my friend have it for me because he and his wife love Arthur so much!"

That Kathy walks, with or without a cane, is something in the nature of a miracle, wrought by the faith of which she speaks. "Since I have no abdominal muscles and no lower spinal muscles, I don't know where the leverage comes from," Kathy laughs, "neither does anyone else."

Perhaps Someone does? The Someone who helped her to help herself? For that—by using the positive rather than the negative approach—is what Kathy did: "What I mean by using the positive thought is that I did not sit there and concentrate, as I'd been told to do, on the dead old rubber bands of the muscles hit by polio. In-

stead, I concentrated and worked on one or two of the little muscles, in each leg and arm, which were alive—with the hope that they might be made to compensate for the useless ones.

"It was a long, long pull, taking up five whole years of my life. But gradually, from being so helpless that people lifted me out of bed and put me back again, I found a way to stand up. I'd experiment and practice at night, after everyone had gone to bed. I had, I discovered, a good strong tendon left in the back of each leg, which I hadn't known I had.

"I also discovered for myself that to lock the knees helps enormously in getting up out of a bed, a chair, or a car. Long after I was walking, I used to get out of a car backwards—until, one night, I went to a big, swank party, all dressed up. As the liveried butler opened the car door for me, I was ashamed to back out . . . so I put my best foot forward and fell out and rolled in the mud. What the elegant butler thought, I'll never know. But it was a salutary experience. For, after that, I kept on locking my knees and never again have had to rise rear-first!

"During my two pregnancies," Kathy recalls, "I never felt better or was healthier in my life. After the seventh month, I couldn't walk. But this was a matter of balance again—the weight became too heavy for me to maintain my balance.

"And I'd rather turn over my entire

salary to a housekeeper, because housework—with the exception of cooking—is something I can't do. Making a bed knocks me out for an hour. Even when I get dinner—which I often do, and it's a good one!—I get it in no time flat. You come to know how long you're going to be there before you have to sit down.

"Other than lack of balance, however, and the need to budget my energy, I haven't a handicap to my name! Where jobs are concerned, I have the strength of ten. I've worked all my life, love to work, just have to have a job—that's all. I have a real crazy drive . . . used to write all my own scripts back home in Arizona and I'd type three and four hours a night, then be on mike, come the dawn. . . .

"If ever I am off the air, it really embarrasses me. I can't stand to be off the air . . . gives me the feeling you get," Kathy laughs, "when you dream you're walking down a street without a stitch of clothes on! If, between jobs, I run into people who ask me, 'Kathy, what are you doing now?'—I say airily, 'Oh, I'm working on something . . .', then change the subject.

"When, soon after we were married, my husband Rip was at the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minnesota, getting his degree, I hadn't been in that town five minutes before I was calling the local station to find out whether they had a spot for a woman! Same wherever we lived—while we were in the process of moving, packing and unpacking, I could hardly wait.

"Strangely, though—since I love it so much—I never thought: *I am going to be on radio*. Not even after Arthur was on the air, did it occur to me, for myself. At the age of eighteen, I was working as a hostess at Schrafft's in New York. My dream then was to become a dining-room hostess on a boat going to South America . . . be a dining-room hostess on boats, period. As Arthur had 'seen the world' in the Navy, I would see the world on ship-board. Then polio hit me. One day, soon after I was walking, I went to this little station in Englewood, New Jersey—and here I am! Since broadcasting was the one thing I *could* do, after polio, the fact that I *am* here is not only the happiest but the most fortunate thing that could have happened to me. But it did just 'happen.'

"In the same year—almost the same day—that polio laid me low, Arthur had the automobile accident which was to be responsible for all the surgery he has undergone.

"There are many parallels in our lives, Arthur's life and mine. As a matter of fact, all we Godfreys are alike . . . my three brothers—Charles, who is a farmer in New Jersey; Bob, who composes songs; Arthur, who needs no billing—my sister, who writes and lives in California; and I. Not so much in the way we look, as the way we *are*. We're all impetuous, volatile and—although it takes an awful lot to make us angry—when we are . . . well, I, at any rate, blow my top . . . and five minutes later I'm singing! None of this nursing a grudge for days and days. Or even for minutes. When my husband—who is quiet, controlled, very reserved, very kind—witnesses this sunshine-in-the-wake-of-storm routine of mine, to this day, he just doesn't believe his eyes and ears!

"We Godfreys all have much the same kind of independence. Or pride. Because we've been apart for so many years—I in Arizona, Arthur here in the East—our relationship has become more that of friends, I'd say, than of brother and sister. But, good friends as we are, I have never presumed on this friendship, any more than I would on any other. On the air, out West, I always used the name of Kathy Morton—Morton was our mother's maiden name. And, whenever I've gone anywhere

for a job, and people have said—as they so often do—'Now, Kathy, why don't you ask Arthur? All you have to do is pick up the telephone' . . . I haven't.

"However, I must say one thing," Kathy emphasizes. "When I—having always been at home and worked locally—came East, a year ago last summer, to do a network show (*not* CBS) which didn't work out for me and wasn't good for me, Arthur said in my defense: 'She got all loused up!'

"I must also say, and gratefully, that it was Arthur who arranged the CBS Radio network show I'm doing now . . . and, soon after it started, gave me the most wonderful plug on his morning show. I can't quote him exactly—I have the recording at home—but he mentioned my show by name, gave the day and time of the broadcasts, kidded about its being 'A lousy time, but she's going to make it a good time. This girl,' he said, 'can't go anywhere but up!' There was gold," says Kathy, with a smile, "in that thar plug!

"We're 'alikes,' too, I think, in the fact that none of us cares too much about money, one way or the other. Nice stuff to have around. But—speaking for myself, at any rate—I was just as happy when I didn't have a dime! Working on local stations, as I often did, for five dollars a broadcast, I didn't care. I was *working*.

"It's kind of all right, in my book, not to have much. Probably because we—who as kids had nothing, and I mean *nothing*—actually had everything. Everything that matters. We lived in a store in Hasbrouck Heights. (Mother used to soap the windows with Bon Ami so people couldn't look in!) But Mother, a fabulous and remarkable woman, always managed to keep a piano in the house, encouraged us children to play and sing and, even when we didn't have anything to eat, we went to hear the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company whenever it came to New York. How she managed it, I will never know.

Often, we couldn't even go to school—especially when it snowed—because we didn't have shoes to wear. We used to put cardboard in the soles of our shoes. Or our father did. I remember our father—an itinerant reporter by trade, a sort of Barrymore character, who had to make a joke out of everything—saying, as he deftly inserted the cardboard, 'This is a thing I learned to do in India!' During the time when Father was 'laid off,' we often had nothing to eat—literally. Other times—flush times—we dined on thick steaks, terrapin, turkey, *crepes Suzettes*!

"Mother came from a very good family. All she could do—or had supposed she would ever need to do—was paint china, play the piano, and speak French. What I'm proud of is that, everything she knew how to do she *did*. There wasn't much call for her excellent French in Hasbrouck Heights, but she played the piano in the local movie theater, painted china and sold it to the neighbors—and does wish that Arthur and I would refrain from talking about how poor we were on the air! When, in the course of a broadcast, I answered a letter from a kid who wrote me that she lived in a barn—and was so mortified about it—by saying that I'd lived in a store and was proud of it . . . 'Now, *why* did you have to say that?' Mother, now 77, asked. 'You didn't *have* to say that!'

"Mother adores the very air Arthur breathes, but also takes exception to the things he sometimes says on the air. I think she has the biggest TV set in the world—Arthur's gift to her—and she sits one foot away from it, crocheting like mad, answering Arthur all the time he's on mike. 'Arthur, no, sir,' she'll say, crocheting all the while, 'cardboard in the soles of your shoes! Indeed no! Now, why

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on earth do you say a thing like that?"

"We all love to talk, we Godfreys—this is definitely a common denominator—love to sit up talking until three in the morning, as our father enjoyed doing, gathering us kids around him. He enjoyed his children, our father did, as I enjoy mine... largely, I think, because I have no feeling of possessiveness concerning them. Rather, I have the feeling I got, some years ago, when I read Kahlil Gibran's *The Prophet*, in which he explained that the mother is simply 'the channel' through which children pass. If you can give your children a part of you, or they accept a part of you, that is good—but do not try to possess them. Or even think you possess them. They must have their own experiences. Some mothers are, quite unconsciously, so selfish. They want their children to go to college, to be great, to be model citizens, or this or that, for the sake of their own pride. Our children have taken a little from both of us, but they belong to themselves, not to us, and they know it. It is because they know it, I think, that they are both so spirited!"

"We all love people, we Godfreys... are interested in and curious about people. It has been said, by the way—I know, I've heard it!—that I am not fond of Arthur. Which is not true. Not true at all. When you talk with Arthur, his eyes just radiate interest. He is interested in you, genuinely interested. Than which, of course, there is nothing more flattering. How could I, or anyone, not be fond of a man like this?"

Speaking of loving people, and of liking to talk," Kathy smiles, "reminds me of the piece of advice Arthur gave me when I first went on the air. 'You and I haven't talent,' he said. 'We can't sing. We can't dance. We can't emote. The one thing we have: We like people. So we should talk to people. About the things that interest us. Just be ourselves, that's all.' I have followed Arthur's advice, and so—it is totally unnecessary to add—has he!"

"On my CBS show, a few weeks ago, I sang," Kathy laughs. "First time in my life I've ever sung on the air, for the very good reason that—as Arthur pointed out—I can't sing! But, with this one exception, talking with people has always been my show. All of it. In the West, I did three TV shows a week and one on radio. One of the TV programs was *Swap Shop*, which I loved. I once swapped a car for a plane, a trained baby skunk for a rifle, a bedspread for a mattress. It was all warm and folksy and fun."

"I was all over the board out there," Kathy says. "Was well sponsored, too. But I'd gone as far as I could go there and, when you can't go forward, you must go backward—which is not where I want to go! And—thanks to CBS—am not going. But, because of this real crazy drive I have, my dream now is to do many shows at CBS, five days a week, and simulcast, too—on TV, as well as radio."

"Another dream of mine is to have a cab drivers' show—featuring the New York taxicab drivers, who know everything. One argument handed me against having such a show as I propose is that the cab drivers might be rude, possibly even profane. I doubt it. If they had a man as emcee, perhaps. But not with me. Since getting out of cabs is still a bit difficult for me, I know how kind and courteous these drivers are; they've been wonderful to me."

"I want a panel of three cab drivers," Kathy says, "and a guest. A girl singer, say, just beginning her career, about whose chances I would ask the panel. They would know. Or a New Yorker who would say, 'Kathy, I've been driving with O'Mulligan for years, and his hobbies

are...' Which could be fascinating, for their hobbies range from shooting pool to studying the abstract sciences to suggesting cures for the current sickness called juvenile delinquency... They know everything, I tell you, about everything. I think I could have a really different, fresh show, with such a panel. Someday," says Miss Kathy, and the chin is firm, "I am going to get a sponsor, all by myself!"

Career-minded as she is, however—with the "real crazy drive" of which she speaks—*feminine* is a descriptive word for Kathy. None more so.

Clothes, for instance: "I'm not the glamour-puss type with the plunging neckline and the dripping earrings, but clothes," beams Kathy, "I do love 'em! Even though I don't seem to know how to buy properly, never have the right things to take with me for weekends, shoes never match purse, purse never matches shoes—know what I mean? What I do now, to beat the rap, is buy three sets, in different colors, of anything I see that I like. It would be easier for me if I wore slacks and shorts. But, since they don't look well on me, I never do. At home, I always wear robes around the house and the pool. A Chinese robe. A nylon robe. Of robes for weekends," she laughs, "I have a-plenty!"

"When it comes to jewelry, I like Indian jewelry made by Johnny Bonnell, by our own American Indians—I have some lovely silver bracelets. Or I like jewelry which means something, such as this gold necklace I'm wearing—a Gemini medallion which was given me because June, my birth month, is Gemini. In the perfume department, Guerlain's Blue Hour is the only perfume I ever use, and have used for years and years."

On Sutton Place in New York, Kathy has rented an apartment which she was in process of furnishing, at the time we talked. "Pot by pan," she laughed, "and chair by chair!" Under the same roof, TV's Faye Emerson and Skitch Henderson, the Red Buttons and Bobby Sherwood also nest when work keeps them in town.

"Cheaper to furnish an apartment," Kathy observes, "than to rent one furnished. As for the other alternative, a hotel—I don't like living in a hotel. I like to be able to fix a little tray, do it myself, eat in bed and watch TV. I fly back West when I can, about once a month. My son Robin and I went to Bermuda this year for his spring vacation."

Happily, Kathy has no problem in the career-versus-home-and-family category. Of her husband, she says: "Rip's always loved it—the idea of my having a career. The kids get a kick out of it, too. When, after several months of negotiation, my CBS show finally jelled, Robin sighed: 'I was getting worried—thought you'd wind up on *Life Begins At 80!*'"

"I've always worked," says Kathy. "I've been on the air close to sixteen years now. And, since a doctor's life is very busy—Rip is at the hospital at 6 A.M. and, when he's home, he has to sleep—it's real satisfying for me to have work to do. Much better than just sitting beside that pool," Kathy laughs. "I can do that when I am eighty!"

"I think I've been so lucky, all my life, to meet all kinds of people, talk with them, live in every sort of place... and then to be in the medium through which I can give out the knowledge of people I've gained and the love I feel for them. Maybe this is what I am supposed to do. I think it is. I know it is."

"I do believe that things work themselves out—no matter what the odds against you—if you really try, without shoving, pushing, trampling on or hurting others on your way. I do believe this," says Kathy Godfrey. "I really do."

Something for Mother

(Continued from page 32)

of their own. All have become fine men. "But these teen-age gangs I read about now!" Steve clenches his fists with the frustration of a man who doesn't know what to swing at first. "It isn't the neighborhood that's to blame, you know. Basically, it's the person himself."

And, if Steve Lawrence feels like the luckiest guy in the world these days, it isn't because he's one of the most famous, one of the most successful twenty-year-olds in the country. It's because of his mother and father, who made him the kind of person he is. He can never thank his parents enough for the love and understanding they gave him as a child—and still give him. And he can never thank them enough for the discipline. "When my mother and father said no, I couldn't go to a movie," he recalls, "they meant no—and I didn't go."

But Steve's parents are not only what he calls "strong people," they are deeply religious as well—in their home, as well as in their church. And they instilled in their own children the same love of God and the good life, so that, even today, with a life complicated by a late-evening TV show, recording dates and night-club appearances, Steve still keeps up his religious observances.

"It's good for me," he says. And he is genuinely sorry for all the other twenty-year-olds who never found out that it could be good for them, too. "So many of them don't know what the inside of a house of worship looks like—or what it feels like to say a couple of prayers. . . ."

"Naturally," Steve observes, "everyone feels that his mother and father are the best in the world." And, having allowed you the right to feel the same way about your parents, he goes on about his own.

The Leibowitzes were poor, hard-working people—"but there was always bread on the table," and they were determined that their children would all have a good education. Max, Steve's father, still works as a decorator and painter; and, on Sabbaths and Holy Days, he still sings as a cantor in the synagogue. As for Anna, Steve's mother. . . . "Well, do you remember the Goldbergs on radio and television? My mother's Mrs. Goldberg to the life."

Steve is referring not only to her ap-

pearance, but to the watchful, loving eye she keeps on her family. And then there are her good-humored attempts to keep up with the vernacular of the day. "She tries to be 'very hip,'" Steve points out, "and everything's usually 'all rightie' with her."

Of the four Leibowitz children—three boys and a girl—Sidney, born July 8, 1935, is the youngest. And, although Sidney grew up to become Steve Lawrence, he claims his brother Bernie is "the real singer of the family." Both boys began singing when they were seven or eight, but Bernie was four years older. By the time Steve was ready to join his father's choir, his brother was soloist. But then Bernie's voice started changing and Steve took over. Then, in turn, Steve's voice started changing and his father urged him to stop singing lest he strain it.

Between the ages of eleven and fourteen, Steve rested his voice. The love of music was too strong, however, not to have some outlet, so he learned to play the piano and saxophone. And that's how he happened to be the accompanist for Bernie in his first professional engagement.

"It was at the old Riviera night club," Steve recalls. "It's no longer there, but it used to be on Forty-fourth Street, right opposite the Hudson Theater where we now do the Steve Allen show. They had an amateur night—first prize five dollars, second prize three dollars, and two third prizes of two dollars. Bernie was eighteen or nineteen at the time, and we had already started to work up a singing act together. But, that night, there were three thousand acts—and every one of them sang. To make matters worse, there were sailors at the bar—and one of the singers was a beautiful blonde. She had no voice, but she did have a low-cut gown and a way of over-breathing when she sang. Well, she won first prize. But we won second!"

"I can remember that we didn't get home till about two-thirty in the morning, and I had fallen asleep on my brother's shoulder in the subway. But we were so proud of the three dollars we had won that we put it in the icebox for mother to find in the morning."

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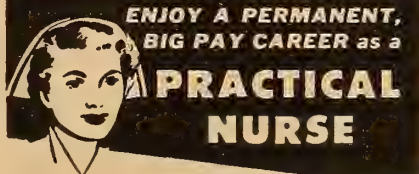
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dition. The Leibowitzes now have an electric refrigerator, but Steve still remembers and hides part of each paycheck—under the butter or behind the eggs—for his mother to find in the morning.

Steve also teamed up with his brother in writing songs. They haunted the offices of the music publishers with such persistence that they became known in Tin Pan Alley as "Moke and Poke." ("Every day," Steve says, "they'd kick us out. 'We like you,' they'd tell us, 'we just don't like your songs.'")

At fourteen, however, Steve's voice was all baritone—and he more than made up for the rest he had given it. At Thomas Jefferson High School, he sang in the Glee Club, the Mixed Chorus, the Boys' Chorus, the Boys' Quartet, as well as for the Parent-Teacher's Association and the General Organization when they staged money-raising affairs.

"I also played third alto sax in the Concert Band," he adds, then suddenly smiles—a bit sheepishly. "I was always being yanked out of class to rehearse or perform. My English and history teachers used to burn."

They were to have even more reason to burn, for, although Steve kept up with his studies, he was soon asking to be excused to accept professional engagements outside the school. They would send him to the principal, who gave his consent with just one condition: "When you're out there, don't forget—mention Jefferson High."

During his spare time, whenever that might be, Steve began haunting the radio and TV stations in near-by Manhattan, hoping for a break. He applied for an audition on *Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts* but was rejected twice. However, on his third try—in January, 1952—he was finally accepted. An inspired rendition of "Domino" won him top honors and the chance to appear on Godfrey's radio and TV shows for a full week.

The radio show was a cinch, but television presented a problem for a young singer with only one blue serge suit to his name. But, thanks to his brother and to his classmates at Jefferson High—who were proud to see their clothes on TV—Steve was able to wear a different suit every day he appeared on the Godfrey show.

From this point on, things happened quickly. King Records signed Steve to a recording contract, and soon he gained national recognition with his hit recording of "Poinciana." Then the offers started pouring in—one hundred dollars for a weekend, four hundred dollars for a week's engagement. . . .

"For a kid of sixteen," Steve says, "this was fabulous! And you can imagine what it meant to me. My mother and dad had worked hard all their lives. Here was my chance to do something for them. But I was only at the end of the seventh term at school. I still had six months to go to graduate. And mother, of course, had her heart set on my getting an education.

"But, Ma," I told her, 'I don't need a diploma to sing!'" She suggested that we talk it over with some of his teachers and the principal at school. Steve went to them and asked their advice. "Here I'm getting offers to make crazy money," he told them. "What should I do?"

It was the principal who solved the problem. "You don't need a diploma," he said, "unless you're going to college. And if you

want to sing, what's college? Four years out of your life. It isn't as if you wanted to be a doctor, lawyer, psychiatrist or engineer."

So he gave Steve a leave of absence and told him he could come back any time to make up the six months he still needed to graduate. Thus far, however, Steve has been too busy. After making a guest appearance on *The Steve Allen Show*, he was called back to audition for a permanent spot on the program. Competing against a score or more of young hopefuls and "name" artists, Steve won out. In July, 1953, he made his debut as a regular on the show, and, last year, he was signed to a long-term recording contract by Coral Records. This year, he has a record in "the top ten"—"Besame Mucho," a duet with his favorite singer, Eydie Gorme, who is also on *Tonight*.

"But, one of these days," Steve vows, "I'm going to take six months off and get my high school diploma so I can say: 'Here, Ma'—and then hand it to her. In the meantime . . . well, it's an education and an experience, pulling into Aurora, Ohio, with two suitcases and an overcoat, when you're just sixteen. And listening to Steve Allen is an education, too. Whenever I'm not on, I sit behind the cameras watching him—the way he can handle all kinds of people, with the same respect and interest. He's one of the greatest!"

But while Steve is improving his mind, taking in the "intelligent conversation" of such guests on the show as Carl Sandburg and Albert Schweitzer, he is careful when he returns to Brooklyn to "throw in the *dese* and *dose*"—so the old gang knows he's still one of them. For, outside of the fact that Steve is now a celebrity, and his brothers and sister are now married, life has gone on pretty much the same. Until very recently, the Leibowitzes lived in the same apartment house they had occupied ever since Steve was two.

"Until I'm married," Steve says, "I wouldn't consider living away from my parents. I'm still the baby of the family." He shakes his head with a helpless grin. "Even when you're forty-five," my mother says, "you'll still be the baby of the family."

Even the neighborhood is still the same. "I drive a 1953 Bel-Air," Steve explains, "and, when my friends see me coming in it, they'll yell out: 'So how come you're driving your old car? What's the matter you ain't got a Cadillac?' Or: 'So how come you don't take your mother out to Westchester and get her a mansion?'"

For Steve, the answer is simple. He and his family don't want high-priced cars or fancy mansions. Sure, his father always dreamed of a place with a lawn and his mother wanted space for raising flowers. "I've always hoped," says Steve, "that, in their lifetime, I could get them that house with a basement they never had. Most of all, a backyard with grass! But everything they've lived for has been in this area of Brooklyn. . . ."

So Steve has made the first payments on a comfortable home, with a little plot of ground, in near-by Bayside. It's within easy reach of the old neighborhood, the place they can never really forget. For that's where Steve first dared to dream of all the things he might do for his family. And that's where he proved that such dreams can come true—that a young man with talent and determination can even "put a house in Mother's refrigerator!"

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Garry's Golden Rule

(Continued from page 36)

about the number of people killed each year by automobile accidents, and I urged listeners to drive carefully. Then I discovered that there were still three minutes to fill before the program went off the air.

"So, without actually having planned it, I remarked on the number of people who were killed every year in ways other than by automobile. I commented on the fact that many people were killed by the unkind acts and unkind words of other people. And I pointed out that those deaths weren't the quick, sudden deaths on the highway, but slow, painful deaths that happened little by little. And I ended up that little talk with the suggestion that the listeners be kind to each other.

"You know, the mail response to that appeal was really something. I don't remember how many letters we got, but I know it was a lot. And they all said that listeners liked the idea I had expressed. Because of that response, I decided to give the same idea at the end of every show I did. And that's how it started."

Garry continued using that closing line for some time. "But then," he says, "I felt I had come to give the line mechanically. And I felt that, if this were the case, maybe I ought to stop using it. So I dropped it from the show.

"Right away, we got lots and lots of letters from the folks out there. And the letters pointed out to me how much the thought had come to mean to listeners and viewers, how it had served as a daily reminder to them in their relations with other people and, in many cases, had actually changed their lives.

"Well, of course, that showed me it wasn't just an empty phrase, but something which meant a good deal to a great many people. So, of course, I put it back on the show. It's been the closing of every show of mine since then. And I don't say it mechanically, either.

"You know," Garry continues, "even today, we receive letters from people telling us how much the line means to them. We hear from viewers who tell us ministers use the thought as a text for sermons, too. That means a lot to us, as you can imagine. After all, there's nothing new in the idea expressed by the line. It's simply another way of saying the Golden Rule."

Garry has been living by that precept for a long time, both in his professional and his private life. In fact, many years ago, he was suspended from a high school in Baltimore because of an incident in which he attempted to be kind to someone.

A teacher of one of Garry's classes was fired by the school board. Garry felt the teacher was a good one and that the firing had been unfair to the teacher. So, nothing loath, he wrote a letter to the editor of one of the Baltimore newspapers about the episode. The principal of the high school, after talking to Garry and explaining to him why it would have been better if he had gone directly to the principal rather than to the newspaper, suspended Garry from classes for two weeks. The two, incidentally, are still fast friends.

Looking back on the incident now, Garry feels his action was not wise at all and that he should not have done what he did. He dislikes discussing the episode, even to this day. But the fact remains that what he did, be it right or wrong, he did solely for the purpose of helping the teacher who had been fired.

Since that time, Garry has done many kind things. On several occasions, however, he has done things which were intended to be kind but which, for one rea-

son or another, were misunderstood or have actually hurt him. One such incident happened, not too long ago, in the elevator of the hotel where he spends Wednesday night, when he does his evening show, *I've Got A Secret*.

"One evening," Gary recalls, "I got on the elevator, and on it was one of the most beautiful women I've ever seen. Her face was beautiful. Her clothes were perfect. She was just a dream. Well, I thought a woman as beautiful as that ought to be told just how wonderful she looked. And I decided to tell her myself. I turned to her and told her I was a married man and that I wasn't trying to get fresh with her but that I wanted to tell her how beautiful she was.

"Her face became a bright red and she turned away from me. And the elevator operator snickered. I felt as though I were two inches high. Now, I realize that I embarrassed her by telling her that—that she didn't know how to accept the remark I made in the spirit in which I meant it. By trying to be kind, I had actually been cruel to her, and I certainly hadn't wanted to do that."

One soon learns, from everyone who knows him, that Garry goes right on being kind to people—and trying not to embarrass them with kindness.

Many people don't know that, in his early boyhood, Gary had a speech impediment. He used to stutter. He overcame the handicap quite early in life and, by the time he was sixteen and in high school, there were no traces of it left.

But his remembrance of the impediment has not left him. His assistant, Mrs. Shirley Reeser McNally, can tell you that he still has a great interest in children with similar troubles. (Garry himself fails to mention it.)

"There's a standing rule around the office," Mrs. McNally says, "that any child with a speech defect who calls Garry gets to talk to him. Garry gets a number of calls from such children, and I've known him to delay important meetings in order to talk to a child with a stutter or similar speech difficulty. I've known him to talk as long as an hour at a time with such a child."

From other sources, one learns that Garry is interested in the work of the National Hospital for Speech Disorders on New York's Irving Place, and that he will occasionally visit a patient there when the doctors feel such a visit will help the patient.

As might be expected, Garry receives letters from all over the country, from many people who are in trouble of one sort or another.

Many of these letters he will handle in his office. Others he takes home with him to his house in suburban New York. There, in the quiet of the evening, surrounded by his family, he will telephone almost any place in the country to talk to these troubled people and try to help them out of their troubles.

"I don't have any idea how many calls he makes a month," Mrs. McNally observes, "but I'm sure his telephone bill must be enormous. I know he makes lots of calls to help people."

Nor are these the only ways Garry shows that he believes in being kind. Quite frequently, at the close of his daily morning program, he will use material—written by himself or sent in by viewers—which is inspirational without being maudlin or cloyingly sweet.

Here are two examples of material he himself has written for his shows:

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today, I have here a little thought that might add something to somebody's life—including, Heaven knows, my own. . . . If we were warned that sudden death lay five minutes before us, if we were given five minutes in which to tell what everything had meant to us, every telephone booth in the country would suddenly be full of people trying to ring up other people and to stammer out how much they love them. . . . Why wait for that? Why not do it today? Like right now, for instance. If you want to be happy for the rest of the day, just call up somebody right now and tell them that you love them."

And, "In closing our little meeting for today, here's a little item that might be of some help to you as you go through the rest of the day. . . . Remember that a smile costs nothing but creates much. It happens in a flash, but the memory sometimes lasts forever. It cannot be bought, begged, borrowed, or stolen; but it is something that is no earthly good to anyone unless it is given away. . . . So, if, in your rush and hurry, you meet someone who is too weary to give you a smile, leave him one of yours. For no one needs a smile quite as much as he who has none left to give."

This is the professional side of Garry Moore's life, his life in contact with the public. What about his private life, that life in which he doesn't come in contact with the public?

There, too, apparently, Garry lives by the precept he gives to his audience.

A visit to the large suite of offices on Manhattan's West Side reveals that the workers there are relaxed, that there is none of that tension and bustle which one is apt to find in an office. The personnel are relaxed and genial. Little jokes are exchanged. There is a feeling of calmness, of friendliness.

Garry himself, when he is in the office, sits in a corner office furnished conservatively except for a fuchsia-colored rocking chair of old-fashioned design. (It was obviously given to him by a fan and he has kept it because it is so completely out of keeping with the rest of the office.) Garry sits in his shirt sleeves, behind a large desk, handling the many administrative details which the large operation entails. He is as calm and friendly as are the rest of the staff.

All this doesn't mean that no work is done. There is, and a great deal of work—because putting on the air some four hours of television a week requires much intense preparation. But the work is done quietly and efficiently by people who obviously enjoy what they're doing, and who just as obviously enjoy working with Garry.

Mrs. McNally, who has been Garry's assistant for more than four years, puts

one phase of the working situation this way: "In all the time I've been working with Garry, I've only known him to raise his voice once. And I've forgotten now what that was about."

When Garry walks through the offices, there is none of the snapping to attention which one often sees in other offices when the boss appears. They all either talk with Garry casually, or exchange quips with him, or go on about what they were doing, still completely relaxed.

A member of the CBS staff, who has the opportunity to see all the network's stars at their best and at their worst—who sees them during rehearsals, at home and on the air—commented on Garry Moore's show and his office staff: "I can't think of any other star here whose staff is as relaxed as Garry's, and yet gets so much done. The rehearsals are wonderful things to watch. There's always a lot of kidding around and playing. Oh, they get things done, of course. But it's an easygoing sort of work. It's just fun to watch those rehearsals. I can't think of any other star that's true of."

In discussing his way of life, Garry himself can be quite frank. "I can't help feeling," he says, "that, if by being kind to other people and pleasant whenever possible, you can make things easier for everybody, it certainly makes a lot of sense to be that way."

"After all," Garry continues, "there's a certain amount of work to be done. That in itself isn't much fun to do. If, on top of the work, you have to fight tension and fear, then it makes the work that much more difficult to perform. Doesn't it make sense, then, to be pleasant and kind, if by doing so you make things easier?"

"Besides," he adds with candor, "it makes things easier for me, too, you know."

Perhaps another indication of the way of life of Garry Moore is the fact that all of his daytime show personnel have been with him since its inception. The group includes Denise Lor, Ken Carson, Howard Smith and Durward Kirby.

"Now don't think," Garry says of them, "that they're on the show because of kindness! They're not. They're there because they've got talent. Otherwise, they'd be fired. There have been others on the show who were, you know."

Be that as it may, the fact that they have all seen fit to stay with Garry for the five and a half years the show has been on the air, working with him and with each other five days a week, indicates they like the atmosphere surrounding the show.

In commenting on things about the show, Durward Kirby has said, "It's wonderful. If one of the people has a good reason for being off the show some day, it's all right. We just work around him or her. And that's that. No trouble at all.

People come first, so far as Garry's concerned."

Once, when Denise Lor wanted to take her son, Ronnie, to a new school and see him enrolled properly, it was Garry who insisted that she absent herself from the show that day to make it possible.

Miss Lor says about Garry: "His attitude toward the people who work for him can best be illustrated by what he told me one day. Something like this: 'Denise, you should do everything to develop and exploit your talents. The public may someday accept you as a star and you may become important enough to leave this show and strike out on your own. I hate the thought of having you ever leave the show. But, if there's anything I can do to help you get further recognition—if there are any doors I can open, anything at all I can do—let me know and I'll do my best.'

"And Garry has lived up to that promise—not only with me, but with others of his show-business associates as well. Some months ago I needed a film of one of Garry's programs to show to an advertising agency which was considering hiring me for a guest appearance on another show. I asked Garry if he could help me borrow a kinescope and he said, 'Sure, take the one of the show we did last week, when I blew my lines and you covered up for me.'

"I told Garry that I certainly would not show any advertising agency any such thing which might show him off in a bad light. 'Don't be silly,' he chided, 'it makes you look good, and it might help you get the job.' So saying, he got the kinescope film for me. (P.S. I got the job.)

"Offhand, I can't think of any other star who would willingly allow an ad agency man to see him in a possible bad light in order to help a lesser member of his cast."

Denise adds: "Garry, off stage as well as on, is a wonderfully warm and understanding person. I'll never forget the first time he and his wife came to visit our home. My older son, Ronnie, has the kind of hair that simply won't stay combed. But, when he heard that Garry—my boss—was coming to our house, he spent hours combing his cowlicks in order to look his very best. Sure enough, a few minutes after Garry arrived, Ronnie's cowlicks started popping up all over the place, and Ronnie started to feel embarrassed. Garry straightaway put him at his ease. 'I have hair just like yours,' he confided to Ronnie. 'I have twelve cowlicks. That's why I have mine crew-cut.'"

Many people—both viewers and members of the television industry—have commented often about how relaxed and serene Garry always appears on the air. "This is not the case," Garry has replied, both on and off the air. "Many times when I seem to be composed and cool, inwardly I'm in a turmoil about something that has gone wrong or something I'm about to do."

But it is obvious to everyone that, most of the time he is on the air—and almost all of the time he is not being seen by his audience—he is at peace. He seems to be at peace with the world and, more important, at peace with himself.

Quite frequently, people comment about how Garry Moore looks a great deal younger than his forty years. This, too, may be attributed to the fact that he has found inner peace which allows him to relax and be free from the strains which show on the faces of other people.

Thus it would seem that, by living the precept which he gives to others on the air, Garry Moore has achieved a great deal. And it would also seem that, if the philosophy has been able to do all this for him, it is reasonable to expect it to do the same for others.

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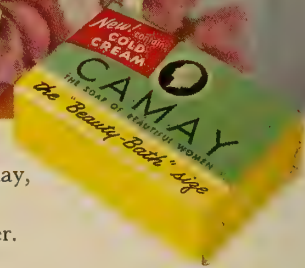
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*destroys decay bacteria better
than any other leading tooth paste*

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PERIODIC PAIN

Midol acts three ways to bring relief from menstrual suffering. It relieves cramps, eases headache and it chases the "blues". Sally now takes Midol at the first sign of menstrual distress.

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NOVEMBER, 1955

TV RADIO MIRROR

N. Y., N. J., Conn. Edition

VOL. 44, NO. 6

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Cover portrait of Eve Arden by Jay Seymour

buy your December copy early • on sale November 8

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"I'd give anything to belong..."

Ann sighed as she looked enviously through the window at a happy group of boys and girls heading for the Bowling Alley. How she wished she were one of them.

"I'd give anything to belong," she said for the hundredth time.

Why did they snub her so consistently, she wondered. Why did they leave her out of things? She was quite sure she was just as pretty—prettier, even, than some of the girls . . . just as nicely dressed, too . . . and with more personality. Yet she was outside of the charmed circle. She simply couldn't understand why. Girls with this trouble* seldom do.

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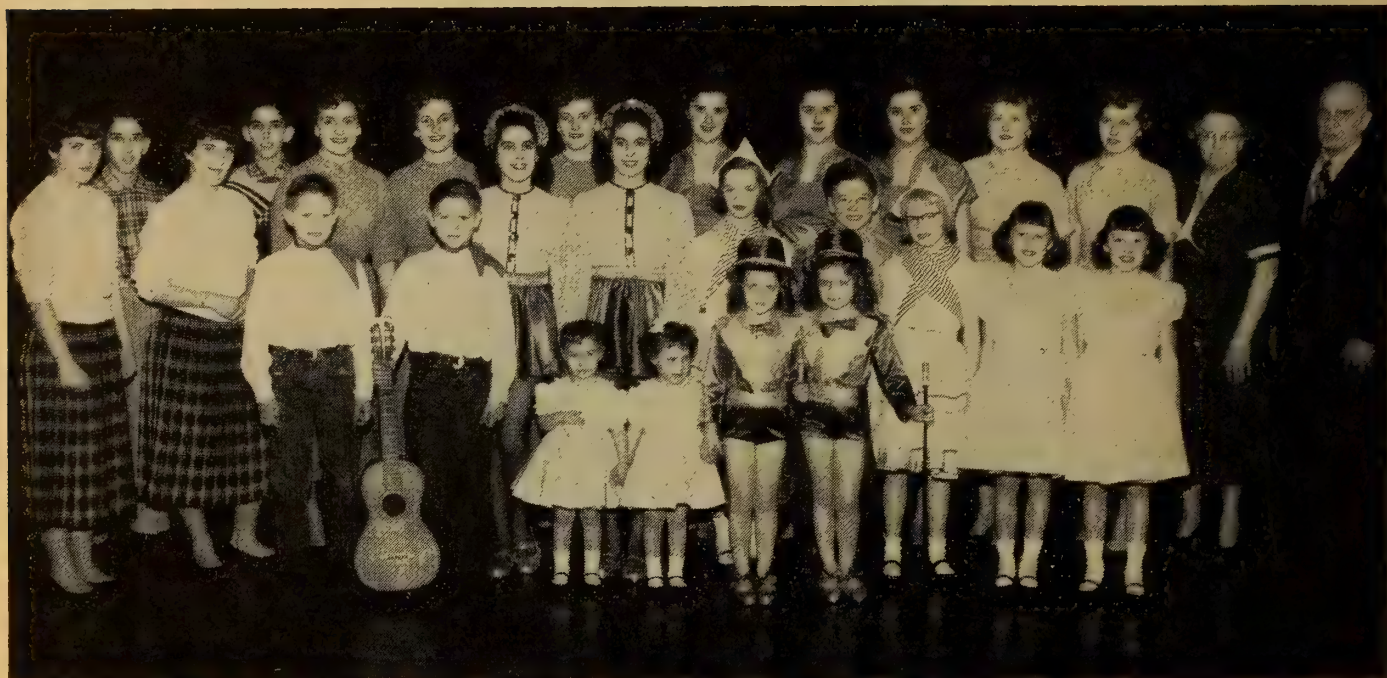
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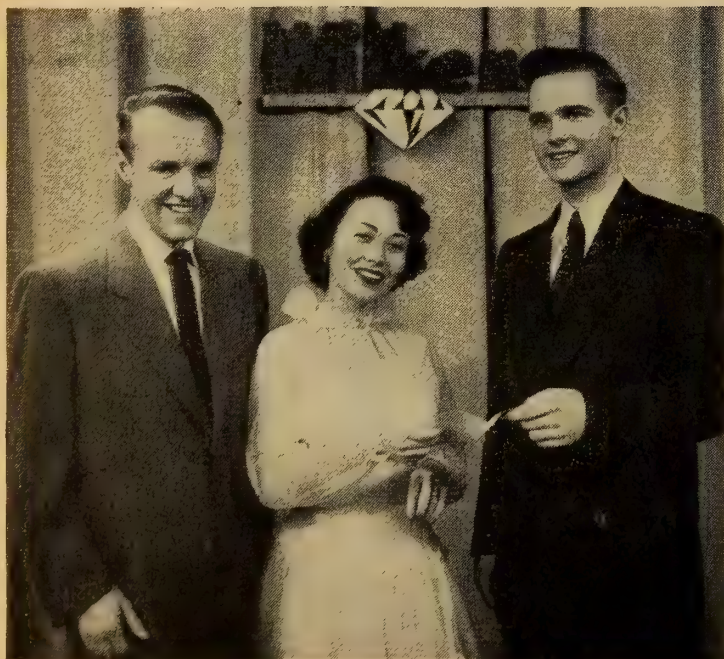


LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC STOPS BAD BREATH
4 times better than any tooth paste

PITTSBURGH ON PARADE



One of the show's yearly highlights is the Twin and Triplet Contest, when groups of all ages compete for special prizes.



Emcee Nobel and singing star **Connie Haines** congratulate **Thomas McNutt**, a winner on *The Wilkens Amateur Hour*.

TWENTY years ago, in November, 1935, the Wilkens Jewelry Company of Pittsburgh made its first entry in radio history when it launched *The Wilkens Amateur Hour* over Station KDKA. Since then, more than 20,000 acts consisting of almost 25,000 performers have appeared on this show, which has always been a favorite for millions of listeners and, for the past six years, KDKA-TV viewers. . . . Originally planned as only an eight-week show, *The Wilkens Amateur Hour's* tremendous popularity has made it a perennial Sunday evening favorite, mainly because it spotlights local performers—many of whom have gone on to national fame. Singer Dean Martin was a weekly winner the second time the show was aired in 1935. Popular recording artists, The Four Coins, also started their careers on *The Wilkens Amateur Hour*. . . . In addition to showcasing local talent, the program has presented numerous guest stars and special shows. One of these, the All Twin and Triplet Contest, features 14 or 15 twin and triplet acts, and the studio audience for that broadcast consists solely of twins and triplets. Other special shows include the Anniversary Show each November and the Children's Hospital Benefit Show during Christmas week. Very special yearly guests are the cute Zavada Quadruplets, who first appeared eight years ago—in their cribs. . . . Without a doubt, one of *The Wilkens Amateur Hour's* nicest attractions is its genial emcee, Al Nobel. A show-business veteran, Al was a baby-faced lad when he first audi-



*Talent gets more than an even break
as Al Nobel introduces tomorrow's stars
on KDKA-TV's Wilkens Amateur Hour*



Rudy Vallee, one of the many celebrities who have appeared as guests, enjoys a hearty laugh with Al.

tioned for radio, back in 1936. In subsequent years, he sang at radio stations and hotels in upstate New York, then moved to New York City, where for two years he sang with Eddie Lane's band. Next, he worked with Charlie Spivak and Hal McIntyre. In 1943, while singing with McIntyre in Pittsburgh, Al met Vera Mahoney. The following year, he returned to marry Vera and, a year after that, he settled in the Steel City as an announcer at Station KQV. . . . Within five years, Al had gained a handsome reputation in Pittsburgh and, in 1950, when *The Wilkens Amateur Hour* moved to TV, Al was chosen to emcee the festivities. The partnership has been a perfect one, and Al has proved to be an emcee with a big and helpful heart. Never having forgotten the hard road he had to travel to reach success, Al has always bent over backwards to help others. Each week, he personally auditions every amateur applicant, tries to put them at ease, and passes along many of the show-business tricks he has learned. . . . The fact that *The Wilkens Amateur Hour* is the most popular local show in Pittsburgh and is growing bigger and better every year has been reflected in the continuous pleased and wholehearted response from KDKA audiences. In presenting local personalities in a wide variety of acts, it also generates a warmth that only amateurs can impart. With these magic ingredients, it seems certain that *The Wilkens Amateur Hour* will long continue to be the recipe for a brighter future for performers and better entertainment for audiences.



Weekly winners Art Jones and Bill Dembaugh get a typically antic run for their prize money from guest star Jerry Colonna.

STEVE ALLEN'S TURNTABLE



GREETINGS again, from New York. I'm finally back in the big city after toiling away the summer in Hollywood, making "The Benny Goodman Story" movie and doing my *Tonight* television show. And, after a slight vacation, I'm ready to go again, so let's be off to the music department and see what we have in the way of new record releases.

Capitol is all excited about Frank Sinatra's latest, and well they might be. Frank sings a lovely ballad, "Fairy Tales," which could be another "Young at Heart" for him. And the backing, "Same Old Saturday Night," might click as big as "Learnin' the Blues." Sinatra is riding high these days and is singing better than ever.

Paul Weston and his orchestra have a wonderful new album called "Mood for Twelve"—twelve standard tunes featuring twelve big-name instrumental soloists. This is mood music at its best, with such musicians as Ziggy Elman, Eddie Miller, Bill Schaefer, George Van Eps, Stanley Wrightsman and others, each playing their individual interpretations of songs like "Confessin'," "Judy," "It's the Talk of the Town," and "Skylark." (Columbia)

Martial tempos seem to be the thing these days and Hugo Winterhalter and his orchestra have jumped into the parade with "The Oranges of Jaffa" coupled with "Kiki." This rendition is quite a departure for Winterhalter, who is well known for his lush orchestrations featuring string instruments. On these two sides Hugo has nary a violin, but instead features a brass section of sixteen. The lyrics are done by a vocal chorus. (Victor)



Tonight's Steve Allen, Eydie Gorme and Steve Lawrence star on records.

Selections from the soundtrack of the new movie, "Gentlemen Marry Brunettes," have been made into a Coral album. The picture co-stars Jane Russell and Jeanne Crain, with Scott Brady, but only Jane does her own singing. Anita Ellis dubs for Jeanne, Robert Farnum does the same for Brady, and Coral has added Johnny Desmond for good measure. The tunes are all old ones—"Funny Valentine," "Daddy," "I've Got Five Dollars," "You're Driving Me Crazy," and others.

Another musical movie soundtrack transferred into album form is M-G-M's "It's Always Fair Weather," and on this one everybody sings for himself—Dolores Gray, Gene Kelly, Dan Dailey and Michael Kidd. Kidd is the famous choreographer and he sings and dances in front of the camera for the first time in this picture, and also makes his debut on record. The score, by Betty Comden, Adolph Green and Andre Previn, is a good one, with bright, new tunes—"Music Is Better Than Words," "Thanks Again, But No Thanks," "Stillman's Gym" and "Baby, You Knock Me Out"—to name a few. Previn did the arrangements and conducts the M-G-M Studio Orchestra and Chorus.

Al Hibbler has chosen a religious song, "He," to follow up his "Unchained Melody" hit. On the reverse, he revives the oldie, "Breeze." Jack Pleis' orchestra and chorus. (Decca)

Though the rhythm and blues craze has died down a bit, it isn't over, as is well evidenced in "Rock It, Davy Crockett," by Paul "Mr. Hucklebuck" Williams and his orchestra, with a rockin' vocal by Jimmy Brown. The flip side is a novelty, "Hello," also given the r & b treatment. (Capitol)

The vocal kids on my *Tonight* show, Eydie Gorme and Steve Lawrence, each have a new release. Eydie does the ballad, "Soldier Boy," and "What Is the Secret of Your Success?," the song that was introduced on NBC-TV's production of "The King and Mrs. Candle." George Cates conducts the orchestra. Cates also handles the baton on Steve's record of "Open Up the Gates of Mercy," an inspirational song, and a love ballad, "My Impression of Janie." (Coral)

Burl Ives, the beloved folk singer, has a new album called "Men," in which he sings songs for and about the so-called stronger sex, and it's a happy sequel to his "Women" set, which he recorded last year. Versatile Burl is still starring on Broadway in a dramatic role in "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof." "Men" is a Decca album.

Young Sandy Stewart, the vocal miss on CBS-TV's *Morning Show*, has waxed two cute novelties, "Puddin' n' Pie," and "In Nuevo Laredo." Sandy is only seventeen, but her voice has a maturity way beyond

her years—but not her talent. (X Label)
"In the Wee Small Hours" and "I Had a Love Who Loved Me," both pretty ballads, are sung well by Chris Dane, with Harry Arnold's orchestra. Chris is a well-known baritone in Sweden, where these two sides were recorded, and sounds a little like Dick Haymes, with a slight accent. (Cadence)

George Cates' orchestra and chorus offer "High and Dry" and the haunting "Autumn Leaves," with a piano solo on "Autumn" . . . by whom? Oh—Steve Allen. (Coral)

"Robert Q. Lewis and His Gang" is the name of an amusing and listenable album by the cast from Robert Q.'s TV and radio shows—Betty Clooney, Don Liberto, Lois Hunt, Earl Wrightson, Ray Bloch's orchestra and, of course, Bob. The gang do standards, novelties, and special material they've done on the shows, including Bloch's humorous original, "Nine Hundred Pages and Sixty-six Books." (X Label)

Composer-conductor-arranger Gordon Jenkins has combined all three of his talents to produce a magnificent album called "Gordon Jenkins' Almanac." He has written special mood music for each month of the calendar, and has hit just the right mood for each. The titles: "January Jumps," "February Fever," "March Marches On," "April Sings a Lonely Song," "May Wine," "June Wedding," "Two Weeks in July," "August Heat," "September Calls Me Home," "October Ale," "November Nocturne," and "Blue December." Gordon worked on these compositions and arrangements a long time and the result is just about the best album he has ever done. (X Label)

The Cheers, the vocal group who made a lot of noise with their "Bazoom" record, have a new one which is bound to get plenty of jukebox plays. It's a novelty coupling "Some Night in Alaska" and "Blue Denim Trousers." The latter side is a rocking rhythm tune all about a motorcycle driver and is especially aimed at the teen-age clan. (Capitol)

"Howls, Boners and Shockers from Art Linkletter's House Party Kid Interviews" is the long title on a new Columbia album which is bound to amuse just about any age group. It's a collection of the "bests" from Linkletter's television and radio shows, taken off tape recordings done at the time of the actual broadcasts. Art does short narrations tying in the album sections: "Family Secrets," "Jokes," "Poems," "Quickies," "Girl Friends and Boy Friends" and "Instructions from Folks." You never know what children are going to say—but on this album they just speak right up and say it, with hilarious results.

And it's time for me to speak up and say so long for now. I'll be looking for you next month, 'long about the same page.

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Made of wonderful new *split-resistant*

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in the SLIM tube.*

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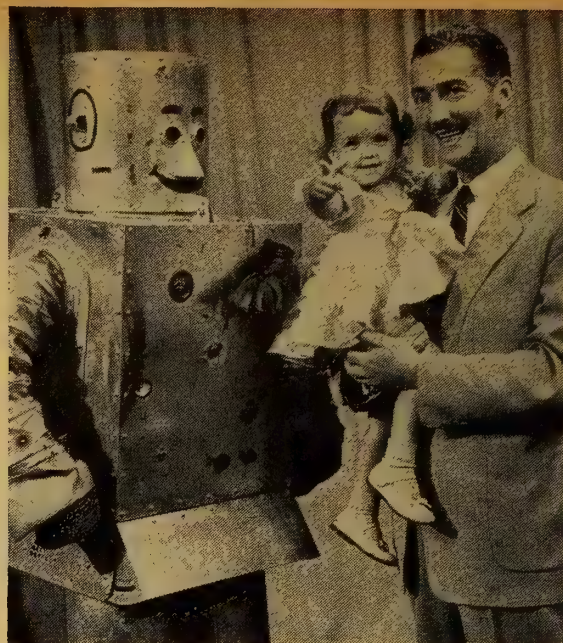
T
V
R

Especially for Children



Home for Jonathan, Alan and Jeff is "Back Acres," which the Scotts planned and built themselves near Philadelphia.

BACK WHEN he was a Philadelphia schoolboy, Alan Scott would deliberately miss getting 100% on his spelling papers. Students with perfect scores were given an award at the school assembly, and Alan was too shy to want to step out in front of all those people. Alan got over his shyness with the help of amateur dramatics and a radio set home-made out of paper clips and an oatmeal box, over which he "broadcast" the Dempsey fights and other major events. Then, after graduation from the University of Pennsylvania, Alan returned to the spelling papers, this time as a schoolteacher. . . . And then, during a chance meeting with Stan Lee Broza—founder of the famous *Children's Hour*, then program director of a Philadelphia radio station and now WPTZ program director—Alan was shocked into a momentary lapse into shyness. Alan was spokesman for a group of amateur actors who were trying to sell Broza on a radio series. Finally, Broza interrupted Alan's speech and announced, "I've got a hunch, young man. How would you like to be a radio announcer?" Alan stuttered, stammered and at last managed to blurt out, "But I'm a schoolteacher." "Never mind that," Broza told him. "How would you like to be a radio announcer?" . . . Today, the tall, handsome Mr. Scott is again working with Mr. Broza, as WPTZ's star of *Let Scott Do It*, seen weekdays at 9 A.M., and *Scott And The Mechanical Man*, seen Saturday at 9 A.M. These morning programs for mothers and the children feature "Mr. Rivets," the mechanical man, and two-year-old "Miss Terry." As host-conversationalist, Alan more than proves that Mr. Broza's hunch was right. . . . Broza discovered yet another newcomer when he had Alan's son Jeff appear on *Children's Hour*. Jeff, who is now nine, also joined Alan



Alan's charm and patter share the WPTZ spotlight with "Mr. Rivets" and two-year-old "Miss Terry."

*A rangy ex-schoolteacher named
Alan Scott rings the bell on WPTZ
for the young in years and heart*



Two of the Scotts have appeared on TV, but all four—"Beam," Jonathan, Alan, Jeff—sing at home.

in the Penn Wynne Players production of *Life With Father*. Alan's other son, Jonathan David, 2, is next to be "discovered." . . . After Alan's Philadelphia radio debut, he moved to WGN in Chicago. The station's pretty receptionist, Maralene Bielen, showed him around the studios—and around the town. "We had 380 dates in one year's time," says Alan, who first shortened his guide's name to "Beam," then changed it to Mrs. Scott. . . . After Chicago, and a stint in the Navy, Alan went on to New York, where he had his own Mutual network radio show, *Once Over Lightly*, and was featured on NBC-TV. By 1946, the ex-schoolteacher was back in the Quaker City and, since the start of his two gold-star programs, he's been enrolling young followers by the classroom-full.



Beautiful Hair

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says

Candy Jones

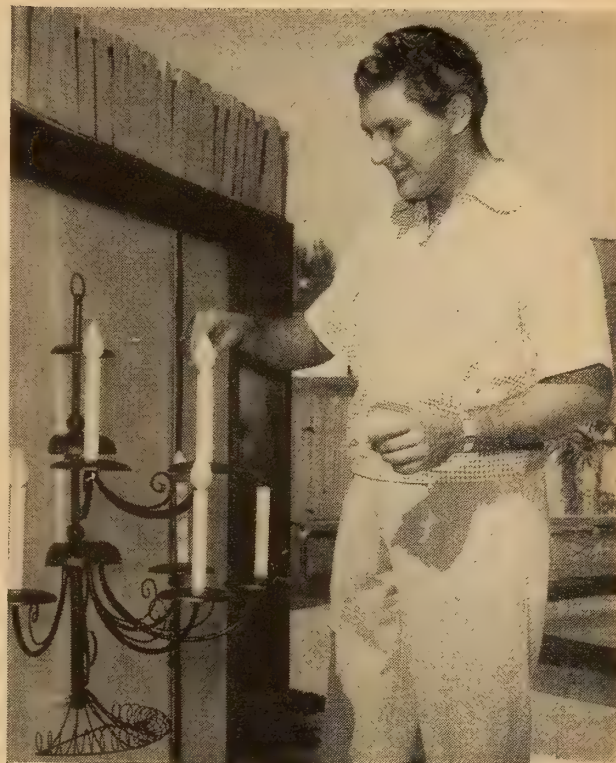
Director Conover School, New York, N. Y.



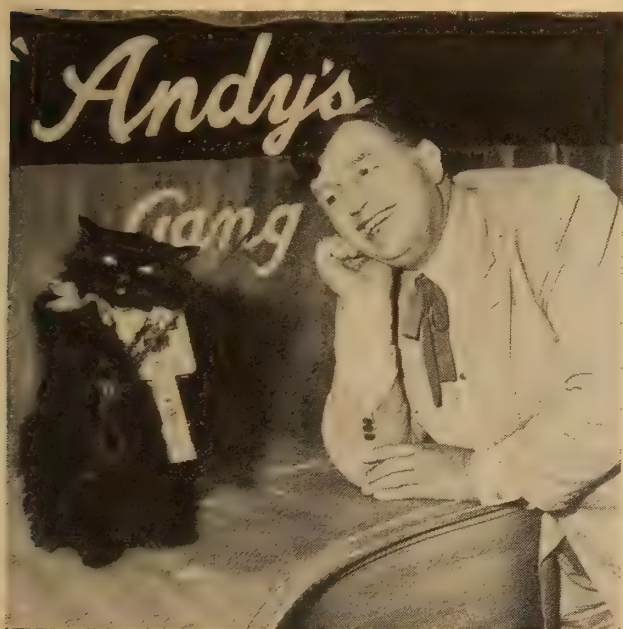
WHAT'S NEW FROM COAST TO COAST



Betty Clooney of the *Robert Q. Lewis Show* and band-leader Pupi Campo got themselves a marriage license.



Liberace has a candelabra in his own backyard—and a cover picture and byline story in our December issue.



Midnight the Cat, member of *Andy's Gang*, doesn't play second fiddle to anyone—not even Mr. Devine himself!

By JILL WARREN

A GALA REVUE, "Cafe de Paris," will co-star Mary Martin and Noel Coward on the *Ford Star Jubilee* show, Saturday night, October 22, over CBS-TV. Coward is making his American TV debut, and will include several of the numbers he did in his recent night-club appearance in Las Vegas, Nevada. He and Mary did most of their rehearsing for this big hour-and-a-half production in Coward's home in the British West Indies during September.

See Hollywood With Louella Parsons is a brand-new show on NBC-TV, Sunday nights. The famous movie columnist will conduct the weekly half-hour program, which is to be filmed, using a format of interviews with television and picture personalities, film clips and Hollywood news.

The famed *Grand Ole Opry*, for many years one of the most popular country music programs on radio, will be seen this fall on the ABC-TV network every fourth Saturday, beginning October 15. It will originate from Ryman Auditorium in Nashville, Tennessee, the home of *Grand Ole Opry* since it started as a local radio program back in 1926. It has been on network radio since 1939.

Dr. Benjamin Spock, the noted pediatrician and psychiatrist, has been signed by NBC for a series of half-hour telecasts on child (Continued on page 20)

NEW DESIGNS FOR LIVING



872

872—Pop her on top of your electric mixer—her full skirt will protect it from dust. Transfers of embroidery motifs, easy-to-follow pattern. Use scraps.

7378—Hobby Horse—the love of your youngster's life. About 34½ inches long, 16 inches wide and 22½ inches high. Actual-size pattern included, with easy-to-follow number guide.

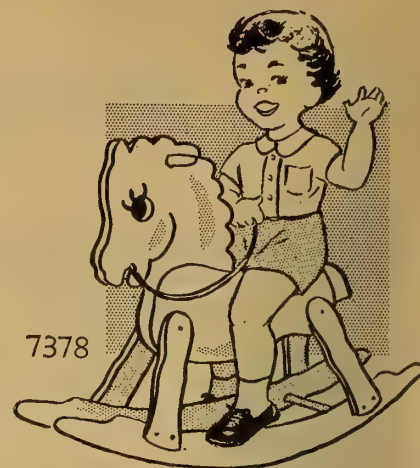
861—Crochet these modern leaf-design doilies in two glowing colors. Crocheted doilies: larger size 16½ inches, smaller, 11½. Use crochet and knitting cotton.

7135—Prettiest covering for your TV set! Smart combination of filet crochet and regular crochet forms the new grape design. TV square, 25 inches in No. 30 mercerized cotton; smaller in No. 50; larger in bedspread cotton.

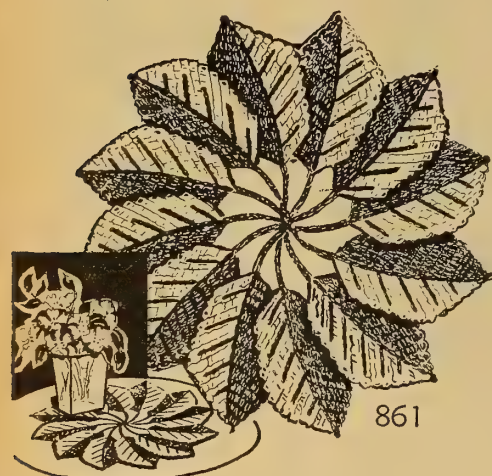
628—Each of these party-pretty aprons takes only one-half yard! Use scraps for pocket; ribbon ties. Embroider gay designs. Transfers, tissue pattern for 3 half-aprons. Medium Size only.

7294—A little toy that brings a lot of happiness. Baby monkey is an amusing fellow—hang him by his curly tail from the tree. Sew monkey of 2 fabrics or the same one throughout; 13-inch toy transfer.

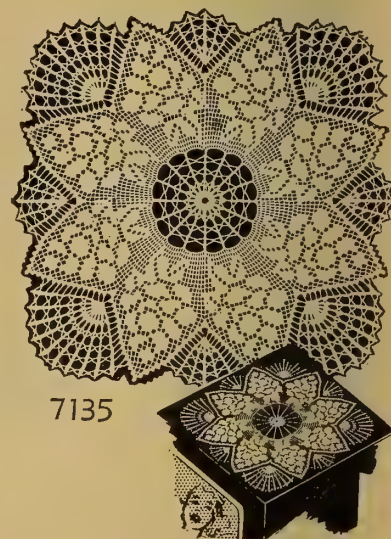
7257—Make this lovely leaf-set to protect, enhance any style chair. Directions for chair back, 11½ x 16; armrest 7 x 12 inches. Use mercerized cotton in color.



7378



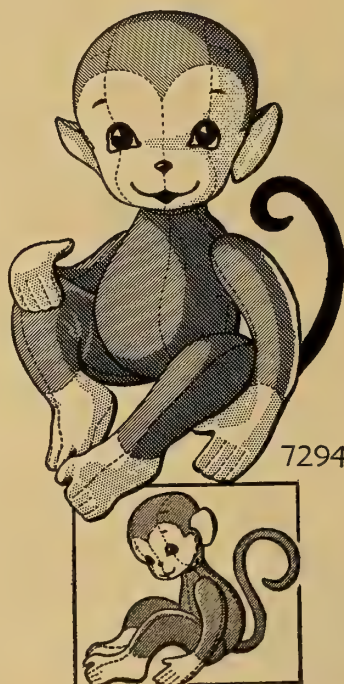
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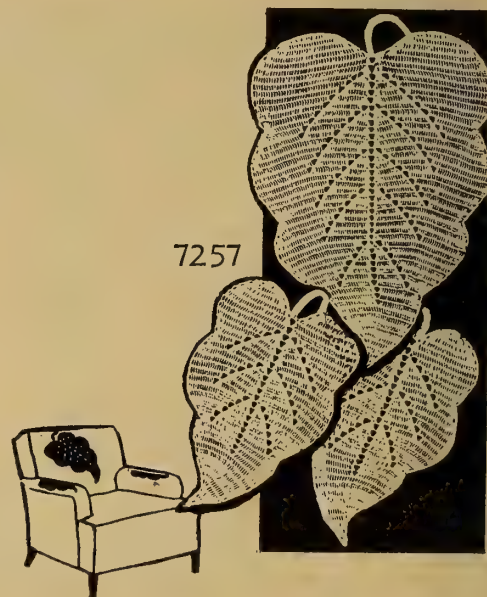
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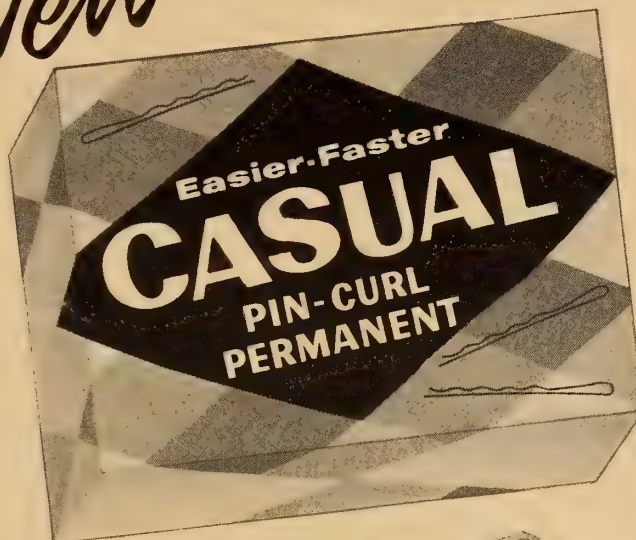


7257

Send twenty-five cents (in coins) for each pattern to: TV RADIO MIRROR, Needlecraft Service, P.O. Box 137, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, N. Y. Add five cents for each pattern for first-class mailing. Send an additional 25¢ for Needlecraft Catalog.

**For the Easiest Permanent
of Your Life . . .**

New



SET IT!



Set your pin-curls just as you always do.
No need for anyone to help.

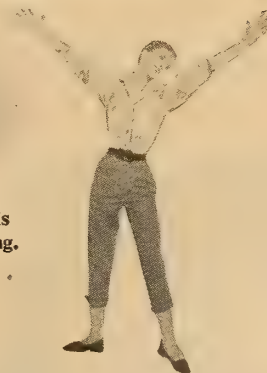
WET IT!



Apply CASUAL lotion just once.
15 minutes later, rinse with clear water.

FORGET IT!

That's all there is to it! CASUAL is
self-neutralizing. There's no resetting.
Your work is finished!



**Naturally lovely, carefree curls
that last for weeks . . .**

CASUAL is the word for it . . . soft, carefree waves
and curls—never tight or kinky—beautifully manageable,
perfect for the new flattering hair styles that highlight the softer,
natural look. Tonight—give yourself the loveliest wave
of your life—a CASUAL pin-curl permanent!



takes just 15 minutes more than setting your hair!

\$1.50 PLUS TAX

information booth

Young 'un

Would you tell me something about Lee Aaker, who plays Rusty on The Adventures of Rin Tin Tin on ABC-TV?

P.J., Batavia, N. Y.

Rin Tin Tin's best friend, Lee Aaker, is eleven years old and all boy. He's in the sixth grade at William Kelso Grammar School, plays shortstop on the baseball team, and is an excellent swimmer. Now in his lucky seventh year in show business, Lee debuted when he was four and joined his older brother, Dee, in a song-and-dance act. The boys inherit their dancing ability from their mother, Mrs. Myles Wilbour of Inglewood, California, who presides over a dance studio. . . . Lee debuted on TV in a West Coast children's show, *Fantasio Studio, Inc.*, and has since been seen on many of the top TV dramatic shows, including *Ford Theater*. He also played the crippled boy in "Benjy," which won an Oscar as the best documentary film of the year, and has appeared in other films such as "Hondo" and "Ricochet Romance."

Stage Family

Would you please tell me about Claudia Morgan, who plays Carolyn Nelson in The Right To Happiness on NBC?

L.H., Appleton, Wis.

The daughter of actor Ralph Morgan and the niece of comedian Frank Morgan, Claudia Morgan has shown a versatility in her career to make all members of her show-business family more than proud. . . . Born in New York City, she was christened Claudeigh but, since no one ever spelled it right, she was Claudia at school at Ely Court in Connecticut and Miss Dow's, now in Briarcliff, New York. At sixteen, she took time out from school to make her stage debut opposite her father in "Gypsy April." Since that time, Claudia has appeared in some thirty-eight Broadway productions, including "Call It

a Day," "Accent on Youth," "The Man Who Came to Dinner," "Ten Little Indians" and "Venus Observed." . . . In Hollywood, she has been seen in such films as "Stand Up and Fight," "That's My Story," and "Vanity Street." Claudia was well-known for eight years as Nora Charles on radio's *The Thin Man*. Aside from her role as Carolyn Nelson in *The Right To Happiness*, television has showcased Claudia in *Way Of The World*, *Robert Montgomery Presents*, *Armstrong Circle Theater*, *Television Theater* and other top programs. . . . Claudia's hobbies are painting and playing the piano and her favorite art and music critic is her husband, Kenneth Loane, a realtor.

Crooner With Muscles

Would you give me some information on Dick Lee, who sings on Ted Mack's Matinee on NBC-TV?

A.S., Memphis, Tenn.

The son of a police detective, Ted Mack's "Young Man of Song" hails from Philadelphia. Dick Lee's first love was boxing and his sturdy build and lightning reflexes won him a number of local championships. But Dick also loved to listen to music, anything from be-bop to the classics, and he was soon flexing his tonsils as well as his muscles. Still planning on a boxing career, he was a Golden Gloves contender. But after this successful start, Dick fractured his nose in one of his bouts and, when his worried mother begged him to hang up his gloves, Dick turned to the singing arena. His first professional engagement was in a small New Jersey night club where he was held over for twenty-six consecutive weeks. He went on to become a winner on the *Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts* program and on *Chance Of A Lifetime*. He's scored with such Essex recordings as "Infatuation," "Eternally" and "I Thought You Might Be Lonely" and appeared at such swank night spots as the Sahara in Las Vegas and the Latin Quarter in New York.

Gal About Sports

I would like to know about Marcia Henderson, who plays Mickey Riley on Dear Phoebe on NBC-TV.

D.B., Niagara Falls, Ont.

Pert Marcia Henderson is well-prepared for her role as a female sportswriter in *Dear Phoebe*. As a high school student, she was a cheerleader, played on the basketball and soccer teams and was a swimming life guard instructor for the Girl Scouts. On the journalistic side, she edited her school paper and was local correspondent on sports for the near-by *North Adams Transcript* and the *Pittsfield Eagle*. . . . Born in Andover, Marcia grew up in Williamstown, Massachusetts, where her father owns a large clothing store. Following high school, she came to New York to study at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. Then, after



Marcia Henderson

financing her pavement-pounding with a job as a Carnegie Hall usherette, Marcia got her first break with the role of Kathleen Anderson in the *Henry Aldrich* TV series. Next came appearances on many top television shows and her own show, *Two Girls Named Smith*. . . . Marcia debuted on Broadway in 1950 as Wendy in "Peter Pan," winning the Critics Award and the Theater World Award. After touring in the lead of "The Moon Is Blue," she arrived in Hollywood for roles in such films as "Thunder Bay," "All I Desire," "Back to God's Country," "The Glass Web" and "The Naked Alibi." . . . Marcia has an excellent voice and hopes to combine singing and acting in a twin career. Meanwhile, she shares a three-room Hollywood apartment with a Siamese cat called Sam. She belongs to a dramatic study group, the Stage Society, is "up" on all English poets and most of the prose writers, and is especially fascinated by philosophy and Hindu writings.

Calling All Fans

The following clubs invite new members. If you are interested in joining, write to the address given:

Saints and Spinners (Bill Silbert), c/o Alfreda Baker, 3920 Lyme Ave., Brooklyn 24, N. Y.

The Chica-Lees (Dick Lee), c/o D. Jankus, 2847 S. Kedvale, Chicago 23, Ill.

Richard Kiley Fan Club, c/o Rosalie Galossi, 34-34 30th St., Astoria 6, N. Y.

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—If there's something you want to know about radio and television, write to Information Booth, TV RADIO MIRROR, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. We'll answer, if we can, provided your question is of general interest. Answers will appear in this column—but be sure to attach this box to your letter, and specify whether your question concerns radio or TV.



Lee Aaker and Rin Tin Tin

Doctors Prove a One-Minute Massage with

PALMOLIVE SOAP CAN GIVE YOU A *Cleaner, Fresher Complexion...Today!*

GETS HIDDEN DIRT THAT ORDINARY CLEANSING METHODS MISS!



1. Dirt left on face after ordinary cleansing! Rub your face hard with a cotton pad after ordinary casual cleansing with any soap or cold cream. You'll see that you didn't remove deep-down dirt and make-up. "Ordinary-clean" is just superficially clean!

2. Beautifully clean after 60-second Palmolive facial! Rub your face the same way after 60-second massage with Palmolive. Pad is still snowy-white! "Palmolive-clean" is deep-down clean. Your skin is free of clinging dirt that casual cleansing misses.

Only a Soap This Mild CAN WORK SO THOROUGHLY YET SO GENTLY!

PALMOLIVE BEAUTY CARE CLEANS CLEANER, CLEANS DEEPER, WITHOUT IRRITATION!

Doctors have proved that Palmolive beauty care *can* give you a cleaner, fresher complexion the very first time you use it! That's because Palmolive care gets your skin *deep-down* clean by removing the hidden, clinging dirt that casual methods miss.

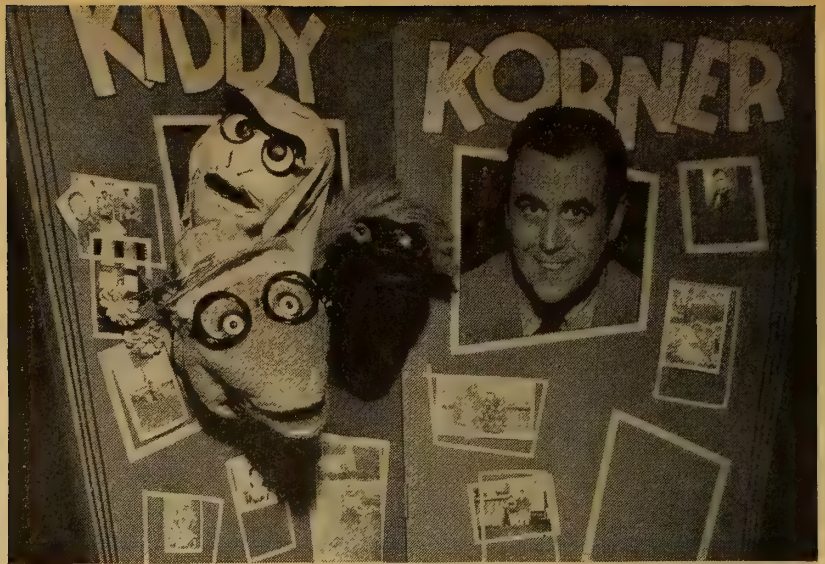
Here's the easy method: Just massage your face with Palmolive's rich, gentle lather for 60 seconds, morning and night. Rinse and pat dry. It's that simple! But remember . . . only a soap that is *truly* mild can cleanse thoroughly without leaving your face feeling drawn and uncomfortable. That's why Palmolive's mildness is so important to you. Try mild Palmolive Soap today for new complexion beauty!

DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!



Mild and Gentle

ALL IN FUN



Foursome in the Kiddy Korner are Luke the Spook, Albert, Gertrude—and Dave. The young crowd at left jammed the Glenville Fire Dept. to meet Dave.



To WRGB-TV viewers, Dave Cameron is a man of many delightful characterizations, the best of which is Dave himself

ELEVEN SEPARATE and distinct personalities, plus an occasional transient, inhabit one dressing room at the Station WRGB-TV studios in Schenectady. Fortunately, there's still enough elbow room—for only one, Dave Cameron, is man-sized. The others are his puppet-sized alter egos. . . . For the youngsters, Albert, Gertrude, and Luke the Spook rule "The Kiddy Korner" on the *Dave Cameron Show*, seen weekdays at 1:30 P.M. This is a one-man variety show which Dave runs with the help of a telephone, his puppets and an active imagination. Jr. Fire Fighter and Silly Nilly teach fire safety and prevention and the rules of good behavior on the *Friendly Fireman Show*, weekdays at 5 P.M. The casts also include Lord Crumpet, Gretchen Got-Rocks, Texas Tim, Auntie Flo and Daniel Goone, who present the "Dilly of the Day" to ventriloquist Cameron's large audience of mothers, youngsters and old-timers. Occasionally, there are guests such as the Mad Scientist who, in answer to General Electric's development of "man-made diamonds," tried to grow man-made pearls in an oyster. He failed. . . . Born and educated in Philadel-



Dave checks his skin-diving apparatus as ex-baby-sitter Marty keeps an eye on her own young Connie.

phia, Dave has worked as an actor, writer, producer and director in radio, TV and night clubs in the Pennsylvania-New Jersey-New York area. He joined WRGB in 1952. . . . In his travels, Dave acquired three hobbies, all of which have been worked into his shows. Dave docked his cabin cruiser, the "Studio C," at the Mohawk River, behind the WRGB building, for a special telecast. Diving tanks were installed in the station's back yard so that Dave could telecast an exhibition of his skin-diving. And, for a "late to work" theme on one show, Dave went motorecycling in long flannel nightshirt and stocking cap. Dave also drives a Cadillac. . . . But hobbies take second place to the family at the new five-room Cameron home in Briarcliff Village. Dave met his wife Marty when she was baby-sitting for his older brother in Philadelphia. Now married four years, they have a baby-sitter of their own these days for two-year-old Connie. Dave, in his exuberant praise of Connie, says, "She knows all my sponsors by sight." . . . And speaking of sights, one of the most ever-welcome ones in Schenectady is Dave Cameron himself, on TV or in person.

THERE'S THE WHISTLE

for the greatest gridiron season in broadcasting!

....and here's the
schedule of 26
thrilling games
—with 28 famous
teams—that America
will tune to



TOP COLLEGE CLASSICS

Saturdays

Exciting Games with a Climax— Army v. Navy!

- Oct. 15 Notre Dame v. Michigan State
- Oct. 22 Notre Dame v. Purdue
- Oct. 29 North Western v. Ohio State
- Nov. 5 Notre Dame v. Pennsylvania
- Nov. 12 Notre Dame v. North Carolina
- Nov. 19 Ohio State v. Michigan
- Nov. 26 Florida v. Miami
- Nov. 26 Army v. Navy (at Philadelphia)

Note: Second named team in each game (except Army v. Navy) is the home team.

Friday Nights

Big Games of the University of Miami!

- Oct. 7 Notre Dame University
- Oct. 21 Texas Christian University
- Nov. 4 Boston College
- Nov. 11 Bucknell University
- Nov. 18 University of Alabama

Note: All games originating from Orange Bowl Stadium in Miami.

And Two College All-Star Games on Dec. 31!

East-West Shrine Game
from Kezar Stadium, San Francisco

Blue-Gray Game
from Crampton Bowl, Montgomery, Ala.

TOP PRO SCHEDULES

Big Battles of the Greatest!

- Oct. 29 Green Bay Packers v. Baltimore Colts
- Nov. 5 Baltimore Colts v. Detroit Lions OR
Pittsburgh Steelers v. Chicago Cardinals
- Nov. 12 Detroit Lions v. Pittsburgh Steelers
- Nov. 24 (Thanksgiving) Green Bay Packers v. Detroit Lions

Note: Except where indicated, second named team is the home team.

Power Struggles of the Detroit Lions!

- Oct. 16 San Francisco 49ers at Detroit
- Oct. 23 Los Angeles Rams at Los Angeles
- Oct. 30 San Francisco 49ers at San Francisco
- Nov. 5 Baltimore Colts at Detroit
- Nov. 13 Pittsburgh Steelers at Pittsburgh
- Nov. 20 Chicago Bears at Detroit
- Nov. 24 Green Bay Packers at Detroit
- Dec. 4 Chicago Bears at Chicago
- Dec. 11 New York Giants at Detroit

Mutual Broadcasting System

(See local listings for broadcast time.)





Daytime Diary

All programs are heard Monday through Friday; consult local papers for time and station.

BACKSTAGE WIFE As Mary Noble fights to prevent actress Elise Shephard from breaking up her marriage to Larry, another sinister threat appears in the shabby, strange form of Madame Moleska. Should Mary seek out this mysterious woman for guidance? Or would she be wiser to avoid all contact with her? How will she affect Elise's relationship with Larry, and Larry's Hollywood career? Even if Mary knew the answers, would she act differently? CBS Radio.

THE BRIGHTER DAY When Lydia Harrick's husband died, she willingly devoted herself to his brother Don, believing in the need he professed for her understanding and help in rebuilding his self-confidence and his career as an architect. But Max Canfield's love shatters Lydia's self-delusion, and she now sees that Don will go to any length to maintain his power over her. Can Dr. Randy Hamilton help her before Don ruins her life? CBS-TV and CBS Radio.

FIRST LOVE With Zach now vindicted of the false murder charge, and a new understanding strengthening their marriage, Laurie and Zach are audacious enough to expect smooth sailing as Zach resumes his increasingly important work for the Army. But the sudden, completely unheralded appearance of Zach's long-silent father makes a few changes in the picture. What happens to Zach as this profound emotional shock hits him? NBC-TV.

THE GUIDING LIGHT Although Kathy knows that the lie on which she founded her marriage to Dick was responsible for its break-up, she now realizes that she will never stop loving him. Is she heading for tragedy in not putting him out of her mind? Occupied with his resuming his surgical career and concerned over the failing eyesight of the young painter, Marie, whom he met in New York, has Dick any intention of letting Kathy back into his life? CBS-TV and CBS Radio.

JUST PLAIN BILL As Bill Davidson sees the clouds of danger gathering around

him, he tries to avert the threat coming ever closer to his own family—to his beloved daughter Nancy and to her husband Kerry Donovan. Can Bill convince Nancy that his interpretation of Arline Wilton's actions is the right one? Or will Nancy's impatience lead her and her loved ones into complications more dangerous than anyone realizes? NBC Radio.

LORENZO JONES After the long, heart-breaking months of struggle, Belle Jones knows a flash of feverish hope as Lorenzo appears to have regained his memory. For a brief space he recalls her and their marriage, and Belle believes that at last everything will come right again. So her despair is almost complete when the light goes out, and once again Lorenzo's damaged memory is a blank on the subject of everything she holds dear. NBC Radio.

LOVE OF LIFE An old enemy returns to Vanessa Raven's life with a brand-new threat, and her apprehension mounts to near-despair as she sees the Browns, led by the bitter, vengeful Kevin, systematically setting out to ruin Paul's new law career, her own happiness, and—what is more important to her now—the possible rehabilitation of the unfortunate little girl she has come to love. What will Van do about it? CBS-TV.

MA PERKINS With the disappearance of his infant daughter, Ma's adopted son Joe reaches a crisis in his heretofore happy marriage to Gladys. Instead of uniting the two in a desperate effort to regain their child, the strain widens a breach between them. Confident that they will find the baby, Ma is less certain of the future of this marriage over which she has watched with such high hopes. Will Joe's secretary, Harriet, have the final answer? CBS Radio.

ONE MAN'S FAMILY It is a strange experience for the elder Barbour to see their children trying to handle the same problems they created when they themselves were children. Has anything really new been discovered about children dur-

ing the past few years? Or are the principles Mother and Father Barbour followed still so sound that, almost without knowing it, their children are applying them to the youngest generation? NBC Radio.

OUR GAL SUNDAY Leslie Northhurst's murder plunges the Brinthrops into fearful danger as Lord Henry seems almost certain to pay for a crime he did not commit. Despite Henry's bitterness over what he considers the suspicious aspects of Sunday's relationship with Leslie, she endangers her own life to find the proof of his innocence. Will her desperate efforts convince Henry that his suspicions were completely misguided? CBS Radio.

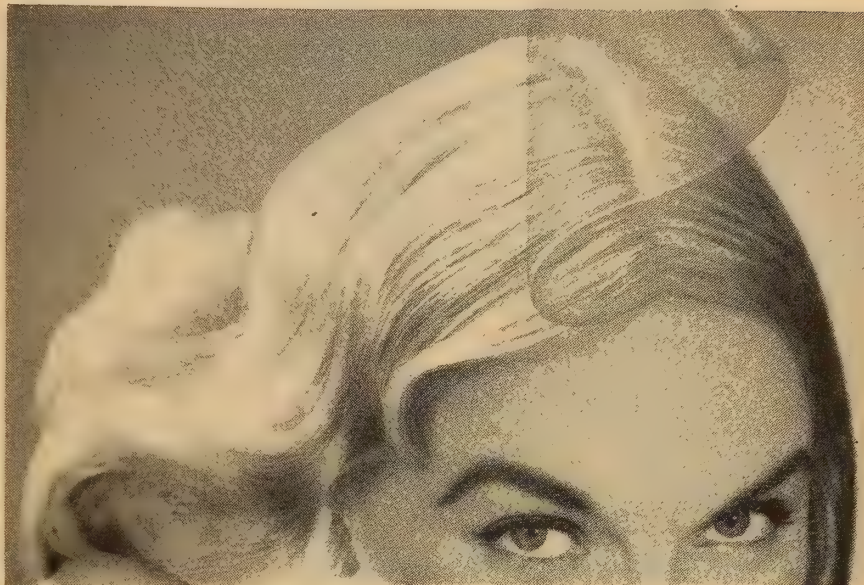
PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY Carter Trent's separation from his wife and family would be unendurable, even though he undertook it voluntarily in order to spare them hardship, if it were not for the fervent friendship of the pretty young singer, Noel. Will gratitude and loneliness lead Carter into an involvement he is not really prepared to take on? Or will it be Noel who takes a hand in straightening out Carter's and Peggy's lives? NBC Radio.

PERRY MASON Sam Merriweather is the center of an empire of power and wealth, and Perry Mason knows that any assault upon a man so influential will not be made in a spirit of childish play or by plotters unprepared to go to considerable lengths to gain their ends. But, although Perry suspects the general outlines of the plot, will he learn the details in time to save Sam's daughter from the fate being prepared for her? CBS Radio.

THE RIGHT TO HAPPINESS A new phase of Carolyn's life opens as, alone after years of fighting side by side with Miles, she struggles to save his name and her own from the enemies who finally achieved his death. Can she manage to present the truth so that it triumphs over the lies and doubts being spread about her? Or will she be forced to watch the machine go to work once more in the

New 100% Non-Alkaline PALMOLIVE *Soft* SHAMPOO

Removes **ALKALINE FILM**
that clouds Hair Beauty!

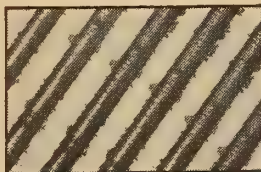


Gentles your hair as it cleans and sheens!
Leaves it more obedient, easier to set!
Will not dry or devitalize!

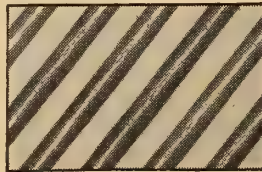
You may never have seen the true beauty of your hair until you try new Palmolive *Soft* Shampoo. For this new 100% non-alkaline shampoo *gentles* your hair. *Sheens* it to its natural loveliness. *Softens* it so curls set easier . . . and stay set longer.

New Palmolive *Soft* Shampoo contains no harsh, drying, devitalizing chemicals . . . no sticky oils . . . no dulling alkali. And its exclusive 100% non-alkaline formula agrees with the natural, healthy, non-alkaline condition of your scalp and hair.

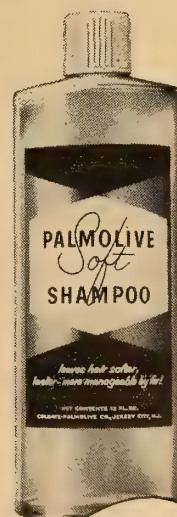
So remove alkaline film that clouds hair beauty with new—and oh, so gentle—Palmolive *Soft* Shampoo.



Scientific photomicrograph shows how a film of alkaline dust, dirt, smog can coat each hair . . . dull the luster and color . . . make hair limp so curls just won't stay set.



See how the exclusive 100% non-alkaline formula of Palmolive *Soft* Shampoo removes alkaline film. Leaves more luster, natural color! Curls set easier, last longer.



12-Ounce
Economy Size
only

89¢

PALMOLIVE *Soft* SHAMPOO

Lets Hair Behave and Hold a Wave

vicious manner she knows all too well? NBC Radio.

THE ROAD OF LIFE All the force of Sibyl Overton's warped personality has gone into her fierce attempt to gain Dr. Jim Brent's love and, in spite of the repeated warnings of her more clear-sighted father, she insists on believing that since Jocelyn Brent was forced to leave the country she has made great strides toward her goal. What will happen when she realizes that Jim has pretended affection in order to learn how Sibyl framed Jocelyn's deportation? CBS Radio.

THE ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT Although Gil Whitney's wife has promised to end their pointless marriage, Helen is half afraid to hope, knowing that Cynthia is not likely to make things easy for Gil. She does not suspect that in a way Gil's attractive secretary is part of Cynthia's plan, but she does know that suddenly Fay Granville has become more important than a secretary ought to be. Is Gil infatuated with Fay? CBS Radio.

SEARCH FOR TOMORROW Overdone loyalty to his employer gets Stu Bergman into one of the worst jams of his life, and overdone gallantry keeps him there, as he champions Mr. Gunther's niece Melanie against the withering accusations so freely spread about town by her former suitor. Will Henderson begin to wonder just why Stu is so vehement in Melanie's defense? Will his wife Marge wonder? And will Melanie herself begin to get ideas? CBS-TV.

THE SECOND MRS. BURTON Wealthy Mrs. Burton is the kind of woman who cannot resist trying to run her children's lives. In a recent heroic effort to provide her with other interests, Stan Burton and his sister, Marcia Archer, found they had jumped from the frying pan into the fire. With the introduction of Buck Halliday into Mother Burton's life, a host of new problems loomed up. How will Stan react if the problems are settled in Halliday's way? CBS Radio.

THE SECRET STORM Hoping for a chance at happiness with Jane, Peter Ames tries to convince her and himself that her fear and self-doubt are due to her physical weakness. But Jane's apprehensions have a firmer base, for the young husband who was supposed to have died overseas ten years before is very much alive, and so is his memory of Jane. Will Pauline Tyrell, who still loves Peter, find a way of taking advantage of Bruce's return? CBS-TV.

STELLA DALLAS Stanley Warrick's long campaign to break up Laurel's marriage appears close to success as Dick Grosvener files suit for divorce even though, as Stella knows, he and Laurel still love each other. Must Stella stand by and see her beloved daughter enter into a second marriage that cannot possibly bring her any happiness? Is there any way in which Stella can influence events so that so many lives will not be wrecked? NBC Radio.

THIS IS NORA DRAKE Just before George Brown's death, he reveals that David was right in suspecting that some-

(Continued on page 25)



NURSES suggest DOUCHING with ZONITE for feminine hygiene

Brides-to-Be and Married Women Should Know These Intimate Facts

Every well-informed woman who values her health, physical charm and married happiness, knows how necessary a cleansing, deodorizing douche is for intimate feminine cleanliness and after monthly periods. Douching has become such an essential practice in the modern way of life, another survey showed that of the married women asked—83.3% douche after monthly periods and 86.5% at other times.

It's a great assurance for women to know that ZONITE is so highly thought of among these nurses. Scientific tests PROVED no other type liquid antiseptic-germicide for the douche of all those tested is SO POWERFULLY EFFECTIVE yet SO SAFE to body tissues.

ZONITE's Many Advantages

ZONITE is a powerful antiseptic-germicide yet is positively non-poisonous, non-irritating. You can use it as often as needed without the slightest risk of injury. A ZONITE douche immediately washes away germs and waste deposits. It effectively deodorizes and leaves you with a wonderful sense of well-being and confidence—so refreshed and dainty. Inexpensive—ZONITE costs only a few pennies per douche. Use as directed.



If any abnormal condition exists, see your doctor.

WHAT'S NEW FROM COAST

(Continued from page 11)



Burr Tillstrom takes a brief puppeteer's holiday from *Kukla, Fran And Ollie* for the NBC-TV "Alice in Wonderland," Oct. 23.



Miss Frances—Dr. Frances Horwich of *Ding Dong School*—wrote three new storybooks, then took a teacher's vacation in Bermuda.

care and development, beginning Sunday afternoon, October 9. Titled *Dr. Spock*, the program will be directed especially at parents and prospective parents. The format will be varied, covering many questions dealing with child-rearing from both the medical and psychological viewpoints. Dr. Spock is well known to millions of mothers throughout the world as author of the famous book, *Baby and Child Care*, which has sold more than seven million copies and has been published in many languages for overseas editions.

Two interesting productions are slated on NBC-TV's "spectacular" schedule. The first is "Cyrano de Bergerac," starring Jose Ferrer in his famous role, on *Producers' Showcase*, Monday night, October 17. It will be an hour-and-a-half show, done in color and in black and white.

The second is the *Hallmark Hall Of Fame* show on Sunday night, October 23—also ninety minutes, and also in color. Maurice Evans will present "Alice in Wonderland,"

co-starring Eva Le Gallienne, Burr Tillstrom and Bobby Clark. "Alice" will be played by an unknown English girl, fourteen-year-old Gillian Barber, whom Evans discovered in a dramatic school in London. Evans will not have a part in the play, but he will introduce the characters and scenes, in addition to producing and directing. Richard Addinsell, who composed the "Warsaw Concerto," has written a special "Alice in Wonderland" score.

CBS-TV has announced a most impressive list of shows to be done this fall on their *Omnibus* series, with exact dates still to be set. Included will be such productions as a musical-comedy version of the classic, "Hans Brinker or the Silver Skates"; a documentary on the Renaissance period, "The Birth of Modern Times," to be written by *Life* Magazine's Robert Coughlan; "Boyhood Reminiscence," with cartoonist James Thurber; "The Battle of Gettysburg," to be written by Bruce Catton, Pulitzer Prize winner; and "American Constitution," which will feature Joseph Welch, the famous attorney of the McCarthy-Army hearings.

Jumping from culture to quiz, we note that CBS Radio is now carrying *The \$64,000 Question* on Tuesday nights. This program has the very top rating of all TV shows and, now that it will be simulcast, the radio rating should be a big one, too.

The popular *Zoo Parade* will be back on NBC's Sunday-afternoon TV schedule on October 16. Marlin Perkins, who conducts the show, will present many new animals acquired on his recent African and European safaris. Perkins "swapped" animals, which were available on the American Zoological surplus list, for odd and unusual "creatures" obtainable in foreign zoos, and is proud of the fact that no guns were used to "capture" any of these menagerie additions.

My Friend Flicka, which was a best-selling book and a popular movie, is now a television series, which has just started on CBS on Friday nights. It's a half-hour show, filmed in Hollywood, and features Anita Louise, Johnny Washbrook and Gene Evans.

Another new and interesting TV series has also debuted on CBS—*Adventures Of Robin Hood*. This was filmed entirely in England, in full costume and using authen-



Gunsmoke flashes on TV screens, with Amanda Blake as Kitty, James Arness as Marshal Matt Dillon.



Valiant Lady's new romance is Elliott Norris, played by Terry O'Sullivan, noted actor-husband of well-known actress Jan Miner.

tic backgrounds. Richard Greene is Robin Hood, Ian Hunter plays Sir Richard, and Bernadette O'Farrell is Maid Marian.

This 'n' That:

Jo Stafford and her husband, Paul Weston, are expecting an addition to the family about the middle of February, so it is doubtful whether Jo will do any television this season. The Westons have one son, Timothy, who will be three years old next month, so they're hoping for a girl.

Liberace's filmed TV show has just made its debut in England, with the beginning of commercial television there. Guild Films, which distributes "Mr. Candelabra's" series, has arranged for three English stations to carry the program.

Tim Considine has been signed by Walt Disney to star as Spin in the "Spin and Marty" series which will be part of *The Mickey Mouse Club* show on ABC-TV. Tim, who is fifteen, has appeared in movies and got his film start with Red Skelton in "The Clown."

Dr. Frances Horwich, "Miss Frances" of NBC's *Ding Dong School*, has written three new storybooks for children, which have been published by Rand McNally. *Mr. Meyer's Cow*, *Jingle Bell Jack*, and *Our Baby* are the latest additions to the series, which now includes eighteen titles.

Marion Marlowe and her producer husband, Larry Puck, took off for a delayed honeymoon trip to Honolulu, following her successful night-club appearance in Las Vegas. Upon her return, she is scheduled for TV guest shots and will appear in the Ed Sullivan movie which the *Toast Of The Town* host will make for Warner Bros.

Dick Haymes' career is looking up these days, although the crooner's personal problems continue to make newspaper headlines. Dick has just been signed by Capitol Records and has several night-club bookings in the offing, following his Las Vegas "comeback" appearance.

Singer Betty Clooney and bandleader Papi Campo obtained a marriage license in New York City, and may be wed by the time you read this. Theirs was a television romance which began when they met on the Jack Paar show.

CBS Television and United Productions of America have entered into a long-term (Continued on page 22)



Want a good group project this fall?

- ☐ An off-beat treat ☐ Bird watching ☐ A quilting bee

Ask the crowd—how about planning something special for their moms, come Thanksgiving? A really off-beat treat for the lady who cooks the turkey dinner? Then pool your wits and wallets; throw a theatre party with the mothers as honored guests. They'll love it—this fun way of thanking them for

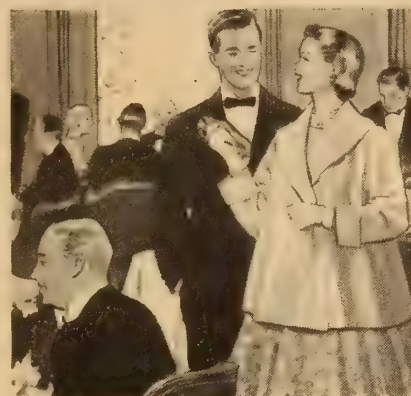
being "the most," pal-wise! And wasn't it your mom, too, who taught you how to smile through *certain days*? Yes. Because she helped you choose Kotex* for softness, safety you can trust . . . the complete absorbency you need. You see, she knew that confidence and Kotex go together!



Which helps "elevate" a low brow?

- ☐ Symphony sessions ☐ Dating the psych prof
☐ A bang on the head

Neither "long-hair" concerts nor brain bait can lift the kind of brow we mean! If your forehead's low, part your hair higher on your head, parallel to eyebrows. Now make a short bang that conceals your real hairline. Different girls have different needs—in grooming aids, and in sanitary protection. That's why Kotex gives a choice of 3 sizes. Try Regular, Junior, Super. And try a new Kotex belt, too . . . it goes with Kotex for perfect comfort.



At first glance, would you say she's a—

- ☐ Gold digger ☐ Mixed up kid
☐ Shrinking violet

She may be a living razor at repartee, but in *clothes savvy* she's got her lines mixed. Example: that short flared coat calls for a stem-slim skirt, *not* the full-skirted style she's wearing. Bone up on what fashion lines combine best. Just as you've learned that (at calendar time) Kotex and those *flat pressed ends* are your best insurance against revealing lines. And with Kotex, no "wrong side" mix-up! You can wear *this* napkin on either side, safely.

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins

Hazy about what happens and why—at "that" time? Read "Very Personally Yours"—the fascinating, free booklet filled with easy-to-understand facts, plus lively illustrations. Hints on diet, exercise, grooming . . . do's and don'ts a girl should know. For your free copy, address P. O. Box 3434, Dept. 12115, Chicago 54, Ill.



*T. M. REG.
U. S. PAT. OFF.

*What's New in
Colgate Dental Cream
that's
MISSING-
MISSING-
MISSING
in every other
leading toothpaste*?*

**It's GARDOL—
To Give Up To
7 Times Longer
Protection Against
Tooth Decay ... With
Just One Brushing!**



Morning brushings with Colgate's help protect all day; evening brushings all night. Because the Gardol in Colgate's forms an invisible, protective shield around teeth that lasts 12 hours with just one brushing. Ask your dentist how often to brush your teeth. Encourage your children to brush after meals. And at all times, get Gardol protection in Colgate's!



*THE TOP THREE BRANDS
AFTER COLGATE'S.

No other leading toothpaste can give the 12-hour protection against decay you get with Colgate's with just one brushing!

**CLEANS YOUR BREATH
while it GUARDS YOUR TEETH**

WHAT'S NEW FROM COAST

(Continued from page 21)

agreement for the creation of an all-color variety-cartoon series (also to be seen in black and white) exclusively for TV. UPA—who produced the Academy Award-winning films, "Gerald McBoing-Boing" and "When Magoo Flew"—hope to have the first programs ready early in 1956.

Mulling the Mail:

Mrs. J. K., Newark, N. J.: Cathy Crosby will appear on her father's TV show this fall, at least once a month. Bob finally agreed to her continuing on the program with the understanding that she must finish school. . . . Mr. K. B., Orlando, Fla.: Eddie Cantor's health hasn't been all it should be, and for that reason he requested release from his long-term TV film contract. Producing and performing in one show a week was too much for him. . . . Miss S. T., Barberton, O.: At the moment, there are no plans to revive the *Claudia* series on television, though I agree with you it was a delightful show. It has been missed by many viewers. . . . Mrs. C. H. S., East Syracuse, N. Y.: *December Bride* is back on the CBS fall TV schedule and will be on all season. *Ethel And Albert* was the summer filler, but it is such a very popular program that CBS-TV should really find another time period for it. . . . Mrs. F. A., Boston, Mass.: You and other Ted Mack fans will be happy to know that Ted and his *Original Amateur Hour* will return to network television, over ABC, on Sunday night, October 30. . . . Miss E. L., Mason City, Iowa: Gina Ginardi plays Princess Summerfall Winterspring on *Howdy Doody*. She is sixteen years old. Judy Tyler, the former princess, will appear on Broadway in "Pipe Dream" and will be guesting with Sid Caesar on his TV shows. . . . Mr. W. H., Little Rock, Ark.: Peggy King and her husband, Knobby Lee, trumpeter with George Lib-



Superman—George Reeves, that is—shares a young fan's delight in another childhood wonder, *Disneyland*.

erace's orchestra, have separated, but as yet have made no definite plans for divorce. Peggy will be returning to *The George Gobel Show* this fall.

What Ever Happened To . . .?

Louise Allbritton, former movie actress who last appeared on the TV series, *Concerning Miss Marlowe*? When Miss Marlowe and Miss Allbritton parted company,



Gino Prato—who won \$32,000 on *The \$64,000 Question*—had another dream come true when daughter Lorraine wed Eugene Joannides. (See story on page 42.)

TO COAST



Jo Stafford may soon take time out from TV for the best of reasons—an expected addition to the family.

Louise more or less retired from regular TV work. She took a trip to Europe and is now back in New York City with no immediate professional plans. In private life, Louise is married to Charles Collingwood, CBS newscaster.

Korla Pandit, who achieved quite some popularity with his filmed musical show, which was shown locally about the country? He has done a few guest shots lately, but hasn't appeared on any regular program. However, I am told his fans may write to him at Box 817, Santa Cruz, California.

Bert Wheeler, one-time star comedian of the movies, and a radio funny man for many years? Bert hasn't done too much recently, but his career may take a turn in the right direction this year now that he has landed a running part, as Smoky Joe, in the new TV show, *Brave Eagle*, a filmed Indian-adventure series beamed at the youngsters.

Michael Raffetto, who played Paul Barbour on *One Man's Family* practically since the beginning of the program back in 1932? Raffetto has retired from acting, though he still writes some of the scripts for this veteran program. Russell Thorsen, who played Paul on the TV version of *One Man's Family*, has assumed Raffetto's role on the radio program.

If you have a question about one of your favorite people or programs, or wonder what has happened to someone on radio or television, drop me a line—Miss Jill Warren, TV RADIO MIRROR, 205 East 42 St., New York 17, N.Y., and I'll try my best to find out for you and put the information in the column. Unfortunately, we don't have space to answer all questions, so I try to cover those personalities about whom I receive the most inquiries. Sorry, no personal answers, so please do not enclose stamped envelopes or postage, as they cannot be returned.

ACTS FASTER! HELPS DEVELOP STRONG, HEALTHY CHILDREN!



NEW SCOTT'S EMULSION *It's Superhomogenized!*

MOTHERS, are your children getting the most out of the A & D Vitamins they are taking? Make sure—give them New Scott's Emulsion or Scott's Emulsion Capsules.

Here's why—

Vitamins A & D must be emulsified either in your child's digestive system or before the vitamins are taken.

Independent clinical tests prove that Vitamins A & D—emulsified as in New Scott's Emulsion—are *more quickly absorbed* into the bloodstream than if the emulsification is left completely to nature.

Emulsification takes place normally in the human body. But if your child is rundown, resistance is low, the emulsification by his digestive system may not be complete. He may not get the vitamin help you intended!

That's why you can rely on New Scott's Emulsion! It's specially made for fast intake of the needed Vitamins A & D—regardless of body condition. The vitamin-containing particles in New Scott's Emulsion are so finely emulsified that the vitamins are ready to be absorbed with a minimum of help from the body.

New Scott's Emulsion tastes better. Easier to give! Easier to take! And higher potency too—just one teaspoonful at a time.

NEW SCOTT'S EMULSION CAPSULES!

The benefits of New Scott's Emulsion are also available in easy-to-take capsules.

Get New Scott's Emulsion or New Scott's Emulsion Capsules at any drug counter!



THE GOOD NEWS TRAVELS!

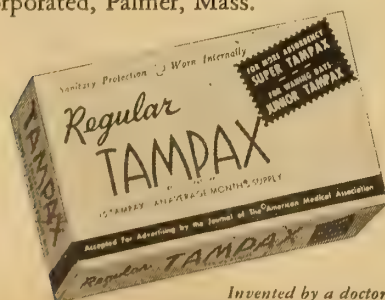


Women in more than 70 countries use Tampax

In such far-flung places as Suez and Madagascar, and right here in the United States, the story about Tampax is the same. *One woman tells another!*

In fact, internal sanitary protection is the only kind of sanitary protection that has any real advantages to talk about! It's both invisible and unfelt when in place. It does away with the cumbersome, uncomfortable belt-pin-pad harness—does away with chafing and irritation, too. It prevents odor from forming. It eliminates disposal problems. It's so protective in such a natural, normal way that you keep right on wearing it while you take your shower or tub. Even its smallness is an advantage; it's easy to carry "extras" with you.

Is it any wonder that the use of Tampax has grown steadily, year after year, as more and more women find out about this modern protection? Don't delay trying it yourself a single month longer—for the only way you can appreciate the freedom it gives you is to try it! Choice of 3 absorbencies at drug or notion counters (Regular, Super, Junior). Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Invented by a doctor—
now used by millions of women

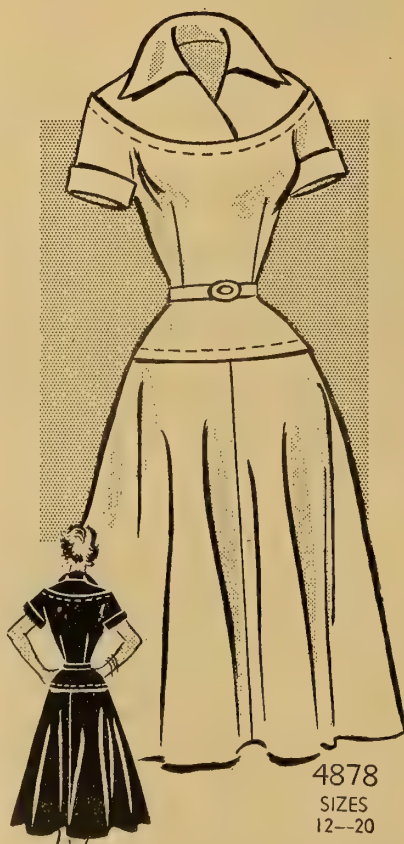
NEW PATTERNS FOR YOU



9101
SIZES
6-14



4786
SIZES
14½-24½



4878
SIZES
12-20

9101—Girls love the yoke bodice, round collar, whirlaway skirt. Perfect for school. Girls' Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12, 14. Size 10 takes 2⅞ yards 35-inch fabric; ⅜ yard contrast.

4786—Fashioned for the half-sizer—cut to fit the shorter, fuller figure. Sew-easy, too. Half Sizes 14½-24½. Size 16½ takes 3¼ yards 39-inch fabric.

4878—This new-season casual is so versatile: Neat enough for the office—flattering enough for a special date. Misses' Sizes 12-20. Size 16 takes 5⅓ yards 39-inch fabric.

Send thirty-five cents (in coins) for each pattern to:
TV RADIO MIRROR, Pattern Department, P. O. Box
137, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, N. Y. Add
five cents for each pattern for first-class mailing.
Be sure to specify pattern number and size.

Daytime Diary

(Continued from page 19)

thing occurred during his childhood which is responsible for the terrible psychological strains he had lately been undergoing. How do David and Lorraine react to the revelation that the Browns, who brought them up, were not their real parents—and that the secret in their past is murder? Why is David's boss so anxious to keep the past dead? CBS Radio.

VALIANT LADY Helen Emerson knows that another name for courage is sometimes foolhardiness, but she is convinced that she must go on trying to help Linda Kendall regain her place in the world despite the distasteful twist being given to her actions by malicious onlookers. But however prepared she may be to out-face her enemies, is Helen ready to let her own children suffer in order to create a happier life for Linda's child? CBS-TV.

WENDY WARREN AND THE NEWS Wendy, recently widowed, feels emotionally unready to enter into another marriage, but when Dr. Peter Dalton rebounds from her refusal into the arms of Linda Cabot, his little daughter's governess, she is no longer sure she did the right thing. But events are shaping around Peter which will throw his personal life and Wendy's into the background—events which may even have international repercussions. CBS Radio.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES The only thing that qualifies a person for the delicate job of arranging a marriage is a happy marriage of his or her own. Joan and Harry Davis therefore have the best possible background for trying to help two young people who cannot make up their minds. But, even as she plays Cupid, Joan is a little worried about meddling with fate. Will the future prove that her fears are well founded? ABC Radio.

THE WOMAN IN MY HOUSE All the Carter children are grown-up enough to understand that they were brought up under a compromise code combining their father's devotion to discipline with their mother's understanding and light hand. But the next generation is still too young to appreciate this, and near-tragedy results when James Carter's instinctive conviction that children must learn discipline is applied to the wrong child at the wrong time. NBC Radio.

YOUNG DR. MALONE Tracey believed her many doubts were resolved before she married Dr. Jerry Malone, but Dr. Paul Browne now knows all too well that the past she has struggled to forget is taking its toll of her physical and mental health. Worried about Tracey, uneasy about his daughter Jill—how will Jerry weather the crisis he knows is coming when Dr. Ted Mason makes his powerful bid for control of the clinic Jerry now heads? CBS Radio.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN When Dr. Anthony Loring was tricked into marriage, Ellen Brown hid her broken heart and vowed never to let the town realize that their gossip about her ruined hopes was very nearly true. Making a brave effort, she managed to find new interests, but the knowledge that Anthony still loves her prevents her from looking forward to life without him. Will Millicent Loring's hatred for Ellen bring things to a climax? NBC Radio.

I Was a Chubby Little High School Girl ...Now I'm a Popular Teen-age Model



all the "know-how" in my new book, just published:

Not so long ago, when I was 15—I was fat, with thick legs and an oversize waistline. Then, when I decided to become a model, I had to practically make myself over!

In changing myself from a girl who just slopped along to a girl who had to look her best at all times—I discovered plenty about good looks, grooming and personality.

Believe you me—those glamour routines really pay off! They did for me, and I guarantee that if you follow them they will make you look prettier. And you'll have lots more fun, too. You'll find

Betty Cornell's TEEN-AGE POPULARITY GUIDE

This is not a book for your mother or your grandmother. It is written especially for YOU. It shows how you can be more attractive, have more fun with the crowd you pal around with, get more dates, be at your best at proms and parties, and enjoy the life of a teen.

Here you will find all the secrets of smartness and good grooming that Betty Cornell learned when she became a teen-age model. You will see how YOU can develop YOUR beauty and charm and popularity by following the suggestions Betty Cornell gives you. For example:

YOUR FIGURE

What to eat to lose weight; to gain weight.
The truth about between-meal nibbling.
Advice to Lazy Lits who can't get up in time for breakfast.
Bringing lunch to school—what to pack, what to leave out.
Warning to girls who BUY lunch, and how to steer clear of danger.
How to keep family dinners from ruining your figure.
How to eat at a party.

YOUR SKIN

What to do about splotchy skin.
How to get rid of pimples, blackheads, and hickies.
How to apply cleansing cream.
What to do if you have oily skin, dry skin, or skin that is part oily, part dry.

YOUR HAIR

How to get sheen and gloss into your hair.
How to get rid of dandruff.
Brushing your hair the way models do.
Shampooing your hair.
How to set your hair.
How to choose your most flattering hair style.
How to be known as a girl with beautiful hair.

YOUR MAKEUP

The most important thing about makeup.
Little tricks that keep makeup from looking obvious.
How to apply powder base and powder.
What to do about rouge.
Proper way to apply lipstick.
Don't be silly about eye makeup.
How to have pretty hands.
How to apply nail polish.

MODELING TRICKS

What makes a model look so straight and tall.
How to stand "in one line."

How to walk gracefully, with fluid movement.
How to look lovely while dancing.
The secret of standing with one foot at a right angle to the other.
What to do with your hands when you stand or sit.
How to photograph well.

YOUR GROOMING

Your best insurance against being pushed out of the social swim.
Tips on bathing and use of deodorants.
"How nice you smell."
To shave legs and underarms, or not to shave.
Do teens need a girdle?
Should a teen wear a bra?
Suggestions on stockings, underwear, accessories.

YOUR CLOTHES

How the eye can be fooled.
When to choose clothes with wrap-around lines, slim lines, pleated lines, gored lines, diagonal lines, or radiating lines.
What colors are becoming if you are brunette, blonde, redhead, or in-between.
How clothes should be related with skin color.
Picking clothes to suit your personality.
Clothes that mix and match.
How not to be "out-dated."

PARTIES, DATES AND FORMALS

What to do and say to put your date at ease.
Blind dates—should you accept or refuse them?
Petting—yes or no?
Going formal; how to be poised, polished and pretty.
Week-ends away from home.
How to be "the hostess with the mostest" when you're giving a party.
The Table—at it and on it.

YOUR PERSONALITY

How to keep from folding up when the social whirl slows to a standstill.
How to make yourself more attractive to others.
How to develop your own personality and "make like an individual."
Don't get a "crowd complex."
How to put your best self forward and have fun.



FREE
5-DAY TRIAL

See for yourself how much you can benefit from the honest advice and smart tips in Betty Cornell's TEEN-AGE POPULARITY GUIDE. Read this wonder-working book for 5 days—then either return it and pay nothing, or keep it and send only \$1.95 plus few cents postage and \$1.00 a month until the low price of only \$3.95 is paid. Mail coupon NOW to get your free-trial copy.

FREE EXAMINATION COUPON

PRENTICE-HALL, INC., DEPT. 5895-P1
ENGLEWOOD CLIFFS, NEW JERSEY

Please send me Betty Cornell's TEEN-AGE POPULARITY GUIDE. After giving it a sincere trial for five days, if I am not satisfied I may return the book to you and pay nothing. Otherwise I will send only \$1.95 plus a few pennies for postage and packing, and \$1.00 a month until the low price of only \$3.95 is paid.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

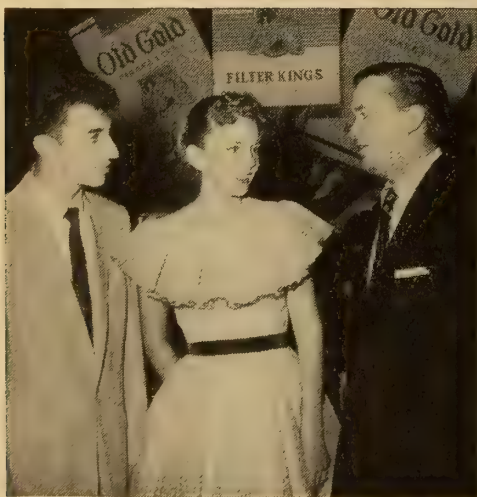
SAVE! Send \$3.95 WITH THIS COUPON, and we will pay shipping charges. Same return privilege—your money back if you are not thrilled and delighted with this book.



Bobby, who also plays the trumpet, lends an ear to Fran Carroll and Buddy Weed.



Dancers Zadan and Carroll do a bit of fancy stepping, with Bobby at piano.



Contestants Richard Cernizlia and Pat Horace stop dancing to chat with Bobby.

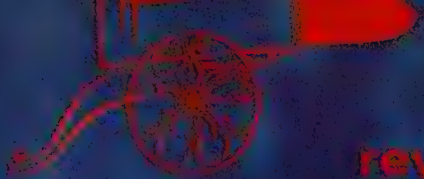


Piano is one of a band-full of instruments at which Bobby is expert—but it's his "Pom" who calls the tune.

Step This Way

Bobby Sherwood trots out a
gala new dance show and walks off with
cheers from WABC viewers

NEW YORKERS get their toes stepped on too often in the subways to care to repeat the experience on the dance floor. In his usual amiable fashion, Bobby Sherwood has come up with a solution for down-trodden Gothamites. Bobby, who describes himself as "about 40 per cent musician, 40 per cent comedian-actor, and 20 per cent writer," has added a plus percentage as dance impresario and host with a new show, *Step This Way*, seen Saturday at 7 P.M. on Station WABC-TV. . . . The show spotlights three couples who strut their stuff and learn new dance steps for prizes in the studio. The art of terpsichore is propounded by the team of Zadan and Carroll. Jerry Zadan, who directs the Arthur Murray studios in Poughkeepsie, is married to a dancer, Dorothy, who swapped career for the fast-stepping role of wife and mother of their two-year-old daughter. His TV partner is his sister-in-law, Fran Carroll, who owns and operates the Saxony Dance Studio. . . . Music for the toe-tapping is provided by bandleader Buddy Weed. Bobby Sherwood, who can play every instrument in the band, insists that he is now "unstuck." Long one of the top names in the band business, Bobby claims he was never really a bandleader. "I put together a band for Johnny Mercer when he started Capitol Records," Bobby recalls, "and we cut something called 'Elks Parade.' It sold over a million copies and there I was, stuck with a band." . . . The band played on and on, very successfully, until Bobby won his own disc-jockey show on WABC—and claimed he was not really a disc jockey. He's also made frequent appearances on the Milton Berle, Red Buttons and Sid Caesar shows. Currently, Bobby is a panelist—he hasn't said yet whether he thinks he really is one or not—on ABC-TV's *Masquerade Party*. . . . At any rate, there's no doubt that Bobby is the very devoted husband of the former Helen Banberry. The Sherwoods have two parrakeets and a four-year-old miniature Pomeranian at their Sutton Place menagerie and keep two horses in a country stable. Occasionally, Bobby will canter along the paths in Central Park, which is likely to be renamed "Sherwood Forest." All those in favor are cordially invited to *Step This Way*.



revolution in lipstick

in

a moment

every other lipstick

will

be

old-fashioned



Soft Touch

THE REVOLUTIONARY

NEW

LIPSTICK BY

Toni

... glides on at a touch ... yet stays on
twice as long as "long-lasting" lipsticks



Three new shades for
the new season in
Red — Rose — Coral

\$1.25
plus
tax

*Twice as long? Yes! Just put on Soft Touch
and forget about it. No need to retouch—with
Soft Touch. No messy smear... and so comfortable!*

*I dreamed I was a social butterfly
in my maidenform bra*



Pre-lude-newest maidenform bra* ...the bra with the contour band that gives you a completely new kind of 'under-and-up' uplift. It curves so *naturally* to you ... lifts from *under* the cups, curves snugly up *between* the cups to make the most of every curve you own !

In delicate nylon lace and satin (as shown) 3.00. In cotton broadcloth, 1.50 to 2.50. Strapless versions, 2.50 to 3.50. A, B and C cup sizes.

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*For Art and
Lois Linkletter, every
anniversary has been
Thanksgiving Day indeed*

By MAXINE ARNOLD

ONCE UPON a Thanksgiving, a lovely young bride in cream-colored velvet . . . with pearls in her dark hair and stars in her wide blue eyes . . . stood before an altar, silently saying a wedding vow. She would, she promised, make him the home he had never known . . . give him the family he'd never had. From this day forward, she would make it all up to him. . . .

Beside the girl whose love and faith had already given life purpose, Art Linkletter was promising—as silently—a few other vows which weren't "in the script." She would never be sorry she was marrying him. Nothing in this life would be too good for her. She'd have everything . . . see everything . . . go everywhere. She'd have jewels and mink and trips to faraway places. Some day, he would show her the whole world . . . though any one of these vows was tall dreaming on the \$150 a month Art was making right then. . . .

Today, those furs and jewels and magic faraway places are no longer a dream. The finest of minks hang in the closet of an elegant Holmby Hills house which "neighbors" those belonging to Bing Crosby, Lana

Continued ➔



Days of Remembrance

Days of Remembrance

(Continued)



Art has more than fulfilled the vow that "someday" he would shower his bride with furs and finery, and take her "all over the world." Latest jaunt was a trip to Hawaii!



Son Jack was the "first installment" on Lois's wedding vows. He's starred on his own local show, is a familiar figure at CBS, where Art stages his *House Party*. Father and eldest child share many projects, both work and play.

Turner and Humphrey Bogart. And there are five "little Links" who take turns traveling to those dreamy faraway places with Lois and Art. . . . On this, his twentieth wedding anniversary, Art Linkletter is enveloped by more affection and more family than he ever thought would be his. And they're more than making it all up to him. . . .

"This was what I wanted most when we married," Lois says slowly now, reliving aloud another Thanksgiving Day. "I wanted to make a home for him and to give him children. He never had anybody of his own—really his own—until he married me. He had a family, but they were not really his. And he had a home, but not a real home. I'd always had such a wonderful home, and my family were all so close, I just couldn't imagine this—somebody who had nobody. . . ."

It's fitting that Thanksgiving Day is their wedding anniversary. For, until they met, Thanksgiving was a very meaningless word to Art Linkletter.

"Orphaned" by life, he'd been given for adoption to a sidewalk evangelist when he was one year old. And theirs was a floating existence. From time to time, his foster father, fired with the zeal of saving men's souls, would go out on the road to preach—leaving Art and his foster mother to go from house to house of the various church members who would take them in. They'd wait at somebody's house until they heard from him again.

When Art was eight years old, they lived at the Old Folks' Home in San Diego "because we had no place else to stay." There the little boy with the bright blue eyes and eager smile was always being cautioned to "be quiet now." He had no one to play with, and he couldn't (Continued on page 97)

Art Linkletter's *House Party*, M-F—on CBS-TV at 2:30 P.M., CBS Radio at 3—is sponsored by Pillsbury Mills, Lever Bros., Kellogg Co., Dole Pineapple. His *People Are Funny* is seen over NBC-TV, Sun., 7 P.M., for Prom Home Permanent and Paper-Mate Pens. It is heard on NBC Radio, Tues., 8 P.M. (All times EDT)





Five "little Links"—Jack, Dawn, Robert (rear), Diane and Sharon (foreground)—are proof that Art has the happy home he longed for. They're part of the living dream which began one Thanksgiving Day.

Lovely, Lovely Secret



When Patti first met dance director Charles O'Curran, they "fought like cats and dogs." But all that was *last* year.

It's a new and glamorous Patti Page on TV—
for the oldest, most wonderful of reasons

By ED MEYERSON

WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOU? It wasn't a question, it was a gasp of surprise—for Patti Page had changed. She had done herself over. She was as different as day from night. Seeing her now and contrasting her with the Patti of a year ago, it was like looking at one of those Before-and-After ads that show the girl as she used to be, and then as she is today—after she discovered the new miracle product.

Before . . . well, Patti was considered the girl-next-door type. She was pretty, but in a casual, wholesome sort of way—like banana cream pie, her favorite dessert. Absorbed in her work, she seemed shy and withdrawn in the world outside the night clubs and studios—a Sleeping Beauty who only came to life when a spotlight opened her eyes and the bandleader signaled it was time to sing.

But now, after . . . she was the Golden Girl! Glamorous, exciting, downright unpredictable. One moment, the poise and authority of a woman of the world (*Continued on page 86*)

The Patti Page Show is sponsored by the Oldsmobile Dealers of America in more than a hundred TV areas. See local papers for time and station.

What an enchanting bride the "new" Patti makes—even when it's just-pretend, on the set with members of The Page Five Singers.



Top member of Patti's show-business "family" is partner-manager Jack Rael, whose orchestra plays for her programs.





Billy Graham-

**The simple, personal story of
"a tool of God" who has sparked a
great public revival of faith**

By GREGORY MERWIN

HE IS like the lightning that sears the sky and the thunder that throbs the earth. He is world-renowned as the greatest evangelist in contemporary Christendom. Billy Graham is a shaker and a mover.

He is fabulous. His weekly radio sermons are heard over the Mutual Broadcasting System, the ABC Radio network, the British Broadcasting Corporation, seventy-one Canadian stations, and many other independent stations in Asia, Europe and South America. Each week, more than a thousand different stations broadcast his sermons.

His magnetism is fantastic. For example, this year in London's Wembley Stadium, 450,000 persons attended his (*Continued on page 90*)

Billy Graham's *Hour of Decision* is heard Sundays on two networks: ABC Radio at 3:30 P.M. EDT, and Mutual, 10 P.M. EDT.



His sermons have been heard by America's President Eisenhower (above)—and crowds of 100,000 in Berlin's Olympic Stadium (left).



MAN OF DECISION



The girls and Mrs. Graham greet Billy on his return from Europe.



One of his favorite family pictures reveals a favorite pastime.



Wife Ruth is his true helpmate, joins him "on tour" when she can.



The noted evangelist believes in fun and games, too. Left to right—son Franklin, now 3; Mrs. Graham; daughter Ruth, 5; Billy; daughters Virginia, 10, and Anne, 7.

With home, children and abundant
love, Eve Arden and Brooks West
have found the way to make life

MORE THAN



Eve and Brooks agree that their beloved farm is just the place for an active lad like Douglas!

A DREAM

By BETTY MILLS

ONE AFTERNOON last September, Eve Arden and her husband, Brooks West, walked arm in arm off the Warner Bros. Studio set where Eve had just finished making the feature-length movie version of her CBS show, *Our Miss Brooks*. Once in their car, Eve and Brooks started their afternoon drive through San Fernando Valley to their own Hidden Valley ranch home. Twenty minutes later, they drove past their white-fenced pasture, through the gate, and under the red-painted, white-lettered sign which read: "Westhaven." Brooks had hewn the sign from fresh lumber, Eve had painted it. Whenever she saw this red-and-white greeting, Eve was reminded anew that she was truly "at home."

Westhaven spread out in front of Eve in three directions—thirty-eight acres of green grass, white fences and rolling hills, all freckled with oaks, blushing red barns and three happy white cottages. The next thing Eve saw—or rather heard—was her ten-year-old daughter Liza's shout of welcome: "Hi!" Astride her pinto pony, "Patches," Liza came rushing out of the oaks, arms waving, pigtailed flying. "I'll race you to the barn!" she screamed, and was off in a clatter of hooves.

Seconds later, the fat yellow country-school bus came puffing around the corner, stopping by their gate. Eve's and Brooks' (Continued on page 69)

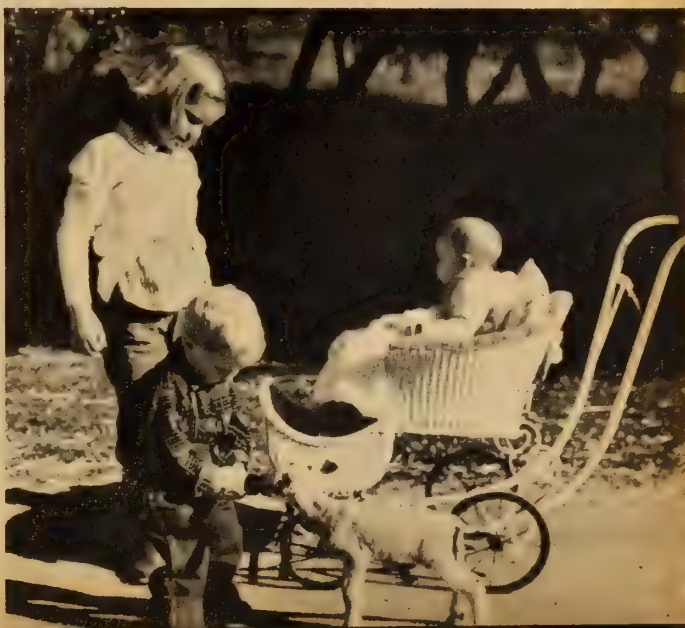
Our Miss Brooks is seen on CBS-TV, Fri., 8:30 P.M., as sponsored by Instant Sanka, Minute Rice, Gaines Dog Food and Birdseye. *Our Miss Brooks* is heard on CBS Radio, Sun., 8 P.M. (Both times EDT)



Horses to ride are among the many treasures of farm life. Young Doug (below) has his own ideas of sport, indoors or out, and Eve plays along.



Sheep delight both Mother Eve and her children. That's Dunc feeding Little Orphan Annie, as Liza watches—and Doug looks around for new mischief.





Two who know the real Como—producer Lee Cooley (above) and Perry's pretty wife, Roselle (below).

The SMILE Behind the Song

Perry Como has a gift for comedy
which spills right out of his heart
and home into his NBC show



By LILLA ANDERSON

MAKING an elaborate show of being a man bruised in flesh and broken in spirit, Perry Como limped across the television stage to confront his producer, Lee Cooley.

"You and your shotguns . . ." he said accusingly.

Lee, who is a rangy, crew-cut, athletic Westerner, long ago became one of Como's most understanding admirers. He thinks Como is the greatest star he's ever worked with, and he just grinned at this onslaught. He has learned that, when Perry starts a conversation in this manner, he's about to hear the pay-off line of some incident which started naturally enough in the studio. However, such things have a way of gathering force like a hurricane and turning into an adventure for Perry. An adventure in which Perry always comes off second-best. At least in the way Perry tells it.

This one, Lee correctly surmised, had its origin in their Christmas show, some time earlier. In it, the three young Comos, together with the children of the other people attached to the program, had pantomimed the Christmas story.

They had done it before, but this time there had been a change, for Perry had come to Lee with a problem. He had a sore throat, he asserted. Lee lifted a skeptical eyebrow right there. He had seen Perry work uncomplainingly through (*Continued on page 88*)

The Perry Como Show, on NBC-TV, Sat., from 8 to 9 P.M. EDT, is sponsored by International Cellucotton Co., Gold Seal Co., Dormeyer Corp., Noxzema Chemical Co., others.

One reason for a big smile these days is that he has finally put down roots, has a home of his own.



The Comos give thanks at Our Lady of Fatima Church in Sands Point, pause to greet Reverend Vincent Watson, S.J.

Three more reasons for the Comos' delight are their children—Ronnie on couch, Terri in chair, and David on floor.



Happiness knows no Season





Work is play for Spring—and very much like real life. As Lily Ruskin in *December Bride*, she has a daughter Ruth (played by Frances Rafferty) and an admiring son-in-law, Matt Henshaw (Dean Miller).

**For Spring Byington—forever
young December Bride—both past and
future make today just perfect**

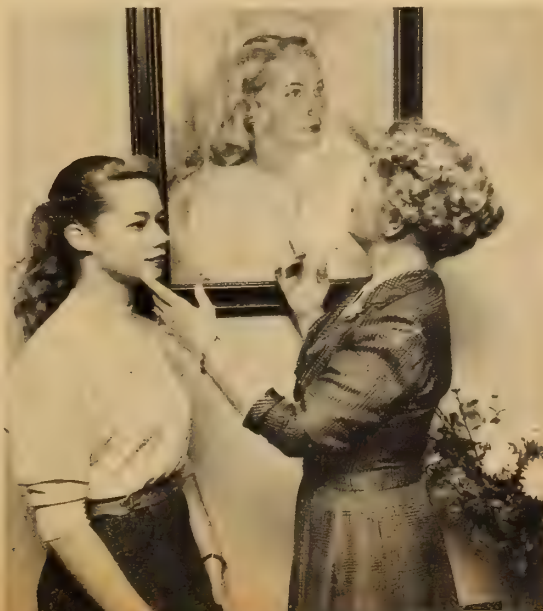
By ELSA MOLINA

THE NATION'S "most beloved mother-in-law" sat in the far corner of the car as it climbed up, up, up the Colorado mountains. Any TV viewer would have recognized Spring Byington—Lily Ruskin, that is, in the Desilu Production of *December Bride* on CBS-TV—with the champagne-colored hair blowing silkily about her fair, unlined face. But, just now, two little "thought" lines cast a shadow on Spring's usually bright blue eyes, robbing them of their sparkle. The "thought" lines were prompted by the depth of the abyss that fell off sharply to her right. It was so deep that she could barely see (*Continued on page 93*)

December Bride, CBS-TV, Mon., 9:30 P.M. EDT, is sponsored by General Foods for Instant Maxwell House Coffee.



Spring's own family includes daughter Phyllis, son-in-law Bill Baxley, their children Christine and "S'An"—all on opposite page—daughter Lois and son-in-law Larry Dunn (above, right). She finds quite a resemblance between granddaughter S'An and a portrait of daughter Phyllis at about the same age!





Patrons of Gino's little shop knew his skill at repairing shoes—and always got a smile as warm and friendly as the one he wore the night his knowledge of opera won him the show's fabulous check for \$32,000.



Three times, Gino stepped out of the booth a winner—as Lynn Dollar

Miracle in



Wife Caroline and daughter Lorraine were too happy to wonder what *The \$64,000 Question* might have been.



Gino knew his appearance on the program might fulfill some dreams—but never imagined he'd be a "celebrity."



and Hal March hoped he'd make it four!

Music



**His winnings on The \$64,000 Question are Gino Prato's
proud reward for the humble devotion of a lifetime**

By HELEN BOLSTAD

THE FULL MOON was high over the mountains, scents of summer were in the air—and both the world and Gino Prato were younger—that night back in Italy, when the village priest found him happily playing the accordion while the boys and girls of Statale danced. The priest, who had heard many a confession of thoughtless romance, worried about music and moon madness. It was not fitting that his altar boy be part of this. Sternly he warned, "Gino, if you play and these young people sin, then the sins of them all are on your head."

To the lad, devoted as he was to both church and

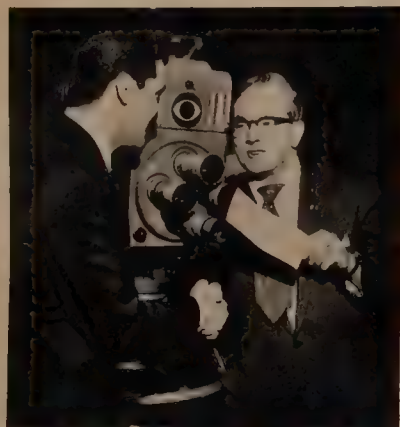
music, the warning brought conflict. "But, Father," he protested, "the music is not sin. The music is beautiful." Wisely, the old priest understood. "You can serve God while you play music. I will teach you to play the organ."

The way from that moon-drenched night to what probably is today's most conspicuously lonely spot—the contestant's isolation booth at *The \$64,000 Question*—held many a trial. But Gino Prato, now an American citizen, stood the test. His faith in God's goodness, his devotion to his family and his love of music earned him both fortune and the (Continued on page 78)

The \$64,000 Question, on CBS-TV and CBS Radio, Tues., 10 P.M., EDT, is sponsored by Revlon Products Corp.



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HOME at First Sight

The Jack Sterlings knew it was just the house for them, without having to "make up their minds"

By FRANCES KISH

WHEN Margaret Elizabeth Sterling was born last March 15, a friend sent a young tree to be planted in the yard of the new house in Connecticut. Bethie's parents, Jack and Barbara Sterling, were delighted. Not only did they like the idea of the little tree growing tall and straight and strong, along with their new little girl, but somehow it seemed symbolic of the deep roots they themselves were now putting down, in a home of their own.

Now, Barbara cannot understand how she ever managed in a crowded New York City apartment. Small Patricia Ann, who is Bethie's older sister (but barely a year older), has forgotten she ever had to be content to play in a tiny city park. Even Jack, the commuting member of the Sterling household, has taken quite calmly to his new schedule. He gets up even earlier now, to begin his broadcasting day on radio, on the *Jack Sterling Show*, over WCBS, at 5:30 A.M. He has time for a brief rest before his other pre-noon radio stint, the popular network panel show called *Make Up Your Mind*. Saturday mornings, Jack must be in Philadelphia very early to get ready for his *Big Top* television program, the huge circus show for which he has played ringmaster ever since it began five years ago. Yet all this long-distance commuting and pre-dawn catching of trains seems well worth it to a chap who has been longing for a house in the country for many years, and planning for it ever since he and Barbara got married in June, 1952.

"I still cannot believe it has happened to me," Jack says. "Me, who—although not quite 'born in a trunk,' as the saying goes—did first see the light of day in a theatrical boarding-house, and who spent my growing years backstage, as the son of vaudeville performers and a performer myself. Me, who knew very few settled homes and never before owned one. Barbara and I are thrilled about it."

The way the Sterlings found just the right house for them was part of the thrill. Practically





Jack and Barbara Sterling dreamed of a place in the country from the moment Patricia Ann was born. Now—just in time for baby Margaret Elizabeth—that dream house is a reality.

See Next Page



HOME at First Sight

(Continued)

everybody had been getting into the act to help them look for the perfect place. Friends sent them "hot tips" about property they had seen in their communities. Barbara's dad served as "advance man" and put in three days at a hotel in the area where they were looking, scouting every possible location.

Then it happened, on a day when Barbara and Jack themselves were combing the countryside with a real estate agent. They had seen houses of all sizes and shapes, in convenient and inconvenient locations, but none quite suited. Then suddenly they were walking right up to one which was just what they wanted. It was close to the convenient transportation which is so necessary for Jack's work, in a beautiful new section of the town of New Canaan, on an acre and a third of ground—with an opportunity to option the adjoining land if they decide they want to spread out.

A four-bedroom house of white and gray brick and wood, set high on a ridge from which there is a sweeping view of some of the prettiest country in the eastern United States. An unfinished house at the time they first saw it, happily still at the stage where their own

individual ideas could be incorporated, and yet well enough along so there wasn't too much of a wait before they could move in. Barbara could have a free hand with color schemes, and the design of shelf and closet space. Jack could plan the spot for the swimming pool and the barbecue for cook-outs in summer, and the patio. As everyone knows who listens to a Jack Sterling broadcast—and as every visitor to the Sterling household surely knows—this is a man with considerable skill with a skillet, indoors or outdoors, and a real yen to try out some of the tantalizing recipes for out-of-door cookery which had been tempting him from his collection of cookbooks. So all these arrangements were very important.

Barbara at last was going to have the flower garden

Jack Sterling emcees *Make Up Your Mind*, on CBS Radio, M-F, 11:30 A.M., as sponsored by Continental Baking Co. for Wonder Bread and Hostess Cup Cakes. He is ringmaster of *Sealtest Big Top*, CBS-TV, Sat., 12 noon. *The Jack Sterling Show* is heard over WCBS Radio (New York), Mon.-Sat., 5:30-7:45 A.M. (EDT)



Jack sometimes thinks the nicest part of their spacious house (at left) is the tidy kitchen. He loves to cook, and often takes over the food-fixin' chores from Barbara.



That big yard is just fine for Patty Ann, of course—and also very handy for Daddy Sterling's golf practice!

she wanted, filled with the brightest blooms to be found. Jack realized an old dream of his, to have a rough stone fence, the kind which looks as though it came up right out of the ground and really "belongs." The fence goes across the front of their property and up one side, in true Connecticut tradition.

Jimmy Donnelly, one of their old friends, gave them a good start on the landscaping by offering some fine shrubs, which surrounded the old house where he had been living but was then giving up, and four beautiful blue spruce trees. Actually, weeks before they moved in, Jack was up on the property every spare hour, getting the lawn and the garden started, meeting the neighbors, beginning to settle into his role of "country squire." And beginning to love it, from the first day.

"I like the idea of having a house which is really on four levels," Jack says. "A living room with a high, cathedral ceiling, a dining area and kitchen. Leading up from the living room is a decorative stairway, with wrought-iron railing, to the bedrooms and upstairs baths. Leading down from the living room just a few steps is a mahogany-paneled playroom, (Continued on page 92)



HOME at First Sight

(Continued)

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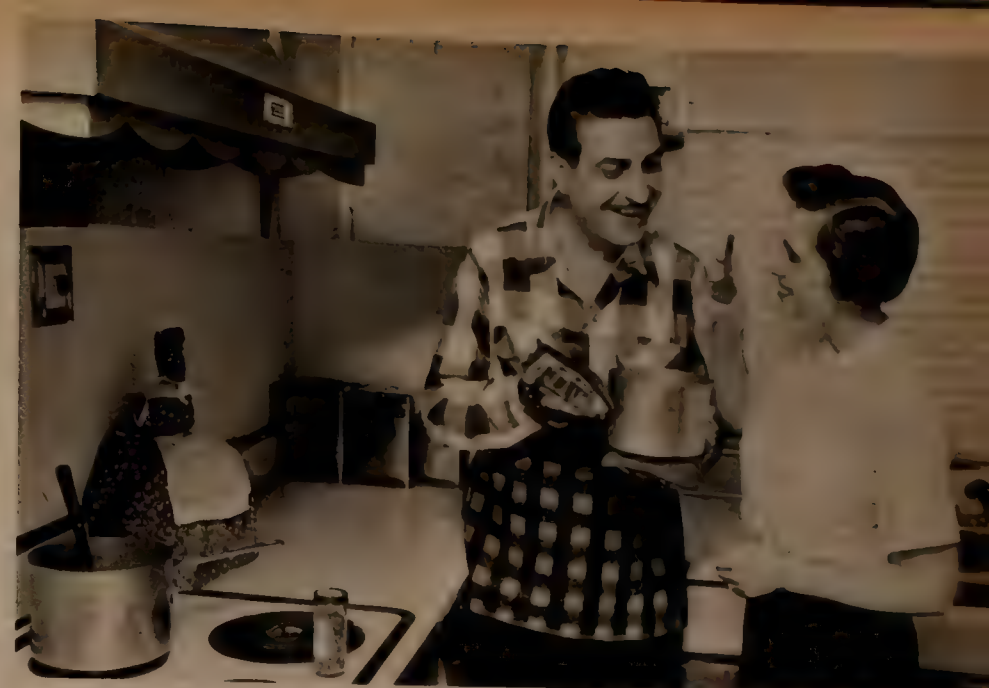
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The Baxters greet two distinguished guests: Richard Dunn, producer of CBS-TV's *The Secret Storm* and *Love Of Life*, and Peggy McCay, star of the latter. Below—serenade for actress Julia Meade, her husband, O. W. Rudd, Mrs. Addison Powell.



Blair Davies (who stars as the Reverend Richard Dennis in *The Brighter Day*) chuckles as Hal Holbrook (his daytime-drama son, Grayling Dennis) introduces the real Mrs. Holbrook (seated) to Ann Hillary—who plays Hal's new bride, Sandra, on radio-TV.



Below, the Baxters mark a historic moment in *The Guiding Light* script—the day Charles "died," in the role of Dr. John Brooks. Party guests Paul Potter (center) and Barry Thomson (right) are very much a part of the plot, for Paul plays Dr. Jim Kelly, Barry is Dr. Bart Thompson—John's ambitious "father!"



Glimpses of a gala evening: Donald Buka, popular actor in many a drama, lighting a cigarette for Miss Lynn De Cesare . . . Mildred Dilling, world-renowned harpist, playing "Clair de Lune" for the spellbound guests . . . Peter Hobbs, who stars as Peter Ames in *The Secret Storm*, dancing with his bride, actress Parker McCormack.



***H**ome and career weave a colorful pattern of happiness for Mark Stevens*



Mark Stevens named their daughter Arrelle Elizabeth. Wife Annelle named their son Mark Richard.

The haunting ballad dedicated to
gallant Helen Emerson (as played by
Flora Campbell)! Will it become the
first "hit song" from a daytime drama?



Valiant Lady Theme

Words by
KAY TWOMEY & FRED WISE

(True Devotion)
From The CBS-TV Serial
"Valiant Lady"

Music by
JOHN GART A.S.C.A.P.

Slowly

Chords: Bb7 Bb+7 Eb Abm Eb

I will give you TRUE DE - VO - TION

mp a tempo

Chords: Eb Bb7sus4 Bb7 Eb Edim7 Fm7 Bb7

With a love that's as deep as the o - cean. There's no

Chords: Fm G7sus4 G7 Cm Cm7

end - ing to our sto - ry For a love such as

F7 Bb7sus4 Bb7 Bb7 Bb+7 Eb Abm
 ours glows in glo - ry. TRUE DE - VO - TION will not
 fal - ter It's as strong as the Rock of Gi - bral-tar.
 That's why I give you my TRUE DE - VO - TION un-til the
 day when you say you're mine. I will mine. *8va.*
rit. a tempo *rall.* *Ped. **

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Be what you want to be



All aboard the 40-foot trailer which Pres and Sheila Foster call "home," on the Hal Roach lot.



Breakfast and lunch are no problem for homecoming Pres, just 30 seconds from the *Waterfront* set.



Between shooting dates, the Fosters move to their 400-acre ranch, where Pres is a real tractor expert.



Daughter Stephanie, 16, gives Dad a big welcome at Twin Oaks, the Foster ranch north of Los Angeles.



There's music in those hills where Twin Oaks nestles! Sheila has a fine voice, and Pres not only sings and plays the piano but also has a remarkable collection of guitars.

Preston Foster has the strength of his beloved sea—as actor, musician—and as Cap'n John in *Waterfront*

By BUD GOODE

STEPPING OFF the *Waterfront* set, Preston Foster never really steps out of character. Except for their names, tugboat captain John Herrick and he-man actor Pres Foster are one and the same person. In fact, when Ben Fox first created the role of Cap'n John, he described his character in these words: "A courageous, God-fearing man with great physical strength, intelligence, and a sense of humor—a man who loves his country first, with his tugboat, *Cheryl Ann*, a close second. . . ." Tall, dark and robust Preston Foster was Ben Fox's (Continued on page 95)

Preston is Cap'n John in *Waterfront*, a Roland Reed Production distributed by MCA-TV. Check local papers for time and station.





1. Peter Ames, a widower, hires Jane Edwards as his housekeeper. But he is drawn more and more to her as he sees her genuine warmth in such acts as the birthday party for Amy and sees also the affection in which Amy, Jerry and Susan hold Jane.

THE SECRET STORM



2. Jane, too, has lost the one she loved. Her husband Bruce Edwards was an Air Force pilot shot down over the Pacific and Jane still recalls with sorrow their last meeting.

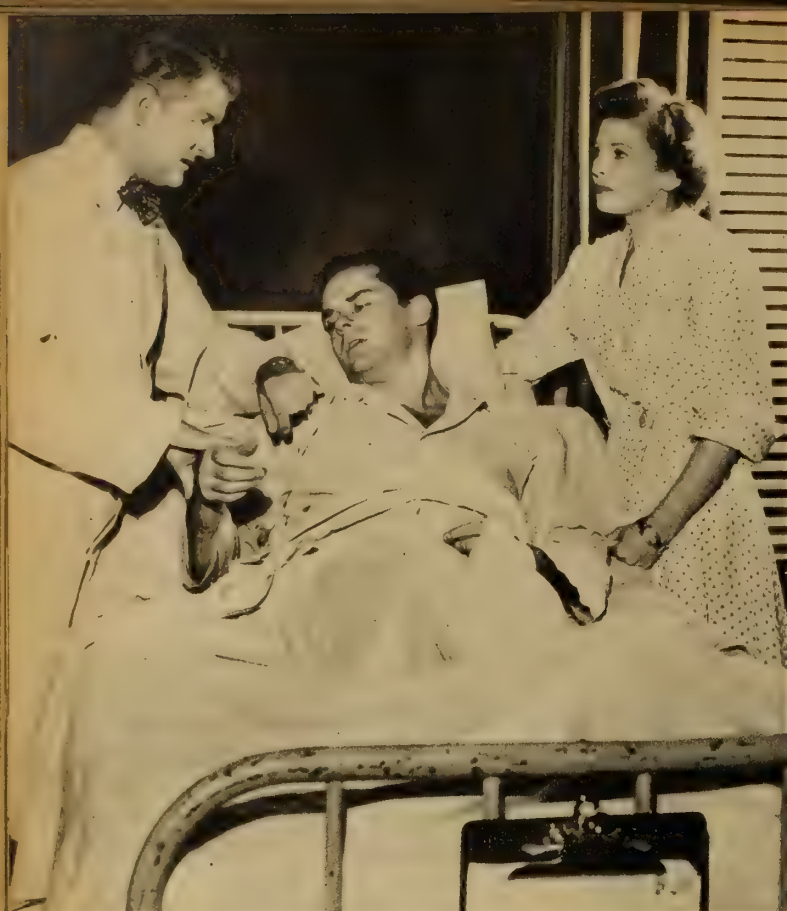
THREE lonely people—brought together by the strange twists and turns of fate—each reaching out for love, for a companion against the secret storm raging within. . . . Peter Ames had lost himself in grief, when his wife Ellen died. Not until the courts warned him that he might lose custody of their children did Peter accept the fact of Ellen's death and devote himself to Jerry, 17, Susan, 18, and Amy, 10. But now Peter has found the woman who could bring new warmth and affection into their lives. . . . Jane Edwards possesses all the wonderful qualities Peter had loved in Ellen, and, when Jane comes into his home as housekeeper, he is drawn more and more to a new love. . . . But Pauline Tyrell Harris—who once considered herself engaged to Peter, before he eloped with her sister—had hoped that Peter would turn to her, after Ellen's death. She could never forgive either Peter or Ellen for their elopement and—though she herself had wed John Harris—her own marriage had soon ended in divorce. Now, twice rejected by Peter, Pauline is filled with anger and jealousy. . . . Like Peter himself, Jane has memories of a happy marriage—to Bruce Edwards, an Air Force

*Shadows from out of the past
and another woman's jealousy cloud
Peter Ames' hopes for the future*



3. The loneliness they have both known seems over as Peter and Jane find a new love together. But as Peter talks of marriage, Jane remembers Bruce.

See Next Page 



4. In her loneliness, Jane had been deceived into marrying Skip Curtis, a petty criminal. Now Skip, in a battle with the police, has been shot and the doctor fears it is fatal.

pilot who had been shot down during the war. After seven years, Bruce had been declared legally dead and Jane, in her loneliness, had married Skip Curtis—only to discover that Skip was really a petty thief and confidence man. She left him soon after, but Skip always managed to find her when he needed funds. . . . When Jane had come to Woodbridge and found new hope in Peter Ames' home, Skip—fleeing from the FBI—had once more found her and appealed for the help and protection she'd always given him. Then Jane discovers that she is going to bear Skip's child! Though she confesses the true circumstances to Peter, he refuses to allow her to disclose the identity of her husband, for fear

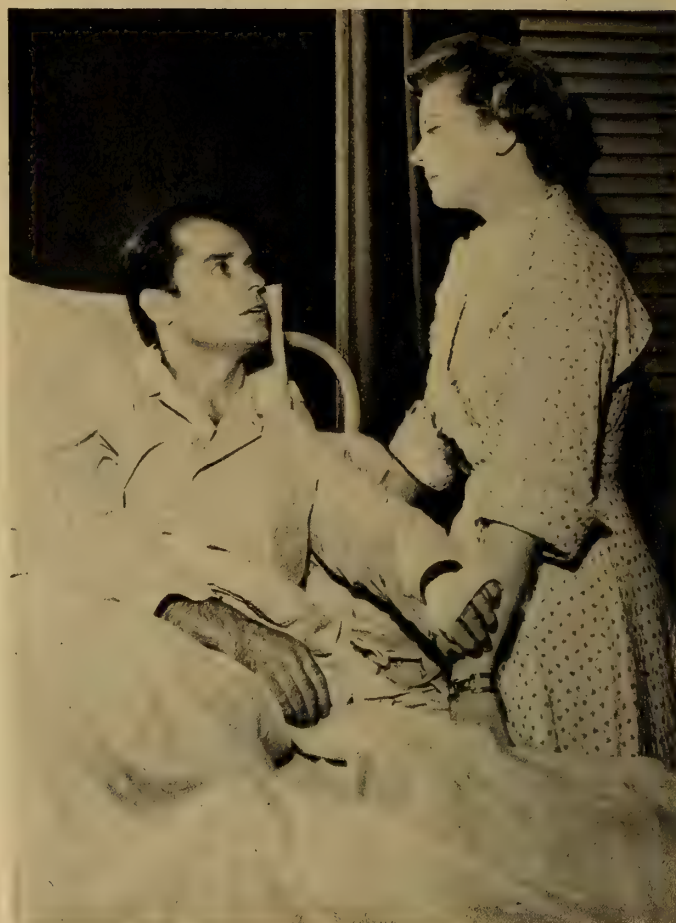
Pictured here, as seen on TV, are:

Peter Ames.....	Peter Hobbs
Pauline Harris.....	Haila Stoddard
Jane Edwards.....	Virginia Dwyer
Grace Tyrell.....	Marjorie Gateson
Skip Curtis.....	Martin Brooks
Bruce Edwards.....	Biff MacGuire
Susan Ames.....	Jean Mowry
Jerry Ames.....	Warren Berlinger
Amy Ames.....	Jada Rowland
Dr. Hadley.....	Jay Jostyn
Bart Fenway.....	Whitfield Connor

The Secret Storm is seen on CBS-TV, Monday through Friday, 4:15 P.M. EDT, for Whitehall Pharmacal Co. and Boyle-Midway.

THE SECRET STORM

(Continued)



5. Before Skip dies, in the same hospital where Jane has just had his son, he begs Jane's forgiveness. But Jane now feels, because of this marriage, she is unworthy of Peter.

that she will be arrested as Skip's accomplice. . . . Pauline is quick to take advantage of the situation. She accuses Peter as the man responsible for Jane's pregnancy—and brings charges against him as an unfit father, in an attempt to gain custody of the three children. However, the charges are dropped when Jane reveals her marriage to Skip. . . . Meanwhile, Skip returns to Woodbridge and takes refuge in Pauline's home, where he attempts to hold out against the police. Wounded in the ensuing gun battle, he is taken to the same hospital where Jane has just given birth to their son—and begs her forgiveness before he dies. . . . Feeling unworthy of Peter's love, after all that has happened—and troubled by dreams of her first husband, Bruce—Jane is grateful to Grace Tyrell, Peter's understanding mother-in-law, for offering her a haven in her home. She does not know that Bruce and his mother, Mary Edwards, have traced her to Woodbridge during the much-publicized trial. For, just as Jane dreamed, Bruce is indeed alive, nursed back to health by natives of the islands where he had been shot down! . . . Though Mary Edwards understands the loneliness which Jane



6. Jane and her son go to live with Grace Tyrell, Peter's mother-in-law. Meanwhile, Pauline watches with jealousy as Peter waits for Jane to decide whether to marry him.

had felt through those long years, Bruce is hurt that Jane did not wait for him—and bitter about the screaming headlines which linked Jane and Skip. He leaves Woodbridge without seeing or notifying Jane of his return. . . . Seemingly, Jane is now free to accept the love and protection Peter has offered her, free to reward the man who has staked his home, his children and his welfare on her innocence. But—even as Pauline herself seems ready to relinquish her own dreams of love and revenge—a new danger threatens from another quarter. . . . During his trial, Peter had been removed from his post as president of the store owned by the Tyrell family. Now that he has returned to his job, Peter finds certain irregularities for which he must question Bart Fenway, a good friend of Pauline's. . . . What new menace do these business troubles bring into Peter's life? Will Jane—still unaware that Bruce has returned from the dead—give Peter the answer he has been longing for? And what of Pauline, who has taken drastic measures before and will not hesitate to do so again? What secret storm is brewing—just over the horizon—for these three lonely people?

7. When Peter returns to work, he questions Pauline and Bart Fenway, who had replaced Peter, about business irregularities.



Laughter in the stars

The climb from obscurity wasn't easy. But, with native talent and a hard-earned gift for comedy, Jackie has made himself "The Greatest."



**Being poor is no joke.
But it taught
Jackie Gleason how to
touch the heart—and
funny bone—of millions!**

By GLADYS HALL



The Honeymooners—with Jackie, Audrey Meadows and Art Carney as "people we all know"—grew out of Jackie's experience. But he was born with that genius for music and showmanship!

THERE IS much food for thought in the fact that so many of the great comics of our day—Jimmy Durante, Groucho Marx, Danny Kaye, Jack Benny, Bob Hope, George Gobel, Red Skelton, Sid Caesar, Milton Berle, Red Buttons, and "The Greatest" himself—were all poor boys, most of them very poor. It's almost as though only those who, as youngsters, were obliged to make their own laughs—if they were to have any—make their millions as laughmakers later on.

Since poverty seems to be the prep school from which the real Clown Princes graduate, then poverty, you might (Continued on page 75)

The Honeymooners, Starring Jackie Gleason, CBS-TV, Sat., 8:30 P.M. EDT, is sponsored by Buick Dealers. It is preceded on CBS-TV, at 8 P.M., by *Stage Show*, starring the Dorsey Brothers with the June Taylor Girls, as sponsored by the Nestle Co. for Nescafe.



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funny bone—of millions!**

By GLADYS HALL

THERE IS much food for thought in the fact that so many of the great comics of our day—Jimmy Durante, Groucho Marx, Danny Kaye, Jack Benny, Bob Hope, George Gobel, Red Skelton, Sid Caesar, Milton Berle, Red Buttons, and "The Greatest" himself—were all poor boys, most of them very poor. It's almost as though only those who, as youngsters, were obliged to make their own laughs—if they were to have any—make their millions as laughmakers later on.

Since poverty seems to be the prep school from which the real Clown Princes graduate, then poverty, you might (Continued on page 75)

The Honeymooners, Starring Jackie Gleason, CBS-TV, Sat., 8:30 P.M. EDT, is sponsored by Buick Dealers. It is preceded on CBS-TV, at 8 P.M., by *Stage Show*, starring the Dorsey Brothers with the June Taylor Girls, as sponsored by the Nestle Co. for Nescafe.



Who are the 10 Best Dressed

Vote Today!



WHO IS IT that names the people in those lists of best dressed men? In television, it's you, the viewers, who can now vote for your choice of the ten best dressed men before the cameras, in a brand-new contest sponsored by TV RADIO MIRROR. And, as a member of our sartorial board of electors, you can win a handsome, hand-tailored, complete man's wardrobe for yourself or—if you only figuratively wear the pants in your family—for the man in your life. . . . All you have to do is vote for the ten stars who, in your opinion, deserve the Eagle Award for being one of the ten best dressed men in television. We've provided a representative list of men-about-television on our ballot. But we've also left space for your write-in votes. . . . After you've voted for your choice of ten, simply complete the following sentence in fifty words or less: *I think a man should be well dressed because. . . .* Then mail in the complete ballot and coupon on page 68. The exciting prize—a suit, topcoat, sports coat and slacks, all hand-tailored by Eagle Clothes, Inc., long-time leaders in men's fashions—could be yours. . . . Your votes for the ten best dressed men will be tabulated, and the March issue of TV RADIO MIRROR will announce whom the viewers have chosen for the Eagle Award. But your votes will *not* count in the winning of the prize wardrobe. The prize will be awarded on the basis of originality and imagination in completing the contest sentence. . . . We are holding this contest because we think that Sloppy Joe is on his way out—and it's the television camera that's hastening his departure. This is your chance to vote for your choice of the ten best dressed men in television and also win a wardrobe that would make any man a contender for the Eagle Award.

Continued ➔

Doorway to success opens that much more easily when a man is confident of being well dressed. It's first impressions that count, and he's sure to make a good first impression in an Eagle Clothes topcoat, only one part of a fashionable wardrobe that could be yours.

Men in TV?

*Mark your ballot for television's
ten best dressed men—and win a man's
wardrobe that's tailored for success*



Handsomely tailored suit, sports coat and slacks round out the Eagle Clothes wardrobe that is the prize simply for telling us why you think a man should be well dressed.

CONTEST RULES—READ CAREFULLY

1. Each entry must include the ballot containing your choice of the ten best dressed men in television, plus your fifty-word statement telling why you think a man should be well dressed.
2. Address all entries to: The Ten Best Dressed Men in TV, TV RADIO MIRROR, P.O. Box 1404, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y.
3. This contest ends midnight, Wednesday, November 30, 1955. Entries postmarked after that date will not be considered.
4. The prize winner will receive a suit, topcoat, sports coat and slacks tailored by Eagle Clothes, Inc.
5. Entries will be judged on the basis of originality in stating why it is important for a man to be well dressed.
6. You may submit more than one entry. In case of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded. The judges' decision will be final.
7. This contest is open to everyone in the United States and Canada, except employees (and their relatives) of Macfadden Publications, Inc., Eagle Clothes, Inc., its dealers and agencies.
8. All entries become the property of Macfadden Publications, Inc. No correspondence can be entered into in regard to entries. Names of the ten best dressed men on TV and the prize winner will be announced in our March 1956 issue.

Vote Today!

Vote for your choice of the ten best dressed men in TV by checking 10 names below.

Steve Allen	<input type="checkbox"/>	Ralph Edwards	<input type="checkbox"/>	Ray Milland	<input type="checkbox"/>
Desi Arnaz	<input type="checkbox"/>	Charles Farrell	<input type="checkbox"/>	Robert Montgomery	<input type="checkbox"/>
Jack Bailey	<input type="checkbox"/>	Eddie Fisher	<input type="checkbox"/>	Garry Moore	<input type="checkbox"/>
John Baragrey	<input type="checkbox"/>	Tennessee Ernie Ford	<input type="checkbox"/>	Arthur Murray	<input type="checkbox"/>
Jack Barry	<input type="checkbox"/>	Dave Garroway	<input type="checkbox"/>	Edward R. Murrow	<input type="checkbox"/>
Jack Benny	<input type="checkbox"/>	Jackie Gleason	<input type="checkbox"/>	Herb Nelson	<input type="checkbox"/>
Milton Berle	<input type="checkbox"/>	George Gobel	<input type="checkbox"/>	Ozzie Nelson	<input type="checkbox"/>
Sherman Billingsley	<input type="checkbox"/>	Arthur Godfrey	<input type="checkbox"/>	David Niven	<input type="checkbox"/>
Ray Bolger	<input type="checkbox"/>	Reed Hadley	<input type="checkbox"/>	Donald O'Connor	<input type="checkbox"/>
Charles Boyer	<input type="checkbox"/>	Peter Lind Hayes	<input type="checkbox"/>	Terry O'Sullivan	<input type="checkbox"/>
Alan Bunce	<input type="checkbox"/>	Horace Heidt	<input type="checkbox"/>	Jack Paar	<input type="checkbox"/>
George Burns	<input type="checkbox"/>	Peter Hobbs	<input type="checkbox"/>	Frank Parker	<input type="checkbox"/>
Sid Caesar	<input type="checkbox"/>	Bob Hope	<input type="checkbox"/>	Bert Parks	<input type="checkbox"/>
Ken Carson	<input type="checkbox"/>	Warren Hull	<input type="checkbox"/>	Dick Powell	<input type="checkbox"/>
Bud Collyer	<input type="checkbox"/>	Dennis James	<input type="checkbox"/>	Ronald Reagan	<input type="checkbox"/>
Ronald Colman	<input type="checkbox"/>	Durward Kirby	<input type="checkbox"/>	Raymond Scott	<input type="checkbox"/>
Perry Como	<input type="checkbox"/>	Julius La Rosa	<input type="checkbox"/>	Herb Shriner	<input type="checkbox"/>
Richard Coogan	<input type="checkbox"/>	Frankie Laine	<input type="checkbox"/>	Jack Smith	<input type="checkbox"/>
Alistair Cooke	<input type="checkbox"/>	Peter Lawford	<input type="checkbox"/>	Robert Sterling	<input type="checkbox"/>
Bing Crosby	<input type="checkbox"/>	Jack Lescoulie	<input type="checkbox"/>	Mark Stevens	<input type="checkbox"/>
Bob Crosby	<input type="checkbox"/>	Jerry Lewis	<input type="checkbox"/>	Mike Stokey	<input type="checkbox"/>
Bill Cullen	<input type="checkbox"/>	Robert Q. Lewis	<input type="checkbox"/>	Ed Sullivan	<input type="checkbox"/>
Bob Cummings	<input type="checkbox"/>	Liberace	<input type="checkbox"/>	John Cameron Swayze	<input type="checkbox"/>
John Daly	<input type="checkbox"/>	Art Linkletter	<input type="checkbox"/>	Danny Thomas	<input type="checkbox"/>
Dennis Day	<input type="checkbox"/>	James Lipton	<input type="checkbox"/>	Fred Waring	<input type="checkbox"/>
Richard Denning	<input type="checkbox"/>	Bill Lundigan	<input type="checkbox"/>	Jack Webb	<input type="checkbox"/>
Walt Disney	<input type="checkbox"/>	Ted Mack	<input type="checkbox"/>	Paul Whiteman	<input type="checkbox"/>
Paul Dixon	<input type="checkbox"/>	Hal March	<input type="checkbox"/>	Earl Wrightson	<input type="checkbox"/>
Peter Donald	<input type="checkbox"/>	Dean Martin	<input type="checkbox"/>	Robert Young	<input type="checkbox"/>
James Dunn	<input type="checkbox"/>	Tony Martin	<input type="checkbox"/>	Florian Zebach	<input type="checkbox"/>
Jimmy Durante	<input type="checkbox"/>	Tony Marvin	<input type="checkbox"/>	For other votes:	<input type="checkbox"/>
Douglas Edwards	<input type="checkbox"/>	Groucho Marx	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
		Randy Merriman	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

Complete the following sentence in 50 words or less: I think a man should be well dressed because:

NAME.....
 ADDRESS.....
 CITY or TOWN..... STATE.....

Mail your entry to:
 The Ten Best Dressed Men in TV
 TV RADIO MIRROR
 P. O. Box 1404
 Grand Central Station
 New York 17, N. Y.

More Than a Dream

(Continued from page 37)

seven-year-old daughter, Connie, popped out, waved a noisy goodbye to her friends, rushed up, threw her arms around her mother and planted a big hello kiss on Brooks' cheek. In the same perpetual motion, Connie hopped on her waiting bicycle, parked behind the gate—and with a shout of "I'll race you to the barn!"—she was off across the pasture.

With the gate closed, Brooks drove over "their" bridge (Eve had always dreamed of having a farm with a bridge), past the lambs in pasture, the caretaker's cottage, through the small fruit orchard, and up to the two white painted cottages nestled against the side of the hill. There the nurse waited, holding their two-year-old son Duncan by the hand and their one-year-old Douglas in her free arm.

Though, as "Miss Brooks," Eve had been in make-believe classrooms all year, she never minded coming home to this small classroom of her own. With her four children happily waiting for her, and surrounded by the colorful beauty of their farm, Eve knew that a long-held dream had become a reality.

"We have all had dreams," she says, "dreams of travel, of having a place of our own, and of happy families. But I've learned—and, I might add, I've learned from Brooks—that, if you want your dreams to come true, you have to be specific about them. You have to have a clear picture of your dream. This tells you what first steps to take to make it a reality. You have to plan your dreams to make them come true."

Brooks adds: "Take our trip to Europe, for example. For two years, we dreamed of that visit, but something always interfered. People consider Europe such a far step, a trip you have to prepare for, and something always seems to come up. You put off and put off, until it's too late. So Eve and I decided that, if we were going to Europe, we'd make a reservation and a down payment—then we'd have to go!"

"And then," says Eve, "we had a baby! Our adopted son, Duncan, arrived. Yes, we could have dropped the trip. But we had everything ready. So we said, 'All right, we'll have Duncan for a month before we leave, then we'll go on as planned. We won't miss too much of him, for—since he's so small—he'll spend most of the next six weeks sleeping on his face!'"

"Your dreams don't bear fruit," continues Brooks, "until you make specific plans about them. The first thing we did was figure the approximate date Eve would finish work on her TV series, how long it would take us to pack, how long to get to New York—not leaving us time to ponder—and how long to get the children established with our friends, the Amsters, in Connecticut.

"In the meantime, we talked to friends who'd been to Europe, asking them where we should visit. From this 'don't miss' list, we made up an itinerary with the miles between stops, when and where we'd pick up our car, where we'd stay, and how long. We almost knew the maitre d's names for every restaurant we didn't want to miss!

"We gave the list to the girls so they could follow us on the map and know where we were at all times. That way, they could write us cards. We sent cards back to them. Eve wrote while I drove. We would buy cards in Paris, write them on our way to Geneva, mail them in Italy. Our French cards were mailed in Italy, and our Italian cards in Germany. In the six weeks we were gone, we never did match card and country.



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"But as a result of our planning," says Brooks, "our dream of visiting Europe came true to the letter. Halfway across the English moors, we did get a little 'Paris-homesick' and went back there a day earlier than we'd planned. But otherwise, we followed our schedule to the second. Like our trip to Europe, if you want any dream to come true, you have to plan it in detail."

"And that," says Eve, "is how we got our farm, Westhaven. When Brooks and I were married in Connecticut, in 1951, on the 50-acre farm that belongs to the Amsters, we planned someday to have a place just like theirs—birch forest, running stream, and our own pond. We went through a great deal of trouble to keep our wedding from being discovered, by the way, and the farm, near a little town called Shelton, was so well hidden that the only newspaper to find us was the local gazette—the little lady reporter who came chugging out in an old Ford discovered us only because she doubled as census-taker."

During the next three years of their marriage, Eve and Brooks continued to share the dream of finding a place just like the Amster farm in Connecticut—and they planned this dream down to the last detail. "First of all," says Brooks, "we wanted room for the kids to run in. Then, of course, it had to be a Pennsylvania Dutch red barn. We wanted a vegetable garden and country flowers and animals. We got them all. Though, when I first saw our new place, I wasn't so sure."

"To begin with, it was raining. We'd been visiting the Alan Ladd country ranch. We'd heard this place was up for sale. It was early spring, and things were green. They should have been—it had poured down rain for four days. This is where the bridge comes in—we had to cross a ravine to get to the property. Eve said, 'Oh, I've always wanted a place with a bridge with a little stream running under it. And look at those oaks! Doesn't it remind you of Connecticut!'"

"Yes," I said, "but, remember, we only want this as a weekend place—and it isn't going to rain every weekend. Besides, the barn's white, not red, and it costs too much!"

"But," Brooks continues, "when Eve saw the waterfall in back of the tennis courts, she knew she'd found our new home. You might like to know that it hasn't rained heavily enough, since then, to fill the ravine. Needless to say, there's been no water in the waterfall, either."

"We bought it, anyway—and have never been happier. Today, I like to think that we were the only people in sunny Southern California who saw a place on a miserably rainy day and fell in love with it."

"But the white barns didn't stay that way for long," says Eve. "Brooks and I started out with the red paint and soon had them all well covered. Then we decorated them with hex signs that were symbolic of all the little things that went to round out our dreams—animals, flowers, and white picket fences!"

"Hex signs, you know," explains Eve, "were used extensively by the Amish and Pennsylvania Dutch farmers on their barns to ward off evil spirits. We had an old book of hex signs. We used some of their designs, and made up others that best fitted our own needs. We made one, for example, that was a big circle divided into four parts with a bright red heart in each quarter section. When our daughter, Connie, asked why the heart, Brooks said: 'We use the heart because it's part of us, because we love the farm, and because we are in love.'"

"It didn't take long," says Brooks, "for us to paint the barns, stock the farm with

sixty-two chickens, four ducks, a dog—our Bassett hound, Gertrude—a few stray cats, rabbits, sheep, twelve turkeys, and four cows. We even have a vegetable garden and the kids love to work in it."

"And we never buy eggs any more," says Eve. "The girls and I, together, gather the chicken eggs, and we feed the white turkeys. They're my favorites at the moment. They can see us coming a mile away with their greens. You've never seen so much excitement in all your life as white turkeys waiting for their supper!"

"The farm—which has become our full-time home—has been wonderful for the children. They even love the country school. They pedal their bicycles through the little grove we call our fruit tree orchard, down the hill, and tuck the bikes behind the gate where they meet this tremendous yellow bus loaded with kids. They just adore it!"

"It's quite terrific the way the girls—and the boys, too, for that matter—have grown since we came out here a year ago in April. We took movies of them out by the barn, then three months later we took the same type of movies in the same spot. I must say I was kind of startled to see how white and thin they looked in the earlier reels, by comparison! The girls were brown as berries, and Liza had grown about four inches and her hair had grown about a foot!"

"The girls, of course, love the farm. And why not! Liza has her own pinto pony, Patches, which she bridles and saddles all by herself, leaping on and off and riding around like a little Miss Gene

GIVE— Strike back at CANCER

Autry! And Connie has her rabbits—she hand-feeds them carrots fresh from the garden. The other day, I asked her if she minded cleaning up in her room, and she replied, 'I can't right now, Mother, got to go out to pick the carrots!' Talk about falling in love with the farm: Brooks and I were in the city recently—we keep an apartment there—and had taken Liza along for a haircut. Brooks asked her if she wanted to move back into town and she replied, 'No! Not ever!'"

"Though the girls both love the farm," Eve continues, thoughtfully, "the boys are a little too young to know there ever was a difference. Of course, Douglas was born in the year and a half since we've been here. The farm has been grand for him, too. He's just a year old, yet he weighs only two pounds less than Duncan, who is twice his age! He's a regular little Gargantua. (As Brooks says, 'Why not? He eats all the time!') But he's a happy fellow—you have to be, to get up at 6:30 A.M. the way he does. And he's very active. He only catnaps about thirty minutes in the morning and thirty minutes in the afternoon. Duncan, on the other hand, sleeps like a log from one to four every afternoon—but then Dunc is up running full tilt!"

"Doug is still a crawler," says Mother Eve, "but he crawls crazily. He is trying to walk. He'll come to us in the morning, standing up with his nurse, Helen, holding his hand. He'll start running, and Helen has to walk fast to keep up with him. Doug doesn't want to walk, he wants to run. He takes two or three steps, then things get confused. But, before he falls, he looks down at his feet as if to say, 'Hey! What happened down there!'"

And Brooks takes up the story: "Doug's

trying hard to learn to talk. Of course, we think we recognize the words he's trying to say. The Amsters' daughter, Susie, for example, stayed with us during the summer. When Susie came into Doug's room, he'd look up and say, 'Shooee.' When you give him a new name—like 'Liza' or 'Connie'—he'll watch you pronounce it, then he'll practice saying it over and over, watching you all the while. He's going to be a good little student, I think, for he has great powers of concentration and tries desperately to form the words. 'Mama,' of course, was his first successful effort. And, when he finally got his first 'Dada' out, I naturally told everybody to be quiet so he could be heard all over the house!"

Eve says, "The girls adore both of the boys. They think it is kind of fabulous having two little brothers like that. Liza looks after them, changes their clothes, takes them to the potty. Connie, too, is a natural little mother and, when Doug first came home from the hospital, wanted to start taking care of him right away. Liza, on the other hand, gave the baby a quick look-over, decided he was very cute, but she was more interested in the clinical details. She wanted to know all about everything that happened at the hospital."

"But," says Eve, "as any mother of four can tell you, it's not always serene. Take the matter of jealousy, for example. I think that most parents are aware of jealousy between their children and they try to protect them against it by preparing them, first off, for the arrival of another child in the house. That's what Brooks and I did. We tried to plan the arrival by telling them the entire story."

"Then came the day when I thought everything was settled—but I relaxed too soon. Naturally, the baby demands a great deal of attention, and one day Duncan came running into the room with his little face just alight at the thought of seeing us. Then he stopped dead in his tracks at the door. I was puzzled for a moment until I realized this was the first time Dunc had seen me holding the baby in my arms. So I put Doug down in his bed, patted him and turned to Duncan—then the smile returned and he came to me. But you find that there are many repetitions of this sort of thing and you can't always be on guard every minute."

"That's the problem Brooks and I are fighting right now. When you have four, you find your time is cut up so small that when you are with them they are all vying for your attention—you are either babying two at once or turning your attention quickly from one to another."

To overcome this, we had to develop a plan which would give each child individual attention. What Brooks and I did was to take each of them on separate little trips where they were 'the only ones' in Mother's eye. In fact, when we were shooting at Warner Bros., we took them into the town apartment one at a time on the slimmest excuse—for a haircut, a new dress, or a piano lesson—and lavished love on just the one for an entire day. As a plan it works fine. But then I 'talk a great game.' We are all just full of theories, you know."

"We are both very concerned right now with the different needs of the children. Liza is rapidly approaching teen-age and her needs will be different from Connie's—whose needs, in turn, will be different from the boys'. To solve this problem, we are trying to plan our lives so that we can spend more time with the children. We also want to travel, and we don't feel this is incompatible, because we intend to take them wherever we go. I will not go

any place for over two days and not have them with me.

"We were, for example, kind of miserable during the last couple of weeks of our 1953 European trip. Now we would love to return and do a little more leisurely travel. We hope to headquarter in Paris, making short two-day jaunts from there, taking one or both of the girls with us. Besides this, we have five French foster children, and we are looking forward to seeing them. So it looks as though there is going to be some more travel in the future."

Though Eve and Brooks are still planning their dreams of the future for the children, they are grateful that their long-planned dream of a farm was realized. To Eve, the farm has filled a special need, for she has wanted just such a place ever since her childhood days in Mill Valley, California. "I have always had a yen for country life," she says. "I still remember when I ran barefoot as a kid in the summers. We lived in a plain wooden frame house in town. Even then, I had a great many pets, but I never got over the fact that I didn't have a lamb or baby pig—as a kid, that's what I yearned for. Don't ask me why. Perhaps it was because they were both animals that I didn't have any acquaintance with and I was curious."

"Now I've got my lamb—I adopted a little twin lamb that the mother rejected. She was cute, cuddly and wonderful. We named her 'Little Orphan Annie.' At first she slept by my bed and I fed her during the night. I would also get up at five in the morning and take her out on the lawn in front of the house and stand shivering waiting for her—then we'd both go back and sleep until 7:30 or 8. It has proven unfortunate for both of us, because she now refuses to acknowledge that she is any sort of sheep whatsoever."

"Then she began eating all our new growths—roses, snapdragons, zinnias, daisies, all the country flowers—and Brooks decided that she must find out that she was a sheep. So we put her in the barn one day. She was absolutely terrified. The rest of the sheep would have nothing to do with her. Finally, while we were away in New York, the caretaker put her in the barn at night. I don't think I could have done it."

There is one thing Eve hasn't gotten yet that she's dreamed of, ever since childhood—a little pink piglet. Eve broached this subject to Brooks the afternoon they finished her Warner Bros. picture and returned to Westhaven. Brooks said, "Pigs! Oh, no! We have sheep, cows, chickens, ducks—everything! But we don't need any pigs. Pigs are a big bore."

"Look," Eve said, "we have everything else on this farm that I have always dreamed about—are you going to frustrate me?"

"No pigs," said Brooks.

"Just one little pink piglet. . ."

"No, no pigs. They don't stay pink and they don't stay little very long."

But, when Eve looked out across their farm, she saw next to the barn an empty pigpen, and she got that "planning" look in her eyes. Brooks recognized that look and knew another "dream" would soon be fulfilled.

Above the red barns with their detailed hex signs so lovingly painted, Eve could see the Wests' white cottages, simply furnished with her beloved antiques, their children happy and running in the sun. The sounds of the jolly turkeys' gobbling drifted down to her ears, and the little lamb still nuzzled her palm. The picture made it clear to Eve that you have to plan your dreams in detail if you want them to come true . . . and then they do.



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HIGH PAYING JOBS. All Types. Foreign, U.S. Chance to Travel. Fare Paid. Application Forms. Free Information. Write Dept. 73K, National, 1020 Broad, Newark, New Jersey.

DO-IT-YOURSELF

LEARN ART METALCRAFT and jewelry making. Complete, inexpensive, home training course now available. Special tools and materials furnished. Write for free booklet. Interstate Training Service, Dept. L-72, Portland 13, Oregon.

MALE & FEMALE HELP WANTED

EARN EXTRA MONEY selling Advertising Book Matches. Free sample kit furnished. Matchcorp, Dept. WP-19, Chicago 32, Illinois.

MAIL ORDER CATALOGS

MATERNITY STYLES—FREE Catalog (Plain Envelope); fashions by famous designers; \$2.98 to \$22.98. Crawford's, Dept. 141, 8015 Wornall, Kansas City, Missouri.

OLD COINS & MONEY WANTED

WE PURCHASE INDIANHEAD pennies. Complete alcohol catalogue 25c. Magnacoin, Box 61-EY, Whitestone 57, N.Y.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

GIVEN WITHOUT 1c cost to your Church or Group—new "boils-own-water" 48-cup Electric Coffee Urn. Just have 10 members each sell only five bottles famous flavoring. No money needed, ever. Write Anna Elizabeth Wade, 1937 Tyree Street, Lynchburg, Va.

TO GET YOUR name on our mailing list we'll send—Free—500 gummed labels printed with any name and address. Limit 4 sets each customer. Enclose 25c postage-packing per set. Western Stationery, Dept. 1270, Topeka, Kansas.

\$5000 WON For child's picture. Your child's photo, too, may be worth money for advertising. Send One small photo for approval. Print child's and parents' name on back. Returned with free details. Spolitte, 5880-KPW Hollywood, Hollywood, Calif.

FREE-BIG NEW Wholesale Catalog! Up to 50% saving for you, family, friends on nationally-known gifts, jewelry, toys, appliances, Christmas cards, etc. Also make money selling part time! Write: Evergreen Studios, Box 846-C, Chicago 42, Ill.

BOTH FREE! VALUABLE Gift, "Wholesale Purchasing Secrets." Save 40-80% top brand appliances, watches, gifts, 1000's items. Patatron, 7721 P. Meade, Hollywood 46, Calif.

BIG DRESS SALE—20 Dresses each \$3.50. Assorted Silk, Wool, Cotton, Rayon. Send \$1.00 deposit, dress size, Mail-Mart, 199-P Sackett, Brooklyn 31, New York.

DRESSES, 24c; SHOES 39c; men's suits, \$4.95; trousers, \$1.20. Better used clothing. Free catalog. Transworld, 164-A Christopher, Brooklyn 12, N.Y.

CAN YOU EARN \$40 Weekly sewing lovely Baby Shoes and Mailing Display Folders? Write: Folders, Warsaw 1, Indiana.

MAKE SPARE TIME money preparing and mailing sales literature. Adams Surveys, 3513C Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles 26, Calif.

ENVELOPE PREPARING—EXTRA income projects. Brochure "\$50 Weekly Possible"—free. Maxwell, Dept. 2-10, Cleveland 14, Ohio.

SEW OUR READY-cut aprons at home, spare time. Easy. Profitable. Monkey Aprons, Ft. Smith 3, Ark.

PROFITABLE HOME BUSINESS. Make Fast-Selling chenille monkey trees. Literature free. Valva, Bohemia 32, N.Y.

EARN SPARE TIME cash mailing advertising literature. Glenway, 5713 Euclid, Cleveland 3, Ohio.

HOMEWORK! GUARANTEED PAY! No Selling. Everything Furnished. Wallace, Box 3, Boston 22W, Massachusetts.

WHOLESALE CATALOG—25c. Pictures \$75.000 Merchandise. Worldwide, Box 12-M11, New York City 60.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

WANT TO MAKE Big Money at Home? \$5 profit in an hour possible with Invisible Reweaving. Make tears, holes disappear from clothing, fabrics. Steady year-round demand from cleaners, laundries, homes. Details Free. Fabricron, 8340-S Prairie, Chicago 19, Ill.

GROW EXPENSIVE HERBS for us! Big Profits Home-Business of your own. Year around profitability! We supply everything necessary! Send for Free Rare Seeds and Revealing Plan. National Herb Exchange, Dept. PW, Gardena, Calif.

WOMEN! SEW READY-Cut Neckties at Home. No Experience Necessary. No Selling. No Machine Needed. Details Free. Neckwear Supply, P.O. Box 2066-P, Inglewood 4, Calif.

\$200 WEEKLY CLEANING Venetian Blinds. Free book. Burt, 2434BR, Wichita 13, Kansas.

BUY WHOLESALE, 25,000 Items. Catalog 25c. Matthews, 1472-K2 Broadway, New York City 36.

AGENTS WANTED

ADD TO FAMILY Income. Unlimited earnings. Work in spare time demonstrating household plastics and toys. No canvassing or experience necessary. Halliday, 2-16 State Highway 5, Dept. B, Palisades Park, New Jersey.

SHINE CARS WITHOUT "Polish." New invention. Lightning seller. Cars gleam like mirror. Samples sent on trial. Kristee 148, Akron, Ohio.

CALIFORNIA SWEET SMELLING Beads. Sensational sellers. Free Particulars. Mission, 2328AA West Pico, Los Angeles 6, California.

EDUCATIONAL OPPORTUNITIES

COMPLETE YOUR HIGH School at home in spare time with 58-year-old school. Texts furnished. No classes. Diploma. Information booklet free. American School, Dept. X874, Drexel at 58th, Chicago 37, Illinois.

HIGH SCHOOL DIPLOMA at home. Licensed teachers. Approved materials. Southern States Academy, Box 144W, Station E, Atlanta, Georgia.

LOANS BY MAIL

BORROW UP TO \$600 by Mail. Employed men and women can borrow \$50 to \$600 from privacy of home. Speedy, easy and entirely confidential. No signers. No fees. No deductions. Money Request form sent Free in plain envelope. State age, occupation and amount wanted. Postal Finance Co., 200 Keeline Bldg., Dept. 91X, Omaha, Nebraska.

LAND BARGAINS

TEXAS HOMESITE \$5.00 Down! Full price \$89.50 on easy terms. Big 5000 square foot homesite at Bandera, Texas. Home of "Dude Ranch Country." Electricity, telephone. 1300 feet above sea level. Warm days and cool summer nights make vacation paradise. Hunting, fishing, golfing, swimming, horseback riding. Write for Free photographs and details. Bandera Pass Ranch, Dept. 200D, Bandera, Texas.

SALESWOMEN WANTED

ANYONE CAN SELL famous Hoover Uniforms for beauty shops, waitresses, nurses, doctors, others. All popular miracle fabrics—nylon, dacron, orlon. Exclusive styles, top quality. Big cash income now, real future. Equipment free. Hoover, Dept. W-119, New York 11, New York.

MISCELLANEOUS

FREE BOOK ON Arthritis, Rheumatism explains specialized system on non-surgical, non-medical treatment. Write Ball Clinic, Dept. 750, Excelsior Springs, Missouri.

STAMP COLLECTING

FIRST U.N. SET. Among World's Prettiest. Only 10c. Approvals. Welles, Box 1246-PX, New York City 8.

WORK AT HOME

GOOD PAY, MAKING scented Orchids. Experience unnecessary. Boycan Industries, Palm Springs 211, California.

T
V
R

Inside Radio

All Times Listed Are Eastern Daylight Time.

Monday through Friday

NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
Morning Programs			
8:30 8:45	Local Program	John MacVane	
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Robert Hurleigh Easy Does It News, Cecil Brown 9:35 Easy Does It (con.)	Breakfast Club	News Of America
10:00	Mary Margaret McBride 10:05 Norman Vincent Peale One Man's Family Second Chance	Cecil Brown	My True Story
10:15 10:30	Guest Time* News 10:35 Johnny Olsen Show	10:25 Whispering Streets	Arthur Godfrey Time
10:45	10:55 News	When A Girl Marries	
11:00	Strike It Rich	Story Time	Arthur Godfrey (con.)
11:15 11:30 11:45	Phrase That Pays Fibber McGee & Molly	11:25 Holland Engle Queen For A Day *Wed., Faith In Our Time	Make Up Your Mind Howard Miller Show

Afternoon Programs

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45		Noon News 12:05 Here's Hollywood	Valentino Frank Farrell	Wendy Warren & The News Backstage Wife Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Pauline Frederick	News, Cedric Foster Luncheon At Sardi's Letter To Lee Graham	Paul Harvey, News Ted Malone	Road Of Life Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15		Luncheon With Lopez 2:25 News, Sam Hayes America's Front Door	Martin Block	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	News 3:05 Wonderful City Hotel For Pets Just Plain Bill	Ruby Mercer Show	Martin Block (con.)	Linkletter's House Party Fred Robbins Show
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Right To Happiness Stella Dallas Young Widder Brown Pepper Young's Family	Bruce & Dan	Broadway Matinee Treasury Band- stand	
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Woman In My House Lorenzo Jones Lone Ranger 5:55 Dan'l Boone	Sgt. Preston Wagon Train America's Business 5:50 Wismer, Sports 5:55 Cecil Brown	Musical Express Bobby Hammack Gloria Parker Vincent Lopez	

Monday Evening Programs

8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Three Star Extra	Local Program	ABC Reporter	Jackson & The News
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Alex Dreier, Man On The Go News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter In The Mood	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe Strange Saga 7:55 News	Scoreboard 7:05 Tennessee Ernie Edward R. Murrow
8:00	Your Land And Mine	Top Secret Files	Red Benson's Hideaway	Mr. Keen, Tracer Of Lost Persons
8:15 8:30 8:45	Boston Symphony Orchestra	Broadway Cop	8:25 Doug Edwards Voice Of Firestone	8:25 Doug Edwards Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts
9:00	Telephone Hour	News, Lyle Van 9:05 Footnotes to History Spotlight Story Reporters' Roundup	Music Tent	Rosemary Clooney
9:15 9:30 9:45	Band Of America		9:25 News Assignment Ten 9:55 News	Bing Crosby Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall 9:55 News
10:00	Fibber McGee & Molly	Virgil Pinkley	News, Edward P. Morgan How To Fix It	Scoreboard 10:05 Dance Orchestra
10:15 10:30		Orchestra Distinguished Artists	Martha Lou Harp	

Tuesday Evening Programs

NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Three Star Extra	Local Program	Jackson & The News
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Alex Dreier, Man On The Go News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter Eddie Fisher	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe Strange Saga
8:00	People Are Funny	Treasury Agent	Red Benson's Hideaway
8:15 8:30 8:45	Dragnet	John Steele, Adventurer	8:25 News Hideaway (con.) 8:55 News
9:00	Biographies In Sound	News, Lyle Van 9:05 Footnotes To History Spotlight Story Army Hour	Sammy Kaye Show 9:25 E. D. Canham, News
9:15 9:30 9:45	9:55 News		Platterbrains 9:55 News
10:00	Fibber McGee & Molly	Virgil Pinkley	News, Edward P. Morgan
10:15 10:30	Heart Of The News New England Survey	Men's Corner Dance Music	How To Fix It Take Thirty
			Disk Derby (con.) Bing Crosby Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall \$64,000 Question

Wednesday Evening Programs

NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Three Star Extra	Local Program	Jackson & The News
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Alex Dreier, Man On The Go News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter In The Mood	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe Strange Saga
8:00	Conversation	True Detective	Red Benson's Hideaway
8:15 8:30 8:45	College Quiz Bowl 8:55 News	Sentenced	8:25 News Hideaway (con.) 8:55 News
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	You Bet Your Life —Groucho Marx Truth Or Consequences	News, Lyle Van Spotlight Story Family Theater	Sammy Kaye Show 9:25 News President's News Conference
10:00	Fibber McGee & Molly	Virgil Pinkley	News, Edward P. Morgan
10:15 10:30	Heart Of The News Keys To The Capital	Sounding Board	How To Fix It Relaxin' Time
			Scoreboard 10:05 Newsmakers Presidential Report

Thursday Evening Programs

NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Three Star Extra	Local Program	Jackson & The News
7:00 7:15	Alex Dreier, Man On The Go	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Behind The Iron Curtain	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe
7:30 7:45	News Of The World One Man's Family	Gabriel Heatter Eddie Fisher	Strange Saga
8:00	Dr. Six Gun	Official Detective	Red Benson's Hideaway
8:15 8:30	American Adventure	Brady Kaye	8:25 News Hideaway (con.) 8:55 News
9:00	News 9:05 X Minus One	News, Lyle Van 9:05 Footnotes to History Spotlight Story State Of The Nation	Sammy Kaye Show
9:15 9:30 9:45	Ted Heath Orch. 9:55 News		9:25 News Rhythm On Parade 9:55 News
10:00	Fibber McGee & Molly	Virgil Pinkley	News, Edward P. Morgan
10:15 10:30	Joseph C. Harsch Jane Pickens Show	Book Hunter Henry Jerome Orch.	How To Fix It Front & Center
			Scoreboard 10:05 Dance Orchestra

Friday Evening Programs

NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Three Star Extra	Local Program	Jackson & The News
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Alex Dreier, Man On The Go News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter In The Mood	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe Strange Saga
8:00	National Radio Fan Club	Counter-Spy	Red Benson's Hideaway
8:15 8:30 8:45		City Editor	8:25 News Hideaway (con.) 8:55 News
9:00	Radio Fan Club (con.)	News, Lyle Van 9:05 Footnotes To History Football from Orange Bowl	Sammy Kaye Show
9:15 9:30 9:45	9:55 News		A Treasury Of Music
10:00	Fibber McGee & Molly	Virgil Pinkley	News, Edward P. Morgan
10:15 10:30	Joseph C. Harsch Stars In Action	Forbes Report London Studios Melodies	How To Fix It Indoors Unlimited
			Scoreboard 10:05 Dance Orchestra

Inside Radio

Saturday

NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
Morning Programs			
8:30 World News Roundup 8:45	Local Program	Van Voorhis, News 8:35 Doug Browning Show	News
9:00 Farming Business 9:15 9:30 Monitor 9:45		No School Today	News Of America Farm News Garden Gate
10:00 Monitor 10:15 10:30 10:45	American Travel Guide	No School Today (con.) Breakfast Club Review 10:55 News	News 10:05 Galen Drake Show 10:55 News, LeSueur
11:00 Monitor	Lucky Pierre	News 11:05 Half-Pint Panel Van Voorhis, News 11:35 All League Clubhouse	Robert Q. Lewis Show
11:15 11:30 11:45	Johnny Desmond Show 11:55 Young Living		

Afternoon Programs

12:00 National Farm & Home Hour 12:15 12:30 Monitor 12:45	I Asked You Tex Fletcher Wagon Show	News 12:05 How To Fix It 101 Ranch Boys Van Voorhis, News 12:35 American Farmer	Noon News 12:05 Romance Gunsmoke
1:00 Monitor 1:15 1:30 1:45	Football—Game of the Week from Notre Dame	Football Van Voorhis, News 1:35 Football (con.)	Football Roundup
2:00 Monitor 2:15 2:30 2:45	Football (con.)	Football (con.) Van Voorhis, News 2:35 Football (con.)	Football (con.)
3:00 Monitor 3:15 3:30 3:45	Football (con.)	Football (con.)	Football (con.)
4:00 Monitor 4:15 4:30 4:45	Football (con.)	Football (con.) Van Voorhis, News 4:35 Football	Football (con.)
5:00 Monitor 5:15 5:30 5:45	Teenagers, U.S.A. 5:55 News	News 5:05 Dinner At The Green Room Van Voorhis, News 5:35 Saturday At The Chase	Adventures In Science Richard Hayes News, Jackson 5:35 Saturday At The Chase

Evening Programs

6:00 Monitor 6:15 6:30 6:45	John T. Flynn World Traveler Report From Washington Basil Heatter	News 6:05 Pan-American Union Sports Kaleidoscope Bob Edge, Sports Afield	News Sports Review Capitol Cloakroom 6:55 Joe Foss, Sports
7:00 Monitor 7:15 7:30 7:45	Pop The Question Magic Of Music, Doris Day	News 7:05 At Ease Labor-Management Series	News, Jackson
8:00 Monitor 8:15 8:30 8:45	Musical Wheel Of Charm Quaker City Capers	News 8:05 Dance Party Van Voorhis, News 8:35 Dance Party (con.)	21st Precinct Disk Derby, Fred Robbins
9:00 Monitor 9:15 9:30 9:45	Hawaii Calls Lombardo Land	News 9:05 Dance Party (con.) Van Voorhis, News 9:35 Dance Party (con.)	Two For The Money Country Style 9:55 News, Jackson
10:00 Monitor 10:15 10:30	CBC Symphony Orch. Grand Ole Opry	News 10:05 Hotel Edison Van Voorhis, News 10:35 Lawrence Welk	Country Style (con.) Your Hit Parade

Sunday

NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
Morning Programs			
8:30 Monitor 8:45		Light And Life Hour	Renfro Valley 8:55 Galen Drake
9:00 World News Roundup 9:15	Wings Of Healing	News 9:05 Great Moments Of Great Composers 9:25 Van Voorhis, News Voice Of Prophecy	World News Roundup Sidney Walton Show
9:30	Back To God		Organ Music, E. Power Biggs 9:55 News, Trout
9:45 Art Of Living			
10:00 National Radio Pulpit 10:15	Radio Bible Class	News 10:05 Message Of Israel News 10:35 College Choir	Church Of The Air
10:30 Monitor 10:45	Voice Of Prophecy		Church Of The Air (con.)
11:00 Monitor	Frank And Ernest	Van Voorhis, News 11:05 Sunday Melodies Marines On Review News 11:35 Christian In Action	Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir
11:15	Christian Science Monitor Northwestern Reviewing Stand		Invitation To Learning—"The Out-Of-Doors"
11:30 11:35 New World			
11:45			

Afternoon Programs

12:00 Monitor 12:15	Marine Band		News, LeSueur 12:05 The Leading Question World Affairs
12:30 The Eternal Light 12:45	News, Bill Cunningham Merry Mailman	Van Voorhis, News 12:35 The World Tomorrow	Washington Week
1:00 Monitor 1:15 1:30	Basil Heatter, News Christian Science Lutheran Hour	Herald Of Truth News 1:35 Pilgrimage	Woolworth Hour—Percy Faith, Donald Woods
2:00 The Catholic Hour 2:15 2:30 2:45	Professional Football	Dr. Oral Roberts Wings Of Healing	News 2:05 Kathy Godfrey New York Philharmonic-Symphony
3:00 Monitor 3:15 3:30 3:45	Professional Football (con.)	News 3:05 Pan American Union Van Voorhis, News 3:35 Billy Graham	Symphony (con.) 3:55 News
4:00 Monitor 4:15 4:30 4:45	Salute To The Nation Nick Carter 4:55 Lorne Greene	Old-Fashioned Revival Hour	Rhythm On The Road
5:00 Monitor 5:15	Adventures Of Rin Tin Tin	News 5:05 Church In The Home 5:25 Van Voorhis, News Greatest Story Ever Told	News 5:05 On A Sunday Afternoon 5:55 News
5:30 5:45	Wild Bill Hickok 5:55 News		

Evening Programs

6:00 Meet The Press 6:15 6:30 6:45	Walter Winchell On The Line, Bob Considine All Star Sport Time	Monday Morning Headlines Van Voorhis, News 6:35 Evening Comes	Gene Autry
7:00 Monitor 7:15 7:30 7:45	Richard Hayes Show	News 7:05 Showtime Revue Van Voorhis, News 7:35 Valentino Travel Talk	News 7:05 Edgar Bergen Show
8:00 Monitor 8:15 8:30 8:45	West Point Band Enchanted Hour	American Town Meeting	Our Miss Brooks Gary Crosby
9:00 Monitor 9:15 9:30 9:45	John Randolph Hearst Success Story Manion Forum Keep Healthy	News, Paul Harvey News, Erwin D. Canham Van Voorhis, News 9:35 Sammy Kaye 9:55 News	Music Hall, Mitch Miller
10:00 Monitor 10:15 10:30	Billy Graham Joseph C. Harsch American Forum	Overseas Assignment Revival Time	News, Schorr 10:05 Face The Nation John Derr, Sports
	Global Frontiers		

See Next Page→

TV program highlights

NEW YORK CITY AND SUBURBS AND NEW HAVEN, CHANNEL 8, OCTOBER 9—NOVEMBER 9

Monday through Friday

- 7:00 4 & 8 Today—Getaway with Garroway
 9:00 2 Skinner Show—Relaxed & musical
 7 Todd Russell's Corner—Cozy
 9:30 7 Morning Matinee—Feature films
 10:00 2 Garry Moore—Moore fun
 4 & 8 Ding Dong School—TV nursery
 10:30 2 Godfrey Gang—Artfully yours
 11:00 4 Home—Arlene Francis, femcee
 7 Romper Room—TV kindergarten
 11:30 2 & 8 Strike It Rich—Quiz for needy
 5 Wendy Barrie—Vivacious
 12:00 2 Valiant Lady—Daytime serial
 4 & 8 Tennessee Ernie—Cheerful
 12:15 2 & 8 Love Of Life—Serial story
 12:30 2 & 8 Search For Tomorrow—Serial
 4 Feather Your Nest—\$\$\$ Quiz
 7 Entertainment—Variety, Tom Poston
 12:45 2 (& 8 at 2:30) The Guiding Light
 1 Dr. Norman Vincent Peale
 1:00 2 Jack Paar Show—Smart & amusing
 4 Herb Sheldon—Lives it up
 1:30 2 & 8 Welcome Travelers—From NY
 4 Gene Rayburn—Lives it down
 2:00 2 & 8 Robert Q. Lewis Show—Fun!
 5 Maggi McNellis—Maggi's gal talk
 2:30 2 Linkletter's House Party—Delightful and dynamic
 4 Jinx Falkenburg—Interviews
 5 Ern Westmore—Female renovating
 3:00 2 & 8 Big Pay-Off—Mink-lined quiz
 4 NBC Matinee Theater—Superb
 5 Ted Steele Show—Rhythm & relaxin'
 3:30 2 Bob Crosby—Cheerful & tuneful
 7 Joe Franklin's Memory Lane
 4:00 2 The Brighter Day—Daytime drama
 4 & 8 Way Of The World—Serial
 4:15 2 & 8 Secret Storm—Daily story
 4 First Love—The young years
 4:30 2 & 8 On Your Account—\$\$\$ Quiz
 4 Mr. Sweeney—Chuckles with Ruggles

EARLY EVENING

- 5:00 4 Pinky Lee—Keeps kids occupied
 7 Mickey Mouse Club—A Disney delight for the kiddies
 5:30 4 & 8 Howdy Doody—Children's time
 6:00 2 News & Weather
 6:30 4 Sky's The Limit—Quiz—M, W, F;
 Patti Page Sings—T, Th.
 11 Liberace—Handsome virtuoso
 7:00 7 Kukla, Fran & Ollie—Fantasy
 7:30 4 & 8 Eddie Fisher—M, W, F; Dinah Shore—T, Th.
 9 Million Dollar Movies—Oct. 10-16, "Algiers," Charles Boyer, Hedy Lamarr; Oct. 17-23, "Bells of St. Trinians," Alastair Sims; Oct. 24-30, "Chicago Calling," Dan Duryea, Mary Anderson; Oct. 31-Nov. 6, "Captain's Paradise," Alec Guinness, Yvonne DeCarlo; Nov. 7, "Along Came Jones," Gary Cooper, Loretta Young

LATE NIGHT

- 10:00 9 Million Dollar Movies—Repeat of 7:30 P.M. schedule. See above
 10:45 11 News & Weather
 11:00 2 4 5 News & Weather
 11 Liberace—Candlelight concert
 11:10 5 Featurama—Short films
 11:15 2 Late Show—Feature films
 4 Steve Allen—The joint's jumpin'

Monday P.M.

- 7:30 2 Robin Hood—An outlaw's adventures
 5 Life With Elizabeth—Howlarios

- 8:00 2 Burns & Allen—Gracie burns Georgie
 4 & 8 Caesar Presents; Oct. 17, Producer's Showcase
 7 Digest Drama—True stories
 8:30 2 Godfrey's Talent Scouts—Variety
 7 Voice Of Firestone—Longhair recital
 9:00 2 & 8 I Love Lucy—New series
 4 The Medic—Scalpel-sharp drama
 9:30 2 & 8 December Bride—April-bright comedy
 4 Robert Montgomery Presents
 7 For Doctors Only—Live from hospitals
 10:00 2 & 8 Studio One—Hour dramas
 7 Eddie Cantor Show—Belly laughs
 10:30 4 Big Town—Mark Stevens as Steve

Tuesday

- 7:30 2 Name That Tune—\$\$\$ Quiz
 5 Waterfront—About a tugboat captain, starring Preston Foster
 7 Warner Brothers Presents—Films
 8:00 2 Navy Log—Exciting documentaries
 4 & 8 Milton Berle Show, Oct. 11 & Nov. 1; Martha Raye Show, Oct. 18 & Nov. 8; Bob Hope Show, Oct. 25
 5 Star Playhouse—Hollywood films
 8:30 2 You'll Never Get Rich—Phil Silvers
 7 Wyatt Earp—Frontier marshal in action
 9:00 2 & 8 Joe & Mabel—A hack's misadventures
 4 Fireside Theater—With Jane Wyman
 7 Make Room For Daddy—Uproarious
 9:30 4 Pontiac & Circle Theaters—Alternating hour dramas
 7 DuPont Cavalcade Theater—Stories
 10:00 2 \$64,000 Question—Exciting quiz
 7 Name's The Same—Guess who?

Wednesday

- 7:30 7 Disneyland—Brand new series
 8:00 2 & 8 Godfrey & Friends—Family fare
 4 Screen Directors' Guild—Drama
 8:30 4 (& 8 at 9:30) Father Knows Best—Guffaws
 7 M-G-M Parade—Half-hour films
 9:00 2 & 8 The Millionaire—Stories
 4 Kraft Theater—Excellent teleplays
 7 Masquerade Party—Costume quiz
 9:30 2 I've Got A Secret—Moore's mum
 7 Penny To A Million—\$\$\$ Quiz
 10:00 2 & 8 U.S. Steel Theater—Front Row Center—Alternating full-hour dramas
 4 This Is Your Life—Surprise bios
 10:30 4 Doug Fairbanks Presents—Stories

Thursday

- 7:30 5 The Goldbergs—Warmhearted humor
 8:00 2 Bob Cummings Show—Fine farce
 4 & 8 Groucho Marx—Wi't's end
 7 Bishop Fulton J. Sheen—Talks
 8:30 2 Climax—Melodrama; Nov 3, Shower Of Stars—A musical
 4 People's Choice—New comedy on politics starring Jackie Cooper
 7 Stop The Music—Bert Parks as Santa
 9:00 4 & 8 Dragnet—Jack Webb stars
 5 Wrestling—Live from WABD's studios
 7 Star Tonight—Filmed teleplays
 9:30 2 Four Star Playhouse—On film
 4 & 8 Ford Theater—Good story-telling
 10:00 4 & 8 Lux Video Theater—Recommended
 10:30 2 Halls Of Ivy—The Ronald Colmans

Friday

- 7:30 2 My Friend Flicka—Horse story
 5 Life With Elizabeth—A crazy gal
 7 Rin Tin Tin—Canine Capers
 8:00 2 & 8 Mama—Peggy Wood charms
 4 Truth Or Consequences—Lively
 7 Ozzie & Harriet—A joy!
 8:30 2 Our Miss Brooks—Babbling, bubbling Brooks
 4 & 8 Life of Riley—Bill Bendix stars
 9:00 2 The Crusader—A new series about Communist spies
 4 & 8 Big Story—Headline makers
 7 Dollar A Second—\$\$\$ Quiz
 9:30 2 Schlitz Playhouse—Filmed Stories
 4 & 8 Star Stage—Half-hour dramas
 7 The Vise—English hair-raisers
 10:00 2 The Line-Up—Real-life police yarns
 5 Alec Templeton—Piano talks
 7 Down You Go—Panel panic
 10:30 2 Person To Person—Morrow calls

Saturday

- 1:00-2:00 2 Football—Oct. 8, Holy Cross vs. Colgate; Oct. 22, Harvard vs. Dartmouth; Nov. 5, Syracuse vs. Penn State
 4 Football—Oct. 8, Villanova vs. Boston College; Oct. 22, Princeton vs. Cornell; Nov. 5, Notre Dame vs. Pennsylvania
 6:30 2 The Lucy Show—Re-runs
 7:30 2 Beat The Clock—Stunts for prizes
 4 The Big Surprise—\$100,000 quiz!
 8:00 2 & 8 Stage Show—The Dorseys & June Taylor Dancers plus name guest stars
 4 Perry Como Show—Hour of Variety
 8:30 2 & 8 The Honeymooners—Jackie Gleason, Art Carney, Audrey Meadows
 9:00 2 Two For The Money—Shriner's Quiz
 4 & 8 People Are Funny—Art Linkletter; Oct. 29, 9-10:30, Liebman Presents
 7 Lawrence Welk—Champagne music
 9:30 2 It's Always Jan—Janis Paige stars
 4 & 8 Jimmy Durante Show—Fun
 10:00 2 Gunsmoke—Rugged westerns
 4 & 8 George Gobel—Gobs of gags
 10:30 2 Damon Runyon Theater—Stories
 4 & 8 Your Hit Parade—Great stuff

Sunday

- 5:00 2 Omnibus—90-minute inspiration
 6:30 2 You Are There—Expert documentary
 7:00 2 Lassie—Four-legged adventure
 4 & 8 It's A Great Life—Great show
 7 You Asked For It—Art Baker
 7:30 2 & 8 Jack Benny—Alternating with Private Secretary; Jack, Oct. 9, 23 & Nov. 6
 4 Frontier—Pistol-packin' stories. Oct. 9 only: Spectacular—"Show Biz," Milton Berle
 7 Famous Film Festival—Grade A movies premiere on TV: Allyn Edwards, host
 8:00 2 & 8 Toast Of The Town—Variety
 4 Sunday Hour—Comedy & variety
 8:30 11 Dangerous Encounter—Adventures
 9:00 2 G-E Theater—Ronald Reagan, host
 4 & 8 TV Playhouse—Hour teleplays
 7 Chance Of A Lifetime—Variety
 9:30 2 Appointment With Adventure
 5 Life Begins At 80—Goes like 60
 10:00 2 Alfred Hitchcock Presents—Suspense
 4 & 8 Loretta Young Show—Stories
 5 Mr. & Mrs. North—Whodunits
 7 Break The Bank—Bert Parks, quiz
 10:30 2 & 8 What's My Line?—Job game
 4 See Hollywood With Louella Parsons—Gossip and interviews
 5 China Smith—Dan Duryea

Laughter in the Stars

(Continued from page 65)

suppose, is something for which they would be grateful. And glad. . . . Some may be. But one, John Clemens Gleason, is not.

"How can you be glad you were poor," Jackie points out, "when being poor involves the hardships and heartaches of others—of your mother, for instance?"

Jackie is known to the trade as "a physical comic." Meaning that, unlike Bob Hope (who gets his laughs by cracking wise and witty)—or Jack Benny (who convulses the customers by talking, deadpan, about his stinginess)—Jackie's laugh-getters are, for the most part, bodily antics. Mops in the face. "Pain-bits" (a finger caught in a folding chair, the "derriere" in a revolving door). And props. Gongs . . . sirens . . . ticklers . . . outlandish clothing.

"Jackie's not a joke-man," an associate says of him, "it's what he does and the way he looks. He *thinks* funny."

For his television show, and on his television show, Jackie does "think funny," as no one need be told. . . . But, off-mike, I doubt it.

"Actually, Gleason is not a comedian at all," says George Burns, long-suffering husband of that delicious dimwit, Gracie, "but a great actor. Such a great actor that he gets away with being a comedian. So good he makes everyone who appears with him look good."

In most comedians there lurks something of "the Melancholy Dane." In a month of Sundays, you couldn't meet such a sober-sides as Jack Benny, in person. Or a shy man, off-mike, than Danny Kaye. Or Sid Caesar. And in most of the boys who clown for their paychecks there is the suppressed desire to play "Hamlet." Jackie may be dreaming that same dream. If he is, I'll lay odds that the dream will one day come true.

Not that there is in Gleason, the self-styled "Greatest," any visible trace of melancholy. Nor is any mention made of wanting to invade the dray-ma, let alone the role of "Hamlet." You hear it said that Jackie's robust body houses a breaking heart. If so, the fracture doesn't show.

Gleason is, however, a serious-minded, quiet-spoken gentleman . . . as you find out, to your surprise, when you sit down and talk with him at home. He is thoughtful about what he says, with never a gag or a comical gesture out of him.

He is also appreciably handsomer, by the way, than the TV cameras show him to be. His skin is tanned and healthy. His eyes are dark, very dark blue. His hair and brows are near-black. Though he is far from being slim, his smooth, fine tailoring, immaculate barbering and good carriage—plus the fact that the camera always enlarges—make him appear considerably trimmer in person than he does on screen.

Whatever his mental processes may be—either on camera or in his lush and lavish six-room duplex apartment on New York's Fifth Avenue—he isn't "thinking funny" when the question is put to him: "Are you glad you were poor?"

"People who extol the 'pleasures of poverty,'" he says, "are kin to those who sing nostalgic hymns to 'the good old days' which sound better than they lived.

"No, I am not glad I was poor. 'Glad' is not the word for it. But, since I am in show business—and, particularly, since I am a comedian in show business—I was fortunate to be poor. Not that poverty, of itself, begets buffoons—if so, all poor people would be comedians—but that being poor gives you the personality of a comedian. One of the reasons is that poor kids

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have—because they have to have—the I-don't-care attitude upon which all comedy is based.

"The tricks poor kids learn, in the interest of self-preservation, come in handy, too, later on—especially for comedians. What, for instance, is the first thing you do when embarrassed? You giggle, don't you? The junior citizens of Herkimer Street in Brooklyn, where I was born, and of similar neighborhoods, are frequently embarrassed—by bill collectors and the landlord... or because they haven't got a bike or a decent suit of clothes... or by some kid, a neighborhood 'dude,' who has such things. So they learn early to cover with a giggle.

"Or, when they're in a tight spot, they go into an act, get funny—in order to get out of it by deflecting attention from whatever skulduggery they've been up to.

"A gift for the ad lib also comes naturally," says the man who is known as "the Master of the ad lib" today, "to the poor kid. He needs it. When his clowning falls on its face, he has to talk his way out of the tight spots. Or the butcher out of an extra pork chop. Or the landlord into not badgering Mom when the rent is overdue. For the comedian—or for any performer on radio and television—a gift for the ad lib," said The Greatest, "is the greatest."

An early Gleason ad lib is remembered from the days of his brief—and, in his book, best-forgotten—career in Hollywood. In one of his first pictures, Jackie was cast as a hard-riding Arab and was thrown by the horse, a proud Arabian stallion, right at the director's feet.

"You said you could ride!" the director screamed, and not with joy.

Rising from the dust with enormous dignity, the fallen idol inquired, coldly, "Have you no respect for a great stunt man?"

Gleason, so the story goes, rode again! "Business-wise, the poor kid's training stands him in good stead, too, later on," Gleason says. "For, when you're poor, you have to bargain for it, make out a pretty good case for yourself. On the night my mother died, for example, I made my 'first appearance on any stage.' For this appearance, I'd arranged to borrow a suit—for a price—from one of the neighborhood kids. At the last moment, he backed down. How did he know, until I'd done my turn, he demanded, whether he'd ever

get his money? 'If you don't give me the suit now,' I said, 'I'll never be able to pay you.' I got the suit. The problem of storing for the future is uppermost in every poor kid's mind. He eats an ice-cream cone slowly to make it 'last longer.' You have to be sharp to beat that hoarding instinct. In this respect, I differed from other kids in the various tenement districts in which I lived—I always acted as though I had it! If I wanted a diamond ring before I had enough dough to buy a piece of paste, I'd find a way to get it."

The poor little Gleason kid's ability to "find a way to get it" may well be responsible for the grown-up Gleason's present position as "the biggest single commodity in the competitive and tricky market place that is television." His latest multi-million-dollar contract made show-business history.

Another fascinating facet of this fabulous nabob of the networks is that, in addition to starring in his own weekly show, he ringmasters the entire enterprise: He okays the scripts, supervises the dance numbers, commercials, comedy sketches, set designs, singers, costumes, make-up, and selects the guest stars. Although, as he says, the ability to work hard may, like lightning, strike anywhere—the born-rich as well as the born-poor—the inability to delegate responsibility he definitely attributes to being poor.

"Mom working, no one around to do anything for you," he says, "so you're geared, from infancy, to do everything for yourself. If you don't, it doesn't get done. And, right or wrong, you carry this feeling with you for the rest of your life."

Ingenuity, says Jackie, is also part of the poor kid's heritage. He has few, if any toys. He seldom has a radio, or "movie" money, so he must amuse himself. He clowns, pantomimes, works up acrobatic acts and ventriloquist acts, becomes a contortionist, does imitations. All this is training for becoming an exhibitionist.

One of the poor kid's prime pastimes, according to Jackie, is "taking off" the neighbors... "which can lead," he says, "to the impersonations of movie stars and other celebrities with which so many performers make their bid for fame—and I did, too."

The well-known and loved Gleason sketches, in which he portrays characters familiar to all who observe their neighbors

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closely, were derived, Gleason infers, from neighbors he observed closely, as a boy, in their native habitat.

"The Poor Soul," a pantomime character who has no name, no voice, the wistful little man always trying his best to "make ends meet"—until someone comes along and moves the ends. . . .

"Reggie Van Gleason III," a dashing debonair, devil-may-care playboy whose socially prominent parents are baffled by his abnormal antics—such as taking a rancee of India to a drive-in movie on an elephant. . . .

"Rudy, the Repairman," the most destructive repairman the world has ever known—who, with his helper, Whitey, can reduce a substantial home to a pile of debris while trying to get a mouse out of a pipe. . . .

"Joe, the Bartender," a warm, friendly listener—a composite of all known tavern philosophers. . . .

"The Loud Mouth," one Charlie Bratton—a brash, super-hearty, squelch-proof individual who roars at his own horrible jokes. . . .

"The Honeymooners," Ralph and Alice Kramden—who, with their neighbors, Trixie and Ed Norton, depict the tribulations of life in a Brooklyn tenement. . . .

These friends of yours and mine may be prototypes of Jackie's boyhood friends and neighbors. But those who know him best remind you that Jackie spent many of his young years "trying to make ends meet" . . . that the adjectives "dashing, debonair and devil-may-care" are descriptive of Gleason in certain moods . . . that all thumbs as he is with screwdriver and kindred tools, he would know better than to try to get a mouse out of a pipe . . . that The Loudmouth is basically insecure, and is trying to cover up this—and so, for much of his life, was Jackie . . . that as a

warm and friendly listener, and something more than a parlor (or tavern) philosopher, he can't be beat. It all adds up to the fact that Jackie should be able to depict the tribulations of life in a Brooklyn tenement because he grew up in several of them!

Whether the characters in his sketches were suggested by neighbors, or came from within himself, they contributed so much to his success that he has reason to say he was "fortunate to be poor." And he does say so.

"Although," he adds, "money shouldn't stand in the way of making a career for yourself—except, perhaps, in show business. For, in show business, such detrimental things can happen to the ego that, if wealthy, you probably wouldn't take it. Why get up on a night-club floor and have a plate thrown at you, if you don't have to?"

"A few born-rich boys carve out careers for themselves. Huntington Hartford and Howard Hughes, for example, work as hard as if they didn't know where their next million was coming from. But wealth is liable to dilute ambition because a rich boy's ego is fed to satiation from the cradle to senility. He doesn't have to prove himself. His forefathers have done the job for him. He isn't obliged," says Jackie, "to self-style himself 'The Greatest.'"

"When I was doing imitations of movie stars during my early days in vaudeville, I'd boom, 'I'm going to be bigger than the guys I impersonate.' This wasn't boastful. I believed it. I had to. Nobody else did.

"The ego that has been underfed is a spur that goads you on," Jackie observes, "for as long as you live. It does me. The satisfaction I have achieved isn't enough—or I wouldn't have other interests, such as writing music, conducting an orchestra, merchandising, and a finger in the pie of other shows on which I don't appear. I

wouldn't be continually reaching, seeking new fields to conquer, such as the radio program I hope to do of readings from the classics, or the TV panel show dealing with psychic phenomena I intend to do next winter. On each show, a member of the panel will offer an experience in proof of psychic phenomena which another member will attempt to explain away by attributing it to natural causes. My hope is that Professor J. B. Ryan, in charge of extra-sensory perception at Duke University, will be our moderator."

Starting as a hobby for his "leisure time" (and what year would that be?), Jackie has done a considerable amount of serious research in the field of psychic phenomena, which includes reading the works of Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and other eminent men who have not only researched but experienced psychic phenomena—in which Jackie must also believe, for he says: "It has been scientifically proven that these strange things do happen."

"Psychic phenomena is also something," smart businessman Gleason adds, "in which everyone is interested."

"And if one thing, more than any other, explains the reason for my success," he says, "it is that, before I do anything on television—or any other medium—I ask myself: *Would I like it?* If the answer is in the affirmative, I go ahead, for I have a common enough touch to know that what I like, millions of others will, also."

"If I had been born rich I might not have had whatever it is that appeals to the masses," says TV's "biggest single commodity."

It seems almost as though only those who, as youngsters, were obliged to make their own laughs—if they were to have any—make their millions as laughmakers later on.

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Miracle in Music

(Continued from page 43)

respect and affection of all who saw him. Statale, the village near Genoa where Gino was born in 1900, numbers about 400 persons. His father, Giovanni, was a miner. He had two brothers and a sister. His mother died when he was five. A brother was killed in a mining accident. Giovanni remarried, but the bond between father and son forever remained so close that, in Gino's crisis, his father's word swung the balance.

Both loved music. To the Italian boy of that day, opera was as exciting as television, the movies and the Broadway stage. Caruso was their "Superman," and another young Italian named Arturo Toscanini was their "Davy Crockett." Even a middle-sized town had its opera and, when Gino was eight, Giovanni took him to the Torino Opera House to see "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci." The two short operas, which are always performed together, were to remain forever important for him.

Thanks to the village priest, Gino learned music. He says, "For my lessons, I go all the way up the mountain. It takes two hours to climb up and two hours to walk back and the whole day is gone. But I learn to play the organ."

When Italy joined the Allies in World War I, Gino, then about 15, became an officers' orderly, caring for their quarters, uniforms and boots. Soon he learned that extra service meant extra time off. Gino spent that time at the opera. He says, "I see them all, maybe eight, nine a week." How much the lad—who had once been a boy soprano in the village church—longed to be on the other side of the footlights can only be judged by a wistful remark to his daughter, much later: "If I had the voice, I would be on top today."

In 1922, he bade his father goodbye and, with a nephew, came to the United States. He opened a cobbler's shop. For recreation, there was the Metropolitan Opera. Not the lavish "Golden Horseshoe," where the wealthy patrons sat. "Who needs seats at the opera?" says Gino. With other devoted young music lovers, he went to the top balcony, six floors up, and stood throughout the performance.

With the coming of that new gadget, radio, Gino's musical ambition surged again. As an organist, he was out of practice, but the accordion was still working. He played it on one of New York's small radio stations. The pay was small, but the prestige was great, particularly at parties—such as the Halloween party the three Molinelli daughters gave in 1929.

His romantic recollection undimmed by the years, Gino says proudly, "It was a blind date. My nephew, John Caffese, brought me to the party. Caroline played the piano, I played the accordion. Next year, we were married at the Church of Christ the King. It was a double wedding. John married her sister."

In their apartment in the Bronx, there was laughter, music and one sharp difference of opinion. When playing their phonograph, Caroline preferred the popular tunes of the day. Gino loved his opera. Trying to change her taste, he played his own favorite record—Caruso's recording of "Vesti la Giubba" from "Pagliacci"—over and over. Caroline was only irritated by its demanding volume and insistent tragedy. Then Gino had an idea. Scrimping on his own small luxuries, he outwitted their budget and bought tickets for the twin bill, "Pagliacci" and "Cavalleria Rusticana." Standing room, of course. But he won his point. Once Caroline saw it

performed on the great stage, she, too, fell in love with the opera.

Throughout the stringent Thirties when their daughter Lorraine (who has her mother's dark curly hair and her father's liquid brown eyes) was small—there were few opera tickets, even for standing room. It took all Gino's industry and all Caroline's thrift to keep finances on an even keel.

But there was the radio. The broadcasts of the Metropolitan Opera Company became Gino's chief delight. He managed to send a few dollars to the Metropolitan Opera Guild. "Why shouldn't I help support a thing I love so much?" They, in turn, sent him their magazine. Gino studied every word, learning—not as a student who crams for an examination—but as a lover learns, recreating in his imagination every detail.

Most important of all in their budgeting was money for small Lorraine's music lessons. When she was seven, they bought her a violin.

Lorraine hated it. She adds, "I'd stand there, sawing away at the 'Minuet in G,' and dread to see my father come home. Dad would listen a bit, then hold his ears. He'd say, 'No, no! You haven't learned your lesson.'"

But one day, furious with the squawks made by misplaced bow on agonized string, she flung down the violin and turned on the phonograph. As Gino came up the stairs, he heard Lily Pons' famed aria from "Lucia di Lammermoor." As he entered, he heard his daughter's voice, taking every high note, clear and true, right along with the great coloratura.

His wonder and his awe have remained in Gino's memory. "There she was, this little thing, standing and singing with Lily Pons. With Lily Pons, mind you. And I can't believe it. So I say to her, 'You like to sing?' And she's a little mad and say of course she like to sing. Then I say, 'You have the voice. Do you want lessons?' And she say, 'Sure, I want lessons.' So the violin go out the window."

Buying a piano took doing, but it was a joy to them all. Today, if you visit the Pratos' tidy, pleasant four-room apartment on 158th Street in the Bronx, and ask Lorraine to sing, Caroline steps to the piano. But, before starting the accompaniment, she apologizes for not being a professional musician. As she plays, you realize that, while she lacks the technical efficiency of the professional, she has the touch and appreciation.

Gino, too, tried his hand at the keyboard. As Lorraine recalls: "Dad was usually so tired when he got home from work that he just liked to sit in his chair and read or listen. But, when we got the piano, he would play and sing some of the little Italian songs he had known as a boy. Songs his father had taught him."

Lorraine's first trip to the opera was a surprise. "I was fifteen and Dad said we were going out but wouldn't say where. When we got off the subway, we were at the Metropolitan. They were doing 'Cavalleria Rusticana' and 'Pagliacci'—the first operas grandfather took Dad to see, the first he took Mother to see, and now the first they took me to see."

All Gino's dreams centered around Lorraine. When she finished high school, she spent two years studying music. It took all the family savings. But there are more auditions available for musical comedy than there are for opera. Lorraine tried out a few times, but musical-comedy directors were not looking for a voice trained in traditional Italian *bel canto* style. When she grew discouraged, Gino reassured

her: "I would not spend a dime on lessons for you if I did not think you have the voice."

When, as Lorraine says, "Papa's pocket-book gave out," he reluctantly permitted her to take a commercial course and go to work as a secretary to an executive for 20th Century-Fox.

Lorraine had a romantic reason for wanting to be practical. A reason named Eugene Joannides, a handsome and brilliant young man whose mother was French and whose father was Polish. They had been sweethearts since grammar school and, as soon as Gene took his degree in business administration at the College of the City of New York, he and Lorraine reached an understanding.

Says Lorraine, "Gene, too, thought we should be old-fashioned and he'd ask my father for my hand. Since Dad had his heart so set on my music, I was so worried about what he would say that, when I left them alone in the living room, I kept the door open, just a bit. I was so nervous I had to hear what Dad would say."

Gene, after telling Gino he must soon go into the Army, said he would like, before he left, to give Lorraine her ring. "And then I was so proud of my father!" says Lorraine. "He didn't say a thing about a musical career. He just asked if we loved each other. And, when Gene said yes, Dad told him, 'That's the only important thing.' I ran in and kissed them both."

They were engaged for two years. When Gene returned this spring from Korea and was accepted into the junior-executive training program at one of the major banks, they set the wedding date for August 27—and they were making up their guest list, the night the new television program, *The \$64,000 Question*, debuted.

Lorraine remembers it well. "Redmond O'Hanlon, the police officer who answered the Shakespeare questions, was on. I admired him so much, and I couldn't help thinking he was like my father—for the sake of his family, he had taken a job far removed from the poetry he liked so much. I was sure, too, that my father knew as much about opera as Mr. O'Hanlon knew about Shakespeare. So I wrote the letter."

It was brief and simple, she says, but between its lines it must have reflected the family's close, affectionate happiness.

When she mailed it, Lorraine had no idea who the originator of the program, Louis G. Cowan, was. Certainly, she did not know that long ago, when he was producing *Quiz Kids*, Lou Cowan had decided that the best quiz contestants came from families where there is great love. Lorraine, guided only by love and admiration for her father, had described just the kind of contestant the Cowan office sought.

Events moved with suspenseful swiftness. A staff member paid a scouting visit to Gino Prato's shop at 315 West 57th Street and found it just like many another small shop. On the shelf above the shaft of emery wheels and buffing brushes, there were the usual dusty shoes, abandoned by forgetful owners. On the bench was the usual stack of shoes broken by the pavements. Along the opposite wall stood a high shoeshine stand, and at the rear were two enclosed benches for the repair-while-you-wait customers.

There was nothing to distinguish it. Nothing but the radio which stayed tuned to the classical music of WQXR, the New York Times station. And nothing but his own sunny disposition to set Gino apart

from a hundred other little Italian shoemakers. A customer characterized him: "He's not the kind of cobbler who shakes his head as though your shoes were the sloppiest he had ever seen. Gino says, 'It's a beautiful shoe. I fix.'"

Gino's summons to appear on *The \$64,000 Question* produced the most excitement the Prato household had ever seen. Anxiously, he asked Caroline and Lorraine, "You think I know enough? You think I not stand up there and be a big fool?"

Equally anxious, they tried to reassure him. Who else, they asked, had opera so deep in his heart and soul? Then, womanlike, they wanted him to look nice, too. His Sunday suit, they decided, was far too shabby for the penetrating stare of the television camera. When embarrassed Gino pointed out there was no cash at hand to buy another, Lorraine insisted on drawing money, saved for her wedding, to buy one. They wanted the world to see him at his best.

His first visit to CBS Studio 52 proved frustrating. Time ran out just as he started toward the cameras. His second appearance was only a little longer. He was still identifying opera characters when the timekeeper called a halt and master of ceremonies Hal March asked him to come back next week.

But he had won \$512, and that was real money in the Prato household. Because he had reached the first "plateau," the sum was forever his—he could not lose it on a future question. Lorraine says, "That was quite a night. The girls had given me a surprise shower and I came home, loaded with gifts. And there was Dad, richer by \$512!"

It was a sum to dream on, and to worry about, particularly after an enterprising United Press cable editor dropped into the store to tell Gino the Ital-

ian papers had given the story a big play and in Italy he was a hero. Gino confessed he intended to use the money to visit his father, whom he had not seen in twenty-three years. "But," he said anxiously, "you say it is in the papers there? All about me? But my father, he is 92 years old. He is too old for this. I'm afraid this excitement will kill him."

Should he ask for the \$512 immediately and hop the next plane to Italy? Or should he try for the \$1,000, hoping to be able to bring Caroline along with him?

For guidance in this problem where he felt his father's life might be at stake, he sought the intercession of his most beloved of saints—Mother Gabrini, who, like himself, had been an Italian-come-to-America. He felt it particularly meaningful that her saint's day should have occurred between his first and second visits to the program. He began what he later was to call, on the air, "much church kneeling and much church praying."

To his surprise, he found he was not alone. Customers of all faiths began dropping into his store to say, "Gino, we're praying for you."

Gino, to deserve their faith, began to study. When, on Sunday, Caroline and Lorraine left him alone in the apartment, he read, played recordings, sang arias. On the day of the program, he left his shop at the unaccustomed hour of 3:30 P.M., went to his neighbor, a tailor, to pick up his freshly pressed new suit, rejected the producer's offer to send a car for him and rode the subway to the studio.

Hal March took the fateful card and read: "Arturo Toscanini, one of the great conductors of operas, started his musical career playing a musical instrument in an orchestra. For one thousand dollars—what instrument did Toscanini play?"

Gino Prato didn't even need to clear his

throat. Toscanini, like Caruso, was his hero. Promptly he said, "A cello." Off-stage, he chuckled as he told friends what he regarded as a private joke between him and the show's distinguished board of editors. "It said, 'in an orchestra,'" he explained. "That was important. The very first instrument Toscanini played was an ocarina."

With a surge of confidence, he took the \$2,000 question and cleared it by giving two operas in which the devil appeared as a character. He won \$4,000 by naming three Metropolitan Opera managers: Gatti-Casazzi, Edward Johnson and Rudolf Bing. Again he had reached a plateau. From that point on, the show's consolation prize, a Cadillac convertible valued at more than \$5,000, was his.

Again, there was a week's wait—a week in which Gino Prato began to learn what it was like to burst from the ranks of everyday folk and into the spotlight focused on a celebrity. The pressure was building. Newspapers printed his picture, television critics wrote about his charm, people stopped him on the street. Everyone wanted to know if he would go for the sixty-four-thousand-dollar question.

Gino held his own focus on the upcoming \$8,000. He won it, too, the following Tuesday, by identifying the characters in "Il Trovatore."

Here was a danger point, and no one realized it better than gentle little Gino Prato. "There is so much to know about opera, no one can know it all," he said carefully. But he made no secret of his delight. He said, "All my life I worked hard to send my daughter to singing school. I wanted her to go on the stage. Now I am the one who is on the stage. I never thought in my old age this wonderful thing would happen."

And, always, he spoke of his father. "I



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write a letter to my papa but I hear nothing from him."

Friends, while confident of his intimate knowledge of the Italian composers, worried what would happen if the question-writing musicologists turned to the Germans. Gino, proving his own scholarship, correctly called the Wagner compositions, "music dramas," then said, "I hear lots of Wagner. I stand in the back of the opera house with Richard Tucker before he ever learn to sing at the Met. Long time ago, I stand with Jan Peerce at the back. . ."

But the strain was telling. Says Lorraine, "That was the week we started to tiptoe around the house." Gino, when he came before the camera the next Tuesday, explained his hoarse croaking by saying, "I sing so many arias I lose my voice." He also had done "a lot of thinking, a lot of praying"—particularly about his father. "He hasn't seen my daughter and he hasn't seen my wife." Here lay the crux of Gino's take-it-or-risk-it decision. "Well, I think to go across, and what I need to do, I gotta go on."

The question took a Gino to answer it. Correctly, he identified the opera Puccini died before completing as the seldom-performed "Turandot." He also gave the name of the man who finished it—Franco Alfano. Its first performance, he stated, was at La Scala, in Milan, on April 25, 1926.

By that time, it seemed as though all America and a notable portion of the rest of the world had discovered Mr. Prato. It wasn't just his opera information which intrigued people, it was his devotion to music, his modesty, his honesty, his charm. The president of a certain respected research firm, cruising the Hudson on his yacht, requested total silence from his guests while Gino was on the air. A television critic told of a professional intellectual—who, he suspected, owned a television set only so that he might condemn the programs—who now confessed shamefacedly he had become a fan. A tough-mug taxi driver spoke for less double-domed viewers. "You know about that guy Prato? The one with the operas? I tell you, my wife's gone buggy about that guy. You know, she even went to church and lit a candle for Prato?" The specialists in ratings, ARB, gave authority to the reports. Crediting *The \$64,000 Question* with 52.3 per cent of the audience during July, they put it in the Number One spot.

Sixteen thousand dollars. Even with the bite taxes would take, Gino had enough for two honeymoons—a second one for Caroline and himself, a dream trip for Lorraine and Gene. Would he quit there?

Gino settled that matter the following week by winning \$32,000. The question, when it came, brought a horrified gasp from the studio audience. "Giuseppe Verdi wrote an opera which later, accidentally, launched Arturo Toscanini as a conductor because of the illness of the regular conductor. Name the opera, the country where young Toscanini conducted it, the city in which it had its world premiere and give the eve of what holiday it occurred."

Gino ticked off the answers. "'Aida,' Brazil, Cairo, Egypt. Christmas Eve." For good measure, he added, "December 24, 1871."

What does a man do when, within a few weeks, the life which he has lived for 55 years, totally changes?

Even before he faced the ultimate choice of risking his fifty years of learning on the \$64,000 question or accepting his safe \$32,000, there had been permanent changes for Gino, both financially and emotionally. When the American public finds a new

hero, it overwhelms him. In this adulation, there is danger. It can swell a man's head, ruin his judgment, turn him ridiculous.

But the tenets by which Gino lived in obscurity—his love of God, his love of family, his love of music—enabled him to meet each honor and challenge with dignity.

He was shyly proud when, after he answered the \$4,000 question, he received a letter from James J. Lyons, president of the Borough of The Bronx, appointing him honorary "ambassador of music." He was both surprised and appreciative when, as he passed the \$8,000 mark, RCA Victor—although affiliated with CBS' rival, NBC—reached across the normal network barriers and quietly, without public announcement, sent him a complete library of opera recordings, together with their thanks for what he had done to popularize opera. For the interest he had aroused in Italian travel, a travel bureau promised him round-trip passage for the whole family.

But most important of all, to Gino, was the fact that, thanks to the public interest in him, Lorraine was to have her chance for opera auditions. RCA Victor set a date for September, as soon as she returned from her honeymoon. The New York City Center Opera Company auditioned and signed her. Gino had done his part. The voice he believed in would be judged by opera authorities. From there on, it was up to them—and Lorraine.

Gino was offered—and accepted—a new job at a \$10,000-a-year salary, plus time free to maintain his own shop. American Biltrite Rubber Company, manufacturers of shoemakers' supplies, stating that the morale of the little shoemakers around the country was at a low ebb, hired Gino to travel the United States to meet with them, talk with them, and let people know he wasn't the only one among them with learning and talent.

Then came two happenings which were treasures beyond all price for Gino.

Rudolph Bing, manager of the Metropolitan, let Gino know his standing-room days were over. With his letter of thanks for the publicity Gino had brought the Met, Mr. Bing sent two season tickets, eighth row center.

But the greatest honor of all was a personal message from the great Maestro himself. The day before his \$64,000 question was due, Gino, returning from work, found a chauffeur-driven limousine drawn up before his door. Out stepped Mme. Vladimir Horowitz, wife of the famed pianist and daughter of Arturo Toscanini. Her father, she told Gino, wanted him to know he had watched every telecast. He sent his congratulations and best wishes for Gino's top success.

With tears of joy streaming down his cheeks, Gino replied, "You tell your daddy, as one Italian fellow to another, that if they ask me questions about him, they can't stump me. I know his career inside out, top and bottom."

In all this flood of praise, one voice was still missing and that was the one which Gino most desired to hear—his father's.

When only hours remained before he had to make his final decision, that voice came—and came with a drama to rival the finale of an opera.

There is, in New York, an Italian language radio station, WOV, which also has studios in Rome. They sent an interviewer, with recording equipment, to remote Statiale. He began transcribing as soon as he arrived and asked a townsman, "Where do I find the home of Giovanni Prato?" Said the townsman, "You mean Giovanni Prato, the father of Gino Prato, who, in America, has won a fortune of twenty million lira?"

No road led to the house, so the excited residents carried the heavy recording equipment up the steep mountain path.

Then Gino's papa spoke. His voice was thin and aged, but it still held the authority—and the love—Gino remembered after thirty-three years of separation. As it came into New York by short wave, to be transcribed for re-broadcast, Gino heard it privately, in the control room. He listened, then went to St. Patrick's Cathedral, where he lit a candle in each chapel and prayed.

When airtime came at CBS Studio 52 that evening, there were nearly as many standees at the rear of the theater as Gino had been accustomed to finding at the Metropolitan. Outside, still more people protested furiously when the ultimate capacity of the studio was reached and the doors clanged shut to exclude them. Everyone wanted to know just one thing: *Will he, or won't he, go for the sixty-four?* When the warm-up announcer asked for a show of hands, the audience was evenly divided in its opinion of which Gino should do. Gino, when he came to the camera, seemed the only one in the house to be in full possession of his composure. In the front row, Caroline, Lorraine and Gene, remembering how upset he had been all week, masked their concern with fixed smiles. Emcee Hal March tripped his tongue in a stutter. The technical crew was obviously tense.

But Gino's expression could, without much exaggeration, have been called exalted. His voice, which had cracked during the earlier big-money questions, had regained its mellowness. From his pocket he took the cable which had confirmed the short-wave message. "I hear from my papa," he announced. "My daddy cable me. *Fermate dove ti trove e basta cosi—Saluti, Papa.*"

Then he translated. "My daddy says, 'Stop wherever you are. It is enough this way. Regards.'"

Gino hesitated, as if making a full review of his decision. "Maybe I know the answers to some more questions. But maybe, if I lose, I give my papa a shock and it kill him. I want to see my papa when I go to Italy. My papa, he call me a hard-head—stubborn. So I be a soft-head now. Because I take my daddy's advice since I was a kid, I accept it now. I accept it and take the money."

Throughout the audience, there was both applause and a sigh. The crowd was disappointed. It was a thoughtful disappointment. Watching expressions, you could see each person wondering what he himself would have done.

What sort of man will Gino Prato be in the days ahead? The days when the excitement has calmed down, when they all return from their trip and when their audience with His Holiness, the Pope, and the reunion with his father drift into memory?

Perhaps there is a prediction in one of Gino's last acts in the studio. While photographers were still clamoring for more pictures, when reporters were firing questions and VIP's were waiting, Gino excused himself to go to the edge of the set where a small girl was crying. Twelve-year-old Gloria Lockerman had come all the way from Baltimore but had been only introduced when the program ended. She was sure she had lost her chance. Gino patted her head. "Don't cry, darling. You'll get on, wait and see. If I got on, you will, too."

The child looked up at Gino, saw a friend, and smiled. Like the distant viewers in the television audience, she could glimpse Gino's happiness and find that, in some magical way, he had given her a bit of it to take forever as her own.



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To Love Is To Share

(Continued from page 53)

cook. The Statue of Liberty holds up a light—but Bud, a non-smoker, never even has a match on him. While Rockefeller Center spreads over twelve and a half acres, Bud's spread is negligible—he hasn't gained an ounce since college years. Architecturally speaking, Bud is a handsome edifice—but that alone isn't what makes him a tourist draw, for tourists expect to see something unusual. Well, Bud has that something unusual—a quality which is rare in television and radio. Bud, in all of his years as an emcee and quizmaster, has maintained a feeling of gentility with no sacrifice of warmth and friendliness. People like the lady from Ohio are always asking, "Is he as nice off the air?"

"It's tough to talk about Bud," says his wife Marian. "There are so many good things to be said about him that he sounds almost goody-goody. He's a fine person—religious, disciplined, idealistic—but, on the other hand, he's earthy and fun and he has a great sense of humor."

But Bud, by the record alone, is a serious man who never sluffs off responsibility. He has been president of both local and national AFTRA. This past summer, without being asked, his name was placed in nomination for first national vice-president of the television-radio union and he was elected again. He is extremely active in his community. Things other people talk about doing, he does. He has given lay sermons at churches of every faith. He has captained any number of charity drives. He has talked for or before community clubs as often as two or three times a week. He has even addressed the graduating class at a school for nurses.

Bud lives in Greenwich, Connecticut, in a handsome Norman Tudor house. His two acres are beautifully landscaped with flower gardens and magnificent trees. But Bud's home is no more impressive than its contents.

Mrs. Collyer, who, as an actress, gets billed as Marian Shockley, has red hair and green eyes. She is as pretty as she is stubborn—and Bud says she is as stubborn as a Missouri mule. "Which makes a perfect balance," he adds, "for I am butt-headed."

Marian has acted in daytime radio dramas for many years, and still does. She also has a running part as a schoolteacher in the Charley Ruggles television serial, *The World Of Mr. Sweeney*. Ruggles calls her "Miss Marian," and she says of Ruggles, "He is so good and so dear and such a wonderful actor." Marian loves her professional work, but there's also plenty to be done at home, in running the huge house. "It's simple mathematics," she says. "The bigger the home, the more things there are to go wrong."

Bud, however, has never had a chance to prove his versatility with tools. A few years back, he bought tools and set up shop in the basement. He made a work bench—but got no further. He left home too early, got home too late, and found it impractical to build a bookcase on the commuters' train. At present, with *Feather Your Nest* and *Beat The Clock*, Bud works six days a week, leaves home before nine and returns around six-thirty—except on Saturdays when he gets home around ten. But that's nothing compared with earlier times. Until a year ago, Bud's schedule was so demanding that he seldom spent more than one night out of every month with his family—and that went on for four years.

When asked about Bud, during those years, Marian would tell friends: "I think

he's all right. I saw him on television last night and he looked well."

Bud himself, not wise-cracking, commented: "I'm afraid I'll get home early one day and find my kids are adults and that I've missed all the fun of watching them grow up."

During those years, in order to keep up a speaking acquaintance with the kids, he would get up at six-thirty, breakfast with them and drive them to school. And, of course, on the one full night a month he was home, he got the celebrity treatment.

"When his schedule changed so that he was coming home almost every evening—like most men—it was like having a stranger in the house," Marian recalls. "We couldn't get used to it. We were hovering over him, at his elbow telling him stories, and treating him like a long-lost explorer. That lasted about two weeks . . . until, one evening, I decided I'd better begin catching up on my chores."

As in most homes, the Collyer children are apt to dominate the scene. Pat, a very pretty blonde, is seventeen. She plays piano so well that she gives lessons. Bud and Marian have encouraged her to play for enjoyment. Teaching is her own idea, and she is saving most of her earnings. (Pat and Marian hope to take a trip abroad in about four years.)

Cynthia, next in line, and another pretty blonde, clocks in at fifteen years. She has a fine sense of humor and likes to do creative things with her hands like painting or sculpturing. Every once in a while, she and Marian get involved with Nature. Last winter, for instance, Marian and Cynthia fed birds and collected some rather rare ones.

This past summer, they decided to raise strawberries for Bud. Strawberries delight Bud the way a big jackpot delights a contestant, but the Collyers found their new project quite an undertaking. "Our house is built on shelf rock, so we had to import soil for the berries. And we had to have beds made for the soil—pyramid-style out of aluminum rings. Then the birds were still around, so we had to put chicken-wire over the beds to protect the berries. We have some huge, very old oak trees which threw too much shade on the berries—but we couldn't do anything about that, except worry."

It set Bud's mouth watering, when he saw all the planning and loving care which went into the strawberry patch. Then

came the harvest. As Marian recalls, "The strawberries, at full growth, were about the size of blueberries. Cynthia and I were so embarrassed! But Bud didn't tease us at all."

Youngest of the Collyers is Mike. At thirteen, he is the image of Bud. You can't tell them apart in pictures taken at the same age. But they differ in personalities. "Bud" Clayton Collyer has always been vigorous, bright and imaginative. Michael Clayton Collyer is keen and fun to be around, too. But, while Bud is the up-and-at-'em type, Mike is more the I'll-be-sitting-over-here-if-you-want-me kind. (And they usually come looking for him, too.)

Bud, however, is less than a fireball at home. In the city, he is a slave to the clock and a high-pressure schedule. At home, he is happiest when there are no social pressures and he can figuratively smash the clock. The only concession he makes to time is a prompt dinner, for the kids are always starving by six-thirty. Then everyone takes a turn saying grace and there is no mumbling nor lazy repetition. Each is expected to have something fresh to say.

After grace, however, bedlam reigns. As Marian says, "The kids always have so much to talk about, and they yak together right through dinner. They like to pun, and so does Bud, and the worse the pun, the punnier! Bud will say, 'Want to go sailing this weekend?' And Mike answers, 'I'd rudder not.' Then maybe Cynthia says, 'You'd budder, brudder.'"

The family has great appetites. Bud eats a big juice-eggs-cereal-milk-coffee breakfast. He eats a lunch the size of an average dinner—and he eats enough at dinner time for two. "Planning meals that everyone will like is impossible," says Marian, "so we just try to please the majority!"

Most evenings find Marian and Bud at home, reading, watching television, helping the kids with school work. Bud is strong in languages and is a real help with French and Latin. Marian is strong in English and history.

They all live well together and enjoy family celebrations of anniversaries and holidays. Instead of parties, the Collyers like to honor birthdays by going *en masse* to the theater. Mike is the one exception—he takes his parties at the ball park.

Mike is an avid Dodger fan. Several years ago, Bud met Phil Rizzuto. Phil invited Bud to bring Mike up to a Yankee game and meet the players. Bud passed the invitation on to Mike. "I don't want to go," said Mike. "I don't go to see anyone but the Dodgers." So Bud had the embarrassing job of passing the message along to Rizzuto, who took it good-naturedly. (Marian balances the baseball scales by rooting heartily for the Giants.)

Vacations, too, are spent as a family unit. A year ago, the Collyers went to Europe for a month. The year before that, they toured the country in a station wagon. This year, the month of August was spent quietly in the Adirondack Mountains.

"We—that's me and the kids—like excitement," Marian explains. "Being on the move, whether it's seeing Europe or the United States, is just our meat. But Bud wants a rest after eleven months in the city. This year we decided to give him the rest . . . no rules—no clock to watch—just fishing and golf. I don't expect we'll give him the chance to rest again for a couple more years!"

Bud is even on a schedule on Sundays. As Marian observes, "Religion actually gives him a lift, the kind some men get on

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the fairway. Bud not only practices religion but enjoys it. He looks forward to his Sunday in church as some men look forward to their favorite sport."

Bud is superintendent of the Sunday school at the Presbyterian Church, and he teaches the teen-aged class. "No matter how tired he is Saturday night," says Marian, "he stays up till the lesson is prepared."

After Sunday school, he goes on to church, where he sings in the choir. Bud is a "utility" singer—he sings with the basses, baritones or tenors, depending on where he's needed. He has a good voice and reads music at sight. (As a matter of fact, Bud worked his way through college, singing and leading a dance band.)

He likes to preach, and has given lay sermons at Protestant and Jewish churches in New England. Recently, he made a speech at an inter-regional meeting of the Council of Presbyterian Men. There were several celebrated preachers at the meeting, and Marian notes proudly that strangers came up to her to confide that they had found Bud to be the "most inspirational." For months afterwards, he got letters and telegrams from distant parts of the country asking if he would speak to local congregations.

As a preacher, Bud is no fire-eater. He talks quietly, logically and down-to-earth. He never writes out his sermons and seldom plans them. Sometimes, he gets carried away with himself. . . . There was the Sunday that he was preaching in his own church and thought he was making his point pretty well—when he heard a rather weary sigh from a member of the congregation. He even recognized the sigh. It belonged to Michael Clayton Collyer. "I figured I'd better wind it up pretty fast," Bud grins, "which was what I did!"

After church, the family has a big Sunday dinner. Bud then catches a nap before going out to catch ball with Mike. The day winds up with Marian usually making waffles. "Mike gave me the waffler," she says. "He also gave me an electric coffee pot. He likes to give me things that he can watch being used."

The Collyers love gifts in quantity. At Christmas, their home looks like the setting for a TV spectacular. The living room has a twenty-foot ceiling and they have a tree that fairly tickles the ceiling. Gifts don't pile quite so high, but they all like surprises and lots of gay packages.

Bud's most memorable Christmas came along a couple of years ago. He was working hard and late almost every night. He missed being with the children, so Marian hit on the idea of having portraits painted of them for Christmas. They began posing in September and everyone was cooperative—and, best of all, maintained secrecy.

Christmas morning, when the kids had opened all of their gifts, Bud was asked to step into the kitchen for a moment. "Now what do I have to go out for?" he asked. But they chased him out.

When he came back, the children, still in their pajamas, were standing quietly, each behind the individual portraits. Bud was so moved he couldn't say a word. "Nights after that, when he got in late, he'd just sit down and look at the pictures for a while," Marian recalls.

Bud's feeling for children has always been obvious to radio and television audiences. It isn't strange that mothers and fathers, as well as the children, want to visit with him when they get to New York. Bud's gentility—his kind of warmth and friendliness—has made him something of an institution. So it isn't strange, either, that a little boy, whose mother was shopping for a new television set, begged: "Get one with Bud Collyer on it."

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Double Life in Big Town

(Continued from page 54)

TV show a week and beef about how tough it is. They're suffering from 'lead' poisoning—if you know what I mean!"

A tireless taskmaster Mark is, but he's also well aware that there's more to life than batting his brains out in a studio. To this end, he's enhanced the picture of fulfillment by marrying Annelle Hayes, a Texas beauty who is the mother of Mark Richard, eight, and Arrelle Elizabeth, three. The unorthodox patterns of their domestic life would devastate most households, and constant re-adjustment does produce pain at odd intervals. Fortunately for all parties concerned, they manage to remember that all these activities are not without purpose.

"When we got married ten years ago," Mark explains, "I didn't even have a job. Annelle was still living at the Hollywood Studio Club and I had a furnished room. With no immediate prospects in mind, I still insisted that I'd head my own studio before I was finished with Hollywood. Annelle had faith in me—but everyone else thought I was crazy!"

"Today I am thirty-two and, when I am forty-two, I shall retire. Maybe this sounds a bit balmy, too—but I believe I'll have my own studio by then. With an excellent income derived from renting space to independent producers, plus annuities and investments, we'll be able to make up for some of the things we have had to sacrifice. Eventually, I hope to stop acting entirely, but of course I could never remain completely idle."

In the meantime, however, Mark expects his double life to remain hectic, harassed—and hopeful! In Beverly Hills, the Stevens family still lives in the nine-room Georgian Colonial house Mark bought while chafing his ambitions at 20th Century-Fox. Their manner of furnishing and redecorating has been sporadic, but the house reflects the growth in character and individuality of its occupants.

Because of Mark's unpredictable schedule, the unexpected is always the expected on each workday. Therefore it's routine.

"The children get first consideration, of course," Annelle observes. "They eat, sleep, and go to school—regularly. But Mark and I may have a sit-down dinner at seven one evening, then something on a tray at midnight the next. Sometimes Mark works straight through without eating at all. On Sundays, if he's home, he does paper work."

"We rarely accept invitations, because invariably we have to cancel when Mark stays at the studio to see rushes. A few of our friends humorously insist: 'You're expected—but we won't set a place for you!' On the rare occasions when we ourselves entertain the Tony Martins, the John Irelands, Ann Sothern, Cesar Romero, my husband invariably gets delayed and someone quips: 'It's such a nice dinner party—you should have invited Mark Stevens!'"

Under Annelle's sagacious supervision, a believe-it-or-not couple named Hollis and Ann meet every domestic crisis with devotion. They adore their bosses and their job, and their love for the children is downright fanatical! "God has blessed us by bringing these wonderful children into our lives," Ann, a handsome, robust woman, beams with pride when she says it. She's happiest baking them bread, decorating home-made cookies and dispensing honey, heart-warming philosophy.

"Because I make so many New York trips to see my sponsors," Mark adds, "I keep an apartment there. Sometimes Annelle accompanies me, which is a signal for

great rejoicing in the Stevens' California kitchen! Then Hollis and Ann have the children all to themselves and they don't mind working Saturdays, or forfeiting their day off. Hollis takes Mark Richard to Sunday school, to the park or movies. Ann reads to Arrelle and sings charming Czech folk songs. When the children were born, a nurse accompanied Annelle home from the hospital. And Ann actually felt slighted until we got the nurse out of the house and she could take over her duties!"

From Monday through Saturday, Mark arises at six. At seven forty-five, he arrives at the studios where *Big Town* is made. Mark Richard, who worships his "Pop," gets up at the same time (two hours too early for him!) and takes his clothes into Mark's bathroom. After their shower, they talk man to man while Mark shaves. Following breakfast together, Mark leaves for the studio. And that's when sonny awakens his mommy to ask her to "please play with me until it's time for school!"

When Mark and Annelle married, they agreed that she'd name the boys and he'd name the girls. So "Arrelle" is Mark's own invention, though her actual arrival posed a problem. Mark had told everyone he was going to father a blue-eyed little girl with thick golden curls. Arrelle was ushered into the world—baldier than the proverbial billiard ball!

Shortly after his daughter's birth, Mark appeared on the New York stage in "Midsummer," then portrayed *Martin Kane* every week for a year on live television. Nearly two years expired before he returned home again. Arrelle's fine-spun hair was slightly in evidence at this point, but, by now, Mark was a stranger called "Daddy" and she could only stare at him.

"I'm not going to bribe her to win her over," declared Mark, with typical masculine indifference. Secretly, he was disturbed, but Annelle knew that time would remedy the situation.

"Whenever Mark walked into the house," she recalls, "his son leaped on him with a running jump and all but smothered him. But his daughter just stood there and stared with those amazing wide blue eyes that seem to look beyond everything. Finally it happened. One evening Mark Richard greeted his father in customary fashion. Arrelle hesitated and then suddenly threw herself into her father's arms, showering him with kisses. The probation period was over. We felt like a family again!"

There are three TV sets in the Mark Stevens household, and he'll tell you, with an amused grin, that his children's favorite programs are—*Beany* and *Annie Oakley*. It's late at night when *Big Town* hits the West Coast. But, when one of Mark's shows is especially instructive for children, Annelle takes them to the studio on Saturday and Mark runs off the film in the projection room.

A single *Big Town* series of thirty-nine films takes six months to shoot. Balancing out the year's activities, Mark's extracurricular interests include preparing a night-club act for New York and Las Vegas, singing lessons and recording sessions. His own Mark Stevens Productions was formed recently, for filming full-length movies and TV features.

"Everyone keeps telling me it's impossible to do more than one job at a time and do it well," Mark muses, "and one big Hollywood director even said he'd seen geniuses come and go because they attempted to carry the ball alone. Well, I don't consider myself a genius, but I be-

lieve anything is possible, especially if one is well organized.

"For example, I have a great set crew from nine until six. Because they have my word we'll never work a minute overtime, they knock themselves out for me. Edward Rissien, who was stage manager for 'Midsummer,' has been my invaluable assistant. In Stanley Silverman, a writer with many excellent credits, I found a top story editor. Then there's a promotional manager for my personal interests and a publicity man who concentrates on getting me less space and better representation."

Until recently Mark had a beautiful secretary whose name—believe it or not—was Jackie Gleason. Any similarity between her and the one-and-only was more than coincidental. It was practically impossible! However, to circumvent the obvious comparisons, Mark laconically labeled the lady "Jake."

How Jake got to earn her cakes proves it can happen here. To help kill time one day, she accompanied an actress-friend on a job-hunting tour of the studios. Mark happened to walk into the casting office and saw her sitting there waiting.

"Do you want to go to work?" he inquired, after introducing himself. Jake assured him work was what she needed. "Good," replied Mark, "you're just the type we need for our new script."

"Oh—I don't want to be an actress!" These were the next words that reached Mark's astonished ears. "I'm a secretary. Don't you have anything open in that capacity?" The following morning, Jake was on the job, and she officiated most efficiently in Mark's six-room bungalow office until marriage and approaching motherhood called her away.

Although Mark is an ardent tennis enthusiast, a model-boat builder (it took him fifty-odd hours to assemble a replica of the schooner *Blue Nose*!) and a good golfer, his greatest moments of relaxation occur around eight o'clock at night.

"Everyone has gone home and studio life has disappeared," he reflects. "This is a wonderful time for me. I can walk around the lot undisturbed and the stillness helps me to think—or to stop thinking. This is when I get my best ideas."

But, because such times exclude companionship with his loved ones, Mark is building a house opposite the sixteenth hole at the Tamarisk Country Club in Palm Springs. At least on rare occasions they can all be together undisturbed and revel in domestic unity. Despite Mark's protestations, Annelle worries about his health, so she recently induced him to have another physical check-up.

"I was in such perfect condition," says Mark humorously, "the New York Life gave me a policy for \$400,000—which, all told, now gives me \$700,000 worth of insurance. I'm worth more dead than alive!"

As far back as his stock-acting days in Cleveland, Ohio—where he was born—Mark's been driven by nervous energy.

"It's something inside of me I can't control," he confesses, "and, without constant activity of some sort, I'm sure I couldn't survive. As a matter of fact, people everywhere invariably get around to asking the same question. Why do I deliberately try to kill myself? This is an exaggeration, of course. But my answer is always the same. Take it or leave it, this is my way of life."

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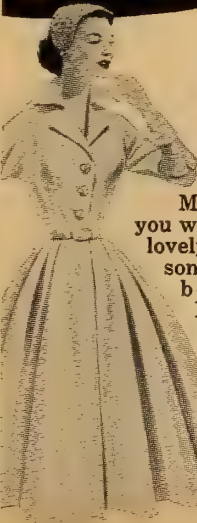
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Lovely, Lovely Secret

(Continued from page 32)

who knows exactly what it is she wants from life. The next moment, the irrepressible high spirits of a little girl who isn't sure what she wants, but does know exactly how to go about getting it. Now-adays, one could imagine this high-powered charmer tossing that banana cream pie out of pure devilment—but never, never eating it.

"What's happened to me?" Patti toys with the question. "Well, I've lost a lot of weight, for one thing—thirty pounds in the last year."

The answer, of course, is as unsatisfactory as her arithmetic. Last July, when she returned to television to star in *The Patti Page Show* for Oldsmobile, she had reduced from a hundred-and-forty-seven pounds to a svelte hundred-and-fifteen. But this is nothing new for Patti. Like a champion training for the big fight, she always streamlines her figure for television. She is no slimmer now than she was in the summer of 1954, when she replaced Perry Como, or the following year, when she did *The Scott Music Hall*.

The present series, however, is for fifty-two weeks—her longest run on television. Now nearing the half-way mark, Patti has not once gone over a hundred-and-fifteen . . . which means that she not only had the will power to "stop eating" and lose those original thirty-two pounds, but she has found some new incentive that keeps them lost forever.

What is it?

"Well, it seems there's a very nice young man," Patti says, and she says it straight. "He made me realize how important appearance is in this business and—well, maybe I'm just trying to make him proud of me."

And then she smiles, making it all crystal clear. If Patti looks like the girl in a *Before-and-After* ad, it's because she has truly discovered the new miracle product. Only, it isn't so new. In fact, it's the oldest in the world. And they still call it Love. . . .

Before, long before Patti Page met Charles O'Curran, she was Clara Ann Fowler of Claremore, Oklahoma—practically the original girl-next-door. Except, of course, that no other girl who ever lived next door to anybody ever had quite her way with a song, and it was only a question of time until someone would "discover" her.

It happened at a local radio station in

near-by Tulsa—all in the best show-business tradition. The female vocalist on one of the station's regular programs took sick, and Clara Ann was called in as a last-minute substitute. The show's sponsor not only kept her on but changed her name to Patti—the Page Milk Company girl.

That was nine years ago, and that was how Jack Rael happened to hear her. He was a band manager, passing through Tulsa, and there was a radio in his hotel room. Switching it on, he heard Patti sing. No, it wasn't a recording, he realized, but it should have been. Rushing down to the broadcasting station, he signed her up. And he has been her manager-partner ever since.

But, before Patti could become a recording star, her name had to stand for more than just milk. The first two years, she and Jack toured the small towns, doing one-night stands, getting the necessary experience in night clubs and small theaters. Then, in Chicago, Patti broke into network radio as vocalist for Don McNeill's *Breakfast Club*. In the field of recordings, however, it wasn't until she had made thirteen Mercury releases that she finally came up with a hit—"Confess."

Then it happened! Personal appearances in every state of the Union, Canada and Hawaii. Guests spots with Ed Sullivan and Perry Como that led to her own TV shows. And a long list of hit records, many selling over the million mark—one, "Tennessee Waltz," selling over three million to become the most popular recording in twenty years.

And so the girl-next-door from Claremore, Oklahoma, moved to a luxurious apartment in Manhattan. It's a combination of French provincial and modern—all blues and whites to give it that "Frenchy" look—and designed to give "the feeling of a country house that got lost in the city."

"It's bright and gay, and see," Patti points out, "it has a terrace. Somehow, it's always new when I walk in at night. Nothing morbid!"

But it takes more than color to keep an apartment bright and gay. Although it's a dream of heaven for a girl who once shared a bed with two sisters—five whole rooms, all to one's self!—after a while, it can seem like an awful lot of space for just one person.

Not that Patti was ever lonely. There was always "the family." They had started as business associates—her manager, the

musicians, publicists, secretaries and maid. But, after traveling around the country, sharing experiences, working together to climb the same ladder of success, they soon became close friends. Even during their off hours, they like to be together—golfing, fishing and playing cards (bridge and hearts are Patti's favorites). When Patti suddenly decided to get a boat, it ended up a thirty-four-foot yacht. Nothing else was big enough to accommodate the whole "family."

As for Patti's real family, she is still devoted to them, visiting Oklahoma whenever she can, entertaining her parents on visits to New York. But Patti comes from a family of eight girls and three boys, and the big news among the Fowlers is not her career—it's the nephews and nieces her brothers and sisters come up with. "I have twenty-five now," Patti announces proudly, "and soon I'll be a great-aunt."

She says it wistfully, however, as though she could also be a great mother. As a matter of fact, in a TV RADIO MIRROR interview last year, Patti confessed: "I want five babies. I've always wanted to be married. The right man just hasn't come along yet."

Until he did, there was her career. There was even "love," for there were her fans. Real fans! In addition to the millions who buy her records, watch her on TV, and write in for pictures, there are more than twelve hundred organized Patti Page Fan Clubs.

They spend hours writing to her, send her presents, and badger disc jockeys who don't play enough Patti Page recordings to suit them. She, in turn, takes their problems very seriously—helping them when she can, visiting their clubs and entertaining individual fans in her home. But fans are the public. They can look up to her and love from afar, but whom is Patti to look up to? And what good is love that only comes from afar? . . .

Last winter, when she was getting ready to start on another personal appearance tour, Patti engaged one of the top directors in the business to help stage her act. It was Charles O'Curran. If the name sounds familiar, it's because he was once the husband of Betty Hutton. Or, if you're one of those people who actually read the movie credits, you've seen his name before all the Martin and Lewis pictures. He's the director who stages the dance sequences.

"The family" was quick to welcome Charles to its little group. "He's a million laughs," they said. "He's a ball." But, best of all, he was good for Patti. Not, however, that he'd ever make a great dancer out of her. "I'm a singer," Patti kept insisting, "not a dancer!"

And so, in the best boy-meets-girl tradition, "they fought like cats and dogs"—at first. But Patti's act, which opened at the Fountainebleau in Miami Beach, was a huge success. And off-stage, "the family" observed, Patti was getting over her shyness.

Soon, the gossip columnists were carrying items about what-well-known-singer named Patti Page and what stage-director named Charles O'Curran. But that wasn't what broke the news to the world. The whole story was right there in Patti's songs. That's what she had been singing about all this time, only now—at long last—the right man had come along. You had only to listen to the new meaning she gave the words to understand. This was good, old fashioned, "I-want-the-whole-world-to-know-it" love.

At the moment, however, their whole world is show business. Which means that

An open letter to:

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The Editors

Patti is in New York and Charles is in Hollywood, and "never the twain shall meet"—except when he can manage to fly East or she can manage to fly West. One of the reasons Patti is so glad her TV show is on film is that it enables her "to get ahead of schedule" so that she can take an occasional week off "to see her boy friend."

But the pace is killing. Up at six-thirty every morning, she spends two days of each week recording, two filming, and two on costumes. By the time Sunday comes, Patti "just wants to sit down." Last summer, she didn't even feel like using her yacht. "It would have taken an hour to get there," she explains.

Patti keeps going, however. She has to! One month, her phone bill for wires and long-distance calls to California came to four hundred dollars. And it's no consolation to remember how much it used to cost Rosemary Clooney and Jose Ferrer when they were in the same spot.

The only solution, of course, is marriage. "We're planning it," Patti admits, "but..." She throws up her hands.

A million girls would give anything just to be in her shoes, but she'd gladly trade with any of them. For the truth is that she is no longer Clara Ann Fowler, the girl-next-door, who can do as she pleases. She's Patti Page. As a recording artist and TV star, she's Big Business. And, like all institutions, she has contracts and obligations to fulfill. She must tour the country with the General Motors Mortorama Show, make personal appearances at Reno and Las Vegas, keep recording dates, do a series of "pop" concerts that will take her as far away as Tokyo.

Last summer, when she was visiting Charles in Hollywood, "the family" had a hunch that the two might slip off to Las Vegas and get married. It gave the two sweethearts quite a laugh when Frances Kaye, Patti's close friend and publicist, asked if they could just hold up any such plans until after the August issue of a certain magazine came out. (It seems that they were running a piece on Patti as a successful "bachelor girl.")

One wonders, however, if the two will be quite so amused next spring, when Patti hopes to go to Europe with Charles. It's something she's not only dreamed about—she's even been taking French lessons in preparation.

"I'd like to go in April," she muses, obviously thinking of "April in Paris."

"April?" Jack Rael, her manager, pricks up his ears. "You're already booked in Las Vegas."

"Well, then, May or June," Patti says. And, somehow, this new Patti Page sounds as though she'll make it. Her current series runs until next July... but if she can film enough shows in advance... and if Charles can get off at the same time...

But that's only one dream. There's another! If she could get into pictures, then she could spend half of each year in Hollywood and the other half in New York. She'd be eating her cake and having it, too, of course—but any young lady with the determination to cut out banana cream pie can certainly manage that. Not only is Patti a stunning hundred-and-fifteen pounds, but her TV films reveal a new glamour that matches any star's in Hollywood. Only her voice and her way with a song remain the same. And after all, they made her a star in records and TV. Why not in motion pictures, too?

It's the kind of dream that Clara Ann Fowler might have, but that only a Patti Page can make true. But before—long before they're calling her the newest star in Hollywood—we bet they'll be calling her Mrs. Charles O'Curran.



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The Smile Behind the Song

(Continued from page 39)

other sore throats. He suspected a plot. But, since all Como plots are gentle things which contribute to the greater enjoyment of all concerned, he went along. "Does your throat really bother you, Perry?" he asked sympathetically.

The condition of Perry's throat became more serious with every word describing its condition. He really thought he ought to save it in every way he could. Solemnly, Lee agreed. What did Perry have in mind?

Perry came to his point. "You know, Ronnie is getting to be a pretty big boy now." Perry's older son was then about thirteen. "I wonder," said Perry, "if he could help me out. Do you suppose it would be all right if, instead of having me read the Christmas story, while the kids act it out, we had Ronnie read it?"

To Lee, Perry's real purpose now was crystal clear. Perry recognized that his son had reached the self-conscious age. He neither wished to embarrass Ronnie by asking him to do kid stuff nor to hurt his feelings by leaving him out. In this situation, which any fond father could well understand, Lee quickly agreed. "I think it would be just great, Perry."

But Perry wasn't quite through. "Lee," he said, "would you do me a favor? If I ask him, he'll think it's a put-up job. But, if you ask him, he'll think you really want it that way. Would you do it?"

Again Lee agreed. Perry advanced to the next step of the plot. "Now, I think he should have some reward for doing it. I'll buy the present, but I want you to keep that secret. You give it to him."

"What does he want, Perry?"
It was Perry's turn to grin. "What does any kid that age want? His first shotgun, of course."

With all the elements of Perry's little plot revealed, Lee took over. He said, "I'll go along. Except for one thing. I'll buy the gun."

Perry protested, but Lee had the conquerer. "That's the way it's got to be, Perry. Or, I won't talk to Ronnie." Perry was licked, and he knew it.

A huddle with Ronnie ensued. Lee asked, most seriously, if Ronnie would help out his father. Instantly, the lad agreed. But, when the nature of the help was described, adolescent shyness cropped up. Lee was ready for it. "Would you—for a shotgun?"

The boy's eyes widened. "For a shotgun? A real one? Sure, if you think I'll be any good."

"You'll be good," Lee assured him, and went out to buy the gun. He went to one of the nation's best sports stores and selected a beauty. He also instructed them to sink a small gold plate in the stock, bearing Ronnie's name, the date, the occasion.

Ronnie did his part like a trouper. The show was great and Ronnie's joy at having the new gun was even greater.

But then it was up to Perry to provide an occasion to use the gun. He bought a new gun for himself, and the two set out for a weekend of pheasant hunting on a game farm in New England. They had just returned when Perry hobbled painfully across the stage to say to Lee, "You and your shotguns..."

Effusively sympathetic, Lee asked, "Did something go wrong?"

"Wrong?" said Como. "I'll say it did. Now, you know darned well I haven't had a chance to do any hunting since I left Canonsburg, Pennsylvania. Never fired a shell. So we start kicking up some pheasants. Ronnie picks them off, neat as

you please. Then he gets concerned about me and says, 'You take the next shot, Dad.' Well, maybe I did get a little hasty. Maybe I didn't hold the gun just right. But it's sure got a kick. Oh, it was a real great hunting trip. The kid proves to be a regular Daniel Boone. And me—me, I get driven into the ground, right up to my ankles. I'm black-and-blue all over. You and your shotguns!"

This propensity of Perry's for getting into trouble will have a considerable influence on the Perry Como show this season. As he swings into NBC-TV's big Saturday-night spot with the new hour show, written by Goodman Ace, some of the skits will be based on real-life situations.

Two reasons, says Lee Cooley, have dictated this format: The first is Perry's own deep sense of honesty. The second is his staff's feeling that it is about time to share with the viewing public the kind of Como comedy they have long enjoyed backstage.

He adds, "But it will be honest. You can't present Perry as anything but what he is."

What Perry is, in this year of 1955, is pretty darned satisfying. He is, first of all, a singer who, after approximately twenty-five years in the business, has the same romantic appeal to a bobby-soxer today that he had for her mother at the same age.

Further, he is a man whom scandal has never touched. He is still in love with the same pretty girl—Roselle Belline—whom he married in 1933, when he wasn't sure whether he was destined to be a barber or a singer, when his fortunes in both fields were at such a low ebb that, after he paid for a marriage license, he didn't have money enough to buy a wedding ring. Today, they have a lovely fourteen-room house at Sands Point, Long Island. They have two sons, Ronnie, fifteen, and David, nine. They have a seven-year-old daughter, Therese, whom they call Terri.

Perry is a man who has his own ideas of good citizenship. They reach all the way from driving his own and the neighbors' kids to a Boy Scout meeting, on to turning down a high-priced booking at a gambling hotel, because, "I couldn't be a shill."

He is a man known for his good works. As a member of his local church, he shoulders an ordinary parishioner's responsibility for its welfare. His activities also have a wider range. He and Roselle have received one of the highest honors of the Roman Catholic Church. At a ceremony presided over by Cardinal Spellman, they were made Grand Knight and Lady of the Equestrian Order of the Holy Sepulchre of Jerusalem. He also received the 1953 Interfaith Award. Yet he has a way of keeping his charities to himself. When he went to Boston for the opening of the Christopher Columbus Community Center, friends knew he was going to do a benefit. They did not know that, as part of the Center, the Perry Como Gymnasium was to be dedicated the same day.

Como doesn't tell those things about himself. The stories he does tell are the incidents in which he himself "comes a cropper." As Lee says, "Perry's the kind of guy things happen to."

And somehow Lee, too, always seems to get involved. It was, by Perry's account, Lee's fault that he was led to explore the briny deep. Ronnie heard Lee speak of his own deep-sea fishing, so it wasn't long until Perry and Ronnie were out at Montauk Point, at the very end of Long Island. Inevitably, it followed that Perry should say to Lee, "You and your fishing!"

"You'd think," said Perry, "that fish could stay decently near the shore. But no,

the guy who's running this charter boat has to take off to sea, and there we were, half-way to London, when the engine quit. Then it developed the radio was on the blink. Then the sun went down and the fog came in and swallowed us. Then I looked around for the guy who got us into this mess. And—what do you call the downstairs of a boat, Lee? Well, anyway, there he was, just casually taking the engine to pieces with a monkey wrench. You and your boats!"

Old television hands around New York credit Perry's gift for wry comedy with having made a major, though unseen, contribution to all his programs. They point out that the staff and crew work together as a smooth, unruffled unit because Perry has broken the customary tension with his own clowning. Says Lee, "There's always a lot of healthy, adult horseplay."

In this give-and-take, Perry may often be the fall guy, but it takes a good plot to achieve it. Lee traces one of his inspirations to the night he put his own small daughter to bed and found half her toys under the covers. Never a man to throw away a good situation, he promptly translated this into a lullaby number for Perry.

In the finale, just as he was gently extracting a toy truck and a gun from under the covers, the child actor in the crib sat up and asked, "Will you do something for me, Daddy?"

Although he was caught unaware, Perry quickly ad-libbed, "What do you want me to do, son?"

"Get out of here," said the boy, "and let me get some sleep."

Backstage, Perry was torn between irritation and grudging admiration. "That little clown," he chuckled. "Padding his part like that!"

"It's tough," Lee agreed. "You never can trust these child actors."

"You've got to hand it to the kid, though," said Perry. "He got away with it, and it did make a better ending."

By then, the grin Lee was trying to suppress was showing around the edges.

Perry caught it. "You sinner. You did it. Well, I'll get even."

This was no idle threat. Perry gives as good as he gets. Once, when they had a warehouse number, Lee used a lift truck's protruding platform as a bench for the chorus girls. Perry, who is fascinated by all things mechanical, had been having a great time driving the truck around the stage during rehearsal, but he hadn't touched the elevating mechanism—until suddenly, on camera, he hit the button. Lift, girls and all, went ten feet into the air. Frantically, the cameramen backed away, trying to keep the girls in the picture. The floor director signalled Perry to drop them back into position. Perry went right on singing as though he did not understand. Not until the program was over did he nonchalantly press the de-elevator button and say, "You can come down now."

The closest they have ever come to breaking up Perry was on the closing show at CBS last summer. They conspired with Roselle, who for five years had steadfastly refused to go near a camera. That day she even told Perry she didn't want to go to the studio. But, just as he was starting his final number, she walked on stage. Perry stopped singing, right in the middle of a word. In fact, he had trouble ever finishing that song. He was too busy kissing the woman he loves.

These are a few of the reasons why people around the studios have always said the best Perry Como shows are those which go on backstage. Now, with Goodman Ace turning the hi-jinks into scripts, Perry's viewers will see them, too. It sounds like a good season for lovers of both music and comedy.

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Billy Graham—Man of Decision

(Continued from page 34)

seven-day crusade. And figures don't tell the whole story, for Wembley is an open stadium and, night after night, a drenching rain was whipped through the stands by cold winds. In Dallas, Texas, seventy-five thousand piled into the Cotton Bowl on one night. In Boston, for a single meeting, fifty thousand filled the Common. Since 1950, his crusades have been attended by sixteen million persons. It is believed that twenty to thirty million persons hear his weekly radio sermons. Billy Graham may well be responsible for the greatest spiritual awakening of our times.

"We must live in vital relationship to Christ," Billy says fervently. "We must start by being 'born again.' That is our only hope."

Billy is dynamic and intends religion to be so. Church membership is not enough, he preaches. Salvation lies not in belonging but in being, in putting Christ's teachings into practice—and in accepting Christ as a personal savior.

Although Billy's revivalist methods are widely discussed, seldom has anyone taken a close look at the man. Temperamentally, he is high-strung and tense, but his team works smoothly. In eight years, they have never had an argument and their differences have always been quickly settled. The reason, perhaps, is that Billy's extremely cheerful and good humored. He likes practical jokes. On one ocean trip, Billy filled the seasick capsules of one of his assistants with mustard. Previously, Billy himself was the object of a joke. Usually bareheaded, he bought himself a fashionable hat. One of his assistants filled it with shaving suds and, when Billy put it on, he looked like an ice-cream sundae.

Says Jerry Bevan, one of Billy's team, "We've become so busy that now we seem to live from one hour to the next, so there is no horseplay. But the element of free exchange between Billy and the rest of the team still exists." Jerry has known Billy since 1947. "Billy is generous almost to a fault. If he comes back on a cold day without his overcoat, you know it's not because he's absent-minded. He's given it away."

Billy Graham, off the platform, is a man of charm and good cheer. He smiles with easy friendliness. He is a handsome lanky man who stands six-feet-two. He tends

to dress in neat, well-tailored, double-breasted suits. His hair, once very blonde, has darkened slightly in the past year to a reddish brown and, at thirty-six, he is beginning to gray at the temples. He thrives on hard work and works a minimum of ten hours a day. "But my work is soul-satisfying," he tells you, "in spite of its difficulties."

One difficulty Billy refers to is that of being away from home so much of the time. His recent European crusade kept him away for six months.

Billy carries a leather folder which holds pictures of all four children and his wife. As he talks about them, you come to see that religion is not separated from any part of his life, not from his home and not from his past. To Billy, religion has always been alive and pulsating.

Christened "William Franklin," he was born in North Carolina. His father, tall and lanky, is a prosperous dairy farmer. His mother is petite and pious. "Billy Frank," as he was called on the farm, was raised strictly. At the age of twelve, he began rising at three A.M. to help with the milking. He came home from school to late-afternoon chores. He loved baseball and basketball, but was a poor student. He put up with only so much religion as his Presbyterian parents forced on him. Billy, as a lad, was bored by religion. He remembers himself as being aimless and reckless.

At sixteen, Billy and his friend Grady Wilson—today, Billy's Associate Evangelist—went to a revival meeting at a Charlotte tabernacle. His parents had coaxed him there. Something happened on the first night which brought him back the following evening. He didn't want to go back, but it seemed he couldn't help himself. For a month he kept coming back. Then, one night, he and Grady walked solemnly up to the preacher and accepted Christ. Billy recalls, "It was then I opened up my heart and knew for the first time the sweetness and joy of being born again."

But the idea of being a preacher never crossed his mind. Instead he went to work as a Fuller Brush salesman and outsold everyone else in his district, including the sales manager. His thirst for knowledge and understanding of the Bible led him to Tennessee Bible College, but he had so little interest in being a minister that,

after three months, he dropped out and enrolled at the Florida Bible Institute. It was there he fell in love and was so deeply moved that he proposed marriage.

The girl turned him down. There was somebody else, a classmate who was going to Harvard Divinity School. Not so tactfully, she told Billy that she didn't think he would make much of a preacher, but the boy she was going to marry would. That was in the fall of 1937 and, for a good while, Billy was desolate and desperate. But his attitude changed on the night his proposal was turned down. He began to take his preaching seriously. He practiced on whatever and whomever he could. He fired his gospel at missions, at birds in the woods, and country churches, at trailer camps, even at crocodiles in the Florida swamps. He gained confidence and won a scholarship to Wheaton College in Chicago. While earning his A.B. there, he courted his wife-to-be, Ruth Bell, pretty daughter of a missionary to China.

And Billy's preaching continued. In school he was honored by being chosen undergraduate pastor of the campus chapel. After college—and until he achieved national prominence in 1949—he served a hitch in the Army's Chaplain Corps, spent two years as president of a small religious college, was pastor of a basement church in Western Springs, Illinois, and preached for Youth for Christ. In 1949, he made headlines in Los Angeles when he converted singers, athletes and even a notorious gangster. His crusade was attended by movie stars, among them Colleen Townsend and Jane Russell. He made powerful friends in government and business. But headlines and important friends do not make a man—it's the other way around.

Since 1949, he has been on the move, as an evangelist should be. He has no desire ever to settle in a church of his own. But the problem with the life of an evangelist is that you can't take all of your life with you—that part which is your home, and which is made up of small children, stays behind.

Billy's home is in his native state, North Carolina, about a dozen miles south of Asheville, in the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains. His Early American seven-room house grew from five rooms to meet the needs of the children. The person who did the remodeling was Ruth Bell Graham. She is as practical as she is vivacious. Ruth differs from Billy. She is relaxed and casual. She is tall, slim and dark, an ex-campus beauty queen—but not an ex-beauty.

"Ruth does not dress piously," Billy says. "She dresses in pretty things. We believe Christianity as a way of life should be bright and positive even in the clothes you wear."

In addition to chores and children, Ruth is building a new home for the family. She is not doing the actual carpentry, but she has designed the house, contracted for labor and is her own purchasing agent. The new home comes under the heading of necessity, for Billy and his family have lost their privacy.

Tourists come calling every day. The sightseeing bus from the city makes Billy's home a regular stop. They unload passengers at his gate. Billy, a man of God, cannot lock his gate. He cannot employ a guard to shoo them away. So they tramp through the lawn and the garden. They come, fifty at a time, and they knock on the door and, if no one answers, they pound on the windows. They ask if they can come in and see Billy at work in his study. They poke cameras at the

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windows hoping for candid shots. Naturally, Ruth does not keep her blinds drawn, and so Billy—to avoid being photographed or “autographed” in his pajamas—must often get down on his knees and crawl from room to room.

“A couple of years ago, I bought some land about four thousand feet up in the mountain,” Billy tells you. “Now that we’re putting the new house up there, I had it surveyed. For three thousand dollars I got two hundred acres, a hundred-and-twenty apple trees, fourteen springs—and hundreds of rattlers and copper-heads.”

They killed twenty rattlers this past summer. The road to the top of the mountain is mighty narrow at times, and it makes you dizzy to look over the side. The snakes and the road will probably discourage commercial sightseeing.

The house will not be on the very peak of the mountain, but mighty close to it. The outside of the house will be of field-stone and logs. Ruth has combed the countryside for abandoned log cabins and has bought up about a dozen to be dismantled and toted to their new homestead.

The Graham family lives well, but without frills. As a preacher, Billy’s salary is fifteen thousand dollars a year. And that’s that. Contributions to the Foundation run about two million dollars a year, but every cent is budgeted out to radio and TV, literature, mailing costs, and other legitimate expenses. A certified public accounting is made and published each year. Incidentally, it is worth nothing that money contributed during a crusade stays with the local clergy, after expenses are paid. This point is emphasized by Billy and his representatives, since some evangelists have made personal fortunes out of revival meetings.

Billy, who scorns the material aspect of contemporary life, practices what he preaches. He doesn’t like anything ostentatious in his home: “I told Ruth that a carpet and bed would be sufficient in the new house. I wanted our home to be just a big, rough place to rear the kids.”

Billy does not lack for ideas on child-raising. He tells you there is practically no child delinquency among families who are regular church-goers. In no uncertain terms he reminds an audience that the Bible tells you to raise children to be respectful and obedient.

Billy does not spare the rod. “I’m not talking about mischief and misdemeanors,” he says. “But, for disobedience and dishonesty, I’m not above getting a little peach tree for their bottoms.”

There’s William Franklin III, his three-year-old, and there are his girls—Virginia, ten, Anne, seven, and Ruth, five. Because Billy is away so much, Ruth frequently has to keep them in check herself.

“You shouldn’t spank me,” Virginia said, on one such occasion. “It wasn’t me who made trouble.”

“Who did?” Ruth asked.
“It was the devil in me. That’s who.”
“In that case,” said Mother, “I’d better beat the devil right out of you.”

The Grahams are not stern. Disciplining is not an occupation with them, for Billy and Ruth hold that you teach children by example rather than by rule. But, when spanking is necessary, Billy explains that he will first spend twenty minutes telling the child why it has to be done—and then twenty minutes afterwards loving the child. “I can’t help telling them that it hurts me worse than it does them, because it does.”

The children say grace at every meal. There is daily prayer. Sunday is made a very special day for the children. After church, there may be a picnic. There are

special treats, candy and soda pop, which are not allowed in the daily diet. Certain things, such as secular movies, are forbidden on Sunday, but there is no lack of fun. “Religion has to be made live and dynamic for youngsters, too,” Billy says.

He will sit down and read children’s stories based on the Bible and dramatize these. They all sing together and play games. But the children have never heard Billy preach. “We don’t want them to think of Billy except as their daddy,” Ruth explains. “We want them to learn to know and love Billy for himself.”

Ruth makes a point of talking about him every day when he is away. For Ruth, the life is as difficult as it is for Billy. She is on the move, too, dividing her time between Billy and the children at home. Commenting on their frequent separations, Ruth says, “I’d rather see a little of Billy than a lot of anyone else.”

During his recent European crusade, she joined Billy at Glasgow and was with him at a luncheon given in his honor by Queen Elizabeth. Ruth went on to the continent for a couple of weeks, and then flew back to North Carolina to tend the children and gather more logs. But, when she is with Billy, she fits right in with the working team. “Ruth knows the Bible better than I do,” Billy says. “She helps prepare speeches and helps with my writing.”

There is so much to do, and Billy spends all of his time doing it. Radio is not the least of his activities. From his gigantic radio audience, Billy gets ten thousand letters a week. Some of the mail is dramatic. A prisoner in a Southern penitentiary wrote that, after hearing Billy, he gave up his plans as ringleader for a prison break. A convict became a convert. Out in Utah, another prison had a riot because half the inmates wanted to listen to Billy—and the other half didn’t. In the Bahamas, the governor of an island wrote that all six hundred inhabitants listened to Billy each Sunday. A woman in the Midwest was about to destroy herself because she was hungry and tired, unable to pay her rent or buy a crust of bread. She turned on the gas. The radio was tuned to music. Billy’s voice came to her like something out of her subconscious. She got up and went to church and there gained a new lease on life. But these are exceptional cases. Billy’s radio sermons have the same purpose as his meetings: To reawaken the spiritual conscience.

Billy is criticized. There are people—righteous ones, too—who don’t approve of revivalists and their thunder. Billy doesn’t argue with them, but he can point to his friends with pride. He has visited with Sir Winston Churchill and has prayed more than once with Harry Truman and Dwight Eisenhower. The Archbishop of Canterbury gave the benediction at one of Billy’s meetings. Chief Justice of the Supreme Court Earl Warren has helped promote a Graham crusade.

But Billy is humble, honest. He believes. “I have no intention or desire to found a new religion,” he says. “I believe in the teachings of Christ. I want only to help others to find Him.” He has refused to return to some cities too often. “I don’t want a personal following. Such loyalty belongs to Him.”

Billy takes no part of the credit for the new spiritual intensity throughout the world. He thinks of himself as merely being in the service of the Lord.

“I’m a tool of God. I can’t explain myself except by the supernatural,” so says the most effective orator in the church today. And he concludes: “If God were to take His hands off me, my lips would turn to clay.”

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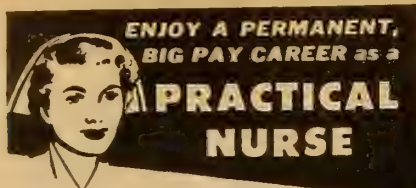
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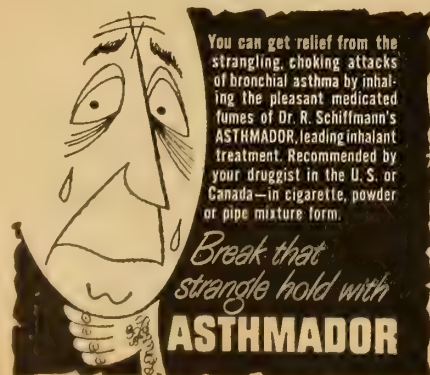
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Home at First Sight

(Continued from page 47)

and maid's room and bath. And on still another level is the utility room, with plenty of space for me to set up a hobby room. It's an interesting arrangement, and makes the house seem even roomier."

The Sterlings like modern furnishings, but not tortured, twisted shapes or sharply angular pieces. They go for "functional" furniture, with clean, simple lines designed for modern ways of living. It's the kind they bought for their New York apartment, always with a house in mind, and most of it fitted right into the new home as if specially planned for every space. The color schemes are partially an echo of the apartment they left. Both Jack and Barbara love blue. But, instead of the military blue of their old living room, the walls of the new one are Dresden blue, with some gray in it, with which the rugs they already had blend beautifully.

Their own bedroom is mostly in soft moss green, and for the nursery they chose a light yellow which brings a feeling of sunlight into the room on the rainiest day. Although it may be a little early to worry about it, Barbara has already provided equal space for each small daughter's possessions. Patty Ann has had her own wardrobe and three drawers since the beginning, and now Bethie has hers, too, exactly like Patty's.

The kitchen is birch-paneled, and here, too, the sun seems to stream in all day, every day, because of the bright yellow trim. Even the stove and refrigerator are in yellow. Barbara's great joy is her recessed oven, built into the wall, and a particularly handsome floor linoleum in black, with a multi-color splatter.

The Sterlings are neighborly folks, and Patty Ann has already made friends with everyone around. Jack is a man who has always loved meeting people. In fact, it's one of the reasons he has so much enjoyed his panel show, *Make Up Your Mind*, now on the air two years, still going strong, and getting better and better. On it there is one guest celebrity each day and one guest from the studio audience, besides regular panelists Edith Walton and John S. Young. For the gregarious Mr. Sterling the spontaneous fifteen-minute program is just a ball. It's the reason, too, why he loves his morning show, on which he talks to many unseen listeners each day. And he's completely sold on the friendliness of circus people, practically all of whom have appeared at some time on Jack's *Big Top* program.

As this is written, the Sterling family is sure to be getting a dog of some kind, at any moment, but just what breed is still a mystery. Jack's animal-trainer friends want to see that he gets just the right kind of dog, and everyone has a different idea about it. Barbara would not be surprised, however, if he comes home someday with a lion cub in tow, or a tiny monkey—and certainly a pony isn't outside the realm of possibilities. Even the radio listeners have offered pets, and any day it could rain kittens-and-pups!

Jack's radio listeners heard a lot about the pending arrival of a second child for the Sterlings, even before they heard about the new house. Some of the same listeners who had sent little gifts when Patty Ann was born now duplicated them for Bethie, although this time the Sterlings were really expecting a "John Robert"—to be named John for his daddy Jack and Robert for Robert MacGregor Senior and Junior, Barbara's dad and brother. (They're still saving the name!) Lots of listeners must have hoped for a boy, too, because they

sent so many things in blue—and congratulatory cards trimmed in the traditional "boy's" color. Mrs. McGettrick, a long-time fan of Jack's programs who is partially blind, knitted sweet little sweaters and bonnets and booties. There were knitted and crocheted blankets and carriage covers, and other sweater and bootie sets, and many toys and rattles, all gifts of love from faithful listeners who wanted to help welcome the new baby.

Having two daughters so close together in age pleases the Sterlings—except that there isn't the saving in clothes which Barbara expected. "Bethie weighed in at birth at 8 pounds, 5 ounces, but Patty Ann had been only 6 pounds, 10 ounces. All her baby things were too small for her little sister. If anything, it looks as though our older daughter may be wearing the hand-me-downs after a while."

The whole business of introducing a new baby into a home where the first child was still such a baby became quite a problem for a time. Patty Ann was too young to be prepared for the coming of another baby, and all she knew was that suddenly Bethie was there, a demanding stranger to upset things. When she first saw her little sister, she began to kick her feet together joyously over this new "live" doll. But, when Barbara picked Bethie up and held her, Patty wasn't so sure she liked that. Now all this has straightened out, and no one treats the baby with more tenderness or gives her more attention than Patty Ann does.

It has been Archie, the parakeet, who has felt the full brunt of all these changes. Time was when Archie had the full run of the Sterling apartment, and could light on Jack's shoulder or Barbara's smooth brown curls at will. Then Patty Ann came along, and he had to be caged more of the time. He had to get used to ducking when she lunged for his bright feathers through the gold bars, or to evading her grabbing little fists when the cage door was opened and he could wing his joyous way about the room, like a streak of brilliant blue, stopping to light on the silver tea service in the dining room to admire his reflection in its polished sides. Now Archie chatters to himself in his cage, and Barbara remembers to stop and talk to him whenever she can.

They sometimes wonder whether Archie recognizes that familiar voice when he hears it on radio or television, but Barbara hasn't been able to figure that one out yet. Even Patty Ann, while she stares wide-eyed at her daddy's image or hears his voice on radio, seems a little baffled.

Patty herself is a tow-headed youngster who really doesn't look like either of her parents, except that she has Barbara's big slate-blue eyes and her serious expression. Bethie looks more like her daddy every day, and is beginning to have some of his mannerisms. The Sterlings want their girls to be as "individual" as they want to be, and already they show signs of having definite personalities of their own. "We hope to give them good educations and religious training, and a happy childhood to remember always. Then we won't be worried about what they will do with their lives," Barbara says. "If either of our daughters wants to go into show business, or both of them, their daddy and I will be satisfied. Whatever they want to do will make us happy, if it makes them happy."

All this seems a long way off right now. And it really is, to a family which, like Bethie's little tree, is just beginning to put down roots in a brand-new home.

Happiness Knows No Season

(Continued from page 41)

the bottom. Spring, on vacation, was driving with her sister and brother-in-law—who was at the wheel—from their home in Denver to Colorado Springs. The sign at the foot of the mountain range had read: "Danger—Proceed at Your Own Risk." Having been on the shelf road for more than an hour, Spring now thought that the sign had been a gross understatement.

The next sign read: "Hairpin Curves—Caution." Riding around the curves, with the road apparently gone from under them, Spring had the sensation that the car was flying. This time, she thought: They're called "hairpin" because that's just how wide they are!

But the "thought" lines disappeared in a moment. It is not Spring Byington's nature to worry. She has always felt that, when presented with a problem, you do what you can—and what you can't change, you accept graciously. Spring knew her brother-in-law to be a good driver, and no amount of worrying was going to make that abyss any less deep. So she forgot about it. With her soft hair blowing delicately in the breeze from the side window, Spring once again began to appreciate the scenic wonders of the canyon.

Spring says: "When we were home again in Denver, my brother-in-law asked me if I had been scared going around the curves. I told him, 'Yes, I had a few palpitations—but, long ago, I gave up the idea of being frightened at being frightened. Go ahead and be frightened, say I—so what! Nothing I could do about that canyon was going to make it any less deep. Once you accept it, it isn't half so bad.'"

Accepting problems graciously—and doing what you can about them—is the basis of Spring's philosophy of life. Nothing you can do, for example, will keep the sun from rising in the morning and setting at night—nothing will keep the years from following one another.

"When you stop having new ideas, when you lose interest, or when you're afraid to do something new," she says, "that's when you've grown old. It can happen when you are thirty, forty, or sixty. I've always felt you can measure people's youth by the variety of their interests."

In this regard, as in many others, Spring Byington and *December Bride's* Lily are much alike. Lily and Spring are sisters under the skin—still curious, eager and alive. "Though I have no yearning at all to be young," she says, "I do have a great yearning to be ageless. Why look back? You can't do anything about the past, but you certainly can do something about the future—for that's the direction in which we're all going. There is always something new in the future."

When writer Parke Levy created *December Bride*, the part of Lily was drawn as a picture of his own beloved mother-in-law. Spring Byington, eyes forever looking to tomorrow, was obviously perfect for the role. After playing Lily for one-and-a-half years on radio, Spring was eager to get into television.

Though the work is trying and arduous, Spring says, "I've never been happier. I've never enjoyed life as much as I do today. But," she continues, "there is a time to do everything—a time to be doing and a time to be resting. True, you should have a variety of interests, but one of them should be that completely blank period which you set aside for yourself. You do absolutely nothing—I call it vegetating. You are calm and alone, simply relaxing with yourself."

Spring had just such a private time on her recent vacation trip to her sister's

home in Denver, Colorado. "My sister Helene and my brother-in-law," she says, "are the world's two best assistant 'vegetaters.' They make absolutely no appointments for me. We just sit in the backyard—the most beautiful yard in the world, with the most beautiful green lawn, the most beautiful clouds in the most beautiful sky, and the most congenial companions. We vegetate. We simply hide there like chipmunks in our secret little holes."

"But," Spring says, "you don't have to wait for vacations to make these dates with yourself. If someone calls, you simply say, 'I've got this absolutely unbreakable appointment.' You needn't feel you've told a white lie, for it's true. You must keep these dates with yourself. Some people play games for recreation. My recreation comes from the relaxing in these quiet times. I call this period with myself 're-creation.'"

In contrast with periods of complete rest, Spring's attitude toward her work is equally all-out—her philosophy here simply is to "forge ahead." Spring says, "I believe I learned this from my mother. Wherever work was concerned, she had that quality of going straight ahead."

"I've always felt my mother was very much like Madame Curie—though mother was a Canadian and Madame Curie a Pole, they were cut out of the same piece of cloth. They had the same quality of forging ahead. Mother had a great scientific curiosity, forever trying to find out how things got to be the way they were. At the same time, she was not unfeminine."

"My parents came from Port Hope in Ontario, Canada, to Denver before Helene and I were born. My father was to be the new professor of English at Colorado College, and later became the Superintendent of Schools. Since my mother had little to keep her occupied, she went down to the college with my father and took a pre-medical course—just for fun."

"When I was four years old, Helene and I were visiting my Grandfather Byington in Port Hope when suddenly my father died. My mother settled our affairs in Colorado, then returned to Canada. While Helene and I shifted from Grandfather Byington's to Grandfather Cleghorn's to Aunt Margaret's to Aunt Inez's, mother was continuing her medical studies at the University of Toronto. She later did her graduate work in Boston and, when she finally had her medical degree, we all returned to Colorado."

"But I remember those early years as in a dream. Though the constant shifting back and forth shattered our feelings of security, the new sights, sounds and smells remain as my most vivid and fondest memories. Canada, for example, has the most delicious snow apples—little red apples with snow-white flesh and tiny red veins running through them. We used to eat them with beechnuts. They tasted like no other apples in the world. And the violets in Canada—I'm sure no violets like those exist anywhere else on earth! They were so deliciously fragrant, you could put just a few in a room, and you'd know they were there the moment you entered."

"As for Canadian maple syrup—my goodness! I know the people in Vermont are proud of their maple syrup, too, but the syrup we took from the trees in front of my grandfather's house was like none other I've ever tasted."

"When I was only five years old, it was my job to bring in the buckets of fresh sap every morning. I remember the romance of that first adventure when I watched, big-eyed, as my grandfather

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bored a hole in the trees in front of the house, inserting the little shelf the sap dripped from. He didn't tap each tree every year, but rotated them. He said that resting the trees was his secret—and the reason why his maple syrup tasted so good.

"Remembering how good the maple syrup tasted, I couldn't wait to get my finger in the drippings when I collected the buckets that first morning. Oh, was I disappointed! But I learned that maple syrup doesn't develop its delicious flavor until after it's boiled.

"With the big trees in front, Grandfather Byington's house was a regular Currier-and-Ives print. It wasn't enormous, but it was roomy. There were six rooms downstairs, plus the kitchen and a greenhouse outside. It had been built by my grandfather and my father, and was a very pleasant house to live in, for it had been built for comfort. There was a sitting room and two other rooms on the north side with great high ceilings built for summer comfort. These were shut off in the winter and we didn't try to heat them. I remember it grew very cold in the winter, but I enjoyed it. I went to bed at night, in my little bedroom upstairs, just waiting for the morning—when I peeked out from under my covers at the frost on the wall, shining in the first sun like a kaleidoscope! The whole wall was a flood of rainbow colors.

"Then there was Grandfather Cleg-horn's house. For a six-year-old, the most fascinating part of the house was the cellar. It smelled wonderful! It was lined with shelves and filled with barrels of carrots and beets and potatoes all carefully wrapped in leaves which supplied just the right amount of moisture.

"Only a dim filtered light illuminated the cellar. Helene and I put planks from block to block that we ran and played on. In the dim light, the barrels were our imaginary castles, the planks were our ribbons of highway, and the four-inch deep water was our dangerous ocean. It was a dim-lit fairyland of smells.

"Then there was Aunt Margaret's and Uncle Eugene's place in Claremont. Claremont was then only a crossroad with a population of 300. Uncle Gene was the principal of the district school and Aunt Margaret one of two teachers who each taught three grades. Children came on foot and horse from all the outlying communities to Uncle Gene's school.

"Their house was cater-cornered from MacNabb's General Store—in fact, until they moved across the street, the house used to be the general store! The warehouse was still next door and Helene and I shared the large sleeping room above it. Oh, what eloquent smells came up to us from that warehouse! Sorghum, sugar, kerosene, dried apples!

"The room was no ordinary room—it was at least forty feet by forty feet, and grand for us to play in. As a combination rumpus and sleeping room, it was perfect for kids. When we had the measles, we could lie in bed and be sick together. We could paint, play, sing, pound on the drums. And, since nobody was below to bother, we could even roller-skate. In the middle of the room there stood a big pot-bellied wood-burning stove. In the winter, it was our warm friend.

"Downstairs at my Aunt Margaret's place in Claremont, there was a living room, dining room, bedroom, pantry, kitchen, and summer kitchen. Aunt Margaret never put the big coal-burning range on in summer but used a small three-burner coal oil stove in the 'summer kitchen.' This was out near the woodshed where all the garden tools and bulbs were stored. I well remember the cooking smells combined with the garden smells—an ex-

otic combination. The woodshed was shaded by another big maple tree. In the early summer, Helene and I picked the first garden tomatoes, took a salt-cellar with us and hid out on the woodshed roof. The roof, shaded by the maple tree, was the spot where we spent our happiest summer days.

"Our Aunt Inez ran a boarding house in Toronto, and finally we went to stay with her. There we had the top fourth floor bedroom with a connecting terrace which, on three sides, met the long sloping slate roof. From the terrace we could see, or imagine we could see, all of Toronto. It was like being in our own heaven. Where the roof met the terrace there were always little bits of broken slate. Helene and I took these, drawing as with chalk on the slate roof. As far as our little arms would reach, we peopled this cloudy world of ours with fairies, ogres, and our own breed of cats and dogs."

Psychologists say that children need a definite home where they are given a feeling of belonging, a sense of security, but the constant shifting from home to home made it difficult for Spring to develop this security. "The Canadian way of life," she says, "is very much like the New England way of life. There are proper things to do, and definite things not to do.

"Whenever Helene and I came into a new environment, it was always different from the last place—at least physically different. And we didn't know which social customs were accepted and which rejected. As children, we only knew that what we had once learned and held dear had gone. We didn't know where it had gone—it had simply disappeared.

"Bad as the shifting was for our security, it was equally good for our mental flexibility. We had to learn to adapt to new situations. It taught us to be flexible—an important attitude in a world changing as rapidly as ours. I learned early in my life that you can't insist on everything being today as it was yesterday."

When Spring's mother finished her medical education in Boston, she returned with her family to Denver to set up practice. A few years later, Spring remembers going to her mother and saying, "Mother, I want to be an actress." Her mother merely said, "All girls do. . . ."

But Spring was insistent and, finally, Mrs. Byington gave her an introduction to a family friend, Mrs. Elitch Long, then responsible for the famous Elitch Gardens Summer Stock Company. Mrs. Long tried to dissuade Spring, explaining the difficulty of an actress's life. But, after the conversation, Spring could only say,

"Thank you, but I still want to be an actress!" So Mrs. Long gave Spring a note to the stock company's director, and in the first week Spring had a line to read.

Asked about the title of the show that first summer, Spring replies, "Title! Who remembers the title? It was the line that was important . . . and I'll never forget it—'They say it's raining.' Why, it was the most important line in the play!"

The following June, Spring graduated from high school, and she and a handful of other young people from the Elitch Garden Summer Stock Company went out on their own. One of the boys had inherited five hundred dollars and with it purchased the royalty rights to a French play, taking it on the road. Money ran out in Kansas, and Spring moved into a one-room apartment with two other girls from the company and began job-hunting.

"I took \$17.50," she recalls, "my bus fare back to Denver—and tacked it under the rug for safe keeping. I was determined to find another acting job, but I didn't want to be left stranded in Kansas. I went from theater to theater, but nothing happened. I was down to my last dollar when another touring company came to town, and one of the women in the cast had to be replaced. I got the job."

Spring's attitude toward her career parallels her philosophy of life. She has always done what she could, and what she couldn't change she accepted graciously. The actor's ego, for example, has never been a problem with Spring—she has always been willing to work, no matter how small the part. "Sometimes," she says, "young people come to Hollywood or New York after having some small success in a local company. Their attitude is, 'I will only take a job if such-and-such a condition is met. . . .'

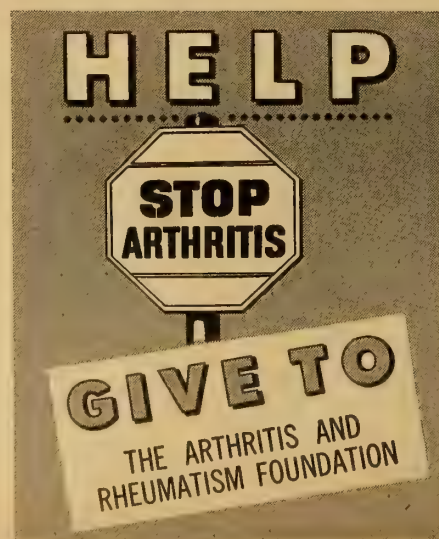
"My feeling is, this attitude is wrong. If you are interested in your work, your desire to do a good job comes first, your self-importance comes last."

This philosophy was well illustrated when, after traveling briefly with the touring company, Spring first came to New York with a small inheritance from her mother. She took every job offered to her, so long as it had to do with the stage. This attitude earned Spring a reputation as a hard worker and brought her to Hollywood in 1933. She was still in New York when Paramount began casting their ever-famous "Little Women," and were looking for someone to play "Marmee." Stuart Walker, who knew Spring from the stage said, "Ask Spring Byington—she'll be willing to play 'Marmee,' the aunt, or the dog. She'll play anything!" Spring played "Marmee."

Today, a grandmother, Spring is working in the arduous medium of television, and enjoying life more than ever. It seems that the hard work demanded in TV was made for her. In addition to television, she has still seen fit to add to her variety of interests: Spring Byington is learning how to fly!

When people ask her if she isn't afraid of the new things in life—such as flying or acting in the new medium of TV—Spring replies: "I have no patience with people, who, when their hair turns gray, think there is nothing else to learn, no new fields to explore—who ignore the future and continue to live their life of yesterday.

"Or, worse still, they sit around and worry about getting old! If there's one thing I've learned, it's this: With problems, you do what you can—those you can't change, you accept graciously. We can do nothing in the world about the passing years—but we can do something about today and keeping tomorrow alive. And that's the secret of youth."



Be What You Want To Be

(Continued from page 59)

first and only choice for the leading role. Foster was born beside the sea. He grew up in Pittman, New Jersey. His father was a fisherman and lifeguard. Pres could swim before he could walk, and as a child he sold fish in his father's shop. Since childhood, Preston has had salt water in his veins. The ocean's driving force is matched by Preston's own determination. As a child, he wanted to be an actor, he knew he would be an actor, he was determined to be an actor. Dustin "Dusty" Farnum was his hero and, someday, Pres said, he, too, would be on the screen.

"If you know Preston," says his wife Sheila, "then you're not surprised to find that his determination made him a success. But it wasn't determination alone—it was his entire philosophy of life. You hear a lot about the power of positive thinking. Preston has been thinking up—thinking constructively—ever since he was a kid. His success as an actor is living proof of it. People laughed at him when his hero was still Dustin Farnum. But he never stopped believing he'd make it.

"His formula for a successful life in any field?" Sheila hardly pauses to consider, before replying: "Point one, have confidence in yourself—and, two, refuse to think yourself down. His life is one long story of doing things people said he couldn't do."

People generally cocked a tolerant eye at young Preston for wanting to become an actor. Saturday afternoons, with no place to go, he dressed up in his father's best clothes—derby hat to spats—and stood on the street corner leaning against the light post practicing the gestures of his hero Dusty Farnum. Preston was acting. People referred to him as "that Foster fella."

Not everybody laughed at Preston. Lew Herschel, working companion on the Philadelphia Ledger, encouraged him. "Sure, Pidge," said Herschel, using Foster's early nickname, "someday you will be a big star and, when you are, I'm going to build the world's greatest arena for you to perform in." After twenty-two years of writing an annual letter back and forth, "Pidge" Foster and Lew Herschel (now with the Washington Post Times Herald) recently got together with their families for a visit in Las Vegas. Pres said: "So where's the arena?"

Preston left high school in his third year. He'd been dismissed for injudicious (though ingenious) use of a firehose at a school dinner. When he left, his dad wasn't too happy with the acting career he was aiming for. But his mother said, "We've taught you right from wrong. You're grown now. Go ahead, do what you think is right." Later, when he played "heavies" on the screen, his mother asked: "Oh, Pres, do you have to play those parts?"

"They pay the rent," said Preston, "and the landlord doesn't care what kind of a role you play to earn the money."

After seeing the first Waterfront film on TV, his mother wrote: "Oh, Pres, at last you're playing yourself!"

Before riding the crest of success in acting, Preston Foster worked at no less than fifty-six different jobs: moving, packing loading and unloading phonographs at the Victor Talking Machine Company, driving a bus, selling appliances door-to-door, selling advertising for the Camden Courier, and, later, for the Philadelphia Ledger.

While working on the newspaper, Preston made constant weekend trips to New York, trying to get a break as an actor.

He worked as an extra on Paramount's Long Island lot (with Ginger Rogers, Gary Cooper, and Claudette Colbert), in the chorus of the Philadelphia Opera, and on the musical-comedy stage. One Saturday, his boss at the Ledger saw him in a matinee performance of "The Miracle," when Pres should have been out selling advertising. On Monday, he said, "Foster, you're fired!"

But losing his job was no new experience for Preston. In the course of his climb to success, it happened more than fifty times—and, each time, it only strengthened his determination to succeed. In his late teens, Preston began working more steadily as a singer in the opera's chorus than as an actor. With the extra money, he began studying voice. Taking lessons from the best teachers available, he soon graduated to supporting roles, singing in "La Traviata," "Rigoletto," and in "Othello" (with Tito Ruffo), when he was coached by Artur Rodzinski.

At that time, most of Broadway's performers, both actors and singers, turned their noses up when anyone said, "Hollywood." But not Preston Foster. He'd taken aim at the screen, and he was determined to get there. Finally, in 1932, Pres landed the second lead in the Broadway play, "Two Seconds." It was seen by Mervyn LeRoy. He brought Preston and the play to Hollywood, where Preston enacted the role he created on the stage. From that, he went into "The Last Mile"—"which picture," he says, "made me." (It also made Clark Gable and Spencer Tracy.)

Preston Foster's success in motion pictures is now history. But his success in the field of music is not so well known. Yet, as a vocalist, guitarist, lyricist, and composer, a growing success he is. Again, his wife Sheila attributes it to his "up-beat" thinking: *Have confidence in yourself, and don't think yourself down.* "When Pres first started on his 'home-made' guitar," says Sheila, "some folks told him he would have a hard time getting music out of it. Pres said, 'We'll see...'"

"Preston's interest in music," Sheila adds, "began when he was only ten years old—he took three months of violin lessons, paid for with soap coupons. It was then he learned to read notes."

"It was a natural step from the violin to the ukulele—they were popular at the time. He knew a few chords but gave up the instrument when he took up singing. In 1941, when Pres was on location in Phoenix for 'Thunderbirds,' he stopped in a music store and was fiddling with a uke when his stand-in, Harry Mayo, came in and asked, 'What's a big guy like you doing, plucking on that dinky instrument?'"

"I was thinking of buying it," Pres said. "I played one when I was a kid." Harry talked him out of buying it," Sheila smiles, "but not without a longing look. Six weeks later he was celebrating his birthday in Cedar City when the uke was presented to him as a gift, and Pres soon again became adept on the ukulele."

"After we were married in 1946, I bought him a four-string guitar for Christmas. I thought it would be a toy like the ukulele—but I was mistaken."

"My own hobby had always been music. When I was a kid at Los Angeles High School, I sat in the Hollywood Music Store until ten every night, listening to records. I made a list of the recordings I couldn't live without. At that time the list totaled \$2000! Before I ever owned a record player, I started my collection."

"I knew the words to a thousand old songs, so Pres and I combined our hobbies

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—on location, he played his guitar and we both sang. Up at Zion, where he was shooting 'Ramrod,' he sat on the lawn in the evening, playing and singing. Part of the company joined in on the folk songs until an irate would-be sleeper protested."

Dynamic Preston Foster has never done anything halfway. When he and Sheila worked together on their singing, he was busy rebuilding his guitar—it didn't give out with enough "base," so Pres replaced the fourth string with one from a cello. Some people said, "You can't get music from that setup. Why don't you take lessons and do this thing right?" But Preston evolved his own method, cello string and all, and taught himself to play.

Making personal appearances in theaters for picture openings has always made Pres feel a bit helpless. "You walk out and say hello," he says, "and then there's nothing to do. So Sheila and I took our guitar to a San Francisco opening and sang a few songs for the folks. They liked it. It just so happened that an MCA agent was in the house, and we soon were developing an 'act' that was in demand."

As Preston became more skillful on the guitar, the Fosters began adding ballads, semi-classics and popular tunes to their repertoire. Preston also started writing music, making special arrangements for them to sing.

All this time, Preston would take his guitar every place he and Sheila went—to parties, benefits, hospital shows, to theater openings and premieres of his pictures. Even while traveling on trains, the guitar was a constant companion. It was a short trip that didn't find the porters, stewards and conductors joining in on "Jimmy Crack Corn."

It was one way Preston got Sheila over her stagefright, at the same time finding out what people like to hear. The act evolved with help from many friends, listening to each addition, giving encouragement and constructive criticism. Hal Kantor, Lee Wayne, and other top writers helped with the dialogue. Lou Bonnie made the orchestrations. And much musical aid came from Gene Leis and Perry Botkin. Soon Preston and Sheila were playing and singing at theaters, night clubs, state fairs, and special events all over the country.

About this time, Preston made a wonderful discovery. His daughter, Stephanie, then thirteen years old, had a fine singing talent—nearly a three-octave natural range! Inspired by her father's and stepmother's enjoyment and success with music, she begged for a musical career. Preston held off for months, while he told her the unglamorous part of a career: The years of study and self-discipline... the problem of losing your private life once you enter public life... that in show business you are forever looking for a job—because any job you get is soon over.

But, finally, Preston agreed to Stevie's wish, placing her under the instruction of Nina Koshetz and Gary Leonoff. She has been with them two and a half years, progressing far enough to sing in two concerts, and to appear with Preston and Sheila at a dozen or more benefits.

Preston's music progressed, too, and his compositions began finding acceptance. He and Perry Botkin (Bing Crosby's guitarist and arranger for many years) wrote a song about an Irish cowboy called "Two Shillelagh O'Sullivan." Perry induced Crosby to record it for Decca. He also published "O'Sullivan" and other compositions by Preston, helping him become a member of ASCAP (the American Society of Composers, Authors, and Publishers).

"Picture business fell off in 1950," says

Sheila. "Whereas a studio used to have twenty-two pictures going, they then produced only six a year. A lot of actors were losing their cars and houses and moaning about bad times. Not Pres. He said, 'I can't do anything about the motion picture industry, but I can do something about myself.' He took his guitar and we set off across the country on tour. We played clubs and shows from coast to coast, and from Canada to Mexico. Just three years ago, Pres had been told he wouldn't get anywhere with his 'home-made' setup without lessons. Today, he's become the highest paid guitar player in Local 47."

When *Waterfront* came along, it was natural for Preston to step into the role of Captain John Herrick. But the additional work a weekly TV show requires did not keep Preston from his other interests.

While shooting *Waterfront*, the Fosters live in a 40-foot Rollo-home trailer parked on the Hal Roach lot. Pres says, "It saves time. At the most, I spend thirty seconds a day walking to and from work."

"When Pres comes in for lunch," says Sheila, "the first thing he does is reach for his electric guitar. While I fix lunch, he writes a few more bars on the song he's composing, or we run over one of our numbers. At dinner, we repeat the performance. And usually we have an audience—members of the cast or crew who drop in on their way home or are there to discuss tomorrow's shooting."

"Pres even works while relaxing—watching TV is his foremost form of entertainment. First, we watch all the musicals. Here Pres has his guitar in hand accompanying the singers. Then we watch the dramas. Preston feels he should keep his hand in. 'I may see something in those shows,' he says, 'that will help us—or I might see an error we can avoid.' Preston even improvises incidental music to accompany these dramatic shows."

"We are not concerned with material things," says Sheila. "We don't make collections of possessions. We love music, friendships... we get our enjoyments from our experiences."

When Preston and Sheila first met on an RKO lot, it was this common appreciation of the simple things in life which inspired their desire to know one another better. Gypsies at heart, when they decided to marry, they simply started driving toward San Francisco, a town they both loved. They obtained their license four hours later in San Luis Obispo, were married four hours farther on in Burlingame, and honeymooned that evening in San Francisco.

Reminiscent of the ocean's rolling waves is the rolling hills of a ranch—that's the Fosters' home, their 400-acre ranch, Twin Oaks, some sixty miles north of Los Angeles. "Any one of the oaks," says Sheila, "dwarfs the trailer. We spend our weekends there. Preston sharecrops: We raise wheat, barley, oats, alfalfa—all in rotation. The ranch is covered with machinery, hay bailers, tractors, trucks, plows and graders, everything modern to make a ranch go. Preston operates all the machinery but specializes in road-building. He has a reputation for being one of the best 'cat' (short for 'caterpillar' tractor) skimmers on the mountain." It takes great physical strength to control a road-building caterpillar tractor. Preston's ability here marks him as a man's man.

But, with it all, as the sea is gentle, so is Preston. There is a sensitivity in his personality which lets him feel the needs of others. For example, he gives unstintingly of his time to every good cause. He's traveled as far as Milwaukee for one

Again, on last Christmas' show, Preston's daughter Stevie played a small role as choir leader and helper to the show's

It's true, Preston Foster is playing himself. In the words of Ben Fox: "Courageous, God-fearing . . . with great physical strength, intelligence, and a sense of humor. . . ." Dynamic and active with his many interests, and with his own upbeat philosophy—this is Preston Foster. When he steps off the *Waterfront* set, he does not step out of character. Except for their names, Captain John Herrick and actor Preston Foster are one and the same man—right down to their love for lemon meringue pie.

Art was the flash of San Diego State College. President of the senior class, president of his fraternity, captain of the basketball team, and a dreamboat on the dance floor. He was working his way through school, grading papers, and working for his meals in the kitchen of a sorority. He had no money for dates or for gifts for Lois, but he gave her his gold basketball and all his medals—and he always had "an angle" for the evening's entertainment.

Driving up the coast that golden November afternoon, Art Linkletter's proud heart filled. Nothing was too good for this dewy-eyed bride of his. He was going to show her everything in this whole wide wonderful world, he again promised himself . . . as they traveled toward Long

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Beach for their honeymoon (and Long Beach she'd already seen). As for his dewy-eyed bride, she was even then dreaming of the home she would make for him. The vine-covered cottage with babies playing on the well-scrubbed floor.

And so they settled down in a forty-dollar apartment in San Diego with thoughts of keeping those campaign promises. But they didn't settle long. Art quit his staff post with the radio station "for a job with the Texas Centennial that would just last six months—I'd already begun to shed my taste for security," he laughs. But he adds, "I thought I'd gone about as far as I could in San Diego, anyway. I could see a future in this emcee business, and this gave me the chance to get out and explore." His bride gave him the added courage and inspiration. No longer alone, he was now shedding his fear of insecurity, too.

With their two-hundred-dollar nest-egg, they set out confidently in an old beat-up Dodge "that averaged two quarts of oil to every ten gallons of gasoline." They carried quarts of oil in the car with them—and Art began showing his bride the world. At least it seemed like the world. En route to Dallas, he stopped all along the way, circling leisurely in and out of the mountains and going via the Grand Canyon and the Carlsbad Caverns... "all the way—pouring oil."

They arrived in Dallas hot and weary and down to \$50, which Art promptly dispensed with, when their prospective landlady said she thought he resembled British film star Leslie Howard—and inquired whether he'd like to pay the first month's rent in advance. "Why, certainly," he beamed.

As Lois remembers well, "I was dying, I was so mad! Then he had to get an advance on his first month's pay so we could eat." But Art was undismayed. As he says, "I was going to get \$300 a month there. As a matter of fact, I never made under \$300 a month from then on—when I was working..."

Which he wasn't during their first Thanksgiving anniversary...

For very sentimental reasons, they'd decided to celebrate their anniversary on Thanksgiving Day each year—although their decision had its practical side, too. "Actually, we don't remember the day-of-the-month we were married. Neither one of us is very good at remembering dates, and we thought this would be the surest way." Even then, they're still a little hazy about the details of that first wedding anniversary.

As it happened, the whole country was a little confused about anniversaries that particular year. "Most people just have one anniversary, you know. Ordinarily, we would have two—the date we were actually married and Thanksgiving Day itself, which is the day we celebrate. But—one reason we're confused about this—that year, we had three! They inaugurated two Thanksgivings. The Republicans celebrated Thanksgiving on the fourth Thursday and the Democrats on the third Thursday," says Art.

And the Linkletters couldn't celebrate any of them. This, they remember well. They were flat broke, and Roosevelt gave them an extra anniversary. "I was unemployed at the time. We had no money, no job, and no home. I'd turned down a steady position offered me in Dallas, and I was dickering for work at the San Francisco World's Fair—but I didn't have it then. We were just floating around."

Their second Thanksgiving anniversary, however, they could never forget.

They were living in a small crowded apartment in the Marino district of San

Francisco, and Art was becoming an expert on World's Fairs—a fairly limited vocation. But they were already conscientiously fulfilling those wedding vows. One evening he breezed into home plate to find his little bride busily engaged in sewing frilly things.

"Window curtains," she explained, "for the nursery."

"What window? And what nursery?" he marveled.

But Lois had unsuspected talents as an ad-lib artist on her own. "There's a little window in the end of the closet. We can take the in-a-door bed out, and put the crib in there."

They celebrated that anniversary in San Francisco Children's Hospital, and Art Linkletter had another reason for giving thanks. His wife had given him a son. They'd hoped the baby would be born on their anniversary. Instead, he arrived on November 20th—right at the moment Stanford made the winning touchdown in the big annual football game with Cal. The radio was on in the delivery room, and a worried Lois hazily heard the doctors and nurses changing their bets and talking football scores—and she hoped the odds favored delivering her baby, too.

"Art gave me a wristwatch, and that was really stretching things then," she remembers only too well. Most treasured of all was that thrilling moment when they took their son Jack home from the hospital to the closet with the frilly new curtains they'd prepared for him...

Every Thanksgiving anniversary thereafter, Art gave Lois something of value. "He's always gone overboard on our anniversaries," she observes approvingly.

The faded negligee hanging in the closet of their elegant home is mute testimony of those sentimental early Thanksgivings when Art Linkletter was struggling to make a name for himself in radio—and "going overboard" on gifts for her. He'd initiated an informal audience participation show called *What Do You Think?* which proved too informal and too controversial. "Art almost caused a revolution with that one," Lois recalls. This was during the war, and some of the thoughts on politics and such were too hot to be aired. He had a daily daytime show, and he devised another called *Who's Dancing Tonight*, which originated from the top hotels, with Art interviewing patrons.

On Art's first trip south, their anniversary was all they had to celebrate during eight very discouraging and defeating months, during which every show Art had didn't pan out. For the first time he was faced with failure. And another son, Robert, was on the way.

"Art came to Hollywood with good package shows," Lois says, "but nothing worked out. Everything he touched went bad that year. It was just a chain of unfortunate circumstances." An oil company bought Art's "party show," wherein he took listeners to the party-of-the-week. Later, the president of the company, who'd been in Europe when it was purchased, decided it wasn't "dignified enough" for his concern. "Art had a contract, but he wouldn't stay on if they didn't like him. He let them cancel out without paying anything. He had a sustaining half-hour variety show on CBS, but prospective sponsors wanted expensive talent the budget wouldn't take, so this one fell through, too."

He bundled up his brood and returned to San Francisco "where they liked us, and where we'd been so happy." They bought a home—their first—in St. Francis Wood. But Art didn't give up the bigger time. He began commuting back and forth

to Hollywood with his *People Are Funny* show. And, two years later, when General Electric bought the show, the Linkletters returned to Hollywood to stay. Art rose to fame very fast as king of the emcees, and as the wholesome heart-throb of housewives throughout the land who never miss his *CBS House Party*. He's a man of means, and becoming increasingly wealthier.

Nor has Lois been inactive in expanding the domestic front. Their cute, lively daughters, Sharon, 9, and Diane, 6, round out the Linkletters' "basketball team." Sometimes Art has Lois on his Thanksgiving Day shows. "I'm always introduced as 'one of Hollywood's greatest producers—the mother of five little Links,'" she laughs. "I'm used to being a good stooge now!"

They've come a long way together, this Thanksgiving team. The wide-eyed small-town girl and the boy who belonged to nobody. And they've both changed. . . .

As Art says teasingly now, "When I met Lois, she'd never been farther than Los Angeles. She didn't know anything about life. She wouldn't even go to a party at the San Diego Press Club because she'd heard it was a wicked place. For one thing, the club was located upstairs." But he stops smiling when he tells you how much he himself has changed and the part Lois has played in it. Master of words though he is, he gropes around trying to find the right ones. As though there's just too much to go into. Too much to say.



"Well—more than anything else, she's made me unashamed to be somewhat sentimental. I always covered up with everybody else before. . . ."

She's given him a home—in every moving meaning of the word. A home in which Art's adored foster mother, 87-year-old Mrs. Mary Linkletter, comes and goes at will. (She won't give up the apartment she's had in Pomona for the past twenty years, but she comes for "two-week visits" from time to time, and says proudly of him, "Artie is everything a mother could want.")

Today he has his own family. He's enclosed by a company of lively, affectionate little—and not-so-little—Links. At 17, his son Jack is making his own name in radio with his *CBS Teen-Timers* show. Theirs is a chattering circle around the breakfast table every morning, as Art chats with the children, reads the papers, checks his mail, answers the phone, and confers with his broker about the bonds and stocks he wants to buy and sell that day. . . . "All," as Lois says laughingly, "at the same time." But he enjoys it. He wants the family around. He can work on scripts with the kids chattering and the TV on. When it's too quiet, it bothers him.

"We have dinner together every evening at six," says Lois, "and Art tries to get home early enough to have a swim with the children before that time. Sometimes he goes for a bicycle ride with them after dinner, and they have their own tour. They bicycle in and out of Humphrey Bogart's drive-way, and up around the corner around Sammy Cahn's place, and they curve in and out at Lana Turner's home. Tourists going by on the

sightseeing bus really crane their necks. I suppose they can't believe it—Art Linkletter and the children all strung out on their bikes as far as you can see."

But, today, Thanksgiving is still a double holiday in the Linkletter household, with both red roses and cranberries on the bill of fare. They have dinner with the children in the middle of the day, with turkey and all the trimmings. But, that night, they go dancing and celebrate their anniversary. They sip champagne and they twirl as expertly as the boy and girl who free-wheeled in those street dances in San Diego twenty years ago.

"Now we can afford the swanky spots and exquisite surroundings, but you can't dance there," says Art. "In a night club, every time you pivot you put out somebody's eye. This Thanksgiving, I have in mind taking Lois to the Aragon Ballroom on the pier—or to the Palladium—where we can pivot and really cut a rug!"

He isn't sure what official significance the twentieth anniversary holds materially—whether it's china or crystal or what. "Anyway, ours will be uranium. I'm thinking of getting Lois a uranium mine."

As for those faraway places, she's been to about all of them and back again . . . and her husband's still showing her the world. She's probably the world's most traveling wife. Last year they flew completely around the world. They've been to South America, to Asia, and to Europe many times. They've danced on the beach at Waikiki—and they've visited ragged refugee barracks in Pakistan.

"We're going to the Olympic Games in Australia next summer," Art says now enthusiastically. "And I've made reservations for a safari in Africa in 1957. . . ."

Meanwhile, Lois is commuting back and forth with him to New York every month for the NBC-TV spectacles he now hosts. "I hate any hotel room without her in it," Art says. As a matter of fact, it takes a lot of tall traveling just to visit their "overseas family," the war orphans they've adopted in Paris, and Rome and Greece. Half-orphans like twelve-year-old Roland Mongeard, whose father was killed in the war and of whom they say, like any fond parents, "His voice is changing—he's growing up so fast." There's dark-eyed Alberto Di Raco, 14, who writes them such warm letters so regularly and who "has such artistic possibilities—we have so much hope for him."

And there's a beautiful little girl in Athens, Stella Tambaki, who lived in a shack in a pauper's section called "Little Korea," who sang Greek folks songs for them and did a little folk dance—there on the dirt floor—and whose whole family, tubercular grandmother and all, belong to Art Linkletter's now. . . .

"Every day is Thanksgiving to me now," Art Linkletter says, slowly. "I've never stopped marvelling at the wonderful things that have happened to me. When we travel around the world and see conditions in other countries, and kids in other countries—countries where conditions are supposed to be good—I'm so thankful. And, when I think of my own background, the poverty and the struggles . . . and today. I just can't believe it. . . ."

"We've had a fast trip in twenty years, Lois and I—in more ways than one," he goes on. "And in every way, she hung onto my shirt-tail flying through the breeze—and stayed right up behind me, all the way. . . ."

And every Thanksgiving Day they commemorate, not only the landing of the better-known Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock, but that of those other two who started out in an old beat-up Dodge that inhaled oil . . . and found the end of the rainbow.

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T
V
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Barbara Becker's Road Of Life

(Continued from page 50)

forthright and—yes, so matter-of-fact—about her whole manner, in the penetrating gaze of gray eyes from a face as scrubbed and fair as a schoolgirl's. Her long light hair is pulled back from her forehead and held almost primly by a barrette. She is dressed simply, has on very little make-up, is of average height (5'4"), slender, and is wearing glasses (she does except when she is on TV). No sparks seem to fly from her to those around her, no electric current seems to flow toward the others in the crowds that fill the galleries . . . as most certainly happens when she speaks into a microphone or walks before a television camera.

Barbara likes it that way. "I do my acting in the studio, not in the street," she says. "I think that's as it should be. I don't live like an actress, either. I look upon acting as the work I love, not as any special way of life. First of all I am a person, mother to an interesting small boy, trying to make a home for him and to give him a good education, looking ahead to his development and to my own."

Far removed from the excitement and glamour usually associated with an actress is her routine right now, for instance. Her working day, Monday through Friday, begins at nine in the morning and doesn't end until around four in the afternoon. There is a new script to be studied every evening. There is a dramatic class for professionals—taught by Donald Richardson—in which she has been a student for more than seven years. ("I keep on working very hard to make my work better all the time.") There are a few close friends to keep up with. She allows herself one night a week to go out with a "date" (her marriage ended a few years ago). She likes staying home evenings with her son . . . and, after Bryden's in bed and she is through with her work, losing herself in reading—more often than not, it will be science fiction. "It fascinates me," she explains, "and I read every bit of it I can find time for."

Nothing about Barbara's background was theatrical. She grew up in Detroit, in an average kind of family, has two married sisters who never wanted to be actresses. She got interested because the Detroit school system has a visual and radio education program in which she participated during her high school years. By the time she was seventeen, Barbara was a staff announcer for Station WJLB in Detroit, taking to it as calmly as other girls take to shorthand and typing. She never had mike-fright, that scourge of the novice. ("Because my good training had taken care of it.")

Unlike the usual young actress, everything which has come her way professionally has been as easy and simple as that.

Her first job was the product of a wartime shortage of male announcers at the smaller stations, and she had opportunities she might have waited years to get during any other period. She doubled as a disc jockey, engineered her own board, still holds a second-class engineering certificate—surely something few young actresses can boast of! After about six months of announcing, Barbara got so many chances to act on radio that, in another six months, she began to give full time to dramatic roles. She was on the *Lone Ranger* program for a long time, among many other shows.

If this all sounds almost too easy to be true, it's because it was. There has been none of the proverbial suffering or sacrificing. Jobs just happened to Barbara, as a matter of course, after she prepared herself carefully and took the requisite auditions. But there have been no heartbreaks, no tears, no shattered dreams . . . not the least bit like the usual biography of a successful player.

When she was 21, Barbara decided it was time, however, to put one planned move to the test. "By that time," she says, "I had done or was doing just about everything I could on a small station, and I knew I should be moving along." She wanted to get into New York radio. Friends from her home town were there to keep her from feeling too alone, and she was sure there would be jobs, plenty of them, when she got started.

There were. Within a few months, during which she was constantly seeing people and auditioning for them, work began to flow toward her. She got a regular assignment on an early evening program for children, *The Sparrow And The Hawk*, which many people still remember fondly. This opened the door to other jobs, to dramatic roles on many of the big nighttime radio programs and on some of the daytime dramas. When she married, her career was in full swing. And, when Bryden was born—although she took almost two years away from radio—once more, jobs were no problem.

About a year later, a competitive audition was held for the part of Sibyl Fuller in *The Road Of Life* . . . and Barbara got it—to nobody's surprise. Her deep-toned voice (really not a "blonde" voice at all!) with its many shadings of emotion, seemed just right for the rebellious, high-strung Sibyl, just as her rather brittle manner and quick gestures also seemed right later for Sibyl on TV.

About this woman with whom she has been associated for almost five years, Barbara says: "I find Sibyl a sympathetic character in spite of the many things she does to complicate her life and the lives of others. I have learned to know her so well and to understand her motivations. I am

really very fond of her by now. As for the others on the show, the cast and the producer and director and crew, I can't say enough about how nice they are—the best group I have ever worked with."

Bryden sometimes used to watch his mother's show on television, when the story line wasn't too adult for a small boy, and Barbara was always struck with the fact that he never talked much about how she looked . . . only about the way she worked. ("He thinks I'm a good actress—and of course I love that.")

In spite of the fact that they have a fine relationship, Barbara sticks to the "I'm the adult and you're the child" rule by which she herself was brought up. "We're not what the modern phrase describes as 'pals,' although we are great friends. Bryden knows I make the decisions, because I'm the grownup and know what it's all about, and because there are times when a little boy must accept a grownup's authority. He's a real boy, however, and we have a lot of fun together. I believe that I spend as much time with him as other mothers do with their children. I try to be at home most of the time when he is, and I have competent help when I am not there."

"Bryden is an artistic little boy who likes to go to art museums, and I try to take him as often as possible. He has talent for music, too. When he learned to play an old instrument, called a psaltery, in the private day school he attends in winter, he couldn't wait until he saved enough money from his allowance to buy his own psaltery, and he likes to practice on it. Summers, we have a cottage up in Connecticut for weekends and, during the hottest months, he goes to a day camp connected with his school. His biggest interests at the moment are pretty normal—baseball and Davy Crockett!"

Mother and son live in a small New York apartment not too far from the CBS studios. The feature that makes the apartment seem most like a real home is the big outdoor terrace, almost as big as the whole indoor space they occupy. It is their summer living- and dining-room, and has encouraged them to become gardeners. They even grow a few vegetables in deep boxes, and there are flowers and shrubs. The apartment is done in pink and white and black—black furniture, enlivened by some pink painted pieces, such as their table, and white rugs. Pink is Barbara's favorite color.

When you ask her about her philosophy of life, or her goals, she laughs. "My philosophy of life? Well, some days I feel that just to get through it is philosophy enough. To be able to say, 'Well, I finally made it!' Seriously, however, I believe I have a philosophy of sorts, and a goal—at least I have an idea now of what I want to do with my life. In the first place, I'm young and I hope to marry again. I would like that for Bryden's sake, too."

"And I want always to go on with my work. I want to go on being Sibyl Fuller. I want to add some night-time dramatic television shows to my list. I long to be in a play someday—a hit show on Broadway, naturally! And a motion picture—a hit movie, of course! What I'm really saying is that I would like to be a versatile and well-rounded actress, and a happy and fulfilled woman."

If she were starting again, at seventeen, would she still choose the same career? "I would still want to be an actress. But still an actress who does all her acting in the studio, or on a stage . . . leaving me a simple, everyday sort of person in my private life."

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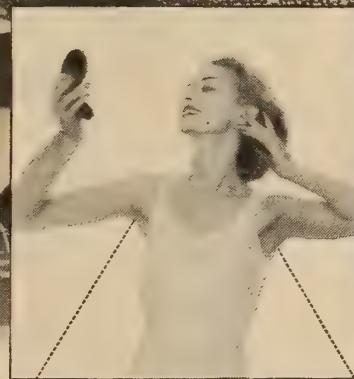
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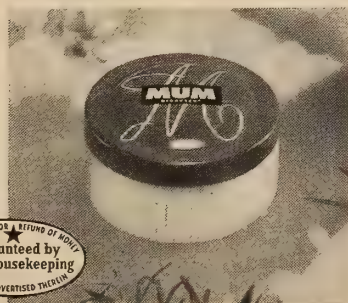
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TV RADIO MIRROR

N. Y., N. J., Conn. Edition

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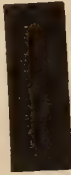


BAD BREATH
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BAD BREATH
WAS REDUCED
THIS MUCH
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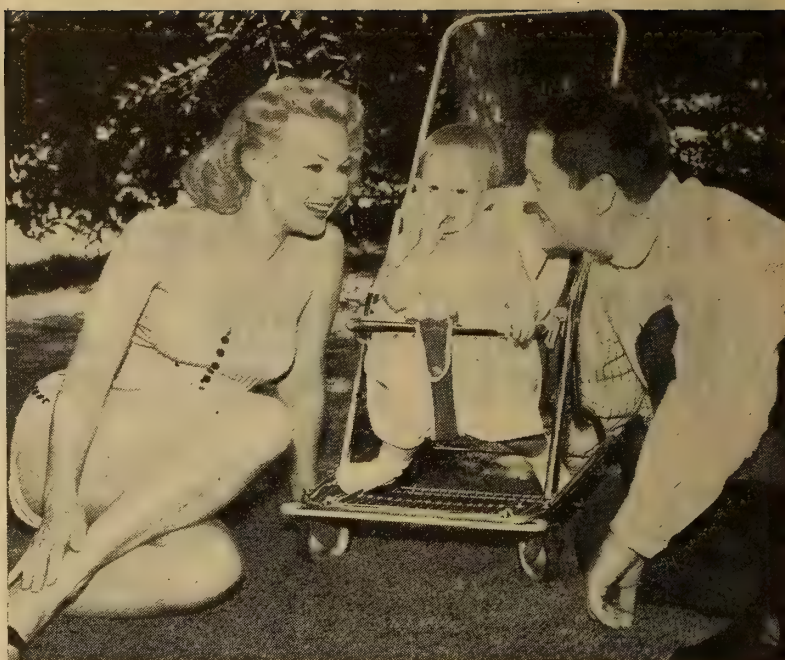


LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC ... THE MOST WIDELY USED ANTISEPTIC IN THE WORLD

• By Jill Warren



Suburbia gets a mild ribbing in *My Favorite Husband*, with Vanessa Brown and Barry Nelson.



With actress-wife Virginia Mayo and baby Mary Catherine, Michael O'Shea finds, as per the title of his NBC-TV show, *It's A Great Life*.

WHAT'S NEW FROM

TAKING its name from the century we live in, *Project 20*, NBC's ambitious TV entry this season, premieres on the network Thursday night, November 13, with "Nightmare in Red." This will be a one-hour film show, produced by Henry Salomon, who did *Victory At Sea* last year, with a special musical background composed by Robert Russell Bennett. "Nightmare in Red" will be a documented history of Russia from the Russian Revolution to present times, using film clips and captured films (from Europe) of Lenin, Stalin, and others, most of which have never been seen before. *Project 20* will be seen on various Thursday nights, with the date of the next show, scheduled to be "The Jazz Age," starring Fred Allen, still to be announced.

CBS-TV also has a new documentary series called "Wanted," which is seen on Thursday nights. On this half-hour, the "actors" are actually real criminals and real officers of the law. There are also

factual picturizations of crime and the never-ending hunt for the nation's most wanted fugitives from justice. True to its title, "Wanted" will deal only with criminals still at large.

NBC Opera Theater is set to be a regular once-a-month Sunday-afternoon TV production, alternating with *Maurice Evans Presents The Hallmark Hall Of Fame* and *Wide, Wide World*. Opera Theater, with "Griffelkin" as its first presentation, will present a two-hour performance of "Madame Butterfly" on December 4, with Mozart's "The Magic Flute" scheduled for January.

Hallmark Hall Of Fame show for November 20 will be "The Devil's Disciple," by George Bernard Shaw. Co-starred will be Maurice Evans and Dennis King, recreating their original roles from the Broadway production.

ABC-TV has lined up a most impressive list of movies to be shown this season on their new *Famous Film Festival*, seen Sunday nights,

with Allyn Edwards as host. The dates will be announced later, but you may look forward to such fine movies as "The Importance of Being Earnest," "Notorious Gentleman," "Stairway to Heaven," "Tight Little Island," "The Woman in Question," "The Man in Grey," "Madonna of the Seven Moons," and "The Mikado." If you missed any of these when they were originally released, now is your chance to see them in your living room.

In the spectacular department, you can see Max Liebman's production of "Dearest Enemy," on NBC-TV, Saturday night, November 26. It will star Anne Jeffreys and Robert Sterling, and the music and lyrics are by Richard Rodgers and the late Larry Hart.

Sunday night, December 4, will find Maurice Chevalier starring in a musical-variety revue, as one of NBC-TV's spectaculars this season. This will be Chevalier's first live television appearance in this country, though he has been a video



Songstress Lu Ann Simms and husband Loring Buzzell welcome baby Cynthia Lee, who's Lu Ann's reason for being absent from Arthur Godfrey's shows.

COAST TO COAST

favorite in France for some time.

Jack Benny has emceed and produced a special half-hour television film for the National Society for Retarded Children, and it will be seen throughout the country during National Retarded Children's Week, November 13 to 23. Benny, as honorary chairman of this fine organization, assembled an all-star cast for the show, all of whom freely donated their talents. Irene Dunne, Bob Crosby and his daughter Cathy, Marge and Gower Champion, The Modernaires, Art Linkletter, Liberace and brother George, and Don Wilson appear in the film. All production facilities for the show were lent by CBS-TV. Incidentally, this program will not be broadcast on a network hook-up, but will be seen on local stations throughout the country.

There's a new TV show for the youngsters, Saturday mornings on NBC. It's called *Fury*, and is an adventure series about a wild stallion and a city waif, starring eleven-

year-old Bobby Diamond and Gypsy, a prize-winning movie horse. The story has been adapted from the classic children's story, "Black Beauty."

With the many new shows and spectaculars to dazzle viewers' eyes, the sturdy favorite, *Studio One*, goes into its eighth year of presenting hour-long original dramas and adaptations of famed plays and novels. Felix Jackson, who starts his third season as producer, promises more good things to come.

This 'n' That:

The year's most talked-about wedding finally took place on September 26 as Eddie Fisher and Debbie Reynolds were married. The wedding was held at the upstate New York home of Mrs. Elaine Grossinger Etess, daughter of Mrs. Jennie Grossinger, owner of the famous Grossinger's Catskill Mountains resort, where Eddie launched his career six years ago.

Singer Merv Griffin has joined the

cast of Robert Q. Lewis' daily CBS-TV show, and The Chordettes have departed, though they're still heard on Robert Q.'s radio show. The cast change came about because the producers wanted to revamp the program a bit.

Ronny Burns, the twenty-year-old son of George Burns and Gracie Allen, has now become a permanent cast member of his parents' comedy TV show. Ronny made his television debut with Jack Benny on the *Shower Of Stars* presentation of "Time Out for Ginger."

Dennis Day and his wife are expecting an addition to their family in January, which will make it number five for the Days. Also on the stork's future list is Roxanne, Bud Collyer's beautiful assistant on *Beat The Clock*. While she's away from the TV cameras, Roxanne will be replaced by Beverly Bentley.

Eric Sevareid, CBS' news analyst and Washington correspondent, has established a scholarship of \$1000

(Continued on page 16)



*Bob Crane and his unusual ideas
make his merry morning show
a must for WICC listeners*

MAN OF THE MORNING

A GLIB-TONGUED, fast-thinking, pixilated young man joined Bridgeport's Station WICC last June and has since been signing on the air at 6:05 A.M., Monday through Saturday, with *The Bob Crane Show*. Four hours and ten minutes later—after a program of chatter and music, punctuated by exchanges with the raucous critics and cynics that Bob has assembled on tapes, records and transcriptions—he signs off. But, after some five months of helping Bridgeport listeners face the dawn's early light bravely, Bob still hates to get up in the morning. . . . However, as Bob breakfasts and simultaneously presides over three turntables and two tape machines, life begins to look better. After all, the program does give Bob a chance to beat out an occasional passage on his bongo drums ("great") or give out with some baritone singing ("mediocre"). "I'm really a ham at heart," Bob grins, "and live and breathe my four-hour show throughout the twenty-four." He's constantly looking for new voices and gimmicks to spring on his listeners—who, incidentally, comprise 75% of the area's radio audience. . . . Morning man Crane hails from Waterbury, Connecticut, saw his first dawn on Friday, July 13, 1928, and says, "Friday the 13th is significant in this case," adding that "I began talking to myself at once, though no one could understand me. This is a failing that was to stay with me." . . . Bob went to school in Stamford, was always interested in acting but was too busy playing the drums during and after school hours. He began playing professionally at fourteen, and has played with the Bobby Dukoff, Billy Butterfield, Tony Parenti, Eddie Safranski and Larry Fotine bands and with the Connecticut Symphony. He currently plays at such spots as The Westnor in Westport, the Glen Island Casino in New Rochelle and Armonk's Log Cabin. . . . Several years ago, after being on the road with bands, Bob decided he didn't like the idea of traveling. He started to knock at the doors of stations throughout the East, was told: "No, not the type for radio." Finally, in 1950, he landed a job doing farm reports and news at WLEA in Hornell, New York. A week later, heads rolled at the station and, with the mass firings, Bob wound up as the station emcee, deejay and assistant program director. Next he moved to WBIS in Bristol



Gimmicks are Bob's specialty. His hen-critic cackles her views and, "the better a record, the fewer eggs it lays."

where he did a morning show. One day, a guest failed to show up and Bob started using gimmicks and sound effects. "After all the years of talking to myself," he says, "I found that it was better to talk back to records." Having developed his format, Bob did a stint at WLIZ, then joined WICC. . . . Aside from gimmicks, Bob's record preferences are for "good swinging jazz," Stan Kenton, Bobby Dukoff and, in the vocal department, Ella Fitzgerald, Bob Manning, Anita Boyer and Frank Sinatra. He plays current pops, light jazz and old standards on the show. . . . In his spare time, Bob collects records, listens to the competition and plays the drums. He's in great demand as an emcee, beauty-contest judge and speaker. In fact, Bob Crane is simply in great demand throughout Connecticut.



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1. Nothing to buy—no box tops to send in, just 'dream up' as many suggestions as you wish. However, each entry must be submitted with an official entry blank. Additional entry blanks may be picked up at any Maidenform dealer. Each entry must also be accompanied by a different statement of twenty-five words or less which completes this sentence: "I prefer Maidenform, world's most popular bra, because..."
2. All entries will be judged by The Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation on the basis of originality, aptness and general interest of the dream suggestion and statement which accompanies it. Fancy entries won't count extra. Judges' decisions will be final. All entries become the exclusive property of the sponsor; and all rights are given by the contestant without compensation, for use of all or any part of his entry in the sponsor's advertising. Duplicate prizes awarded in case of ties. The entry must be the original work of the contestant.
3. Any person, residing in the United States, its possessions and Canada, may enter the contest, except employees, or members of their immediate families, of the sponsor and its advertising agencies. All members of a family may enter, but only one prize will be awarded to a family. Contest is subject to government regulations.
4. Send all entries to: Maidenform Dream Contest, P. O. Box 57A, Mt. Vernon, New York. Entries must be postmarked no later than November 30th, 1955 to be eligible.
5. All winners will be notified by mail within four weeks of closing date. Winners' list will be sent to all who request it with a self addressed, stamped envelope.

Official Entry Blank

MAIDENFORM DREAM CONTEST
 P.O. Box 57A, Dept. 132F
 Mt. Vernon, N.Y.

"I dreamed I _____
 _____ in my Maidenform bra"

NAME _____
 STREET _____
 CITY _____ STATE _____

Complete this sentence in 25 words or less: I prefer Maidenform, world's most popular bra, because _____

STEVE ALLEN'S TURNTABLE



HI, THERE, and welcome to the meeting. The subject is music, as usual, and I've got a nice bundle of new recordings to tell you about.

Let's start off with a new Les Paul-Mary Ford etching of something called "Amukiriki," which should be a big hit for this popular husband and wife team. It's a smooth ballad done up in the dreamy style of their "Vaya Con Dios," with a multi-vocal by Mary, of course. The title is taken from the current travel film of the same name. The other side of the record is a Les Paul original, "Magic Melody," with Mary humming the melody. It has a curious ending, to the tune of "Shave and a Hair Cut, Two Bits," but the "two bits" part is missing. So, as a gimmick, Capitol has recorded the shortest record in history—just a "bum-bum" in place of the "two bits"—which disc jockeys will be playing separately. What will these companies be thinking of next?

Ella Fitzgerald, one of my favorite vocal ladies, has a terrific new album called "Sweet and Hot," in which she does all old tunes, ranging from the softest ballad to the torrid swing stuff, as only Ella can do it. "Thanks for the Memory," "It Might As Well Be Spring," "Old Devil Moon" and a two-part version of "You'll Have To Swing It (Mr. Paganini)" are just a few. Sy Oliver, Andre Previn, John Scott Trotter and Benny Carter share the orchestra credits. (Decca)

Cha-chas can come and go, but Xavier Cugat and his rhumba stuff go on and on. Cugie's newest is a love song, done in the sway-hip tempo, natch, called "Who Me?", with his better half, Abbe Lane, singing

the lyrics. On the reverse, the Cugat crew do another rhumba, "At Last We're Alone," with a vocal chorus. (Epic)

"Bing in the 1930's" is a nostalgia-filled album that anyone who collects Crosby will just have to have. These are all original recordings of some of the great tunes Bing made popular twenty or so years ago, such as "I Found a Million Dollar Baby," "Faded Summer Love," "Just One More Chance," "Good Night, Sweetheart," and others. (Coral)

The Chordettes have a new one, "The Wedding," to which they give their ballad-style interpretation. On the backing, in barber-shop style, the gals do "I Don't Know, I Don't Care," which once was an Italian song, "Souvenir D'Italie," before it was given an American title and lyric. Archie Bleyer's orchestra on both. (Candence)

Columbia is issuing a new album by Dave Brubeck, "Jazz—Red, Hot and Cool," and the name fits the music, to say the least. The whole set was recorded at New York's famous Basin Street Club, during one of the recent appearances of this hot quartet. Brubeck, who is considered one of America's top young jazz pianists, comes through with some great keyboard work.

This seems to be the year for song hits via television, and the newest entry in this category is "The White Buffalo," which James Brown introduced on *Rin Tin Tin* a couple of weeks ago, and which he has recorded for M-G-M. The backing is a new Western-flavored ballad, "It's Lonesome Out Tonight."

Bill Hayes has also waxed "The White Buffalo," coupled with a new novelty, "Kwela Kwela," which is a South African melody. Archie Bleyer's orchestra provides the music, with Archie playing a rhythm instrument called the "pogo cello," which he rigged up out of a pogo stick and strings, especially for this recording. (Candence)

Joni James has a new album, "When I Fall in Love," in which she sings twelve songs all strictly about—you guessed it, love. David Perry's orchestra plays romantic music for Missy James as she croons "To Each His Own," "Love Letters," "As Time Goes By," "Where Can I Go Without You," and others. (M-G-M)

Herb Shriner formed his own harmonica orchestra, landed a Columbia recording contract, and steps forth with his first release, "Tumbling Tumble Weeds" and "It's the Talk of the Town." The Hoosier humorist and his lads do a good job on both, with Shriner coming across on a couple of solo passages.

"Harry James in Hi-Fi" is a new Capitol album, starring James and his Music Makers. They do old James favorites such as "You Made Me Love You," "I've Heard That Song Before," "I'm Beginning To See the Light," "I Cried for You," their theme, "Ciribiribin," and others. There are fine

vocals by Helen Forrest, who was James' singer about ten years ago, and Harry plays some wonderful trumpet solos, as only he can.

M-G-M has signed two new vocalists, and both bid to do well for themselves. The first is the young English baritone, Johnny Brandon, who is well-known abroad. For his initial American release, he gives the British crooner touch to "Don't Worry" and "Sing Me Something Soft and Sentimental," both ballads. Norman Warren conducts the orchestra. The second is a young lad named Marvin Rainwater, a folk singer and composer, who M-G-M hopes will be the successor to the late Hank Williams. For his first record under his new contract, Rainwater sings two of his own compositions, "Sticks and Stones," a philosophical ballad, and "Albino (Pink-Eyed) Stallion," a rousing ditty about a wild horse in the Wild West. Incidentally, Rainwater is one of the stars of the *Ozark Jubilee* show, now seen nationally on ABC-TV.

Alfredo Antonini and his orchestra have a beautiful new instrumental record in "Why Reach for the Moon?" and the theme music from "The Lost Hour." Incidentally, the latter was used as the background melody for the "Three Empty Rooms" TV production on *Studio One* a few weeks ago. Both these sides are also included in the forthcoming "Atmosphere by Antonini" album. (Coral)

Lillian Briggs, the "I Want You To Be My Baby" girl, may have another hit with her new one, "Give Me a Band and My Baby." The twenty-two-year-old newcomer from Allentown, Pennsylvania, belts out the lyrics for all they're worth. The coupling is a ballad, "It Could've Been Me." (Epic) You'll be seeing Lillian on TV this season when she appears on *Stage Show* from time to time.

"Walt Disney Song Carousel" is a new Victor album which should appeal to adults as well as the kids. Included are twelve well-known songs from various Disney productions of the past, such as "When You Wish Upon a Star," "Whistle While You Work," "Never Smile at a Crocodile," and the lovely "Bella Notte." Joe Reisman did the beautiful arrangements, and conducts the orchestra and chorus. Victor has done up a specially designed cover for this album—it stands up in the form of a castle, with pictures of many of the charming and well-known Disney characters.

Jill Corey's latest is aimed straight at the teen-age population, and it should bring in the jukebox shekels. Jill does a cute novelty, "Ching Ching A-Ling," along with "Look Look!" a musical tale about a girl and boy out on a date. (Columbia)

And look, look—my space is up. But I'll be meeting you back here next month with a special roundup of Christmas records to give and to get.



Jill Corey, who appears with Johnny Carson on TV, solos with a cute ditty, "Ching Ching A-Ling," for Columbia.

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ANJOU	<i>Side Glance, Devastating, Apropos</i>
COUNTESS MARITZA	<i>Silent Night, White Mist</i>
CHARBERT	<i>Breathless</i>
BOURJOIS	<i>Roman Holiday, Evening in Paris</i>
HARRIET HUBBARD AYER	<i>Golden Chance</i>
BLANCHARD	<i>Jealousy, Evening Star, Conflict</i>
ROGER & GALLEY	<i>Fleur D'Amour, Blue Carnation, Santalia</i>
LANIER	<i>Folie De Minuit, Palomar</i>

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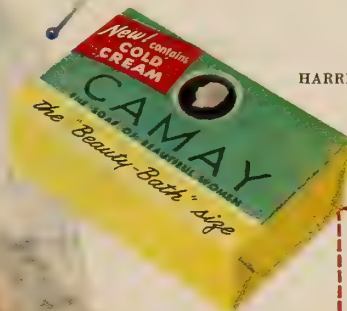
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Rhythm
in

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Rhythm-in-Red! A high-key red that fairly sings . . . in wonderful harmony with the blues, the crimsons, the hunter greens of new Fall fashions. Rhythm-in-Red has just the right note of blue to give it a deep, exciting brilliance! And, because it's a Cashmere Bouquet Lipstick, Rhythm-in-Red stays crimson-bright on your lips, stays off everyone else!

7 Cover-Girl Colors **49¢** plus tax



Conover girls pick Cashmere Bouquet

"Have a lipstick wardrobe: a crimson-red (Rhythm-in-Red), a true-red (Lookout Red) and a golden-red (Tropic Sun). All three cost less than \$2 when, like our Conover girls, you choose Cashmere Bouquet."

says

Candy Jones

Director Conover School, New York, N.Y.

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Indelible-Type Lipstick

Super-Creamed to Keep Your Lips Like Velvet

Ask your questions—

New Face

Everybody's always talking about "new faces." Well, how about Liam Sullivan, who's been appearing on many of the TV drama shows? Can you tell us about him?

E. M., New York, N. Y.

Liam Sullivan, who has appeared on most of the top TV dramatic shows—notably as Romeo on *Kraft Theater* and the coachman on *Life With Father*—has brought a record flood of mail to this department. . . . Liam first opened his gray eyes in Jacksonville, Illinois, on May 18, 1927. The only member of his family to pursue an acting career, Liam spent a great deal of his childhood among carnival people—his father owns and operates the only Ferris-wheel factory in the world. But Liam originally set his sights on a career in economics. He attended Jacksonville High, Culver Military Academy and Harvard, where he won an honor degree and first became interested in acting. After a year as a cost accountant for a steel firm, Liam took off for the Hedgerow Theater in Moylan, Pennsylvania, served as lighting technician, carpenter, box-office manager. Finally, since six-footer Sullivan was the only member of the company who fit the costume on hand for Feste in "Twelfth Night," he played his first part, followed it with a series of Shaw and Chekhov roles, then a summer stock stint in Saratoga, New York. . . . Next, he toured with Margaret Webster's Shakespeare Company, did some television acting, and then appeared on Broadway with Katharine Cornell in "The Constant Wife," with Joseph Schildkraut in "Love's Labour's Lost," and with Luther Adler in "The Merchant of Venice." . . . Liam's TV appearances include *Kraft*, *Philco*, *Circle*, *Hallmark*, and *Lux Theaters*, as well as *Cavalcade Of America*, *Studio 57*, *My Little Margie*, *The Millionaire* and *Mr. District Attorney*. . . . Now settled in California "for good," Liam has shipped his collection of some 5,000 pop and classical records West and is designing and constructing built-in furniture for his modern Hollywood apartment. In his spare time, he rides, fences and sails. He's definitely "eligible."

Stella's Son-In-Law

I would like to know something about Bert Cowlan, who plays Dick Grosvenor in *Stella Dallas* on NBC.

L. G. L., Bethel, O.

With sixteen years of top radio roles behind him, Bert Cowlan still laughs at the back-handed way he turned actor. Bert was a student at New York City's Stuyvesant High School and the bane of his ex-

information booth

and we'll try to find the answers

istence was the script-writing chores one of his teachers gave the pupils. To "get out of them," Bert told his teacher he'd like to act. . . . The scripts had been for a radio stock company his teacher conducted for the Board of Education's Station WNYE, and Bert got his wish to act with the same group. Then, as a member of the All-City High School Radio Workshop, Bert, at sixteen, became producer-director of four shows. . . . He also acted and announced, lectured to teacher-in-training groups, and was an assistant instructor in radio while he studied at New York University. . . . In 1945, Bert joined the Navy and ran the New York office of the Armed Forces Radio Service. He was also the only enlisted man to be an accredited correspondent with the UN. . . . His first network radio show was *Wilderness Road* and it was followed by such roles as Ted White in *The Guiding Light*, announcer on Tallulah Bankhead's program, where he "sat back and was entertained by the greatest talents in the business." He played Michael Victor opposite Marlene Dietrich in *Time For Love* and, looking back on this stint with the world's most glamorous grandmother, can only say, "What a year!" Currently, in addition to his part as Dick Grosvenor in *Stella Dallas*, Bert guests on such shows as *The Eternal Light* and does slide films and documentary narrations. . . . Married seven years to a lovely girl, Trudi, from Vienna, Bert has a five-month-old daughter, Margarite Lesley. The Cowlans live in Forest Hills, a New York suburb, and Bert relaxes by sailing and "fooling around" with cars, preferably sports models.



Liam Sullivan



Murial Williams

Footlight Femme

I'd like to know something about Murial Williams, who plays Lydia Harrick in The Brighter Day, on CBS Radio and CBS-TV.
J. B., Columbus, Ga.

Blonde Murial Williams comes to the airwaves after an impressive stage career in thirty-five Broadway plays. She also holds the record for the number of roles ever played by one actress at the famed Cape Playhouse at Dennis, Massachusetts. . . . But *Brighter Day* is not her first invasion of radio and TV. Murial worked in Boston radio with Ted Steele, was femcee on a Newark, New Jersey, TV review, has appeared on such programs as *Studio One* and *Philco Theater*, announced the Bishop Sheen program, and starred in the TV film "Winter Holiday" for the Swiss National Tourist Office. . . . Murial's New England childhood was typical, except for the emphasis on ballet and music lessons. She decided on a stage career after attending a Virginia finishing school. Then she enrolled at Boston's Leland Powers Dramatic School. . . . Murial met her husband, Francis Hart, while at the Cape Playhouse and, returning to Boston, the Harts organized and operated a model and production agency. They also ran a charm school, wrote, organized, directed and produced fashion and dramatic shows for stage, radio and TV. . . . When her husband died in 1950, Murial resumed her acting career, but still remains a vice-president of Hart Agency. She lives in a Greenwich Village apartment, guarded by a huge French poodle. Her chief non-career interest is the Foster Parents Plan for War Children.

It's A Bird . . .

Would you give me some information about George Reeves, who plays Superman on TV?
J. H., No. Bennington, Vt.

Ever since George Reeves has been playing Superman on TV, he finds that whenever a cat is caught up a tree, or some other calamity has befallen neighborhood youngsters, he is called on for help. . . . Six-foot-two, 195 pounds, George is a student of the art of judo, starred in football and won the light-heavyweight boxing title at Pasadena Junior College. Born in Ashland, Kentucky, he cut his acting teeth on Shaw and Shakespeare at the famed Pasadena Community Playhouse at 17. His first film assignment was in "Gone With the Wind" and it led to roles opposite Rita Hayworth, Joan Caulfield, Claudette Colbert, Merle Oberon and Ann Sheridan. He also played Hopalong Cassidy's sidekick. But his longest contract was with the Army. He was a member of the star-studded "Winged Victory" troupe, and was later featured on Broadway in "Yellow Jack." After his discharge, he played in many of the world capitals, then returned to New York for a variety of roles in daytime serials and many of the leading TV dramas. . . . His next stop was Hollywood again, to "kill" Marlene Dietrich in "Rancho Notorious," then to appear in "From Here to Eternity." . . . On the personal side, George shares his bachelor's quarters with Sam, a frisky terrier. He has a keen interest in languages, particularly Spanish, enjoys singing to his own guitar accompaniment.

(Continued on page 18)

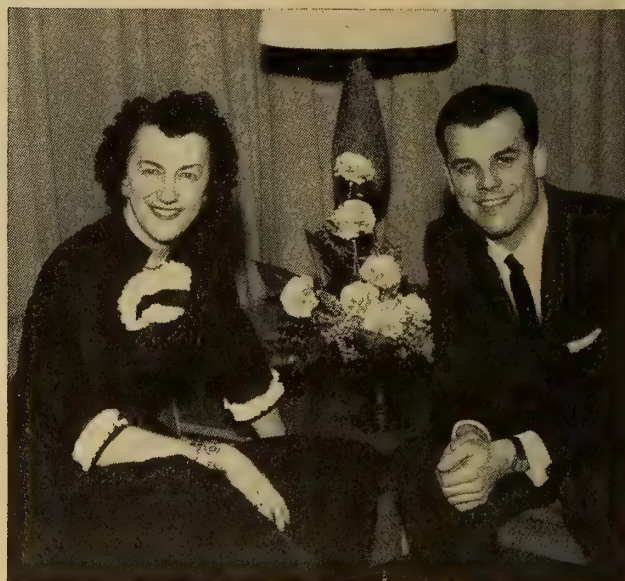


Bert Cowlan

Charming Louise Morgan, Boston's first lady of TV and radio, has a wonderful time delighting others



Mayor John B. Hynes and comedian Bob Hope were among those feting Louise for her seventh year on TV.



Interviews with Louise are informal, relaxing and fun—or, as Julius La Rosa puts it, "the living end."

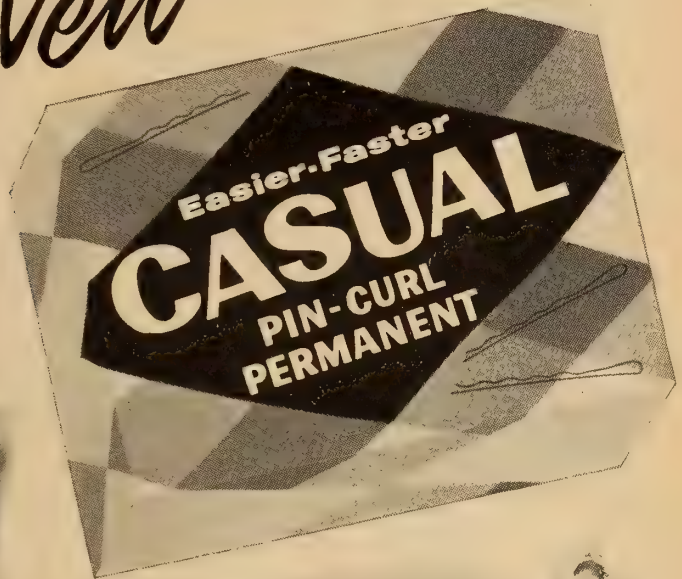
Smile Awhile

LOUISE MORGAN—Boston's first lady of TV and leading lady of radio—got into television via radio, and into radio via a joke. . . . At lunch one bright day in 1942, with a friend who worked for Station WNAC, Louise was asked what she was doing in town. She laughed, then quipped, "I'm looking for a job at WNAC." . . . A few hours later, still laughing, Louise was at work as a producer. She handled this and subsequent chores before and behind the mike so competently that *The Louise Morgan Show*, heard weekdays on WNAC Radio at 9:40 A.M., resulted. And, with this feather in her cap, Louise found a mate for it as star of *Dear Homemaker*, seen daily on WNAC-TV at 1 P.M. This was the first live show on WNAC-TV, the first daytime show in Boston TV and the first TV program designed for Boston homemakers and—with its new "Crusader Rabbit" cartoon feature—Bean Town youngsters as well. . . . Along the route, Louise became Director of Special Events for the Yankee Network, still holds the post of Director of Women's Programs for WNAC Radio—and became famous for losing 250 WACS in the subway one afternoon. The WACS, lost as

Louise was shepherding them to a broadcast, turned up just in time to go on the air. . . . Going still further back in Louise's history, she was born in Salem, gave a good account of herself at Lasell Junior College in Auburndale and the Leland Powers School of the Theater and Radio in Boston. Then, however, she had educating, not emoting, on her mind and became a student's dream of a teacher in Virginia, Washington, D. C., then at her alma mater, Leland Powers. . . . Still amazed at the result of her joke, Louise says, "It's a new thrill every time to meet these friends who invite me into their living rooms so often." Louise's own living room in her Back Bay home is done in green, in a mixture of modern and oriental styles. To relax, Louise does oil paintings of bridges, listens to records, plays golf and rides. . . . Celebrating Louise's seventh year on Channel 7, the Louise Morgan Trophy Race at Bay State Raceway was named for her. And the entire 90-piece Boston Pops Orchestra serenaded her with her theme song, "I Love Louisa," then played "Louise" for an encore. Joining in on the chorus were countless WNAC Radio and WNAC-TV friends.

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CASUAL is the word for it . . . soft, carefree waves
and curls—never tight or kinky—beautifully manageable,
perfect for the new flattering hair styles that highlight the softer,
natural look. Tonight—give yourself the loveliest wave
of your life—a CASUAL pin-curl permanent!



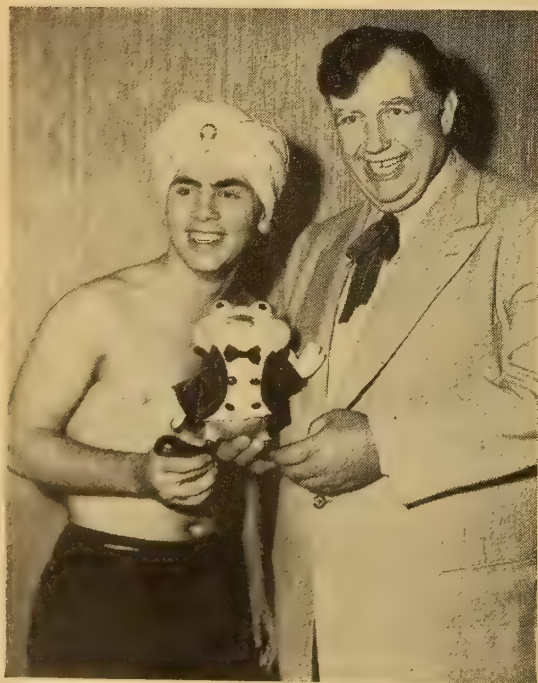
takes just 15 minutes more than setting your hair!

\$1.50 PLUS TAX

*Pets and personalities provide
the cue for fun on Andy Devine's
delightful children's show*



Squeekie the Mouse, in top hat and tails, is one of the "feature performers" on Andy's cute show.



Nino Marcel, who plays the elephant boy Gunga Ram, stops by for a chat with Froggy and Andy.



"Guests" on Andy's show are live, such as the donkey, and inanimate, such as Froggy the Gremlin, and Andy loves 'em all.

ANDY'S GANG

BACK in the twilight days of silent movies, young Andy Devine made his debut as a romantic star. Then came talking movies, which seemed to sound the death-knell for him. After all, the sweet nothings to be whispered in a young lady's ear could hardly sound romantic coming from gravel-voiced Andy! Fortunately, however, all was not lost, and Andy was then cast in comedy roles. Today, not even Andy knows how many movies he's made—"several hundred," he estimates. During this time, Andy also carved his niche in radio, appearing with all the "greats" such as Bing Crosby, Jack Benny, Bob Hope, Fred Allen. And, since 1951, television has been Andy's cup of tea as he has co-starred in the *Wild Bill Hickok* series and, since last August, headed his own popular show, *Andy's Gang*. . . . Each week, Andy steps before the TV cameras to present a delightful array of pets, personalities and stories, interspersed with songs and comedy, for children of all ages. Andy cavorts with members of his Buster Brown Gang, such as Squeekie the Mouse, Midnight the Cat, and Froggy the Gremlin; chats with characters such as Uncle Fishface, Mrs. Peek N. Pry and Monsieur Bon Bon; then narrates an adventure film which may feature Gunga Ram in India or an exciting episode in the South Sea Islands. . . . Playing the part of Gunga Ram is 15-year-old Nino Marcel, who has been in show business since he was a tot. Born in Chicago, Nino now lives in California and attends Montebello High School. One of the most frequent questions his fans ask him is, "Do you really wrestle with tigers?" "Yes," replies Nino—and he has scratches to prove it. . . . Other shining lights on *Andy's Gang* include June Foray, who provides many of the sounds and voices for Andy's stories; comical Billy Gilbert, who plays himself; Ken Christy, the voice of Froggy; and midget Jerry Maren, who is Buster Brown. . . . All in all, *Andy's Gang* is a sparkling combination of talent, tunes and tales tied into one big, happy package and sent to viewers everywhere, courtesy of the beloved and masterful Andy Devine.

Andy's Gang is sponsored by the Brown Shoe Co.
See local papers for time and station in your area.

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... for every figure.**



Light-Weight for wonderful control . \$4.95
High Style for more control \$5.95
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T
V
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WHAT'S NEW FROM COAST TO COAST

(Continued from page 5)

for graduate study in television-radio journalism at the University of Minnesota's School of Journalism. Severeid, an alumnus of Minnesota, received the Alfred I. du Pont Award for distinguished news commentary a few months ago.

Philip Loeb, the well-known actor, passed away some weeks ago in New York, at the age of sixty-one. Loeb, in addition to his many stage and radio appearances, won wide acclaim for his portrayal of Jake "Papa" Goldberg, in the video version of *The Goldbergs*.

Johnny Desmond has landed the leading role in the forthcoming Broadway musical comedy, "The Amazing Adele," and also looks set, finally, for the movie on the life of the late Russ Columbo, "Prisoner of Love."

Liberace, who found gold in "them thar" piano keys, is starting a nation-wide group of music schools. He says he hopes to offer, through specially trained instructors, the best of regular piano teaching, blended with a bit of showmanship so that students can learn to entertain others if they wish. Well, he should be just the lad who knows the secret formula.

Songstress Lu Ann Simms, from Arthur Godfrey's shows, and her husband, Loring Buzzell, have welcomed their first baby, a girl whom they've named Cynthia Lee. She tipped the scales at seven pounds, seven ounces. No date has been set,

at this writing, for Lu Ann's return to the Godfrey gang.

Margot Fonteyn, prima ballerina of the Sadler's Wells Ballet company, has been tabbed by NBC-TV for their big production of "The Sleeping Beauty," to be presented in December.

Howdy Doody graduates are doing all right for themselves these days. Judy Tyler, who was the Indian Princess on the show for so long, has been given one of the leads in the new Rodgers and Hammerstein Broadway musical comedy, "Pipe Dream." And Bob Keeshan, who played the clown, Clarabell, on *Howdy* from 1947 to 1952, is now the star of his own kiddie series on CBS-TV, *Captain Kangaroo*.

Sandy Stewart, the eighteen-year-old vocalist on *The Galen Drake Show*, will become a bride next month in Philadelphia, her home town. Sandy is marrying Saul Kane, a construction engineer, but plans to continue with her very promising singing career. The wedding is set for December 11.

Rin Tin Tin is going international. Radio Televisione Italiana and Radio Diffusion Francaise have each purchased telefilms from the popular adventure series, to be seen in Italy and France, respectively. The actors' voices will be dubbed in, with different sound tracks, in Italian and French, but this won't be necessary for Rin Tin Tin, who can bark in three languages, of course.

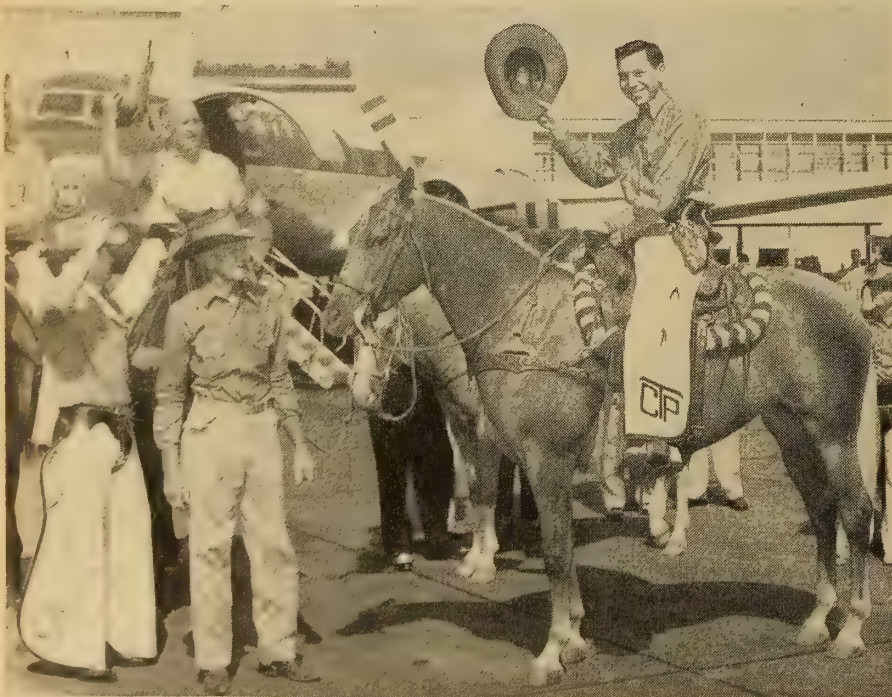


Emcee Hal March, still "batching it," may pop *The \$64,000 Question*.

Mulling The Mail:

To all those who wrote asking about the cast on *Search For Tomorrow*: Mary Stuart, who plays Joanne on the program, was only off the show during the time she was welcoming a new baby in real life. And, when she returned, there was a cast change. Terry O'Sullivan, who used to play Arthur Tate, left to join *Valiant Lady*, in a featured role. Karl Weber took over the part of Arthur. Hope this straightens everyone out. . . . Farley Granger Fans, St. Louis, Mo.: Farley doesn't appear on any regular television show, but he will be the star on the *U. S. Steel Hour* production of "Incident in an Alley," on Wednesday night, November 23. . . . Mrs. J. C., Cleveland, O.: Orson Welles and CBS didn't get together at the last minute on Welles' proposed contract, so it looks like he won't be seen this season on American TV. He is still in Europe. . . . Miss H. V., Louisville, Ky.: Joan Caulfield gave up her co-starring role on *My Favorite Husband* and was replaced by Vanessa Brown. Joan and Barry Nelson, her leading man, didn't see eye to eye and Joan also wanted to be free to do a movie this fall. . . . Miss K. R., New Haven, Conn.: Pat Boone, the singer you heard on Arthur Godfrey's show, is twenty-one years old, and a divinity student at Denton, Texas. He became known through his sudden record hit, "Ain't That a Shame!" . . . Mrs. S.T.J., Savannah, Ga.: Sammy Davis, Jr. is set to star in the New York stage production of "Mr. Wonderful," which is being specially written for him. "The Bill Robinson Story" you refer to is the life story

(Continued on page 24)



"Friday" joins the mounted? Actually, Jack Webb planed into Fort Worth, Texas, by United Air Lines—then was made a member of the Cow Town Posse.

Doctors Prove a One-Minute Massage with

PALMOLIVE SOAP CAN GIVE YOU A Cleaner, Fresher Complexion Today!

GETS HIDDEN DIRT THAT ORDINARY CLEANSING METHODS MISS!



Dirt left on face after ordinary cleansing!

1. Rub your face hard with a cotton pad after ordinary casual cleansing with any soap or cold cream. You'll see that you didn't remove deep-down dirt and make-up. "Ordinary-clean" is just superficially clean!

Beautifully clean after 60-second Palmolive facial!

2. Rub your face the same way after 60-second massage with Palmolive. Pad is still snowy-white! "Palmolive-clean" is deep-down clean. Your skin is free of clinging dirt that casual cleansing misses.

Only a Soap This Mild

CAN WORK SO THOROUGHLY YET
SO GENTLY! PALMOLIVE BEAUTY CARE
CLEANS CLEANER, CLEANS DEEPER,
WITHOUT IRRITATION!

Doctors have proved that Palmolive beauty care can give you a cleaner, fresher complexion the very first time you use it! That's because Palmolive care gets your skin deep-down clean by removing the hidden, clinging dirt that casual methods miss.

Here's the easy method: Just massage your face with Palmolive's rich, gentle lather for 60 seconds, morning and night. Rinse and pat dry. It's that simple! But remember . . . only a soap that is *truly* mild can cleanse thoroughly without leaving your face feeling drawn and uncomfortable. That's why Palmolive's mildness is so important to you. Try mild Palmolive Soap today for new complexion beauty!



*Mild and
Gentle*

DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!

Information Booth

(Continued from page 11)

Daddy's Girl

I would like some information on Sherry Jackson, who plays daughter Terry in *The Danny Thomas Show* on ABC-TV. Where can I write for a picture of her?
C.K., Sioux City, Iowa

Sherry Jackson, her two brothers and her parents arrived in Hollywood in 1943, where her father went to work as a carpenter, and her mother went to work trying to get her children into the movies. Mrs. Jackson had been an actress in Kansas City and had been coaching Sharon—or Sherry—and her brothers since they could talk. . . . Eventually, all three emoted before the movie cameras, but Sherry made her first impression on the driver of a sightseeing bus, an ex-actor who noticed her and her mother at a drive-in. He gave Mrs. Jackson an agent's address and Sherry was given a screen test. The test flopped, thanks to a case of chicken pox. But, after her recovery, Sherry won a role in "You're My Everything." . . . At 13, Sherry has more than thirty pictures to her credit, including "The Breaking Point," "The Great Caruso," "Trouble Along the Way," and "Miracle of Fatima." She's also a television veteran and, aside from her continuing role as Danny Thomas' daughter, she has appeared on such shows as *Fire-side Theater*, *Private Secretary*, *Lux Video Theater*, *Toast Of The Town*, and the Gene Autry, Roy Rogers and *Range Rider* shows. . . . Aside from her regular schooling, Sherry takes music, singing and dancing lessons. Her dancing teacher thinks she has the makings of a prima ballerina. Sherry likes the idea, but keeps up with her tap routines as well. . . . You can write to Sherry Jackson, c/o *The Danny Thomas Show*, ABC-TV, Television Center, Hollywood, Calif.

Calling All Fans

The following clubs invite new members. If you are interested in joining, write to the address below—and *not* to TV RADIO MIRROR.

Patti Page Fan Club, c/o Barbara L. Weinberg, 42 Fabyan St., Dorchester, Mass.

Liberace Candelabras, c/o Phyllis A. De Santo, 2124 W. Cambria St., Philadelphia 32, Pa.

Charlie Applewhite Fan Club, c/o Sue Maloney, 109 Moschel St., East Peoria, Ill.

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—If there's something you want to know about radio and television, write to Information Booth, TV RADIO MIRROR, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. We'll answer, if we can, provided your question is of general interest. Answers will appear in this column—but be sure to attach this box to your letter, and specify whether your question concerns radio or TV.

New Patterns for You

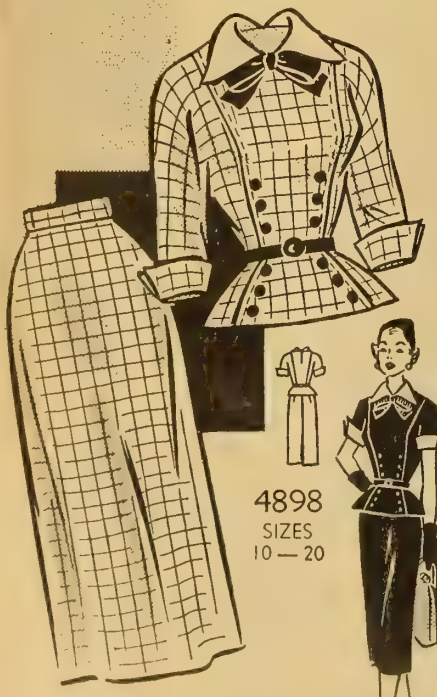


4554
SIZES
14½—24½

4554—Half Sizers: Sew this pretty step-in style, designed to whittle the inches away. Half Sizes 14½-24½. Size 16½ takes 4⅞ yards 35-inch fabric. 35¢

4898—The more you wear this two-piecer the more you'll love it. Accent is on the nipped-in waist. Misses' Sizes 10-20. Size 16 takes 3½ yards 45-inch fabric; ¼ yard 35-inch contrast. 35¢

4804—Wear this versatile cover-up as a smart sports jerkin or a cotton cover-up for chore-time. "Pansy" pocket—cute trim. Misses' Sizes 12-20. Size 16 takes 1⅞ yards 35-in; ¼ yard contrast. Transfer. 35¢



4898
SIZES
10—20



4804
SIZES
12—20

Send thirty-five cents (in coins) for each pattern to: TV RADIO MIRROR, Pattern Department, P.O. Box 137, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, New York. Add five cents for each pattern for first-class mailing.

New lanolin shampoo adds rich sparkle *...can't dry hair!*

Get ready for the softest, silkiest, most sparkly hair of your life! For the instant this new double-rich lanolin shampoo goes into action, it starts enriching your hair with a beauty you have never witnessed before!



What manageability! What a joy to set! Instead of after-shampoo dryness, you discover a new dream-like softness that only this "twice-as-rich" lanolin shampoo can bring! Your waves ripple into place . . . luscious deep waves . . . softer, lovelier than you ever hoped they'd be!



You'll *enjoy* the great clouds of fleecy lather you get with this new double-rich lanolin shampoo. Wonderful feeling, luxurious lather that feels twice as rich, and *is* twice as rich. *Busy* lather that actually *polishes* your hair—brilliantly. A sensational new Helene Curtis beauty discovery!



When your hair sparkles, *you* do! Make your hair your *loveliest* feature . . . soft as summer clouds and shimmering like satin in moonlight—with this new shampoo miracle—Helene Curtis Lanolin Lotion Shampoo. Sounds wonderful? It is! Try it and you'll agree. 29¢, 59¢ and \$1, everywhere!



Personable Herb Sheldon has himself a wonderful time as he delights youngsters and grownups on his WRCA-TV shows, because he's

Doing What



Herb's popular sidekicks, Egbert and Ummly, always have lots to talk about, but Herb keeps mum as to how he handles their voices. Below, being deluged with mail has become commonplace for Herb, but he always takes it seriously—and a bit wearily, at times.



THE familiar song, "All day long I dream of you, morning, noon and night-time, too," is not the theme song of popular Herb Sheldon's three WRCA-TV shows in New York—but it should be, for that's just the way Herb feels about his audience. And the feeling is mutual.

Each weekday morning at 9, Herb presents something for the whole family on *The Herb Sheldon Show With Josephine McCarthy*. For the youngsters, there are cartoons, music and chats with Egbert the bookworm and Ummly the steam shovel. Treats for the grownups include Josie McCarthy's cooking hints and interviews with outstanding guests.

On Saturdays, Herb gears his 7-to-9 A.M. show for youngsters and, in addition to entertaining them, advises them on good living habits.

The most unusual of Herb's three shows is his daily 1 P.M. offering, *One Is For Sheldon*. Telecast from a rooftop in Manhattan, the program features special events, such as parades, antique auto displays, plus other oddities which cannot be shown from a regular studio. And, as with the mailman, no kind of inclement weather keeps Herb from his appointed rounds.

Herb's tremendous popularity, especially with children, has been "a puzzlement" to his many would-be imitators. But to Herb the answer is simple—and natural. "Children don't like to be kidded too much," says the man who knows, "and most of them resent the 'itchy-kitchy, boysie-girlsie' approach. In order to make children believe and trust in you," Herb continues, "you must be absolutely sincere with them. They judge whether or not they like you just by looking at you. Not that you have to be handsome . . . but there's a certain intuitiveness about them, and you just can't fool them. Next, it's your personality that wins their approval. You shouldn't try to force them. Instead, get them interested so they will want to do it."

Because Herb's formula works so well with other people's children, many folks wonder if it holds true with his own children—Lynda, 15, Amy, 9, Randy, 7, and Guy, 2. Herb greets that query with his familiar twinkling smile. Although his youngsters take Herb's TV fame pretty much for granted now—"Trouble is, they're used to me"—they know who's boss. Herb jokes about his lovely wife, Rosa—whom he calls Toots—making the children obey her. "She doesn't have to say, 'Wait till your father gets home,'" Herb grins. "She just points to the TV set and says, 'Now listen to what your father is saying.'"

The Sheldons live in a beautiful, split-level home on Long Island, where they have plenty of room to move around. Herb is a firm believer in families acting

Comes Naturally



Herb started a fad for what he calls "Ricky-Ticky" when he introduced the old-time player piano on his shows.

as a group. An example of this occurred last summer when Herb bought a 39-foot cabin cruiser. Now, whenever time and weather permit, the whole Sheldon clan can be found "at sea."

Off-camera, Herb also devotes a good deal of his time to personal appearances. These, too, he finds rewarding, because everywhere he goes, grownups stop to tell him how much they and their children enjoy his shows. "You discover how many people have children that you never knew about before," he enthuses, "and it's wonderful."

The success Herb enjoys today is a far cry from his teen-age days when the Brooklyn-born lad wavered between a show-business career and granting his father's wish that he be a businessman. Finally, in the late Thirties, Herb settled on show business. On radio, he was a disc jockey, announcer, program and production manager, director and producer. Then, in 1948, he was given his own show at NBC, where he has been ever since.

As for his future, Herb has only one hope—that WRCA-TV doesn't institute an all-night show. Because, if they do, they'll undoubtedly make room for another Herb Sheldon show—probably around 4 A.M. But, knowing Herb and how he loves to entertain, he wouldn't refuse. He would have to do what comes naturally to him—that which his viewers of all ages have always enjoyed, and welcomed—any time of day or night.



Whether at home or "at sea"—aboard his cabin cruiser *Festival*—Herb is definitely a family man. Above, he and his wife "Toots" are happily surrounded by Lynda and Guy and, in front, Randy and Amy. Below, the family prepares for a cruise in Long Island Sound.





All programs are heard Monday through Friday; consult local papers for time and station.

BACKSTAGE WIFE The mysterious, sinister Madame Moleska almost succeeded in completing the ruin of Mary and Larry Noble's marriage, already threatened by Larry's attachment to actress Elise Shephard. For, as Larry came under the phony fortune-teller's influence, he was persuaded to doubt his wife in such a serious way that Mary is finding it hard to reestablish confidence and security in their love. Will she find comfort in a stranger? CBS Radio.

THE BRIGHTER DAY Reverend Richard Dennis senses the deep disturbance between Lydia Harrick and her brother-in-law Donald, but will he realize, in time to help Lydia, the terrible bondage under which Donald has managed to hold her? Can he free her for happiness with Max Canfield—and at the same time free Donald from his own perverse, twisted motivation? Or will he be too late to win for Lydia and Max the happiness they both deserve? CBS-TV and CBS Radio.

FIRST LOVE Ever since she married Zach, Laurie has known that the key to his difficult, overly-independent personality lies in the past when he was deserted by his father. What happens when the long-silent father suddenly reappears, charming and plausible, just as Laurie learns she is pregnant? Can he in any way affect the threat of tragedy which the doctor has told Zach hangs over Laurie's head? NBC-TV.

THE GUIDING LIGHT Dr. Dick Grant's return to Los Angeles signals many changes—new hope in Kathy's heart despite what she knows about Marie Wallace; the dawn of hope for Marie although she won't admit she loves Dick; and for Dick, perhaps the only thing he really cares about at the moment—the new start in surgery. Meanwhile, the Bauer home is torn by a mother-in-law problem. Will

young Mike settle it in his own way? CBS-TV and CBS Radio.

LOVE OF LIFE Vanessa Raven is torn by doubt as she realizes that the disturbed child, Carol, whom she now really wants to adopt, will aggravate every family problem that now faces her—Paul's new law practice, her sister Meg's difficulties, her own position as Paul's wife. What is behind Hal Craig's emotion over the locket Carol took and then gave back . . . and how will it affect his relationship with Meg? CBS-TV.

MA PERKINS If it is true that people reveal their innermost selves in periods of greatest strain, perhaps Gladys is right to doubt the value of her marriage to Joe. For, during the awful days of their baby's disappearance, even Ma found herself critical of Joe's behavior. Will any of the family ever really know why he acted as he did? What effect will the odd combination of good and evil that is Jimmy Snyder have on Gladys' future? CBS Radio.

ONE MAN'S FAMILY As the Barbour family matures, adding unto itself children, in-laws and grandchildren, it becomes apparent that there is no stage of family life at which it is possible for the elders to lean back and say with satisfaction, "Now the problem days are behind us and we can just relax." For as each generation repeats and elaborates on the problems of the last, life becomes more complicated for the Barbours. NBC Radio.

OUR GAL SUNDAY Lord Henry Brinthrope's family has never thought Sunday a suitable wife, despite their many years of happiness. Now that his Aunt Sarah Thornton has realized his attachment to Leonora Dawson, the girl he almost married years ago in England, she is ready to take every advantage of it to undermine Sunday's position as Lady Brinth-

rope. Can Sunday fight Sarah's vindictiveness and Leonora's ambition? CBS Radio.

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY The pretty, young singer who becomes so attached to Carter Trent while he is in New York is half aware that she is piling up heartbreak for herself, though it is a long time before she learns the truth about Carter's flight to New York and the family he left behind. Can Carter himself forget them in the excitement of living a completely new life? How would his wife Peggy face that if she had to? NBC Radio.

PERRY MASON Eve Merriweather's neurotic personality was well judged by Edward Bailey when he enlisted her to help destroy Sam Merriweather and get control of the Merriweather holdings. But after Sid Kenyon's death, Eve is no longer so easy to manage. Has Bailey placed too much faith in a weak link in his devilish chain—the chain to which Perry Mason, trying to protect Sam and Lois Monahan, has already picked up so many clues? CBS Radio.

THE RIGHT TO HAPPINESS Carolyn finds her life completely changed as she tries to adjust to Miles' death—and to the doubtful benefit of Sherry Wayne's money. Will young Skip resent her decision regarding the money? Will Carolyn herself begin to doubt the wisdom of her renunciation? Or will support come from a most unexpected source—support and the possibility of a new, complete life once again? NBC Radio.

THE ROAD OF LIFE The terrible force of Sibyl Overton Fuller's personality—and the power of her father's money—have kept her out of serious trouble so far, but everyone associated with Sibyl realizes that she has long been on the verge of complete mental breakdown. Will Randy

(Continued on page 85)

Liberace!!!

fabulously
yours
in his
first
starring
picture!



"SINCERELY YOURS"

PRESENTED BY
WARNER BROS.
IN
WARNERCOLOR



The wonderful story of a pianist
who brings a crescendo of romance and
joy and faith into a number of empty
lives... including his own...

Liberace plays everything from Chopin to 'Chopsticks'
and his own new hit 'Sincerely Yours'
(lyrics by Paul Francis Webster)



CO-STARRING JOANNE DRU • DOROTHY MALONE • ALEX NICOL
WITH WILLIAM DEMAREST • LORI NELSON • LURENE TUTTLE • Screen Play by IRVING WALLACE
Produced by HENRY BLANKE • Music Advisor George Liberace
An INTERNATIONAL ARTISTS Ltd. Production
Directed by GORDON DOUGLAS • Presented by WARNER BROS.



VOTE FOR AUDIENCE AWARDS AT YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE NOVEMBER 17-27

T
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**SMART GIRLS
NEVER GO
OUTDOORS
WITHOUT IT...**



Helene Curtis
spray net *

No breeze can worry the hair that's softly set in place by SPRAY NET.

Have you tried Helene Curtis SPRAY NET?

Nothing in the world holds hair so softly, naturally in place all day long. Only Helene Curtis SPRAY NET contains spray-on Lanolin Lotion—can't stiffen or dry your hair, never leaves it sticky.

Smart girls never go outdoors without Helene Curtis SPRAY NET. Or, if they do, they're on their way to get a fresh supply. You'll find it wherever cosmetics are sold.

Used and recommended by professional beauticians everywhere.

TWO FABULOUS FORMULAS:

SUPER SOFT, without lacquer, for gentle control . . . **REGULAR**, for more elaborate styles, harder-to-manage hair.

THREE SIZES:

New 69¢ size, Large \$1.25, Giant \$1.89

all plus tax

®T.M.REG.U.S.PAT.OFF.



**NEW
69¢
SIZE**



Now you can try SPRAY NET for only 69¢! Perfect for purse, travel, office desk, bathroom cabinet.



Why set pin curls every night? SPRAY NET makes them last for days!

Just roll them up. Spray. In minutes, your pin curls are set . . . softly . . . and they'll last for days.

WHAT'S NEW FROM

(Continued from page 16)

of the late Negro dancer, which Frank Sinatra plans to produce as a movie under his new independent set-up, and in which Sinatra would like to have Sammy as the star. . . . Mrs. B. W., Visalia, Calif.: Butch Brown, the youngster who leads the Mickey Mouse Club jazz combination on ABC-TV, is the son of the bandleader, Les Brown. . . . Mr. and Mrs. F. O'D., Chicago, Ill.: Sorry I can't tell you exactly why the proposed Louella Parsons filmed TV show was cancelled at the last minute. All the sponsor would say was, "for a variety of reasons." . . . So many letters about the popular *Ethel And Albert* show, and the answer should please the loyal fans of this program: *Ethel And Albert* started October 14, in a regular Friday-night spot over ABC-TV, replacing *The Name's The Same*, which has been dropped by the sponsor, Ralston.

What Ever Happened To . . . ?

Kenny Sargent, who was the star vocalist with the popular Casa Loma Orchestra, often heard on network remote broadcasts and on records several years ago? Kenny is living and working in Dallas, Texas, and recently celebrated his third anniversary as a disc jockey with Station KLIF there.

Bette Chappel, the cute singer who appeared on the *Garroway At Large* television show, originating in Chicago, a few seasons back? When Garroway and crew moved to New York, Bette remained in the Windy City and did considerable nightclub work there, and also worked on local TV shows. Recently she was a special guest in New York on Julius La Rosa's program.

Joe Bier, the farm editor, who was



Johnny Desmond sings on Broadway, then plays Russ Columbo on film.



Host Allyn Edwards serves top fare on ABC-TV's *Famous Film Festival*.

heard on Station WOR and the Mutual network for many years? Bier retired in September, after having done his 5:30 A.M. program since 1939. He was a true radio veteran and started broadcasting in 1921 as a member of the old Premiere Male Quartet. Will Peigelbeck has taken over Bier's farm program.

John Newland, the outstanding dramatic actor, who starred in many top TV productions? This past summer Newland did considerable work in summer stock, and then was signed as a director for this season's *Robert Montgomery Presents* shows. Whenever time permits, Newland hopes to switch back to greasepaint for an occasional role, but it looks like the megaphone will get first call on his talents from now on.

Tommy Bartlett, who used to host *Welcome Travelers*? When *Welcome Travelers* moved from Chicago to New York, Tommy, who hadn't had a vacation in twenty-six years, decided to take a year off. He spends most of his time at his International Deer Ranch in Silver Springs, Florida, and cordially invites all his friends to drop in.

If you have a question about one of your favorite people or programs, or wonder what has happened to someone on radio or television, drop me a line; Miss Jill Warren, TV RADIO MIRROR Magazine, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y., and I'll try my best to find out for you and put the information in this column. Unfortunately, we don't have space to answer all questions, so I try to cover those personalities and shows about whom I receive the most inquiries. Sorry, no personal answers, so kindly do not enclose stamped envelopes or postage, as they cannot be returned.

New 100% Non-Alkaline PALMOLIVE *Soft* SHAMPOO

Removes **ALKALINE FILM** that clouds hair beauty!

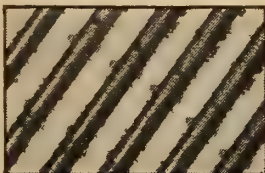


**Gentles your hair as it cleans and sheens!
Leaves it more obedient, easier to set!
Will not dry or devitalize!**

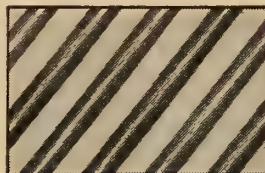
You may never have seen the true beauty of your hair until you try new Palmolive *Soft* Shampoo. For this new 100% non-alkaline shampoo *gentles* your hair. *Sheens* it to its natural loveliness. *Softens* it so curls set easier . . . and stay set longer.

New Palmolive *Soft* Shampoo contains no harsh, drying, devitalizing chemicals . . . no sticky oils . . . no dulling alkali. And its exclusive 100% non-alkaline formula agrees with the natural, healthy, non-alkaline condition of your scalp and hair.

So remove alkaline film that clouds hair beauty with new—and oh, so gentle—Palmolive *Soft* Shampoo.



Scientific photomicrograph shows how a film of alkaline dust, dirt, smog can coat each hair . . . dull the luster and color . . . make hair limp so curls just won't stay set.



See how the exclusive 100% non-alkaline formula of Palmolive *Soft* Shampoo removes alkaline film. Leaves more luster, natural color! Curls set easier, last longer.



THE BIGGEST
BARGAIN OF ALL
LEADING SHAMPOOS—
12 OZ.—**89¢**
5.9 OZ.—**49¢**
2.9 OZ.—**25¢**

PALMOLIVE *Soft* SHAMPOO

Lets Hair Behave and Hold a Wave

WMUR-TV viewers have happily discovered that, when Gerry Kearney opens the doors of his Guest House:

Anything Goes



Strumming, singing or just talking, Gerry makes his *Guest House* as warm and welcoming as the home he shares with Virginia and Gerry, Donald and Paul.



Gerry has an eye for such talent as dancer Sally Zyla.

GERRY KEARNEY sings in what he describes as a "strictly-from-Dixie-how-have-you-been" voice. This, however, doesn't keep him from serenading Station WMUR viewers in Manchester, New Hampshire, every weekday afternoon at 5:30 with "We have music, we have news . . . We have the weather and people's views . . ." and ending up on the happy note which is his invitation to visit *Guest House*. . . Gerry means every word of the theme song he wrote himself. His evening entertainment hour includes songs, dances, skits and instrumentals by amateurs, semi-pros and professionals; interviews with people from all walks of life; and a song or two, self-accompanied on guitar or banjo, plus uncounted words from Gerry. . . . When Gerry first threw open the doors to *Guest House*, he felt like "a lamb thrown to the lions." Behind him was a solid background in stock companies, vaudeville, night clubs, the orchestra business, and twelve years as a singer and announcer on Station WFEA. But a nightly hour on TV was still a challenging assignment. . . . Gerry feels easier about it, now that viewers have taken to stopping him on the street to say, "I wouldn't miss your show for the world. It's corny, but you're so easygoing about the whole thing. And we never know what we're going to see or what's going to happen." . . . This last bit of philosophy, now propounded on his TV show, first occurred to Gerry when he was seven years old and went unsuspectingly to the movies to watch a cowboy "thriller." The projector broke down and the management tried to stave off bedlam by asking for volunteers in an impromptu amateur hour. Gerry calmly rendered a little poem, complete with suitable gestures, and was committed to show business from that moment on. . . . Currently, in addition to *Guest House*, Gerry also handles staff announcing chores at WMUR-TV. But this still leaves plenty of happy hours to spend at the Kearneys' modest two-apartment cottage in the center of Manchester. Gerry and his wife Virginia have three sons. Gerry, 16, is a six-footer and plays varsity basketball at Bishop Bradley High; Paul, 14, also plays basketball and is a record collector; Donald, 6, has just started grammar school. Gerry's widowed mother completes the family circle. Close friends of the family include the countless WMUR viewers whom Gerry Kearney invites into the pleasant, informal living room at *Guest House*.

JEANMAIRE, CO-STARRING IN PARAMOUNT'S "ANYTHING GOES,"
IN VISTAVISION, COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR



you haven't lived until you've known **EVENING IN PARIS**

says JEANMAIRE, captivating French premiere ballerina.

More French women wear Evening in Paris than any other perfume (and the French really know!). It is one of the world's great perfumes . . . and the most wanted for Christmas. See many gala new gifts from \$1 to \$25.



Evening in Paris Trio: cologne, talc, and purse perfume flacon **2.50**



Slide-Top Set with cologne, talc, cologne stick, purse perfume **3.50**



Dresser Box: perfume, toilet water, cologne, talc, purse perfume **5.00**



Jewel Box, lined and mirrored. With 6 fragrant accessories **8.50**

Evening in Paris

BY BOURJOIS

CREATED IN FRANCE

MADE IN U.S.A.



THAT IVORY LOOK

YOUNG AMERICA HAS IT...
YOU CAN HAVE IT IN 7 DAYS!

It's easy to see . . . That Ivory Look
sets up a girl—at *any* age! For
it's true—the *milder* your beauty soap, the
prettier your skin! And pure, mild Ivory
is the soap more doctors advise for baby's
skin—and yours—than *any* other soap!

Seeing is believing . . . and That Ivory Look
shows up in your mirror in 7 short days!

A simple change to *regular care* with baby's pure, mild
Ivory will leave your skin looking
fresher and finer . . . just altogether *prettier*!

99.88% PURE . IT FLOATS



It's like getting one FREE! 4 cakes of Personal Size Ivory
cost about the same as 3 cakes of other
leading toilet soaps. It all adds up . . .



PERSONAL SIZE IVORY IS YOUR BEST BEAUTY BUY!

What Romance Means to Me



See Next Page ➔

What Romance Means to Me

By **LIBERACE**
as told to Bud Goode

Music's most eligible bachelor
speaks frankly of the qualities
he seeks in his "ideal woman"



Liberace and his brother George serenaded sister Angie, when she became Tom Farrell's bride . . . and "Lee" recalled again how much each marriage meant to his close-knit family.

I KNOW from experience that people sense a certain loneliness in my life. After every concert, I talk with people whose eyes reflect a gentle kindness—and frequently they make their feelings known in their goodbyes by saying, "Take care of yourself now, Lee, and God bless you."

I don't have to be told that nothing takes the place of a wife and marriage. It's true. I know it. Marriage is the biggest thing in our lives. From the time we enter high school, it's the one thing we point toward.

But, while everyone else in my high-school class was out dating, I was already playing the piano professionally. And, while they were getting married in their early twenties, I was playing before presidents.

The excitement and complexities of my work have minimized, for me, what to my friends is the most dramatic moment of their lives. I can't deny that, without marriage, there is an empty spot in my life.

If I were to marry, what qualities would I look for in a mate? That is a difficult question to answer because, like everyone, I'm looking for perfection. In fact, that is one of my big problems

"Lee" found that his movie romance with Dorothy Malone—in Warner Bros.' film, "Sincerely Yours"—came very close to his own experience in real life.



Guild Films' *Liberace Show* (TV) and *Liberace Radio Show* are seen or heard throughout the United States and Canada. See local papers for time and station.



Marriage: "The girl I would choose must be accepted by my friends and family. . . . My sister Angie feels the same way. Before her wedding, she was most anxious that we would all like her prospective husband and accept him into our hearts."

—in everything I do or have, I am always seeking perfection. Whenever something goes wrong, if one key is flat on the piano, if I strike a wrong note, I am quick to be discouraged.

That is why it has always been so difficult for me to find someone to share my life with. It's almost impossible to find perfection in people. I know I'm not perfect, so why should I expect perfection in others? Yet I do. I still search for it.

Intellectually, I look for someone who can carry on a conversation with everyone from plumbers to presidents. She doesn't have to stand up on a stage and deliver an address, but she should have a smattering of knowledge in many areas, not necessarily just in the subjects I'm interested in.

From a personality standpoint, I'm most attracted to a girl who is charming, pleasant, polite—in short, a girl who loves people. In my work I am constantly surrounded by people—audiences, backstage visitors, friends. If I were to choose a girl, she would not only have to feel at home with many people but she should also enjoy, as I do, meeting and talking and shaking hands with sometimes hundreds in a day or even an hour. She should be genuine and sincere in this feeling, too, not just play-acting (*Continued on page 82*)



Career: "I found that the girls I knew did not want to compete with the piano. . . . Even more important—they had to share my feelings with hundreds of people. They resented it."

JUST NATURALLY

Jan



By
**MARTIN
COHEN**

*Everybody knows why we love the first of all the
Little Godfreys . . . everybody but Janette Davis herself*



When not actually on the show with Godfrey (opposite page), Jan gives many of her so-called leisure moments to her waiting fans.

JANETTE DAVIS is a beautiful "brunette" with a "blonde" personality. Maybe like Garbo, for instance. Maybe. There is one big difference, however—although she is reserved, Jan isn't stand-offish and cold. You might guess that she's shy, but that's wrong, too. What prompts this thought is that, of all the major entertainers in TV and radio, there is no one who gets less publicity than Jan, and there is probably no other person who cares less. Jan herself is to blame, for she is no publicity hound.

This will give you an idea. A few years back her dentist asked for and got an autographed picture of the auburn-haired songbird of the Arthur Godfrey programs on CBS Radio and CBS-TV. He hung it in his office along with pictures of other celebrities whose mouths he was drilling and filling. Then, one day recently, a friend of Jan's who uses the same chop-

and-chisel man said, "Jan, you ought to give the dentist a new picture with an up-to-date hairdo."

Instead of agreeing, Jan asked, "Will you do me a favor? Next time you're in his office, will you please take the picture off the wall?"

"Why?" the friend asked.

"I think it's kind of brassy," Jan said. "It's as if I were a big-shot."

That's Jan. Always belittling herself. She doesn't rudely poke her finger into the eyes of magazine writers, but she manages to avoid them. Is this one of the rare articles about Janette Davis? It is. Do people misunderstand her? They do.

In the first place, there's no misconstruing Jan's looks. She blooms. She is petite (not quite five-feet-four). Her hair is auburn and she now has it styled in one of those pizza-type bobs. Her eyes, ears, teeth,



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See Next Page →

JUST NATURALLY

Jan

(Continued)



Jan's encouragement means a lot to *Talent Scouts* winners facing the morning-show audiences. Above, Danny Costello.

Janette Davis sings on *Arthur Godfrey Time*, CBS Radio, M-F, 10 A.M., and CBS-TV, M-Th, 10:30 A.M., under multiple sponsorship—*Arthur Godfrey And His Friends*, CBS-TV, Wed., 8 P.M. sponsored by The Toni Company, CBS-Columbia, Pillsbury Mills, and the Kellogg Company—and *Arthur Godfrey's Digest*, CBS Radio, Thurs., 8:30 P.M., under multiple sponsorship. *Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts* is simulcast on CBS-TV and CBS Radio, Mon., 8:30 P.M., sponsored by Thomas J. Lipton, Inc. and Toni. (All EST)



Glamour doesn't interest Jan, even when making up for the all-seeing TV camera. Utterly lacking in pretense, she prefers casual clothes, does her own hair and nails.

arms and so on, are nicely shaped and properly matched, so that the total effect is as pleasant as a winter day in Florida.

Personality-wise, she is soft-spoken. She is not pushy. Many performers arrive at a party like gangbusters and the siren never stops screaming. Jan, quiet and interested, usually keeps off-stage and watches. "Maybe when the party peters out," a friend relates, "when we're down to a few friends, Jan goes to the piano and plays some of the old standards and, boy, she really gets her teeth into them."

In show business, Jan is no Jenny-come-lately. In nearly twenty years (starting as a child) she has sung with bands, and she has sung on network shows with Red Skelton, Don McNeill, Garry Moore. In Cincinnati, Shreveport, Cleveland and Chicago, she had her own radio shows. She had a network program before she joined Arthur Godfrey. So Jan's most valuable possession is her experience and know-how. This she generously shares with others.

Winners of Arthur's *Talent Scouts* programs usually join the Godfrey family for a week on the morning program. They are naturally in awe of the regular cast. Jan, always kindly, goes out of her way to make them feel at ease and like one of the family. Said one observer, "I saw Jan knocking herself out for a very beautiful young singer. The gal was good and gained the confidence to be even better, because of Jan's friendly interest. Now, I'll tell you, if Jan had been like some other singers, she would have been concerned only with herself."

During rehearsal, Arthur often calls on Jan for her opinion of a bit in the show. She usually has one, and it is always backed up with constructive criticism. She always tries to lend a hand to newcomers on the show, and often says: "Your originality is your most precious asset. Don't trade it for an imitation of someone else."

Jan is the first of the Little Godfreys. She joined Arthur ten years ago, when he first put his radio pro-



Always a little surprised by the devotion she inspires, Jan appreciates her fans' loyalty, thinks Grace Manfredo—a Janette Davis Club pioneer—is one of the greatest.



Making music is the most natural thing in her world. A quiet onlooker during parties, she may drift to the piano later on, playing just for fun—and a few lucky friends.

gram together, and the show—now on radio and TV—has become the biggest part of her life. She has turned down any number of engagements at night clubs. The 500 Club in Atlantic City, where entertainers of the stature of Durante and Martin and Lewis play, makes no bones of the fact that they have tried unsuccessfully to get Jan for a couple of weeks, or just one week—or even for a weekend.

"The Godfrey shows are tops in my opinion and I couldn't do better," Jan says. "My work consumes most of my time and energy. And, quite frankly, I don't think I'm capable of doing more."

Jan's fans have a lot to say about her courtesy and warmth. She extends herself more than most entertainers. All entertainers work under pressure. They sign autographs—but, after that, it's apt to be the polite brush-off. Jan is one in a thousand. She stops on the sidewalk and chats. Almost every morning at eleven-thirty, she takes a thirty-minute break. Jan spends part of that time with fans—answering questions, signing autographs, letting them take pictures. A friend who has watched her do this day after day once asked Jan, after she had been subjected to some silly questions, why she didn't blow her top?

"It's not silly to them," she answered simply. "It's important to them, and I need and appreciate their interest."

One elderly man has been turning up at the studio door for nearly five years. He cherishes Jan and offers prayers for her at his church. Jan always stops to say hello. She was impatient with him just once—and that was during bad weather, when she asked, "Now why in the world are you standing out in this chill?"

"I just wanted to see you," he answered. There was nothing to say, after that.

Another of Jan's fans and friends, Grace Manfredo, has always been devoted to her—from the age of fifteen on. She had put out an elaborate (Continued on page 81)



Between rehearsals, Jan shares a brief coffee break at Colbee's with Maxie Kendrick, music publishers' contact man—and husband of her close friend, Dottie Kendrick.



Wife Virginia knew James Arness was marked for future greatness—even when he didn't have a dime for an ice-cream cone, in their "courting days."



Two against one is a very uneven match between 6-foot-6 Jim and his boys. But Craig is happily sure he's quicker on the draw than "the marshal."



He'll always be grateful

Jim Arness, of TV's *Gunsmoke*, is a hero to his wife, too—and she's his greatest heroine

By ERNST JACOBI

LAST SUMMER, when a visitor asked eight-year-old Craig Arness the inevitable question as to what he was going to be when he grew up, the boy replied without the slightest hesitation, "An actor like my dad. You have a lot of fun, make good money and hardly ever work."

James Arness, Craig's father, had just spent a couple of months loafing at the beach near their home. Before that, he'd been on location in the Bahamas making a picture for Republic, returning tanned, fit and glowing. And his two previous pictures, "The Sea Chase" and "Hondo," both with John Wayne and made at a leisurely pace with long, pleasant intervals between them, had been fun, too. Though he wasn't getting rich, he was making a very comfortable living and, at this point in Jim Arness's career, Craig's analysis of his father's occupation seemed correct.

What the boy didn't know (*Continued on page 87*)

James Arness stars as Marshal Matt Dillon in *Gunsmoke*, as seen over CBS-TV, Sat., 10 P.M. EST, sponsored by Chesterfield and L & M Filter Cigarettes.

The Arness youngsters—Rolf, Craig and Jennie Lee—apparently have an appetite like Dad's! But there were some lean times for Jim, before he got that role as Marshal Matt Dillon in *Gunsmoke*.





As Grace Tyrell in *The Secret Storm*,
as a gay, gallant woman off-stage,
Marjorie Gateson proves . . .

Glamour

IS A STATE OF MIND



Mirror shows an up-to-date Marjorie. The wall gallery shows some of her stage roles, as she and friend Odette Myrtil reminisce.

By ED MEYERSON

PARDON ME, but—aren't you Grace Tyrell?" The question no longer surprises the actress who plays the part of Grace on CBS-TV's *The Secret Storm*. Strangers stop her in the street and approach her in shops. Even little children come up to her, for they apparently watch the show, too.

"It's amazing!" she says. "You can be in the biggest hit play and no one knows you. But, once you're on television, you can't go anywhere without being recognized. It's the greatest publicity there is."

Even more endearing to an actress's heart, however, is that many of these people know her own name. "Forgive me for bothering you," they'll say, "but (Continued on page 76)



The kitchen is small but well-stocked and Marjorie turns out snacks or company meals without ruffling her coiffure or her poise.



With gaiety and high spirits, Marjorie turns a hotel suite into a warm and welcoming home to entertain such friends as Lawrence Baker, Jr., Broadway producer; Odette Myrtil, musical comedy star; and Dick Dunn, producer of *The Secret Storm* and *Love Of Life*.



Marjorie shows Dick Dunn her gilt statuette of Saint Anthony, who "finds things," and who watches over her as she studies her lines.



Marjorie Gateson is Grace Tyrell in *The Secret Storm*, CBS-TV, M-F, 4:15 P.M. EST, sponsored by Whitehall Pharmacal Co. and Boyle-Midway, Inc.

TV RADIO MIRROR

AWARDS for 1955-56

Vote for Your Favorite PROGRAMS on Radio and Television

(Write name of one program in each column for each classification)

CLASS	FAVORITE RADIO PROGRAM	FAVORITE TV PROGRAM
Daytime Drama		
Evening Drama		
Daytime Comedy		
Evening Comedy		
Daytime Variety		
Evening Variety		
Musical Program		
Mystery or Adventure		
Quiz Show		
Panel Show		
Women's Program		
Children's Program		
Western Program		
Best Program on Air		

(Cut out this ballot and mail to TV RADIO MIRROR AWARDS, Box 1476, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y. It is not necessary to fill in both radio and television sections of this ballot.)



Your own votes decide the gold medal winners



Vote for Your Favorite STARS on Radio and Television

(Write name of one star in each column for each classification)

CLASS	FAVORITE RADIO STAR (specify show on which star appears)	FAVORITE TV STAR (specify show on which star appears)
Male Singer_____		
Female Singer_____		
Comedian_____		
Comedienne_____		
Daytime Drama Actor_____		
Daytime Drama Actress_____		
Evening Drama Actor_____		
Evening Drama Actress_____		
Daytime Emcee_____		
Evening Emcee_____		
News Commentator_____		
Sportscaster_____		
Husband-Wife Team_____		
Western Star_____		

(Cut out this ballot and mail to TV RADIO MIRROR AWARDS, Box 1476, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y. It is not necessary to fill in both radio and television sections of this ballot.)

YOU ARE the star-makers of America, the jury whose verdict decides the success or failure of the programs and personalities who entertain you on both television and radio. And *you* are the judges whose votes will select the winners of gold medals in the ninth annual TV RADIO MIRROR Awards—the only recognized, nationwide poll which offers listeners and viewers the opportunity to name their own favorite radio and TV stars and shows. *Vote today!* Your ballots must be postmarked no later than

December 10, 1955, when a staff of independent tabulators starts adding up all the votes you've cast. The exciting results will be announced in the May issue of TV RADIO MIRROR, complete with colorful pictures and exclusive stories of the winners. You needn't sign your name, but the only way your favorites can win is if you place *their* names on the ballots—stars on this page, programs on the opposite one—for either radio or TV, or both. Then mail your choices promptly, in time to be counted for the gold medals!

in the only nationwide poll of America's listeners and viewers

Straight

*Paul Coates' own story
tells why Confidential File
touches the heart—
and conscience—of a nation*

By
BUD GOODE



Paul starts work at his kitchen phone, leaves for the newspaper office at 11 A. M., off on a whirlwind round, which often doesn't end till 2 A.M.—next day.



He gets expert advice for his TV reports—above right, Dr. Robert Stoller, U. C. L. A. psychiatrist.



Face mask protects the identity of a would-be suicide who hoped her story might help save others from despair.



This 14-year-old—name withheld, as always—told Paul a pathetic story of feeling "rejected" by her own parents.

from his heart



Coates family includes wife Renee; daughter Joren, 12, sons Kevin, 8, and Timmie, 7—plus Friendly, the dog; Nino, the pony; Cameo, the horse.

THE RED LIGHT over the TV studio door blinked: "Studio in Use." The sign on the heavy double door read: "Closed Set." There was no audience for the show going on inside, and the auditorium with its three hundred empty seats was quiet as a crypt. Besides the half-dozen crew members, there were only two other people in the studio—a neatly dressed, stolid-faced, already-old, young man seated beside a woman in a plain housedress. The woman's face was covered with a large mask. When the

cue came, the young man read the lines which opened the show: "The woman you are about to meet," he said, "didn't want to wear a mask. She felt she had nothing to be ashamed of . . ."

Thus, Paul Coates, starring in *Confidential File*, was on the air again. Suicide was the subject under discussion. The woman hidden behind the mask had tried to take her life five times. Five times she had failed. Now under an analyst's care, she (Continued on page 94)

She loves her dolls—and dreams of dates. Robin Morgan's growing up—and not too sure she wants to hurry!



Wary of formal dates, Robin prefers casual get-togethers at home, around the piano—or her 'uke.



Other girls have to watch their weight, as she does—but few of them have Robin's long tresses!



Robin gets lots of fan mail, as *Mama's* Dagmar—much of it concerning teen-age problems now that she's almost fourteen.

Mama's “Little Girl”

By MARY TEMPLE

JUST A GLIMPSE of Robin Morgan's fan mail, through the years, tells a great deal about a talented child who has grown up, on radio and television, into a lovely and lovable teenager. Though Robin won't be fourteen until her next birthday (January 29), she's been getting fan mail almost all her life. At three, she was entertaining at hospitals in Lake Worth (in Florida, where she was born) . . . at four, doing children's fashion-show commentaries and appearing on a TV program (her first) . . . at five, having her own disc-jockey show in New York spinning children's records and telling little stories (*Continued on page 69*)

Robin Morgan is Dagmar Hansen on *Mama*, over CBS-TV, Fri., 8 P.M. EST, for Maxwell House Coffee, Post's 40% Bran Flakes, Grape-Nuts.

Guided by her mother, Robin has learned that plenty of sleep and proper food are the finest of all beauty secrets.







*As Young Dr. Malone,
as husband, father and
entertainer extraordinary,
Sandy Becker gives—
and receives—*

More than anyone could ask

By FRANCES KISH

WEEKDAYS, Sandy and Ruth Becker live in a reasonably serene household. That is, it's as reasonably serene as any house can be—with three lively children, a huge German shepherd dog, two parrakeets that have the run of the place, a chattering dwarf parrot, and a collection of other animals which may at any time include strange turtles from the Amazon or even a stray duck. Plus at least six tanks of odd tropical fish—including one called a man-eater, and enough guppies to stock a hatchery. Furthermore, there's a hi-fi system installed in the living room and connected up to the master bedroom—plus a grand piano on which eleven-year-old Joyce does her practicing. And a power-tool shop in the basement where Sandy, supervised by six-and-a-half-year-old Curtis, works on do-it-yourself projects. Add winsome five-year-old Annelle, who comes romping in with half the kids in the neighborhood in tow, and you have a pretty good picture of what goes on during any ordinary day at the Beckers'.

Saturday is the really lively day for the Becker family, when Daddy's free from his radio and television chores. Sandy has then completed his five-times-a-week stint, starring as *Young*



In their big white house on Long Island, Sandy does one of his impish sketches for his wife, Ruth—whose own artistic tastes run toward antiques, such as that handsome silver pot.

Continued ➤



Saturday is "all together" time for the Beckers—Sandy, Ruth, Joyce, Curtis, and little Annelle. One of Sandy's favorite treats then is taking them for a spin in his cherished Mercedes-Benz.

Dwarf parrot Hajji Baba is Sandy's "co-star."



More than anyone could ask

(Continued)



There's a do-it-yourself workshop in the Becker basement. Ruth shops for bargains in antiques. Sandy remodels 'em for home use.

Sandy loves anything mechanical, likes to tinker with his "dream" car. He also loves anything electronic, is a great hi-fi fan.



Dr. Malone over CBS Radio. There's a brief gap in the children's TV programs he does for WABD, Du Mont's key station in New York—*The Sandy Becker Show* and *Looney Tunes*, Monday through Friday, *Wonderama* on Sunday afternoons. And there's no "live" commercial to be done—at least, not at this writing, though he's much in demand as an announcer, too. (For instance, Sandy is the Wildroot "host" on *The Adventures Of Robin Hood*, Monday nights over CBS-TV.)

Right now, however, Saturday is Sandy's holiday, when he can stay at the big white house out on Long Island, putter around the yard, take Ruth or the children for a run in the Mercedes-Benz sports car which is one of his most exciting dreams-come-true, and point out to them for the several-hundredth time how wonderfully it is designed and constructed—for Sandy is both a sports-car and hi-fi fan, with a taste for the finest in mechanics and electronics.

He can spend hours on Saturday in that workshop of his, finishing off such projects as the window seats he has been building all around the sunroom for the children—or the wiring of one of Ruth's lamp bases, frequently made from a fine piece of crystal she has picked up at auction for a trifling sum. Meanwhile, the music he and Ruth love (much of it definitely long-hair) will be drifting all through the house—and sometimes thundering out, if the composition happens to be one of Sandy's pet



Smallest members of the Becker household—not counting their tropical fish!—are Hajji Baba, the dwarf parrot who "acts" on Sandy's TV shows, and Goldie, the baby parrakeet.

Oldest pet is Jocko, Sandy's German shepherd. Jocko has spent almost all his five years as friend and protector of the young Beckers—Annelle, 4; Curtis, 6½; and Joyce, 11.

percussion recordings or perhaps a real hot jazz number.

Neighbors will drop in for a little conversation. Company will be coming for meals and for Scrabble sessions. Clyde Clem, who used to be Sandy's roommate when they were both radio announcers in Charlotte, North Carolina—where Sandy and Ruth met, fell in love and were married—now lives about five minutes' drive from the Beckers and runs in to talk shop and visit. Clyde is now manager of audience promotion for the NBC radio and television networks, and the men are still buddies. Phil Goulding and his pretty wife stop by to say hello. Phil is with local radio station WMGM in New York and is the brother of Ray Goulding of *Bob and Ray* fame.

But people who have no connection with show business, and only know the Beckers as good neighbors, come by to chat, too. Fred Blahnik, the police captain who lives across the street and is one of Sandy's best friends, is a frequent visitor. There will hardly be an hour when someone isn't coming or going from the friendly-looking Georgian house, which is set on an irregular-shaped corner lot that trails off in back to a children's play area, to gardens and a (Continued on page 89)

Sandy Becker is *Young Dr. Malone*, CBS Radio, M-F, 1:30 P.M. EST. He is host of three big children's television shows on WABD (New York)—*The Sandy Becker Show*, M-F, from 8:45 to 10 A.M.; *Looney Tunes*, M-F, 6:30 P.M.; *Wonderama*, Sunday, from 12 noon to 6 P.M.







Mary's husband, producer Richard Krolik, didn't make any promises about playing the "proud papa." He thought he'd have to learn his new role—but Cynthia had him under control, from first sight!



Busy as she is, caring for baby, Mary paused to write the accompanying "letter," telling Cynthia of their happiness today—and dreams for tomorrow.



to Cynthia

WITH LOVE

Mary's now singing to her own
first-born—just as Joanne sings to
Patti, on *Search For Tomorrow*

By MARY STUART

I WONDER, Cynthia, if you will ever realize how much your coming meant to your father and me. In the first place, I wanted a girl so much. And so did Richard. Of course, we would have loved having a little boy, too. In fact, I had all your layette and your nursery done in *blue*. As you'll someday learn, that's the traditional color for boys. Somehow, I secretly felt that, if I'd ordered everything in *pink*, we just wouldn't have got the little girl we dreamed of having. We even had a boy's name picked out! Stephen was our first choice, then we decided on Jeffrey—and we're still hoping that you'll have a little brother named Jeffrey, before you're old enough to read this.

But we didn't tempt fate by choosing any girl's names. I'm not quite sure now, just how we arrived at "Cynthia." It must have just come to us. It is not a family name. It is not the name of any character I've ever played in pictures or on TV—nor, so far as I know, that of any favorite (Continued on page 92)

Mary Stuart is Joanne Tate in *Search For Tomorrow*, CBS-TV, M-F, 12:30 P.M. EST, sponsored by the Procter & Gamble Co. for Joy, Spic and Span, Gleem.



Baby Chris was born that fateful autumn when Bob discovered how very much he loved his family—wife Mildred and older sons Robin, 13, and Ronnie, 12.

Now Bob spends all his after-work hours in or near his home and finds that the Smiths' charming little "recreation room" is really a great place to relax.



Got the Sun in the Morning

In the valley of the shadow,
Howdy Doody's Bob Smith
learned the things that count

By WARREN CROMWELL

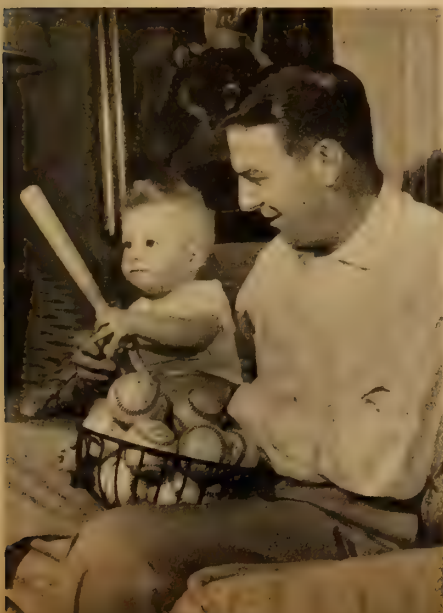
SOMETIMES it takes a mighty strong blow from fate to make even the happiest man pause to count his blessings. He can be proud of his family, getting a big kick out of success, enjoying the fact that he finally has the money to do the things for his loved ones that he's always wanted to do—and still lose sight of the many little blessings which make life so rich for all of us.

That's pretty much how it was with Bob Smith, creator and star of the fabulous children's program, *Howdy Doody*. In Bob's case, it was a nearly fatal heart attack, at the height of his career, which made him appreciate many things he had begun to take for granted. And it was during his slow but steady recovery that Bob came to realize so clearly that *(Continued on page 86)*

Bob Smith's *Howdy Doody Show* is seen in color and black-and-white on NBC-TV, M-F, 5:30 P.M. EST, under multiple sponsorship.



The grass never looked so green to Bob, the sky so blue, as when he left his sickbed to walk outside his home. And Mil never looked more lovable and dear.



Big hobbies are music and baseball: Bob plays the piano in his home studio, with Ronnie on clarinet, Robin on trumpet. Little Christopher Mayo Smith was named after the manager of the Phillies—no family relation but a sports idol!

By
HELEN BOLSTAD

Loyal Louise Thompson and nurse Edna Crichton teamed up to help Beth—and her parents—enjoy Thanksgiving at home.



WELCOME

THANKSGIVING, for Pat Meikle and her husband, Hal Cooper, has become the most important of festive days. "More important than birthdays," says Pat, the gracious and sparkling hostess of *Welcome Travelers* on CBS-TV, star of the long-beloved children's program *Magic Cottage*, and currently also a hostess for *Wonderama*, Station WABD's big children's program in the New York area.

"Thanksgiving is even more important than our wedding anniversary," adds Hal, who directs *Search For*

Wee Beth's first important holiday gave mama Pat Meikle

and papa Hal Cooper an inspiring lesson in love



Beth attended that first family dinner in her baby carriage. This year, she sits up to the table like a little lady!

TO OUR FAMILY

Tomorrow, over CBS-TV, and is producer of Pat's programs for children.

"It's the day," she explains, "that Hal and I, after all these years of marriage, stopped being just a man and wife whose personal lives sort of got gobbled up by television, and found out—thanks to little Beth and our helpers—that we're a family."

It began, they recount, at their Madison Avenue apartment one late November day a year ago. Hal tossed down his next morning's script, stretched that good,

end-of-the-day stretch and ambled out to the kitchen. At the doorway, he surveyed the scene and remarked, "You girls certainly have the joint jumping."

The kitchen was as busy as three capable women could make it. Pat, switching from glamour girl to devoted young mother, was at the ironing board putting the finishing touches to the lace-trimmed flounce of three-month-old Beth's tiny dress. Beth's nurse, Edna Crichton, was at the stove, preparing formula. Louise Thompson, their maid, was finishing up the dinner

See Next Page ►

WELCOME TO OUR FAMILY

(Continued)



Inspired by Beth's arrival, Pat and Hal have found themselves a "small town" in the heart of New York's Greenwich Village, complete with community gardens, a hearth to dream by—and room for a family to grow in.



dishes. At Hal's entrance, each looked up, murmured a polite greeting and went on with her work.

Hal tried again to gain attention. "Pat, have you thought anything about Thanksgiving? Will we go to the folks' house, or is one of the aunts giving the dinner this year?"

Pat flipped the iron back on its rest. "Dear, I don't see how we can go either place. It takes so long to get to Far Rockaway, and I don't think we should keep Beth out that late."

Hal nodded. He, too, had been adding studio time to travel time and coming out with a dinner hour troublesome to all concerned. Rehearsals and shows would keep both of them tied up until nearly seven o'clock. But the memory of many happy Thanksgivings was so strong that his disappointment showed. "I suppose we'd better just skip the whole thing."

Reluctantly, Pat agreed. "Even if we just took some of the kids from the show to a restaurant, it would mean that either Edna or Louise would have to baby-sit. We don't want to keep you girls away from Thanksgiving with your own families. We'll just have to plan some-

thing special next year." She, too, sounded disappointed.

But Pat reckoned without Edna, that West Indian woman of great heart and strong character who had come into their household "for three weeks" after Beth was born and had remained as permanent nurse and family friend. She had also failed to count on loyal Louise, who had been with them for five years. At Pat's dismissal of Thanksgiving plans, Edna set down the rack of baby bottles with a rattle. "Do you mean," she demanded, "that Beth's going to have no Thanksgiving?"

"She's so tiny . . ." said Pat.

"We have to work," said Hal. "That's show business for you."

"But it's not family business," said Edna.

Pat Meikle is the hostess on *Welcome Travelers*, CBS-TV, M-F, 1:30 P.M., sponsored by The Procter & Gamble Co. for Camay, Ivory Snow, Oxydol, Gleem, Prell. She is a hostess for *Wonderama*, over Station WABD (New York), Sun., 12 noon—6 P.M. *Search For Tomorrow* is seen over CBS-TV, M-F, 12:30 P.M., as sponsored by Procter & Gamble for Joy, Spic and Span, Gleem. (All EST)



Said Louise, with five years' knowledge of the Coopers' habits and responsibilities, "They always work. Thanksgiving. Christmas. Fourth of July . . ."

Edna was indignant. "Maybe that used to be all right for you folks, but it's not right for Beth. You're a family now. Louise and I will see that you have a Thanksgiving."

Pat, recalling the golden-brown turkey and all the trimmings which finally greeted them last year, says: "What a dinner that was!" The girls had worked out a plan and the Coopers' dinner was all ready before they left for their own dinner with their families.

"It was the first Thanksgiving we'd ever had in our own home," Hal recalls, "and it turned out to be quite a party. Ted Walsh, our assistant, was there and we brought Beth to the table in her carriage. She sat propped up against her pillows, laughing and cooing and flirting with Ted. She really seemed to know this was something special."

"It was special for us, too," says Pat. "This was the first time we really understood what it was like to be a family—that we belonged to (Continued on page 91)"



There's plenty of fresh air for Beth, and the grown-up Coopers enjoy that sunshine, too—whether playing with Beth, studying scripts, or making plans for the future.



WELCOME TO OUR FAMILY

(Continued)



Inspired by Beth's arrival, Pat and Hal have found themselves a "small town" in the heart of New York's Greenwich Village, complete with community gardens, a hearth to dream by—and room for a family to grow in.



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As young Toby and his mother, Laura, take delight in Toby's new puppy, Dr. Crane tries to advise and comfort Albert Wexler, who is allergic to dogs but wants to please Toby—his stepson-to-be.

CITY HOSPITAL

Dr. Crane's experience proves that taking life

too seriously is as great a mistake as taking life too lightly

MOST PEOPLE, in all walks of life, are called upon at various times to do more than is expected of them. For a doctor, however, this is not the exception but the rule. A doctor's primary mission in life is to cure the sick. But, at times, he also has to be an adviser, philosopher, mediator and helping hand. In a city hospital, a doctor's complex role is magnified, for—in addition to attending all kinds of patients with all kinds of ills—a doctor often finds himself involved in problems concerning his colleagues and subordinates. . . . Dr. Barton Crane of City Hospital is a man of great talent, patience and wisdom, as well as a successful man of medicine. It is only natural, therefore, that his advice and comfort should be sought by members of the City Hospital staff, as well as its patients. Recently, this occurred with Albert Wexler, one of the hospital's pharmacists. Albert, a serious but often over-anxious young man, was in love with Laura, a nurse at City Hospital, and planned to marry her. But Laura, a widow for ten years, was also the mother of twelve-year-old Toby. Worrier that he was, Albert was afraid to break the news to Toby for fear that it would make the boy unhappy or cause him to resent Albert. . . . The main cause for Albert's concern was that he took matters too seriously and had a tendency to underestimate himself. This was made clear to Dr. Crane after he had lent Albert several books on psychology. For, no sooner had Albert read them, than he began applying what little he had learned to his own relationship with Toby. "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing," Dr. Crane mused, as he tried to make Albert realize that his situation was not some abstract case history. "Take it easy," he advised Albert. "Toby will be tickled pink to have you for a father—especially if you want to be one." . . . Although Albert found it difficult to "take it easy," he did make an attempt to get closer to Toby. That evening, when he went to see Laura, he brought Toby a present—a baseball mitt—and told the boy that he and Laura planned to marry. Toby accepted the gift and the marriage news courteously, but showed no visible sign of being happy or sad. Albert never had been very interested in baseball—chess was more to his liking—but he assumed Toby would be. Later, when Laura heard about the mitt Albert had given Toby, she explained that Toby didn't care much for baseball because his eyesight was not good enough. Immediately, Albert tried to apologize to Toby for his slight blunder, but again Toby showed no significant reaction. . . . Feeling he was completely to blame, Albert again sought Dr. Crane's advice. Dr. Crane told him,

"I know you love Laura, and I'm sure you love her son. You'll get through to the boy. He'll know the way you really do feel about him." Albert brightened a bit as he told Dr. Crane, "I feel a great—*affinity* for Toby. Because he's so little, and I was always little. And he hasn't had a father, and that's like me, too, in a way, because my father never took any notice of me. I can tell how he feels. . . . I just hope that somehow I can get through to him." . . . The next time Albert visited Laura, he discovered that Toby loved dogs, although he had never had one of his own. This set Albert to thinking and, the following day, when Dr. Crane ran into Albert at the hospital, the young man was brimming over with excitement. Then he showed Dr. Crane why: He had gotten a lively little puppy for Toby. As he told Dr. Crane, "I think this might be the answer to all our troubles," Albert's words were punctuated with sneezes. As long as he was near the dog, he couldn't stop sneezing. Dr. Crane thought it was *possible* that Albert might be allergic to dogs. Albert, however, was *positive* that was the case. . . . Once again, Albert felt defeated and worried about what to say when Toby and Laura came to meet him. Dr. Crane sent Albert down to his office and, when Toby and Laura arrived, he took over. When Toby saw the dog, he was overjoyed. "He's the most wonderful dog I ever saw," he enthused. Then Dr. Crane explained about Albert's apparent allergy to dogs. When Albert came in, Toby bravely told him he'd give up the puppy, but Albert insisted that he keep it—he just couldn't stand to hurt Toby again. But Toby, a proud and valiant little fellow, replied, "I don't really need a dog. I've done without one for a long time. And—well, which does a fellow need more—a dog or a father?" As Albert listened, amazed and a bit dumbfounded, Toby went on. "I've been spending a lot of time trying to figure out what I could do for you that you'd like. That we could do together. I mean, you got me that swell glove, but I'm no good at baseball, and I didn't want to be a disappointment to you in everything, and . . . well, I've been learning how to play chess, and—look, Dad, we can give the dog to somebody else. . . ." As Albert tried to choke back a happy sob, Dr. Crane said, "There's no reason why you should be allergic to dogs, Albert. Once we know what your allergy is, it's a pretty simple matter to desensitize you. And once we do . . . well, I agree that a father's a bit more important than a dog. But why shouldn't Toby have both?" . . . With those words, Dr. Crane brought to a happy end one more chapter of the dramatic book of life that forever unfolds at City Hospital.

City Hospital is heard on CBS Radio, Sat., 1 P.M. EST. Pictured here in their original roles, left to right, are Joseph Fallon as Toby, Linda Watkins as Laura, Melville Ruick as Dr. Crane, Ted Osborn as Albert Wexler.

the Long Way Home



By PHIL LEWIS

WHEN Sid Caesar, his wife Florence and their two young children moved into their beautiful new home on Long Island last summer, it was the realization of a dream which Sid and Florence had had for many years. The lovely sixteen-room house overlooking the water is the first home Sid has owned in all his thirty-three years, and it is the apple of his eye—as well it might be.

Sid had lived in no less than seventeen different places (not counting the hotel rooms and barracks he occupied while in the Coast Guard). Florence had shared nine of them with Sid. And, during the twelve years of their marriage, their dream had always been of a home of their own. Now they have it. It is truly a “dream home” in more ways than one.

The new house is a far cry (*Continued on page 78*)

Caesar's Hour, starring Sid Caesar, is seen over NBC-TV, three Mondays out of four, from 8 to 9 P.M. EST. The program is sponsored by Helene Curtis Industries, Inc., Remington Electric Shavers, and the American Chicle Company (for Dentyne Chewing Gum).

After many a move, Sid and Florence Caesar have found the happy haven which once existed only in their dreams



Pausing on the patio of their new sixteen-room house in Long Island, Florence, Shelley, Rick and Sid Caesar reflect the happiness and pride of a family which, for the first time, is experiencing the pleasures of having a home all their own.



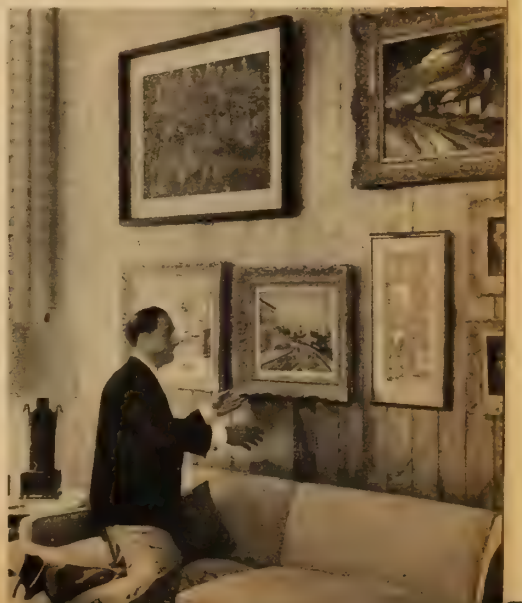
The spacious living room, with its beautiful view of Manhasset Bay, also provides ample wall space for Sid's and Florence's fine collection of paintings. Most important, says Sid, "It's the sort of place where you're not afraid to sit down."



The Caesars' swimming pool, behind the house, is fenced in and has a built-in alarm system for the children's safety.



Golfer's dream: Sid has his own one-hole golf course—with two tees—on which he tries to improve his game.





I. Much has happened since Helen Trent and Gil Whitney first fell in love. But, as they begin to meet again, they still share the old dream of marriage and a life together.

HOPE has flirted with Helen Trent like a carefree Casanova—leading her on with a smile, then heartlessly eloping with someone else, and returning to tease her once more. . . . Although it has played cruel tricks on her, hope is all that has sustained Helen for many years. Ever since her first fateful meeting with Gil Whitney, Helen has dreamed that she and Gil would marry someday. But, when Cynthia Swanson appeared on the scene, Gil had become ensnared in her schemes and tricked into marrying the wealthy, heartless woman. . . . From the beginning, this had been a marriage in name only. But, with a hatred and venom which Helen could never fathom, Cynthia refused to set Gil free so that he could marry Helen.

Believing Gil lost to her forever, Helen turned all her energies to her career as top costume designer at the Jeff Brady Motion Picture Studios. Still, she could not help feeling her life was unfulfilled. . . . Then, Helen found her loneliness eased by the attentions of millionaire Brett Chapman. With him, Helen discovered companionship and common interests and, finally, she and Brett made plans to marry. . . . But, shortly before the intended wedding, Helen's assistant, Loretta Cole, stepped between them, turning Brett's head and alienating him from Helen. Then, a few months later, Loretta was killed in an accident—a grim payment for her marriage to Brett for his money. Realizing how he had been deceived by Loretta, Brett turned again to Helen.

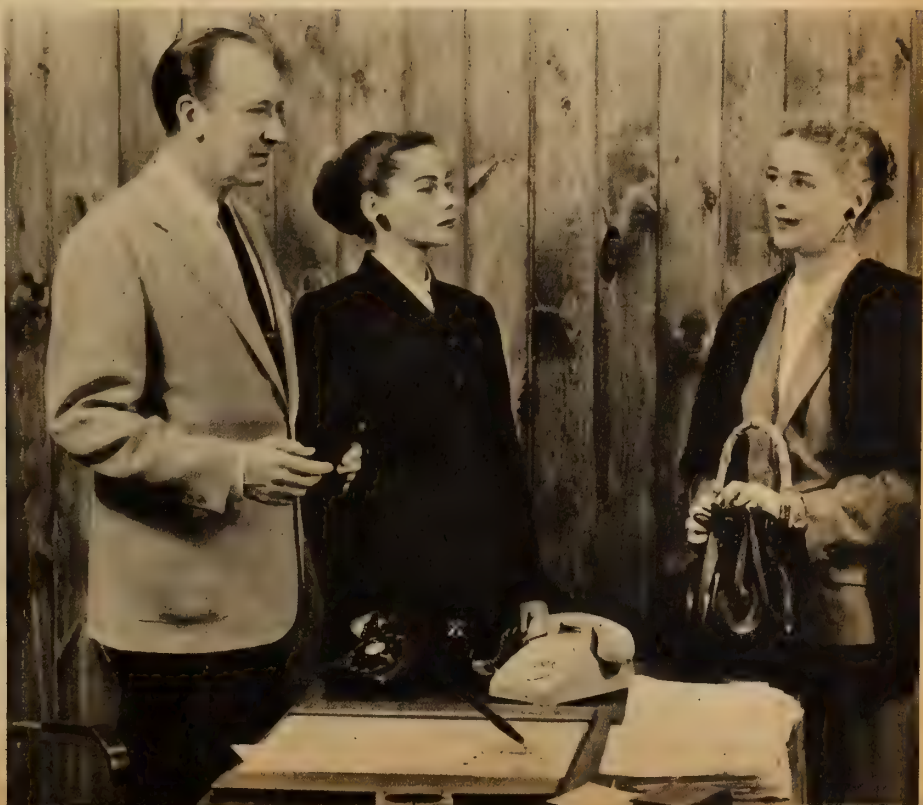
THE ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT



*Helen Trent continues
to believe in love even as
two selfish women
plot to destroy her dreams*

See Next Page →

2. Cynthia has tricked Gil into marriage—now, out of hatred of Helen, refuses to free him.



3. Helen recognizes Gil's new secretary, Fay Granville, as an adventuress and a rival for Gil.

THE ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT

(Continued)

... But, after her disappointment with Brett, Helen has come to feel that it is Gil alone she really loves. Once more Gil pleads with Cynthia for a divorce, and once more Cynthia refuses. ... Helen also finds she has a rival for Gil's affections in his beautiful and mysterious secretary, Fay Granville, who has obviously set her mind on marrying Gil herself. ... Suddenly, the divorce Gil has sought all these years is offered him by his wife—on the condition that he marry Fay! Confused, uncertain—knowing only that any life would be better than the one he shares with Cynthia—Gil turns toward Fay. ... Dazzled by the tricks which Fay has used before to ruin other men, Gil accepts Fay for what she seems to be. He even gives her access to his safe and tells Fay that she may use some of the money to cover her expenses. Finally, Fay—who has been busily looting the safe of large sums of money—decides to protect herself by precipitating her marriage to Gil. Al-

4. Meanwhile, millionaire Brett Chapman presses Helen to forget Gil and marry him. But he also confirms Helen's suspicions of Fay, whom he remembers having met before.

5. Suddenly, Cynthia agrees to divorce Gil—if he will marry Fay! Gil is confused, but Fay announces the engagement and toasts Cynthia in the triumph over Helen.





6. Helen searches for proof that will unmask Fay. She manages to find damaging evidence but this is retrieved by Fay's brother and Helen is found unconscious by Brett.

though Gil had not planned to come to a decision so soon, he says nothing when Fay announces their engagement at a party. . . . Meanwhile, Helen has suspected that Fay is not what she pretends to be. When she realizes that Gil is likely to go on being deceived, she sets out to prove her suspicions. . . . Helen's doubts are confirmed when Brett Chapman tells her that he remembers having seen Fay elsewhere and that she had an unsavory reputation. But Brett has no proof and, hoping to marry Helen himself, he offers little help in her struggle to win Gil. . . . Nevertheless, Helen manages to find damaging evidence against Fay, but she is stopped by Fay's brother Darcy, who knocks her unconscious. Helen now has only the name of the man connected with that evidence, and she begins to search for him. He turns out to be one of the many victims Fay has fleeced and, eager for revenge, he agrees to testify against Fay. . . . As a lawyer, Gil refuses to condemn anyone without proof. But Helen is hopeful that the meeting she plans between Fay and her former victim will be all the proof anyone could demand. . . . Wily and experienced as she is, does Fay have still another ruse with which to deceive Gil? And, even if Helen succeeds in winning back Gil's affections, can she cope with Cynthia? Is Cynthia likely to grant Gil his freedom if it means he will marry Helen? . . . Hope flirts once again with Helen, but this is a road that has led her to heartbreak before. Helen wonders if she would be wiser to forget Gil and give Brett Chapman the answer he so obviously wants with all his heart. How should she respond, as hope beckons once again in the romance of Helen Trent?



7. Convinced of her suspicions, Helen confronts Fay. But Gil, as a lawyer, asks for further proof—and Helen wonders whether, even if she finds it, she can regain Gil's love.

Pictured here, as heard on the air, are:

Helen Trent.....Julie Stevens
 Gil Whitney.....David Gothard
 Cynthia Swanson Whitney.....Andree Wallace
 Brett Chapman.....Bob Haag
 Fay Granville.....Millicent Brower

The Romance Of Helen Trent, CBS Radio, M-F, 12:30 P.M. EST.

He's a GREAT Granddad!



At "39," Jack Benny shrugs off the years—and revels in the delight his first grandchild has brought him

By FREDDA BALLING

AS EVERYBODY KNOWS, Jack Benny is only 39. It's one of the enchanting myths which the Waukegan wit has encouraged about himself, and which the American public has gleefully accepted. But Jack's self-proclaimed "ceiling on birthdays" does create some problems in statistics—none greater than that which transpired last summer, when daughter Joan Benny Baker became the mother of a six-pound, four-ounce baby boy named Michael. This somewhat early grandfatherhood fascinated newswriters and amateur gagsters around the land.

It was written that the baby was born with a heavy head of hair about the color and consistency of Jack's "Sunday toupee" (he doesn't wear one any day of the week). The infant's eyes were said to be "mountain lake" blue, and the song that soothed him in moments of distress was, inevitably, "Love in Bloom." But principally Jack was headlined as one of the youngest grandparents in show business—at the age of 39.

Jack and Mary shared their daughter's secret with close friends, George Burns and Gracie Allen—who flew to New York with them and helped wile away the hours of waiting.





Baby Michael calmly allows Nurse Eva Blumstein to show him off to mother Joan Benny Baker and grandfather Jack. But Jack was far from calm as he checked to see if Michael also had "baby blue" eyes, then dashed off to buy junior-size golf clubs.

The American public quickly took it up. Letters began to avalanche upon the already crowded CBS-Hollywood office. The mail could be divided roughly into three categories: Boasts from younger-than-Benny grandparents (one precocious type from, naturally, Texas, reported himself a grandfather at 28); boasts from legitimate 39-ers with *more* than one grandchild (usually acquired in a multiple birth); protests from Jack's authentic contemporaries (he has never made a strict secret of his actual 61 years)—who complained that, if he'd only stress the truth about his age, they would be far and away ahead of him in the grandparent sweepstakes.

A good many of the letters enclosed snapshots of beloved progeny. At length, after having spent a morning in study of letters and pictures, Jack observed thoughtfully, "Mary and I made just one mistake. We should have had a family of six or eight. Just look at these kids!

Aren't they great? Wouldn't you love to have every single one!" Jack added, taking on the Benny TV personality, "Of course, there's something *special* about Michael . . . and I'm not saying it because I'm prejudiced. Hmmmmmmm . . . it's true."

Michael started out being "something special" about seven months before he was born. During one of Joan's regular long-distance phone calls, placed to her parents two or three times a week, Joan confided that she had her doctor's assurance she was going to make Jack a grandfather. She added that she wanted to keep it secret as long as possible.

Jack and Mary agreed with their daughter. A secret it would be.

The following day, Jack showed up at Hillcrest Country Club, as usual, for his luncheon date with George Burns and other members in good standing at the Comedians' Table. George, grandparent of almost a year's seniority

See Next Page →

He's a GREAT Granddad!

(Continued)



Jack and Mary gave Joan and Seth Baker a wedding so lavish it made headlines. But it was nothing to the field day newsmen and gagsters had when Jack became a granddad at 39!

The Jack Benny Show, alternate Sundays on CBS-TV, 7:30 P.M. EST, is sponsored by American Tobacco for Lucky Strike Cigarettes. Jack also stars frequently on Chrysler's *Shower Of Stars*, CBS-TV, 8:30 P.M.

at the time, "happened" to have a fistful of his grandson's latest pictures in his wallet, and passed them around.

This was more than mortal man could stand. With quiet dignity, Jack announced that "by this time next year" he would have some pictures of his own to parade. He added, however, that his anticipation was a secret for the time being. After luncheon he joined a foursome for golf and confided his news to them, again with the aside that the information was given in confidence. At the nineteenth hole, Jack joined the usual alibi session and, as soon as he could get a word in, spread the tidings—requesting, of course, that there be no broadcasting of the facts.

All in all, it proved to be a lovely day. Always enthusiastic, Jack had a prize inspiration on his way home and stopped at an out-of-the-way shop which is patronized mainly by musicians of note. After proper deliberation and testing, he tucked his purchase under his arm and hastened home to Mary's welcoming kiss.

"Hi, Doll. Bought a present for the expected," he said, handing the package to Mary.

"Not already!" she moaned, and her expression took on starch. There was no real need for her to remove the wrappings and unfasten the case, but she played out the scene just the same. Nestled in the velvet lining was a quarter-sized violin.

"Oh, Jack!" said his wife, her tone a compound of exasperation, amusement and intense affection.

"Cute, huh?" said Jack, very offhandedly.

Suspicion gradually superseded all other emotions as Mary studied the man to whom she has been married for nearly twenty-nine years. "Jack, you didn't tell anyone at the club, did you?"

Jack said, "Well . . ." as only he can say it. After a pause he went on, "Naturally, I had to tell George." Jack explained that George had been flashing pictures around the luncheon table, so . . . And then, out on the golf course, one of the guys had said something about his daughter's youngsters, which reminded Jack . . . Oh, yes, and then in the locker room there had been a few fellows standing around. . . .

"Jack! What will Joanie think?" Mary demanded, and this time the inflection denoted shocked reproof and genuine annoyance modified very little by loving understanding.

Jack took refuge in a show-business trick which is his and his alone, because—according to other comedians—no one else has the courage it takes to put it into effect. It goes like this in a theater: Jack tells a joke and then, with a straight face—a face on which cosmic melancholy and quiet command are mingled—he stares at the audience and waits. And he continues to wait, permitting himself no more than a patient sigh. According to show-business experts, this leaves an audience with a choice: To laugh or to leave the theater. They always laugh.

And so, regarding Mary with his life-is-a-bad-joke-on-somebody-but-don't-blame-me expression, Jack waited.

And Mary laughed.

She had no real cause to fear betrayal of the secret. The Hillcrest Country Club takes care of its own. Not one word of the Baker expectancy oozed out of California. Not until Eastern columnists noted Joan's chic maternity outfits did the item appear in the press.

The three Bennys have always been exceptionally devoted. During the war years, when Jack was spending every possible hour doing shows at military installations, there was a gag among his (Continued on page 80)

Mama's Little Girl

(Continued from page 44)

for children into the microphone. . . .
"What a cute little girl you must be," said the early fan mail, then mostly from grownups. But, during the next couple of seasons—when Robin was a member of Jack Barry's *Juvenile Jury* on radio and TV—the letters added: "What a cute, smart little girl you must be!" When Robin was seven—and made her debut as *Mama's* pigtailed younger daughter, Dagmar, over CBS-TV—the fan mail got bigger and bigger. "What a cute, smart, pretty little girl you are," the letters started saying.

But, in this year of 1955, when both Robin and Dagmar had grown up to celebrate their thirteenth birthdays, there was suddenly a marked change in the mail. Oh, yes, the letters still said, "How cute, how smart, how pretty you are." But some new things had been added. Now the mail began to come in great bags, much of it from other teenagers—loads of it, of course, from the more than forty Robin Morgan fan clubs—and much of it asked Robin's advice. There were such questions as: "Do you think it's all right for girls our age to date boys? Does your mother let you use lipstick? Don't you think we're old enough to wear nylon stockings every day?"

And there were letters from boys, too. Shy, respectful little notes, as a rule, that asked if Robin "just happened" to have a wallet-size photograph for carrying around in a boy's pocket. Letters with the tentative suggestion that she just might be willing to become a "pen pal," though there was small chance they would ever meet in person.

To Robin, all this seems very natural. "These other kids look upon me as their friend, I'm proud to say," she does say. "They know that I, being somewhere near their age, probably feel the same way about most things as they do. For instance, girls around my age write me saying they feel sort of 'uncomfortable' about having a real evening date with a boy. Of course, they mean the formal kind of date, where he comes to call for you and take you out without a grownup along. I feel uncomfortable, too, about such formal dates, so I just don't have any. I wouldn't, even if my mother were to approve, which she doesn't—yet.

"Perhaps I act more grown-up than some other girls my age—or at least people think I do—because I have been an actress all my life and have been around grown people a great deal. But I still remember when I was twelve going on thirteen, and was invited to my first formal teen-age party at a country club. The others were mostly two or three years older than I was, and I have to admit that I was ill at ease, although I covered it up well. Actually, it wasn't until the next year that I had got to the point where I could be completely comfortable and enjoy myself at a formal party. Other girls write to me about similar experiences. We may like to feel grown-up, but we know we're really not."

Robin's young, pretty mother understands these things. "When Robin feels ready to be herself when she goes out alone with a boy—instead of with the usual group or with older people along—then I am ready to have her go. I want her to have a good time. Robin is always with other teenagers and does all the things that normal teenagers like to do. I want her to have fun. But I have watched too many young girls pretending to be something they aren't, in an effort to be popular—trying to act 'way beyond their years and experience, yet at heart

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CRY with JANET GAYNOR and CHARLES FARRELL in "Seventh Heaven"

LAUGH at the first love scene ever censored. The year was 1896. The picture, "The Kiss"

SIGH as TAB HUNTER and MONA FREEMAN in "Battle Cry" prove that today's crop of stars are as good at love scenes as the oldtimers

ADMIRE swashbuckling DOUG FAIRBANKS sweeping his heroine off the

balcony to safety

HISS the villain forcing his attentions upon BILLIE DOVE

HOWL at the clothes that adorn the "ladies of the night"

HATE JACK PALANCE as he terrorizes JOAN CRAWFORD in "Sudden Fear"

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troubled and self-conscious. I don't want this to happen to Robin.

"As far as the boys she knows are concerned," Robin's mother emphasizes, "they are all boys we know and like. If one comes along we don't feel satisfied about, he's out of Robin's little circle quickly. When a boy comes to the house, there are such games as Scrabble, there is television to watch, records to play, the tape recorder to fool around with. Robin gets out her ukulele and strums it, or she plays the piano and they sing. If she feels like baking a batch of peanut-butter cookies (her favorites), or gingerbread or a cake, the boy often pitches in and helps. Robin has no brothers—she's an only child—but we have learned that boys like to cook, too, when it's something *they* like to eat.

"Robin is never shy with a boy in a comfortable setting. Right now, that means home, or an afternoon neighborhood movie or, occasionally, a theater matinee. When she is ready to form her own opinions about boys—as she will have to, when she meets boys from families we don't know—then she will be ready for more formal dating. Even now, I find her coming to her own decisions, without my influencing her, and so I know she is growing up emotionally, little by little, as her decisions become more and more mature. I only hope that she will always meet the kind of boys she knows now, especially when she gets to the age when boys are important to a girl. So far, they are all wonderful kids—and that includes her girl friends, as well."

Not all the problems the mail brings to Robin concern boys and dates. There are other equally perplexing matters. Youngsters write in to ask about her school work and how she manages to continue her education along with her busy work schedule, when they can hardly keep up with their homework. Robin explains that, since she graduated from eighth grade at the Wetter School in Mt. Vernon, New York—where she lived until two years ago—she now has a tutor for her high school work and has to put in a lot of hours on homework, even as other teenagers do, working it in between rehearsals and broadcasts.

Robin is a junior in high school this year, studies all the regular high school subjects, is excellent at languages (currently, deep in French) and a whiz with dialects (which, of course, isn't part of the curriculum). Her latest bit is to put her mother's little black satin beret on at a rakish angle and talk English *à la* Denise Darcel. Or she draws her face into long, thin lines (the transformation is amazing!) and affects a deep-voiced British club-

man's accent, with the greatest aplomb.

For many years, Robin took ballet lessons and stopped only when she got to the point where she was ready to dance professionally, had she wanted to make dancing her career. On her bookcase now is a little golden ballerina, the "Oscar" awarded her for being the best in her class. She still practices on the piano, hopes to have more time for it later. Boys and girls who have seen her play, on the *Mama* program, ask if she really *likes* practicing, as she seems to on the show. She has to tell them she's no more fond of the repetitious drill day after day than they are—but what can anyone do, when it's the only way to learn? And, while she doesn't sing publicly, she does sing along with her narration on some of her Columbia records. (Her newest one is "Mother Goose's Music Box.")

Although she is a teenager with wisdom even beyond her years, and with a normal desire to be grown up and do grown-up things, she has her own ideas about such things as wearing off-stage make-up. "I don't use lipstick," she says. "I don't happen to like it for myself at this age, and my mother doesn't like it for me. She thinks there is time enough, later on, and a girl my age shouldn't need added color unless she is unhealthy. Some girls use make-up to cover up complexion troubles, but everyone agrees that a clear complexion comes from the inside, from good, simple food, plenty of water inside and out, and enough sleep and fresh air. I wash my face a lot with soap and water and wear make-up only for my roles on TV." Then she adds, "But I don't see anything wrong with using a little make-up by the time you're fourteen or so, if you use good judgment about it."

Robin disapproves of girls letting their weight go up way beyond what it should and then going on faddish diets. Her own measurements are: Bust, 32; waist, 20; hips, 32. She's five feet, one-and-a-half inches tall, and has been getting above the 100 pounds that is normal for her, so she has been very stern with herself to nip off the few extra pounds before they get to be too many. "I'm a nibbler at heart," she explains. But, when her own determination fails, Faith Morgan reminds her what a job it is to take off even five pounds of excess candy, cake and soft drinks. Now, when Robin is watching TV in the early evening, or doing her homework, and is tempted to reach for the candy dish or the popcorn bowl, she goes to the refrigerator instead and cuts herself a little chunk of meat left over from the dinner roast, or a square of cheese.

In summer, she loves to swim. And, all

year 'round, she helps with household chores when the maid isn't there—which is equally slimming, if not as much fun. She used to ice skate when they lived in the suburbs, but now she uses most of her free time for her appearances at benefits and children's hospitals, visits to veterans' wards, bond drives and other patriotic causes. She spent part of her last summer's vacation making films for the United States Treasury's bond drive, doing one series addressed to young children and another addressed to teenagers—and writing all the scripts herself.

She brushes her long silky hair a hundred times every night, lying with her head hanging back over the edge of her bed and her feet pushed up against the wall for balance. "It makes the blood flow to my head while I brush." Her mother does the shampooing and helps her dry her hair. (Letter-writers often ask its color—a sort of pale champagne, with red-gold lights.) Ever since Robin and Dagmar graduated from pigtails, they have wanted to wear their hair in a more grown-up fashion, but have had to settle for simple long hair caught back by barrettes.

Young writers ask her about her doll collection and admit they still love some of their childhood dolls. So does Robin. Many of her dolls have come from foreign countries, brought back to her from vacations by "Papa" Judson Laire and "Mama" Peggy Wood and other friends. Peggy taught Robin to knit, during rehearsal waits. "A strict teacher," Robin says, "but, when you learn to do a thing right, she is really proud of you. The day I did my first good purling, she went all around the set asking, 'Do you see how Robin has learned to purl?' and showing-off my work."

Teen-aged girls ask Robin about her clothes, wonder if she still likes the middy blouses Dagmar has worn for so long on the show. She does, but now she prefers more grown-up styles, and goes in for such ensemble effects as coats that match the dresses beneath them, gloves and hats and bags that harmonize. Now that she is almost fourteen, Robin is getting quite definite ideas about her own wardrobe and how other girls her age should choose theirs. "Not to follow anyone else slavishly, but to consider the type and size she is, the kind of community she lives in and the things she likes to do. And especially to feel comfortable in what she wears. Not to be overdressed ever, and yet not to be the only one at a party who isn't a little dressed up." When girls ask her how she feels about short hair—and practically every letter begs her not to cut hers—Robin says she loves it. Then she goes on to explain that being an actress makes her feel she is lucky to have the kind of hair that will give variety to many different roles by allowing her to dress it in different ways as she grows up.

The question of heels comes up regularly in the mail—whether they should be flat or high. Robin explains that she still likes flats for everyday use, and two-inch heels for dress-up clothes. As for nylon stockings—they, too, are mostly for "best." And, for her, they must be seamless "because, let's face it, I'm too lazy to keep twisting them straight." She uses her imagination on her clothes as well as in her cooking (she never decorates a cake or cookies the same way twice). She'll twist a bright scarf through a belt, or tie a bit of ribbon at a neckline, or scatter a couple of cute little pins on a turned-back cuff.

At heart, Robin is a collector, and only the fact that she doesn't live in a big place holds her down! There's her fan collection. "I think fans are feminine, and it must have been nice when ladies always car-

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"WOMAN REDEEMED"

He was a criminal, he was no good. In
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denied him justice!

ried them at parties." There's her animal collection, in china, carved wood, copper and bronze. And her dolls. All are kept out on shelves where visitors can enjoy them and where she can handle them lovingly.

Her favorite collection is one she saved for and picked out herself, piece by piece—although, later on, her friends began adding to it when they realized it was what she wanted for birthdays and other special occasions. It is arranged on a lovely little table in the living room for all to admire—an angel wedding, in porcelain. The white-winged bride, the entire wedding party—even a winged harpist. And the most adorable cupids to be found anywhere.

Citations and cups and medals line a wall of the apartment in midtown New York where she and her mother live. (Robin's father is a major in the Army Medical Corps and her parents are divorced.) Mother and daughter live well, but not luxuriously for a little girl who has earned a big salary all her life. She is learning the value of saving and planning ahead, and she has all she wants or needs, at the moment, for a happy childhood. It was fun to help her mother pick the furnishings for the New York apartment, after they decided to move into the city to be nearer Robin's work. She helped design the color scheme and do the actual shopping, and the apartment expresses her ideas as much as it does her mother's. This year, they decided to change the colors a little when the apartment was redecorated. Pink for Robin's room, a heart-of-a-rose pink that sets off the light woods. Her dolls are on top of the book shelves; her own TV set is here; and the card table she puts up when she answers her fan mail (except in summer, when she takes it out on the little terrace off the living room).

Last year's living room had cocoa walls,

but this year they are going to be the palest pink. Furnishings are blond modern, even to the spinet piano, with wrought iron, tile-top tables for accent. The rugs are now charcoal gray, instead of cocoa. Dining area and kitchen will be a soft mint green.

Along one wall of the dining area is a series of framed pictures of Robin, from early baby photographs . . . through her modeling days as a chubby, endearing three-year-old, her Queen of the May photograph at school in Mt. Vernon, and her early Dagmar days . . . to a brand-new one which makes her look really thirteen-going-on-fourteen and has caught just the right mood of this half-child, half-woman Robin of today.

But the child keeps cropping out, just when you have assured yourself that Robin is really growing too fast, getting too wise too soon. The little girl she still is crops out when her mother, for instance, stops her if she interrupts something she is saying. "Who is telling this story, Robin—you or I?" she asks. Robin laughs a little with embarrassment at her eagerness to help tell it, says "Excuse me." But then she can't resist salaaming three times to the floor, hands extended contritely, and then grabbing her mother around the neck and kissing her to show she didn't really mean to be rude. At times like these, Faith Morgan is apt to turn to a visitor and say, half smiling and half in earnest, "You see, it's the mothers who suffer the growing pains, not the teenagers."

Yet Robin is now old enough to realize that work is terribly important. Having been Dagmar for six years—which is close to half her lifetime so far—she feels great affection for this child who is so like herself. But she is constantly being offered

other roles on radio and television. This delights her, since she loves doing a variety of parts. The one she has liked the most was the frightened schoolgirl in the Robert Montgomery dramatic show she did last spring, called "The Tall Dark Man," in which her acting ran a steady crescendo to stark, screaming terror and proved she has a flair for drama unusual in a thirteen-year-old. One young admirer was so carried away by Robin's handling of the part that she wrote it had made her "proud it was done by a fellow teenager and an American."

Now Robin wants to make a movie and be in a Broadway stage play, and the fact that she is still young enough to wear braces on her teeth doesn't make any of this sound incongruous. For this is a teenager who can at one moment be initiating a special friend into her own special order of "Martians" (with its own language invented by Robin)—and the next moment be saying quite seriously that, when she was "young," she used to have a new crush every week, usually on actors many times her age (Clark Gable, as Rhett Butler in "Gone with the Wind," was one which lasted longer than the others), but now she believes a girl should be very sure before she admits even to herself that she is in love. She is still young enough—and yet mature enough—to laugh a little when Faith Morgan says that she wants peace of mind for Robin, that she wants her to be sufficiently well adjusted, emotionally, to be happy in her work and her life.

"Oh, Mother," Robin says to this. "You know those are a lot of long words. You just want me to grow up gracefully, and not too fast." And she winks at her teasingly.

Faith Morgan winks back. "Well, isn't that exactly what I said?"

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Inside Radio

All Times Listed Are Eastern Standard Time.

Monday through Friday

NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
Morning Programs			
8:30 8:45	Local Program	John MacVane	
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Robert Hurlleigh Easy Does It News, Cecil Brown 9:35 Easy Does It (con.)	Breakfast Club	News Of America
10:00	Mary Margaret McBride 10:05 Norman Vincent Peale Weekday	Cecil Brown	My True Story
10:15 10:30	Guest Time* News 10:35 Johnny Olson Show	10:25 Whispering Streets	Arthur Godfrey Time
10:45	Weekday	When A Girl Marries	
11:00	Story Time	Companion— Dr. Mace	Arthur Godfrey (con.)
11:15 11:30	11:25 Holland Engle Queen For A Day	Paging The New News, Les Griffith 11:35 Albert Warner Your Neighbor's Voice	Make Up Your Mind Howard Miller Show
11:45	Fibber McGee & Molly	*Wed., Faith In Our Time	

Afternoon Programs

12:00	Weekday	Noon News 12:05 Here's Hollywood	Valentino Frank Farrell	Wendy Warren & The News Backstage Wife Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
12:15 12:30 12:45				
1:00	Weekday	News, Cedric Foster Luncheon At Sardi's Letter To Lee Graham	Paul Harvey, News Ted Malone	Road Of Life Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
1:15 1:30 1:45				
2:00	Weekday	News, Sam Hayes 2:05 Luncheon With Lopez America's Front Door	Martin Block	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason
2:15 2:30 2:45				
3:00	Weekday	Ruby Mercer Show	Martin Block (con.)	Linkletter's House Party
3:15 3:30	Hotel For Pets			Fred Robbins Show
4:00	Right To Happiness Stella Dallas Young Widder Brown Pepper Young's Family	Bruce & Dan	Broadway Matinee	
4:15 4:30 4:45			Treasury Band- stand	
5:00	Weekday	Bob And Ray	Musical Express Bobby Hammack Gloria Parker Vincent Lopez	
5:15 5:30 5:45	Lone Ranger 5:55 Dan'l Boone	5:55 Cecil Brown		

Monday Evening Programs

8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Three Star Extra	Local Program	ABC Reporter Bill Stern, Sports George Hicks, News	Jackson & The News Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15	Alex Dreier, Man On The Go	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe	Scoreboard 7:05 Tennessee Ernie Bing Crosby Edward R. Murrow
7:30 7:45	News Of The World One Man's Family	Gabriel Heatter In The Mood	Listen	
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Henry Taylor Boston Symphony Orchestra	True Detective	Listen	My Son, Jeep Yours Truly, Johnny Dollar Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts
9:00	Telephone Hour	News, Lyle Van 9:05 Footnotes to History Spotlight Story Reporters' Roundup	News 9:05 Listen	News 9:05 Jack Carson
9:15 9:30 9:45	Band Of America		9:25 News Listen	Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall
10:00	Fibber McGee & Molly	Virgil Pinkley	News, Edward P. Morgan How To Fix It	Scoreboard 10:05 Dance Orchestra
10:15 10:20 10:30	News 10:20 Heart Of The Stars In Action	Orchestra		
		Distinguished Artists	Martha Lou Harp	

Tuesday

Evening Programs

NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
6:00 6:30 6:45	Local Program	Bill Stern, Sports	Jackson & The News Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Three Star Extra		
8:00 8:15 8:30	Alex Dreier, Man On The Go News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter Eddie Fisher	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe Listen
9:00	People Are Funny	Treasury Agent	Listen
9:05	News	News, Lyle Van 9:05 Footnotes To History Spotlight Story Army Hour	Listen
9:15 9:30 9:45			9:25 News Listen 9:55 News
10:00	Fibber McGee & Molly	Virgil Pinkley	News, Edward P. Morgan How To Fix It
10:15	News 10:20 Citizens In Action	Men's Corner	
10:30	Treasury Of Stars	Dance Music	Take Thirty

Wednesday

Evening Programs

NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
6:00 6:30 6:45	Local Program	Bill Stern, Sports	Jackson & The News Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15	Three Star Extra		
8:00 8:15 8:30	Alex Dreier, Man On The Go News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter In The Mood	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe Listen
9:00	News	Gangbusters	Listen
9:05	College Varieties	Public Prosecutor	Listen
9:15 9:30 9:45	College Quiz Bowl		8:25 News Listen
10:00	You Bet Your Life —Groucho Marx Truth Or Consequences 9:55 Travel Bureau	News, Lyle Van Spotlight Story Family Theater	Listen
10:15	Fibber McGee & Molly	Virgil Pinkley	News, Edward P. Morgan How To Fix It Relaxin' Time
10:30	10:20 This Is Moscow Keys To The Capitol	Sounding Board	

Thursday

Evening Programs

NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
6:00 6:30 6:45	Local Program	Bill Stern, Sports	Jackson & The News Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15	Three Star Extra		
8:00 8:15 8:30	Alex Dreier, Man On The Go News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Behind The Iron Curtain Gabriel Heatter Eddie Fisher	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe Listen
9:00	News	Official Detective	Listen
9:05	Great Gildersleeve The Goon Show	Brady Kaye	8:25 News Listen 8:55 News, Griffith
9:15 9:30 9:45			9:25 News Listen 9:55 News
10:00	News 9:05 X Minus One	News, Lyle Van 9:05 Footnotes to History Spotlight Story State Of The Nation	Listen
10:15	Conversation		
10:30	Fibber McGee & Molly	Virgil Pinkley	News, Edward P. Morgan How To Fix It
	News 10:20 Joseph Harsch Jane Pickens Show	Book Hunter	
		Henry Jerome Orch.	Front & Center

Friday

Evening Programs

NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
6:00 6:30 6:45	Local Program	Bill Stern, Sports	Jackson & The News Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15	Three Star Extra		
8:00 8:15 8:30	Alex Dreier, Man On The Go News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter In The Mood	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe Listen
9:00	News	Counter-Spy	Listen
9:05	8:05 National Radio Fan Club	City Editor	8:25 News Listen
9:15 9:30 9:45			9:25 News Listen 9:55 News
10:00	News 9:05 Radio Fan Club (con.)	News, Lyle Van 9:05 Football From Orange Bowl	Listen
10:15 10:30	9:55 News		
	Cavalcade Of Sports Sports Digest	Virgil Pinkley Forbes Report London Studios	News, Morgan How To Fix It Indoors Unlimited

Inside Radio

Saturday

NBC MBS ABC CBS

Morning Programs

8:30 8:45	World News Roundup	Local Program	Van Voorhis, News 8:35 Doug Browning Show	News
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Farming Business Monitor		No School Today	News Of America Farm News Garden Gate
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Monitor	American Travel Guide	No School Today (con.) Moppets & Melody 10:55 News	News 10:05 Galen Drake Show 10:55 News, LeSueur
11:00	Monitor	Lucky Pierre	News 11:05 Lady In The Circle Van Voorhis, News 11:35 All League Clubhouse	Robert Q. Lewis Show
11:15 11:30 11:45		Johnny Desmond Show 11:55 Young Living		

Afternoon Programs

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	National Farm & Home Hour Monitor	I Asked You Tex Fletcher Wagon Show	News 12:05 How To Fix It 101 Ranch Boys Van Voorhis, News 12:35 American Farmer	Noon News 12:05 Romance Gunsmoke
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Monitor	Football—Game of the Week from Notre Dame	Football Van Voorhis, News 1:35 Football (con.)	City Hospital 1:25 News Kathy Godfrey
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Monitor	Football (con.)	Football (con.) Van Voorhis, News 2:35 Football (con.)	News 2:05 Football Roundup
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Monitor	Football (con.)	Football (con.)	News 3:05 Football Roundup (con.)
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Monitor	Football (con.)	Football (con.) Van Voorhis, News 4:35 Football	Football Roundup (con.)
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Monitor	Teenagers, U.S.A. 5:55 News	News 5:05 Dinner At The Green Room Van Voorhis, News	Football Roundup (con.)

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Monitor	John T. Flynn World Traveler Report From Washington Basil Heatter	News 6:05 Pan-American Union Sports Kaleidoscope Bob Edge, Sports Afield	News Sports Review Young Ideas 6:55 Joe Foss, Sports
7:00 7:15	Monitor	Pop The Question	News 7:05 At Ease	News, Jackson 7:05 Juke-Box Jury
7:30 7:45	The Big Surprise	Magic Of Music, Doris Day	Labor-Management Series	Top Hat Concert
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Monitor	Musical Wheel Of Charm Quaker City Capers	News 8:05 Dance Party Van Voorhis, News 8:35 Dance Party (con.)	News 8:05 Country Style
9:00 9:15	Monitor	Hawaii Calls	News 9:05 Dance Party (con.)	News 9:05 Philadelphia Orchestra
9:30 9:45		Lombardo Land	Van Voorhis, News 9:35 Dance Party (con.)	
10:00 10:15 10:30	Monitor Grand Ole Opry	CBC Symphony Orch.	News 10:05 Hotel Edison Van Voorhis, News 10:35 Lawrence Welk	Henry Jerome Orch.

Sunday

NBC MBS ABC CBS

Morning Programs

8:30 8:45	Monitor		Light And Life Hour	Renfro Valley 8:55 Galen Drake
9:00 9:15	World News Roundup	Wings Of Healing	News 9:05 Great Moments Of Great Composers 9:25 Van Voorhis, News Voice Of Prophecy	World News Roundup Sidney Walton Show
9:30		Back To God		Church Of The Air
9:45	Art Of Living			
10:00 10:15	National Radio Pulpit	Radio Bible Class	News 10:05 Message Of Israel	News 10:05 Invitation To Learning—Reappraisals The Leading Question
10:30 10:45	Monitor	Voice Of Prophecy	News 10:35 College Choir	
11:00	Monitor	Frank And Ernest	Van Voorhis, News 11:05 Sunday Melodies Marines On Review News 11:35 Christian In Action	News 11:05 E. Power Biggs
11:15		Christian Science Monitor Northwestern Reviewing Stand		Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir
11:30 11:45	11:35 New World			

Afternoon Programs

12:00	Monitor	Marine Band		News, Robert Trout 12:05 Washington Week World Affairs Les Elgart Orch.
12:15 12:30 12:45	The Eternal Light	News, Bill Cunningham Merry Mailman	Van Voorhis, News 12:35 The World Tomorrow	
1:00 1:15 1:30	Monitor	Basil Heatter, News Christian Science Lutheran Hour	Herald Of Truth News 1:35 Pilgrimage	Woolworth Hour—Percy Faith, Donald Woods
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	The Catholic Hour	Professional Football	Dr. Oral Roberts Wings Of Healing	Symphonette New York Philharmonic-Symphony
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Monitor	Professional Football (con.)	News 3:05 Pan American Union Van Voorhis, News 3:35 Billy Graham	Symphony (con.) 3:55 News
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Monitor	Salute To The Nation Nick Carter 4:55 Lorne Greene	Old-Fashioned Revival Hour	On A Sunday Afternoon
5:00 5:15	Monitor 5:05 Your Radio Theater	Adventures of Rin Tin Tin	News 5:05 Church In The Home 5:25 Van Voorhis, News Greatest Story Ever Told	News 5:05 On A Sunday Afternoon 5:35 On A Sunday Afternoon
5:30 5:45		Wild Bill Hickok 5:55 News		

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Meet The Press Monitor	Walter Winchell Tomorrow's Headlines On The Line, Bob Considine All Star Sport Time	Monday Morning Headlines 6:15 Lifetime Living News 6:35 Evening Comes	News 6:05 Make Way For Youth Gary Crosby
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Monitor	Richard Hayes Show	News 7:05 Showtime Revue Van Voorhis, News 7:35 Valentino Travel Talk	Bergen-McCarthy Show
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Monitor	West Point Band Enchanted Hour	American Town Meeting	Our Miss Brooks Two For The Money
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Monitor	John Randolph Hearst Success Story Manion Forum Keep Healthy	News, Paul Harvey News, E. D. Canham Van Voorhis, News 9:35 Sammy Kaye 9:55 News	News 9:05 Music Hall, Mitch Miller 9:55 John Derr, Sports
10:00 10:15 10:30	Monitor Joseph C. Harsch American Forum	Billy Graham Global Frontiers	Overseas Assignment It's Time Revival Time	News, Schorr 10:05 Face The Nation Church Of The Air

See Next Page →

TV program highlights

NEW YORK CITY AND SUBURBS AND NEW HAVEN, CHANNEL 8, NOVEMBER 8—DECEMBER 11

Monday through Friday

- 7:00 ④ Today—Make way for Garroway
8:00 ② Captain Kangaroo—New baby-sitter
9:00 ② Skinner Show—Nice & easygoing
④ Herb Sheldon—Plus Jo McCarthy
⑦ Russell's Corner—Warm for winter
9:30 ② Morning Matinee—Hour-long films
10:00 ② Garry Moore—The joint jumps
④ & ⑧ Ding Dong School—TV nursery
10:30 ② Godfrey Time—Time to live a little
④ & ⑧ Hollywood Backstage—Make-up hints
11:00 ④ Home—With Arlene Francis
⑤ Life With Elizabeth—A funny gal
⑦ Romper Room—TV kindergarten
11:15 ⑤ Janet Dean, R.N.—Ella Raines stars
11:30 ② & ⑧ Strike It Rich—Hull-hearted quiz
⑤ Mr. & Mrs. North—Light-hearted
11:45 ⑤ Beulah—Comedy with Louise Beavers
12:00 ② Valiant Lady—Daytime serial
④ Tennessee Ernie—Pea-pickin' time
⑤ Johnny Olsen's Fun House
12:15 ② & ⑧ Love Of Life—Daily serial
12:30 ② & ⑧ Search For Tomorrow—Serial
④ Feather Your Nest—\$\$\$ Quiz
⑤ Virginia Graham—A lively gal
12:45 ② & ⑧ The Guiding Light—Serial
1:00 ② Jack Paar Show—He's nimble & quick
④ One Is For Sheldon—A nice guy
1:30 ② Welcome Travelers—From NYC
④ Sky's The Limit—Quiz game
2:00 ② Robert Q. Lewis Show—Qute!
④ Richard Willis—Grooming tips
⑤ Maggi McNeillis—For women only
2:30 ② & ⑧ Linkletter's House Party
④ Jinx Falkenburg—Interviews
① Florian Zebach—Fiddle-faddle
3:00 ② & ⑧ The Big Pay-Off—Loot-laden
④ Matinee Theater—Teledramas
⑤ Ted Steele Show—Tunes & talk
① Dione Lucas—Cooking delights
3:30 ② Bob Crosby Show—Swings out
④ It Pays To Be Married—Quiz-type
① Candid Camera—Fun with Funt
4:00 ② & ⑧ Brighter Day—Serialized story
④ Way Of The World—Serial
4:15 ② & ⑧ Secret Storm—Always brewin'
⑤ First Love—Younger years
⑤ Letter To Lee Graham—Human
4:30 ② & ⑧ On Your Account—\$\$\$ Quiz
④ Mr. Sweeney—Chuckles with Ruggles

EARLY EVENING

- 5:00 ⑦ & ⑧ Mickey Mouse Club—Delightful
5:30 ④ Howdy Doody—Keeps kids quiet
6:00 ② News & Weather—Up-to-date
7:15 ② Douglas Edwards & The News
⑤ Tex McCrary—Gets around New York
7:30 ④ & ⑧ Songs—Tony Martin, Mon.;
Dinah Shore, Tues., Thurs.; Eddie Fisher,
Wed., Fri.
⑤ Million Dollar Movies—"Casanova
Brown," Gary Cooper, Nov. 7-13; "Heart of
the Matter," Nov. 14-20; "Belle of the Yu-
kon," Randolph Scott, Dinah Shore, Nov. 21-
27; "Woman in the Window," Joan Bennett,
Edward G. Robinson, Nov. 29-Dec. 4; "The
Man Between," James Mason, Hildegard
Neff, Dec. 5-11

LATE NIGHT

- 10:00 ⑤ Million Dollar Movies—Repeat of
schedule shown at 7:30 P.M.
11:00 ②, ④ & ⑤ News & Weather
① Liberace—Wavy-haired virtuoso
11:15 ② Late Show—Feature films
④ Steve Allen—Carbonated variety
1:00 ⑤ Night Time, New York—Live show
Wed. through Sun., from 1:00 to 7:00 A.M.

Monday P.M.

- 7:30 ② Robin Hood—Romantic robbery
⑤ The Lone Wolf—Louis Hayward howls
8:00 ② Burns & Allen—Delirious duo
④ Caesar Presents—Sid & cast, except
Nov. 14, Producers' Showcase, 8:00-9:30
⑦ & ⑧ Digest Drama—True stories
8:30 ② Godfrey's Talent Scouts—Variety
⑦ & ⑧ Voice Of Firestone—Fine music
9:00 ② I Love Lucy—Very Desi stuff
④ The Medic—Doctors, Dragnet-style
⑦ Dotty Mack—Variety & mimicry
9:30 ② December Bride—Lovely, lively!
④ Robert Montgomery Presents
⑦ & ⑧ Medical Horizons—Factual
10:00 ② & ⑧ Studio One—Hour-long dramas
⑦ Eddie Cantor—Pop-eyed comedy
10:30 ④ & ⑧ Big Town—Mark Stevens is big

Tuesday

- 7:30 ② Name That Tune—George DeWitt
⑤ Waterfront—Adventure, Pres Foster
⑦ & ⑧ Warner Bros. Presents
8:00 ④ Navy Log—Exciting documentaries
④ Milton Berle—Nov. 8, 29; Martha
Raye—Nov. 15; Bob Hope—Nov. 22
8:30 ② You'll Never Get Rich—Phil Silvers
⑦ & ⑧ Wyatt Earp—Frontier marshal
9:00 ② Meet Millie—Comedy series
④ Jane Wyman's Fireside Theater
⑦ & ⑧ Make Room For Daddy
9:30 ② Red Skelton Show—Howlarious
④ Pontiac & Circle Theaters—Hour
dramas, alternate weekly
⑤ City Assignment—Headline drama
⑦ & ⑧ DuPont Cavalcade Theater
10:00 ② & ⑧ \$64,000 Question—Hal March
⑦ Ethel And Albert—Lynch & Bunce
10:30 ② My Favorite Husband—Comedy
⑦ Where Were You?—Ken Murray

Wednesday

- 7:30 ② Brave Eagle—Cheyenne Chief
⑤ The Big Fight—Historical bouts
⑦ & ⑧ Disneyland—Hour of fantasy
8:00 ② & ⑧ Godfrey & Friends—Hour fun
④ Screen Directors Playhouse
8:30 ④ (& ⑧ at 9:30) Father Knows Best
⑦ & ⑧ M-G-M Parade—Half-hour films
⑤ Movie Museum—Like Mary Pickford
9:00 ② Millionaire—Stories about \$\$\$
④ Kraft Theater—Superb teleplays
⑦ & ⑧ Masquerade Party—Guess who
9:30 ② I've Got A Secret—Moore's mum
⑦ & ⑧ Penny To A Million—\$\$\$ quiz
10:00 ② & ⑧ U.S. Steel Hour—alternates
with 20th Century-Fox Hour
④ This Is Your Life—Surprise bios
10:30 ④ Doug Fairbanks Presents—Stories

Thursday

- 7:00 ⑤ The Goldbergs—Warm & funny
8:00 ② Bob Cummings Show—Farce frenzy
④ & ⑧ Groucho Marx—Wit's end
⑦ Bishop Fulton J. Sheen—Talks
8:30 ② Climax—Melodrama; Dec. 1, Shower
Of Stars—Musical
④ People's Choice—Jackie Cooper
⑤ Long John Silver—Robert Newton
⑦ Stop The Music—Bert Parks shells out
9:00 ④ Dragnet—Jack Webb stars
⑤ Wrestling—Live documentary
⑦ & ⑧ Star Tonight—Filmed dramas
9:30 ② Four Star Playhouse—On film
④ (& ⑧ at 10:30) Ford Theater—Good
⑦ & ⑧ Down You Go—Dr. Evans
10:00 ④ & ⑧ Lux Video Theater—Hour long
10:30 ② "Wanted"—About real public enemies

Friday

- 7:30 ② Adventures Of Champion—Giddap
⑦ & ⑧ Rin Tin Tin—About a dog
8:00 ② Mama—Peggy Wood charms
④ Truth Or Consequences—Exciting
⑦ & ⑧ Ozzie & Harriet—Fun
① I Search For—Documentary
8:30 ② Our Miss Brooks—Ardently Eve
④ Life Of Riley—Bill Bendix stars
⑦ & ⑧ Crossroads—About clergymen
9:00 ② The Crusader—Exposes Communists
④ Big Story—About real newsmen
⑦ & ⑧ Dollar A Second—Jan Murray
9:30 ② Schlitz Playhouse—Filmed stories
④ Star Stage—Half-hour dramas
⑦ & ⑧ The Vise—British suspense
① Duffy's Tavern—Gags on the rocks
10:00 ② The Line-Up—City police in action
④ Boxing—At Madison Square Garden
10:30 ② Person To Person—Ed Murrow

Saturday

- 6:30 ② The Lucy Show—Re-runs
7:30 ② Beat The Clock—Collyer carries on
④ The Big Surprise—\$100,000 quiz
8:00 ② & ⑧ Stage Show—The Dorseys &
June Taylor Dancers plus name-guest stars
④ Perry Como Show—Hour of variety
8:30 ② & ⑧ The Honeymooners—Jackie
Gleason, Art Carney, Audrey Meadows
9:00 ② Two For The Money—Shriner
④ People Are Funny—Linkletter; Nov.
26, 9-10:30: "Dearest Enemy," Anne
Jeffreys, Robert Sterling
⑦ & ⑧ Lawrence Welk—Bubbly music
9:30 ② It's Always Jan—Janis Paige stars;
Nov. 19: Star Jubilee, 9:30-11—"Caine
Mutiny Court-Martial"
④ Durante Show—Comedy
10:00 ② Gunsmoke—Thrilling Western
④ George Gobel—Mighty Mouse!
10:30 ② Damon Runyon Theater—Stories
④ & ⑧ Your Hit Parade—Musical

Sunday

- 3:30 ② Camera Three—Multi-award winner
4:00 ④ Hallmark Playhouse—Alternates
with Wide Wide World—Travelogue
4:30 ② Amos 'n' Andy—Tim Moore as
Kingfish
5:00 ② Omnibus—90-minute variety
6:30 ② & ⑧ You Are There—Vivid
7:00 ② Lassie—Canine pin-up queen
④ It's A Great Life—Great laffs
⑤ The Lively Arts—Two hours of culture
⑦ & ⑧ You Asked For It—Art Baker
7:30 ② & ⑧ Jack Benny—Nov. 20, Dec. 3;
Private Secretary—Nov. 13, 27, Dec. 10
④ Frontier—Shoot-em-ups; Dec. 4:
Spectacular, starring Maurice Chevalier
⑦ Famous Film Festival—Four-star
movies premiere on television
8:00 ② & ⑧ Ed Sullivan Show—Top acts
④ Colgate Variety Hour—Comedy
8:30 ① Dangerous Encounter—Jerome
Thor stars
9:00 ② G-E Theater—Ronald Reagan, host
④ The A-G Hour—Live teleplays
⑦ & ⑧ Chance Of A Lifetime—Variety
9:30 ② Alfred Hitchcock Presents—Drama
⑦ & ⑧ Life Begins At 80—Lots of fun
10:00 ④ Loretta Young Show—Stories
⑦ & ⑧ Break The Bank—Bert Parks
① Studio 57—Half-hour dramas
10:30 ② & ⑧ What's My Line?—Job game
④ Justice—Crime stories
⑦ Mr. District Attorney—David Brian

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Glamour Is a State of Mind

(Continued from page 38)

you're Marjorie Gateson, aren't you?" And Marjorie, scarcely able to refrain from kissing them on the spot, somehow manages a gracious: "My dear, I'll never forgive you if you stop bothering me."

It is not unusual that an actress who has starred in musical comedies and been featured in over a hundred movies should find her greatest fame in television. What makes it unusual is that the actress was one of the gayest, most sophisticated light comedienne of the theater—and television has type-cast her as a mother in daytime drama. For three and a half years, she was Mother Barbour in *One Man's Family*; and now, in *The Secret Storm*, she is Hilda Stoddard's mother—or, more importantly, Peter Hobbs' adoring mother-in-law.

Describing her part, Marjorie says: "Grace is the smart social leader in a small town—always doing good deeds. She's kind of an independent gal, for which I rather like her. One minute, she's deep in prayer—the next, she's dancing happily with her granddaughter."

To many women who follow the show daily, Marjorie's part means much more than that. Grace Tyrell has come to symbolize the Modern Mother—the kind of person they, too, would like to be. A charming woman who goes along with her age, no one will ever remember her as "Mama"—and you'd certainly never call her "Ma." Somehow, she's "Mother"—and an individual in her own right. Her duties are no longer confined to the home alone, they extend to the whole community. Her interests go beyond family to encompass the world.

But above all, Mother is ageless. In experience, she's as old as eternity, but in her zest for living she's as young as her grandchildren. No longer buried in the kitchen—an old-fashioned homebody who doesn't know what's going on in the world—she bridges the gap between the generations with her intelligent understanding and her sympathetic heart.

In appearance, Mother is smart and well-groomed. A real glamour girl, without being a Marlene Dietrich about it, and always chic, without being a Gloria Swanson. And many a woman, whether she identifies herself with Grace Tyrell or not, watches *The Secret Storm* with special interest to see what Marjorie Gateson happens to be wearing today.

Marjorie never fails them. "As a matter of fact," she says, "I've got theories about that. Most clothes are designed for young women, so that older women must either wear copies or slight modifications. But an older woman always looks younger by going along with her years and wearing clothes that are smart rather than frivolous."

Marjorie not only wishes that designers would be more creative in the dresses they design for older women, but if they don't do something about it, she will.

"I could do a whole television program," she says, "on that one subject alone!"

The program, if she ever gets a chance to do it, will be more in line with the real Marjorie Gateson. For while Marjorie may symbolize Mother in daytime TV, in private life she has no children, nor has she ever been married. She lives alone in a midtown Manhattan hotel—gay, busy and useful—so that one can't help wondering: Which is the greater role—the one on-stage or off? In private life, Marjorie is not only an inspiration to her friends but proof to thousands of other women who are not wives and mothers: A single woman can lead a life of beauty and purpose.

"I was born on the seventeenth of January," Marjorie says, trying to explain how

she got to be the way she is. "That's Capricorn—the goat." And then she points to the tiniest pair of feet in television as though to prove her point. High-heeled and petite, they don't look like goat's feet, but they were obviously designed for dancing and prancing.

But Marjorie shakes her head in mock dismay, aware that a mere man can't possibly understand.

"Capricorn's an awful sign for a woman to be born under. It's only a goat's life. You work your whole life through, always climbing a lot of rocks to get to that patch of grass on the ledge above. Then, when you've eaten up all that grass, you have to climb still higher to get to the patch of grass on the next ledge. You're always climbing."

Yet even as she says it, it's clear: Marjorie wouldn't have had it any other way. As for the astrology—well, when you're an actress and so much of your time is spent waiting for the miracle of the next part, you can't help looking about for signs. So one day, you go with your girl friend to have your horoscope read and—in spite of yourself—it's amazing some of the things that come out.

Not that Marjorie takes it too seriously—nor with her background.

"I come from an Episcopal clergyman family," she reminds you. "My grandfather was rector of the Church of St. Marks, and my brother, The Reverend Dr. Wilmot Gateson, officiated at The Church of the Saviour in Philadelphia."

Her mother, however, despite the family background, was hopelessly stage-struck. But when Augusta Virginia Smith married Daniel Gateson, a Brooklyn contractor, at the age of seventeen, any notions of going on the stage were out of the question. But that didn't keep her from becoming a dramatic coach, as well as a student of Browning and Shakespeare. And of her four children, two were to become actresses. One eventually gave up acting to marry a doctor. The youngest, however, was so busy climbing the grassy ledges of success in the theater, she never did get around to marrying.

"And it's not that I've never been asked," Marjorie is quick to interject.

From the very start, she loved the theater, with a fervor that amounted to dedication. And from the very start, somehow, she knew: No woman can honestly have two loves.

In Brooklyn, she attended the Packer Collegiate Institute and studied voice and piano at the Conservatory of Music. By today's standards, this can scarcely be considered an adequate preparation for the stage. "But then," as Marjorie points out, "everything is made too easy today."

She has been reading Ethel Barrymore's autobiography and is impressed by the differences between today's generation of actors and yesterday's. Like Ethel, no one ever told Marjorie how to act. They "learned in the school of hard work." And like Ethel, the story of Marjorie's career has all the glamour and excitement of leafing through an old theatrical scrapbook—wondering whatever became of

yesteryear's greats.

Marjorie's first job was with Walter Damrosch, who was staging a Broadway musical called "The Dove of Peace" as well as conducting symphony orchestras. Her next show was Abe Erlanger's production of "The Little Cafe," and Marjorie got the job simply by answering an ad for a chorus girl. Within nine months, she was taken from the chorus and made understudy to the three leading ladies in the show.

And then it happened! It wasn't just a case of the leading lady taking ill and the understudy rushing in to take her place. Three leading ladies fell ill on three consecutive nights. Marjorie played each of their parts so well that Mr. Erlanger raised her salary from twenty-five dollars a week to an unheard-of fifty!

In her third Broadway musical, "Her Soldier Boy," Marjorie was already a featured player. This show is still remembered for the song that goes, "Pack Up your troubles in your old kit bag and smile, smile, smile." Not a bad theme song for a young actress who still had a long way to climb in the theater. Marjorie played in the New York production, starring Clifton Crawford and John Charles Thomas, and also in the touring company the following season, starring Clifton Crawford. Then, back on Broadway, she was featured in a succession of musical comedies: "Fancy Free" ("with the lovely Marilyn Miller"), "Little Simplicity," "Little Miss Charity," "The Love Letter," and "For Goodness Sake."

After scoring as the prima donna in "Lady Butterfly," she proved her versatility by playing lead in a straight comedy, "Strange Bedfellows." This was done at the insistence of producer-director-actor Henry Miller, who first recognized Marjorie's possibilities as a dramatic actress. That he was right is proven by the stage credits that followed: "The Man in Evening Clothes," starring Mr. Miller; "Oh, Ernest"; an all-star production of Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream"; David Belasco's "Hidden"; the "sophisticated lead" opposite Taylor Holmes in "The Great Necker"; a featured role with Otto Kruger in C. B. Dillingham's last production, "As Good As New"; and Mrs. Maurant in "Street Scene." During this stage of her career, Marjorie not only sang in vaudeville but also began her long and successful career in radio. By the time Paramount signed her and she went to Hollywood, she had played everything—as she says—"but burlesque and the circus."

In Hollywood, she was to appear in over a hundred films. Her first was "The Beloved Bachelor," with Paul Lukas; then "The False Madonna," "Street of Women" and "First Lady"—all with Kay Francis. Her biggest role was the lead opposite George Arliss in "The King's Vacation," but there were also good parts in "Geronimo"; "The Milky Way," with Harold Lloyd; "Stablemates," with Mickey Rooney; and "Private Number," with Robert Taylor and Loretta Young.

"I liked the life in Hollywood," she recalls. "One could play tennis, listen to good music, own his own home. I much prefer entertaining my friends at home."

Pleasant as the life was, however, Marjorie left Hollywood in 1944 to go overseas during the war. Joining the USO, she starred in a unit touring Italy with a production of "Kiss and Tell."

"It was the greatest privilege anyone could have," she says. "And the most fun!" Some of the soldiers had never seen a stage play, and Marjorie's troupe



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were the first round actors (as opposed to the flat actors on motion picture screens) they had ever seen. It was hard for Marjorie herself to go back to being a flat actor again. After the war, she toured the West Coast in a production of "Dear Ruth," then returned to Broadway to appear with Bobby Clark in a revival of "Sweethearts." Since then, except for "The Caddy"—a Martin and Lewis picture she made two years ago—she has concentrated on TV.

And although the theater was to deny Marjorie a husband, television was to give her a family. First, it was *One Man's Family*. Now it's the cast of *The Secret Storm*. The characters on the show are very real to her, and she identifies herself with their problems. Her "daughter" may be the villainess, but Marjorie understands her and—

"Well, I was a wreck that time I had to denounce her," she recalls.

But most of all, Marjorie is grateful for the close feeling she has with the rest of the cast. "Acting on television is an ulcer-making way of earning a living," she explains. "It's a constant opening night with no second night for improvements. When it's done, it's done." The cast of a daytime television drama not only spend a great deal of time together, but are "under such nervous tension—all at the same time—that they can't help being sympathetic with one another."

But even away from the show, time never hangs heavy for Marjorie. There's too much to do. Every summer, she tours the "citronella circuit"—reminding herself as well as her public that she's still a darned good comedienne. Every winter, she meets each week with Actors Equity—she's been on the Council for the past nine years. And every day, no matter how busy her schedule, she manages to visit a widowed sister who is now hopelessly ill—and for whom Marjorie has assumed complete responsibility. Marjorie also has a pet charity, the White Lily Orphanage in Korea, for which she knits and collects clothing. Among the four hundred children housed in the orphanage that was built originally for one hundred, there is a little girl named Marjorie, after their good friend in America.

In addition, she shares with other women the job of keeping house. Somehow, Marjorie has taken a suite in a midtown theatrical hotel and converted it into a country home. You don't see the department store across the way, you just see the plants in the window. And, relaxing in an easy chair before the open fireplace, it isn't like being in New York—it's like being home. And Marjorie herself is likely to be singing in her well-stocked kitchen, rustling up one of the meals for which she is famous among her friends.

If she seems happier than most women, it's because—as she says—"I have wonderful health and wonderful friends." If there are any personal troubles of her own, she has long since learned to pack them up in her old kit bag and smile, smile, smile.

And, even at night, when the friends go home—Marjorie is never really alone. Hanging on the wall above her bed is a gilt statuette of St. Anthony, whom she long ago adopted as her patron saint because—"Well, he's the one who finds things for you."

And what does Marjorie want Saint Anthony to find for her?

Without a moment's hesitation, she replies: "Peace of mind, health for my sister, lots of work, and—if I lose a jewel—to find it for me." She smiles—a dazzling smile straight out of musical comedy. "A jewel can mean anything, you know."

And the dazzling smile, one wonders what it was meant to convey—a role as great as any she ever had . . . or could it mean a husband?

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The Long Way Home

(Continued from page 60)

from the first home Sid knew. That was the four-room apartment in Yonkers, a suburb of New York City, where Sid's parents were living on September 8, 1922—the day that Sid made his debut into the world. That apartment was just the first of a series of flats the family lived in during Sid's youth. When Sid was three, the family moved to a larger place near by, until the Depression came and they were forced to move out.

At that time, in 1929, Sid's father was running a restaurant. It was called the St. Clair Lunch, and there was a hotel above it. "That was quite a place," Sid recalls. "For fifty cents a night, you could get a room without a window. For seventy-five cents, the room had a window and a rope tied to the radiator for use as a fire escape."

When the Depression hit, the family pre-empted five rooms of the hotel and moved into those. (Sid doesn't say whether or not the rooms had windows.)

After five years at the hotel, the family lived in at least three more apartments, all very much alike. These were the first homes that Sid Caesar knew. It was in these places that he lived while he went to school—while he learned to play the saxophone during high school days—and while he took note of the idiosyncrasies of the patrons of his father's restaurant, memorizing these peculiarities and imitating them for his friends.

Those saxophone lessons, and his antics portraying those unusual characters, were to stand him in good stead later on. The music was to introduce him to his lovely wife—and the comic portrayals were to take him to the top of the entertainment world.

After graduation from high school, in 1940, Sid decided he wanted to continue the study of music. He also wanted to join the New York local of the musicians' union. But he had to live in New York for six months before he could join, and during that time he could not play professionally. To support himself, he got a job as an usher at the Capitol Theater on Times Square.

"That was quite a job," Sid says. "I was paid fifteen dollars a week. Then I got a promotion. I was made doorman and got eighteen dollars a week. I got the job because the other doorman quit when it got too cold."

"At that time, I was living in a room in the apartment of a Mrs. Fuchs, near Madison Square Garden. It was wonderful. She served breakfast and dinner. For twenty cents, you got a breakfast of orange juice, cereal, two eggs and bacon, muffins and coffee. For dinner, you paid fifty cents and got soup, meat course, dessert and coffee. I paid five dollars a week for the room. It was quite a place! A lot of musicians lived there."

During this period, Sid took more music lessons. He also played with some top name bands, including Charlie Spivak, Claude Thornhill and Shep Fields.

But most important to Sid was the fact that during this same period—in the summer of 1942, to be exact—he met a girl. She was a beautiful girl, a graduate of Hunter College in Manhattan, named Florence Levy. She was a counselor at a girls' camp and Sid was playing with an orchestra at a near-by summer resort. It was a fateful meeting.

That November, Sid joined the Coast Guard. He describes the living quarters at the boot camp comically, but you get the feeling that it wasn't particularly funny at the time. "We were living in a regular bungalow like the ones people take

for the summer. It was at Manhattan Beach, just outside New York City. There were fifty guys in that house—and there were two bathrooms to take care of us all. You can imagine what it was like. They were private bathrooms, of course, with only one of everything. And fifty guys had to wash in those two bathrooms in the morning and be ready for duty on time!"

In the Coast Guard Sid was assigned to the company of "Tars and Spars," a service musical show. He was assigned as a saxophone player, of course. But one day during rehearsals—when Sid thought only other members of the band were listening—he did an imitation of one of the Coast Guard officers. Then he branched off into some of his other imitations.

As luck would have it, Max Liebman, the civilian director of the show, saw and heard the fun and put Sid into the show as a comedian. That was the start of Sid's rise to fame.

The following year, 1943, Sid and Florence were married. They couldn't have too much time together, of course, because of Sid's duties in the service. But, whenever Sid could get liberty, he spent the time with Florence. And Florence went with the company to Palm Beach,

plate to cook on and dishes being washed in the bathroom basin. Two months later, the assistant producer took pity on them and invited them to share his house, another mansion in Beverly Hills, complete with swimming pool.

"That was something," Sid comments. "There we went from riches—to rags—to riches—all in a period of three months. A little unusual, to say the least."

Later, they had a small flat in Hollywood and spent another year and a half there. But, all this time, they had not had an actual home of their own, these two young people who were starting married life. It had all been a series of places in which nothing but their clothes belonged to them. It wasn't a particularly auspicious start for married life, and it didn't make for great contentment.

Back in New York, in 1946, Sid and Florence lived in a swank hotel where many Hollywood personalities stay. Then a sublet apartment in West 68th Street took them in. It was there that Sid first learned he was to become a father—and it was in the next flat they lived in, on West 58th Street, that Michele was born, on July 2, 1947.

"Then came our first real apartment," Sid will tell you. "It was in the Walden Apartments in Forest Hills. We had four and a half rooms and the furniture was our own. It was a big thrill to sit on a chair and know that it belonged to us, that it wasn't somebody else's. I remember giving a New Year's party there. We didn't have much furniture. But, boy, were we proud that what was there was all ours! That really meant something to us."

They lived there for two and a half years, Sid and Florence and baby Michele. During this time, Sid was becoming more and more popular on TV. In the year that they moved into that apartment, Sid appeared on *Broadway Revue*—and the next year he and Imogene Coca started the fabulously successful *Your Show Of Shows* for Max Liebman, who had discovered Sid in "Tars and Spars." Those years at the Walden Apartments were really great ones for Sid and Florence Caesar.

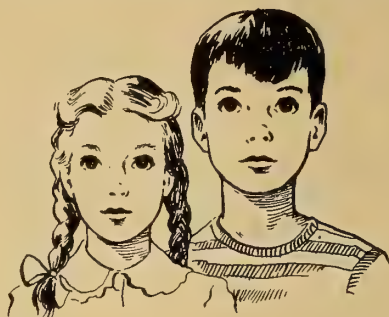
But, in 1951, the family moved into New York City, to an eight-room place on Park Avenue. This was destined to be their last "apartment," and it was there that their second child, Richard, was born, on February 18, 1952. They were also living there when Sid started his own show, *Caesar's Hour*, which became tremendously successful.

It was in February of this year that Sid and Florence made the great decision. They wanted a house. They were tired of living in apartments, where they were limited in the things they could do. They wanted a place of *their own*—one where they could tear out a wall or make other changes if they wanted to—one where they were free. Also, they wanted more room for the growing children. Yes, they wanted a house of their own, their first real, honest-to-goodness home.

They started looking. They looked at a number of places, but each had something wrong with it. "One place we looked at," Sid reports, "had a room completely finished in leather. The ceiling, the floor and all the walls were finished in hand-tooled leather." That sounds fine—but, as Sid adds softly: "You know, I don't like leather."

The couple were just about determined to buy some property and build their own home when they saw the one they finally bought. "It's funny," Sid says, "but that place just hit us right. We knew it was

Give them a Faith



to live by

Worship with them this week

where rehearsals were being held, and lived in hotels while Sid was barracked near by.

Then came two years of living in trunks. The show was on the road, traveling all over the United States. The newlyweds lived in hotels and rooming houses, making do with whatever came to hand, but *being together*, as they felt a husband and wife should be.

At the end of 1945, Sid was discharged from the service. And, because "Tars and Spars" had been made into a movie and Sid had been liked in the movie, he had a film contract. Sid and Florence were fated to live in a series of places in Hollywood while he waited to fulfill that contract.

At first, they lived with the producer Sid was working for. It was a beautiful house in Beverly Hills, with a swimming pool and all the latest of everything. Then the pair moved into a shabby single room on La Cienega Boulevard, with a hot

the right one. You know how it is, you just know. That was the one."

They saw it in the latter part of April. It was unfinished in the interior, although people were living in it, and the grounds had not been landscaped. When Sid and Florence decided they wanted it, they wanted it in a hurry, with as little delay as possible.

Sid paid the people who were living in it a little extra to move out as soon as they could, and he extracted a promise from his contractor to have the house ready for the family by July first—an almost impossible job. But the Caesars moved in on July first, completely happy with their living arrangements, for the first time in their married life.

The house is large and has many lovely features. It is at Kings Point on Long Island, overlooking the water, and sits on about three acres of beautifully finished grounds. There are sixteen lovely rooms, all decorated in a happy combination of traditional and modern furniture that makes for gracious and comfortable living. "It's the sort of place," Sid sums up, "where you're not afraid to sit down."

One of the striking features inside the home is the living room. On the side which overlooks Manhasset Bay, there is a wall of windows thirty feet tall. The ceiling slopes down from those windows to the wall on the other side—which is eleven feet high. The room itself is fifty by twenty feet.

Outside, there is the swimming pool which Sid had built. One unusual but very practical feature here is the alarm, which can be turned on when no one is in the pool—and which rings when anything falls in and displaces so much as five pounds of water! The alarm is to protect the children, of course. There is a fence around the pool, too. Another safeguard for the children is a row of small trees planted along the low wall of the terrace, just in case one of the children falls off the wall—the young, resilient trees will break the fall.

On the Caesars' well-kept grounds there is also a dock, where Sid plans eventually to keep a boat, and a golf course of one hole and two tees, designed by a professional to help Sid with his game. There is a steam room under the terrace for Sid, and cabinets for his collection of guns—which is quite large and comprehensive. There are two spacious porches and a lovely patio. There is an office in the house, too.

The house itself is entirely air conditioned, and offers a great deal of wall space for the fine collection of pictures which Sid and Florence have amassed over the years and which now can be displayed to advantage for the first time.

While all of these things are important to the whole family, the most important thing to both Sid and Florence is that the house is *theirs*, all theirs. There is no more worrying about the furniture, making sure that someone doesn't put a scratch on it. There is no more "making do" with something, just because they can't change it.

This is their house, and it is their home—the home that they have dreamed of, over all the long years they lived in rented rooms, in furnished apartments, in other people's homes.

The Sid Caesars have come home at last. It is the culmination of a dream, the fulfillment of a promise, the realization of an ideal that started for Sid as a child in Yonkers, and for Florence on the day she married Sid "for better or worse."

It was a long way home, but the journey's end has been rewarding beyond all their dreams.



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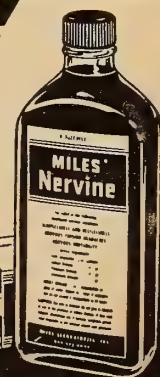
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MILES® NERVINE

He's a Great Granddad!

(Continued from page 68)

troupe that he had to be told a departure hour was thirty minutes in advance of the true time, because he would be shopping until the last minute for keepsakes for Mary and Joan. Some of the finest modern-Marine handcarving of native outriggers and temple ornaments brought genuine antique prices from a not entirely hoodwinked customer from Beverly Hills. It was in India that Jack—according to reports—would have been left behind if it hadn't been possible to hear him, over a mile's distance, hastening to the plane. They sell an awful lot of bells in Bombay.

Bearing this family devotion in mind, several local financial wizards called their brokers to order additional shares of telephone stock, when they learned that Joan Benny was to marry Seth Baker and live in New York—while Jack and Mary remained on the West Coast. Telephone dividends, the wizards figured, were certain to rise on the basis of fantastically increased long-distance tolls from coast to coast.

When the same shrewd gentlemen heard of Jack's impending grandfatherhood, they added still further telephone shares to their holdings. Well-informed sources say that this perspicacity has paid off—at least one such "wizard" bought a custom-made Cadillac the other day.

There is a story behind the long-distance telephone enthusiasm of the Bennys. As is rather well known by now, Jack and Mary met when Zeppo Marx and young Mr. Benny were invited by Mary's sister Babe—who was also in vaudeville and on the same bill with the boys—to enjoy a home-cooked meal in Vancouver, where Mary's family was then living. Mary was twelve at the time and was overwhelmed by the looks and charm of the "Walter Raleigh" of Waukegan.

It can't be recorded that Jack reciprocated her interest. Actually, there was in his deportment, a suggestion that—far from tossing down his cloak for her dry-footed comfort—he would have gagged her with it. Sub-teen Mary was stuck at the conversational stage of development and was trying hard to impress Mr. Benny—which might have been okay if he could have used any of her lines in his act afterward. But no such luck. Said Benny to Marx, "Get me out of here. What am I doing with this . . . this kid?"

Years passed. Mary and her family moved south to San Francisco and, once again, Jack was a dinner guest during a San Francisco booking. He excused himself as quickly as manners would allow. By the time Mary met Jack for the third time, the family was living in Los Angeles. By now, Mary had been graduated from high school and was working at the hosiery counter at the May Company (a long-time Benny radio gag which is actually based on truth).

Mary and her family caught Jack's act at the Orpheum, and he joined them afterward for a post-theater dinner. As Mary remembers, "He sounded a little like a jukebox with the needle stuck. He couldn't get off one subject: 'My, how you've changed!'"

The following day he strolled into the May Company shortly before noon and asked Mary to join him for lunch. She was so excited she couldn't swallow her coffee, much less a sandwich. That night they had dinner at what was, in those innocent days of 1926, one of downtown Los Angeles' great restaurants, The Victor Hugo. Mary had never been in the place

before. Again, she was too thrilled to eat.

The following night Jack took her to the Cocoanut Grove, and Mary definitely had no appetite. She might have starved altogether if Jack hadn't left to keep his San Francisco booking, and from there worked his way northward, theater by theater. When he reached Seattle he learned that he had been re-booked in Los Angeles, so naturally he telephoned Mary to ask her to reserve a few dates while he was in town. He had learned—by the secret method of listening to Mary's conversation—that she had at least one beau who kept her evenings busy, so he felt he should clear the way.

When the long-distance call came in from Seattle—the first one Mary had ever received—she was so overcome that she couldn't think of anything to say. The fact that it was one o'clock in the morning and she had been awakened out of a sound sleep may also have had something to do with it. Plus the fact that her parents were having no trouble finding words to say how they felt about it all.

Mary's second long-distance conversation with Jack resulted from Mary's placing a call to her sister, Babe, in Chicago to announce that she was going to be

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TV RADIO MIRROR

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married. Babe said Mary was too young, and why didn't she come to Chicago, where Babe was appearing on the same bill with Jack Benny, to discuss the matter. Jack got on the wire and seconded the motion. So Mary went to Chicago to talk over her "youthful unpreparedness for marriage"—and three days later, in Waukegan, married Jack. The date was January 14, 1927, and it marked the beginning of one of the greatest telephonic relationships on record.

Passing a practice from one generation to the next was easy, in this instance. When Joan Benny was a student at Stanford, an audit of the telephone expense indicated that her annual tuition was only slightly greater than her toll calls.

And then she married, moved East, and set out a welcome mat for the stork. During one of her calls last spring, Joan told her father that she and Seth had almost settled on a choice of names for the impending infant: "Jack" for a boy, "Jacqueline" for a girl. Jack considered. "Alexander Graham Baker might be a nice name," he murmured.

Always a quick man to respond to requests for benefit performances, Jack has always tried to adhere to one rule—that the site of the benefit be close at hand.

Yet, in March, when he was asked to appear in Florida for a worthy cause—at the height of the radio and TV season, when every moment was precious—he said with alacrity, "I should be able to fly to New York, have a day with Joanie, fly to Florida, do the show, fly back to New York for a day with Joanie, and be home in time for the Sunday show." He made it.

Originally the stork's visit had been scheduled for July 7, so the Bennys, George and Gracie Allen Burns flew out of Los Angeles on July Fourth, in order to reach New York in plenty of time. George and Gracie were scheduled to serve as godparents for the infant, and also as shields against a nervous breakdown for corridor-pacing Jack.

July fifth passed without incident, except for the record-breaking heat and humidity, which—as George pointed out—could have been a mild reflection of Jack's blood pressure.

The sixth, seventh, eighth, and ninth sweltered by, marked only by the nightly trips of the Bennys, the Burnses, and the Bakers to some air-cooled restaurant where they talked far into the closing hours. Inevitably, someone would stop at the table, fix Jack with a sympathetic eye and ask, "How are you getting along, Jack? Really, I mean."

It began to prey on Jack's already unsteady nervous system. He said to George Burns one evening, "How do you think I look?"

"About thirty-eight," said the man who has known him since he was eighteen.

On the night of July fifteenth, Paul Hahn (president of the American Tobacco Company) gave a party to which all the ladies- and gentlemen-in-waiting were invited. Joan had never looked lovelier—nor more remote from the hospital. Jack spent the evening trying to avoid people who wanted to tell him the joke about the twins who refused to be born because they were so polite that neither would go first.

At seven on the morning of a sweltering, shimmering July sixteenth, Seth telephoned to say that he and Joan were at the hospital. Jack and Mary were still trying to get showered, dressed, and breakfasted in order to charge into the waiting room when Seth called again at eight to say that Michael had made his debut. All critics' reviews were raves—Michael looked like a smash hit.

After their trip to the hospital to meet Michael and to check on Joan's condition (she was doing wonderfully), Jack and Mary departed to go on separate errands. Mary had postponed several weeks of essential shopping, not wanting to be away from Joan at a critical time, but now she could descend on the shops with an easy mind. She agreed to meet Jack at their Sherry-Netherland suite at five.

He was ten minutes late. "Because a fellow can't do a thing like this in a rush. There are too many details to be checked," he explained. Pridefully, he pulled the wrappings off a junior golf bag and a full set of clubs.

"Oh, Jack!" said Mary.

So far, however, Rochester has had the last word. When he was told that Jack was now known as "Grandfather, J.G."—and the "J.G." was identified as "Junior Grade"—he sniffed. "That's nuthin'," he said emphatically. "In twenty years, when Michael becomes a father, Mr. Benny will be the only great grandfather in the new Kinsey report—still thirty-nine."

Just Naturally Jan

(Continued from page 35)

fan magazine and organized a Janette Davis Fan Club. Over the years she saw Jan many times. Jan was touched by the girl's devotion. She tried to do little things for Grace without being obvious. Through a third friend, Jan arranged for Grace to get a little financial help with her correspondence costs. One day, she arranged for Grace to get the full glamour treatment at a beauty salon. Jan tried to keep her part in it a secret, but Grace caught on and said, "I just know it was you who did this, Jan."

Jan finally admitted it and added, "Nothing I've ever done can repay you for your faith in me."

"I didn't do anything," Grace insisted. "I just love you."

And that's what Jan meant to one person who got to know her.

It's always been difficult for Jan to find the time to meet with fan clubs—for, like the other Little Godfreys, she has a strenuous time of it with five morning shows and the big Wednesday-night TV program. There is rehearsing and grooming and shopping for clothes and listening to new songs and, finally, doing the shows.

Jan lives in a comfortable but very modest apartment in Manhattan during the work week. She is no show-off. She was making good money even before she joined Arthur. But she has never lived ostentatiously. For years she drove a moderately priced car. Friends used to ask why she didn't drive fancy cars or live in a mansion.

"Why should I?" she asked.

"Other singers in your class do."

"That's not a reason," Jan told them.

For many years, Jan wanted a house of her own. She left her family's home at sixteen to go to work and thereafter was always on the move. She constantly window-shopped for a house of her own. As her income increased, she saved more money, but she also contributed more to her family. The oldest of the Davis brood at Pine Bluff, Arkansas, Jan has always been loyal to the family. Finally, several years ago, she bought a house.

"Why did you wait so long?" she was asked.

"I couldn't afford a house before."

"But, in this business, who waits until they can afford it?"

That remark is pretty much the truth—and it is one of the things that makes Jan so different.

But she had one fixation about the home she had dreamt of for so many years: Everything had to be new—all of the furnishings and every ashtray and even the wash rags and tooth brushes. And that's the way it was, the day she moved in.

Jan had anticipated that day for years, but she recalls, "It was too much of everything at one time. It was all that I wanted, but it took weeks before I got used to living with it all."

The house, on the north shore of Long Island, was described in detail in the February 1955 issue of TV RADIO MIRROR. It is a white brick ranch house with long, handsome lines. The inside is spacious, with semi-modern furnishings. The decorating was done by a friend, Dottie Kendrick, who was once a professional decorator. The gals were in complete agreement, from the weathervane to the doormat.

Actually, Jan's tastes are simple. She likes nice clothes and selects plain, tailored dresses. Aqua is her favorite color. When relaxing, she wears pedal pushers, tweeds



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and loafers. She still does her own nails and hair, and lives with her sister Carol, who has been her secretary and good right arm for the past five years.

Maxie Kendrick, husband of Dottie, has known Jan ever since she came to New York. He is a contact man (song-plugger, in Tin Pan Alley lingo) for one of the biggest music publishers, and that was how he came to meet Jan. He and Dottie and Jan are close friends and spend many evenings and weekends together.

"To me," says Maxie, "Jan has always been one of the most interesting persons in the business. She has a realistic approach to things, and that is rare. She sees things as they are. She has never acquired a celebrity's tastes or airs. If we go out to a night club, Jan insists that we don't sit at ringside. When she comes over for dinner, we know that she'll be happy to 'take her shoes off,' and more than satisfied with frankfurters and beans."

He tells another story about Jan which is revealing. She and Maxie were in a jewelry store before Christmas, hard at work gift-shopping. "I want to buy Carol a dinner ring," Jan announced, "but I'd be happier if she picked it out herself. Let's call and see if she can come over."

They phoned and Carol said she would be right over. "In the meantime," Jan told the jeweler, "I think I'm going to buy myself a present."

She studied the tray of rings and picked out one for herself. Then Carol came in, studied the assortment and chose one. At that point, the jeweler nervously called

Maxie aside and informed him that Carol's ring cost much more than Jan's—and would Jan like this? Jan was asked. "I like my ring. Carol likes hers," Jan said. And that settled it.

Jan loves the sun and ocean. In summertime, you'll very often find her at Jones Beach, "living it up." After a swim, more often than not, she and her friends will stop in a market, pick up some groceries and go on to Jan's house—where they all take part in a cook-out.

"After a week's work, I live it up by living it down," she says. "I just want to relax and rest and maybe have some friends in. We just listen to records, watch TV, have many laughs—and everybody goes home happy."

Although Jan is feminine and pretty, she's got the strength and courage of a six-foot heavyweight. There's proof of this in her career. She got started as a kid with no one to hold her hand, or put ice packs on her head, and she made it to the top. During some of those years, she worked for as little as four dollars a night, and there were a couple of bad days when she was down to a couple of dimes and a quarter. She didn't run home to mother. She kept going.

She is a woman of conviction and proves her faith in people. She goes to bat for friends. She does not accept gossip as the gospel truth.

Jan has a reputation for being outspoken, often blunt, but it is her honesty. She will not keep someone or something dangling if she knows in her heart the

answer is no. As cute and fetching as she is, Jan drives her car with the positive assurance of a man. She refuses to observe feminine timidities. If work keeps her in Manhattan late on a weekend night, she has no fear of driving alone to her house—an hour's trip—at one in the morning.

Maxie Kendrick tells of another incident concerning Jan. On the day she was robbed, about a year ago, he was very ill. Shortly after she arrived at the Kendricks' apartment to visit, Jan was notified that thieves had broken into her home, taking cash, jewelry, clothes and furs.

Jan talked to Carol, calming her, and finally hung up and continued her conversation with Maxie and Dot.

"Aren't you going back to your apartment?" Maxie asked.

"Why? What can I do about it now?"

And she stayed on for two hours, not interrupting the sick call.

Jan sees things and people and situations for what they are, and that goes for herself, too. Perhaps that is why she doesn't like the "glamour treatment." She tries to sing her best at all times. She is always honest, with herself and with her friends. For Jan, this is just doing what comes naturally, so she can't quite see why anyone should want to make a fuss over her.

But the other Little Godfreys—and the Talent Scouts—and a whole coast-to-coast network of official fan clubs and unofficial, loyal friends—they all know why.

What Romance Means to Me

(Continued from page 31)

the enjoyment while disliking it inside.

The most important feature of every personality is one's faith. Although I don't dwell on it, I'd want someone who has faith, not necessarily my faith, but a belief in God. I feel that, to be a well-rounded person, one must have some spiritual belief. It tends to be the "cement" which holds the rest of their personality together and gives it meaning.

The girl I would choose must be accepted by my friends and family. This is very important to me. We are a close-knit family and can't have complete happiness without one another's love and approval.

I would like to have my girl get the same reaction that my brother George's wife, Janie, receives. Our family and friends say, "Janie is so wonderful and sweet—she is really a doll." They think George is most lucky to have met her (and the other way around).

My sister Angie feels the same way. She was recently married to Tom Farrell, but before the wedding she was most anxious that we would all like her prospective husband. She came to us, saying, "I'm in love with Tom and I would like you all to accept him into your hearts . . . it's most important to me how you feel. . . ."

But then I don't think we are so much different from any other family in this respect. I think it is important that any family and friends like and approve of a prospective bride or bridegroom. Sometimes, though, I think that young people believe they must feel free to make a choice on their own account in this matter—without group guidance, and even in defiance of their friends and relatives. They think it is nobody's business but their own.

But is it? Our family has always felt that, when you marry, you marry friends and relatives, too. You have here, after all,

a loving friendship which has taken years to build up. Yet it seems that some young people are so in love with love that they jump at the first opportunity to exchange their family circle for some romantic square.

I can remember my first romance—actually, it was my meeting, for the first time, someone outside our family circle whom I thought was really the greatest. She was the daughter of the Mayor of West Milwaukee Village. Her elegance and breeding made her the complete charmer. We were both seven years old.

We were more than just friends—at least, I thought so. This was well before my music had taken hold of my interests, and I was free to devote all my waking hours to writing her notes and all my waking thoughts to her pigtailed and blue eyes.

Then, one day, I very bravely wrote "I love you" on one of the notes and slipped it into her schoolroom desk. I waited breathlessly until she came in. I almost died of anxiety all the hour until recess—for she never opened her desk until that time. Then she put away her books, saw the note, and picked it out. I thought surely that now, at least, I would get the big smile I had waited for the whole hour. But no! She was most annoyed, slammed down the desk, and never talked to me again. She was a delicate young lady—in fact, that is what attracted my seven-year-old heart to her—but she was offended by the brashness of my note!

Then my music took hold of me and, for years, there was no room for romance. In high school, for example, while my friends were busy dating, I was spending eight hours a day at the piano. And after graduation, when others were getting engaged and married, I was traveling with my piano across the country.

When you have a variety of interests, you don't make romance your prime goal in life. Granted that romance and mar-

riage are the greatest things in life—from high school on, all my friends looked forward with stars in their eyes to that one great day. But I had a romance of sorts of my own: My music had brought with it a variety of interests—I was an active person, seeing new faces in new places wherever I traveled.

There were a couple of times, during that early period of travel, when my work allowed me to stay in one place long enough to develop close friendships. But I found that the girls I knew did not want to compete with the piano for my attentions. Even more important was the fact that they had to share my feelings and relationships with many hundreds of people. They didn't understand that sharing was part of my work and life. They resented it.

For example, I'd be having dinner in a restaurant with a girl. Candles on the table and music in the background—in short, a romantic evening. Then, in the middle of our conversation, some lady or gentleman would come up to say: "Excuse me, but I have a little daughter who admires your piano playing so much—and would you be kind enough to autograph this menu for me?" Or some young man or woman might even say, "I would like to be a pianist, too—I wonder if you could give me a few moments of your time . . ." and I would say, "Of course, do sit down and we'll talk."

After this happens two or three times in the course of a dinner, my companion has sometimes said, "How can you stand these interruptions? I'm sure I couldn't take it"—or, "I really think these people are nervy." These reactions immediately set up the thought in my mind: I'm sorry that you won't be hearing from me for a while. . . .

This kind of thing is well illustrated in a scene from my Warner Brothers picture, "Sincerely Yours." It is a scene which is very true to life: I'm at a high point in my

life—about to ask a girl (Dorothy Malone) to be my wife. Suddenly, someone comes up to say, "Will you please play the piano for us?" Dorothy is very sweet and understanding about the interruption. But she realizes—in fact, we both realize—that the whole thing is bigger than both of us: To make a long story short, it seems I don't wind up with the girl. And how true that is!

I have always felt that romance, as such, was a rather vague ideal. The newspaper definition of romance, for example, is certainly not the dictionary definition: If I just once go to dinner with a girl, it's a romance; if I'm seen twice in the same week with the same person, it's an engagement.

But to get back to the statement that romance is a vague idea. Recently, for example, I returned to my home town of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, for a high-school class reunion. Everybody was married and I had to learn a hundred new names! But there was a sad note in the reunion, too. One of my old school chums told me how unhappy she was—yes, she was married, too. In fact, that was the trouble. Everybody else was getting married, she said, so she got married because it was the thing to do!

Well, obviously this wasn't reason enough. She had thought, she said, that she'd get married and immediately find romance—but it didn't turn out that way. She found, instead, the monotony of Monday washing and Tuesday shopping, and she was disappointed. Well, I think that, as with most good things in this life, you don't just find them—you have to work for them or make them. Romance is no different.

My friend complained because she thought her life was monotonous. But her monotony was the result of her hope to find romance in marriage. The key to her error, I think, is the word *find*. You don't "find" romance. You work for it, or you make it somehow—but it isn't easily come by.

If my music has given me anything, it is a variety of interests—the music itself, the travel, the people I meet. There's romance in these interests. And, as far as I could see, that's what my now-married high-school chum needed to freshen up her life—a variety of interests. I didn't know what to tell her, but I pointed out that she could have many of the same things I have by developing hobbies, outside interests, doing things for her husband, finding some charitable work, gardening—there are hundreds of things to do within reach of all of us. Each has a romance of its own. But the secret lies in *making* it a romance. There's no finding it.

For myself, I've waited this long for marriage, and perhaps that has been a problem. For, the longer I wait, the more demanding I become. And I've found so many ideal things in my life, I wonder why I should risk the chance of spoiling them by a marriage that isn't perfect.

And my career still demands so much of my time—it wouldn't be fair to a wife or family to have a home life which was constantly interrupted by long concert tours and public appearances. In the family that I raise, there *will* be romance and adventure, and I wouldn't be able to devote the proper time if I were constantly on the road. When it comes, it will be handled in a very sacred and dignified manner—it won't be spread across the pages like some Hollywood romances. It will be done with dignity, with the sacred underlying reverence which a marriage deserves. It won't flourish overnight, like the Hollywood press-agent type of romance. When it comes, it will be a romance that will endure.

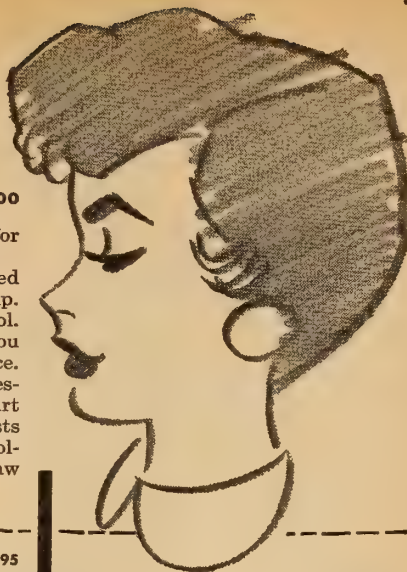
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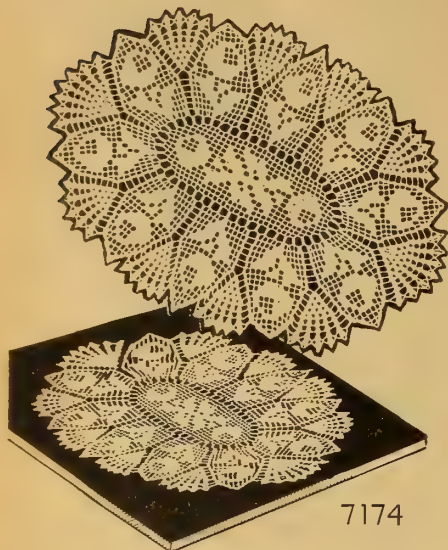
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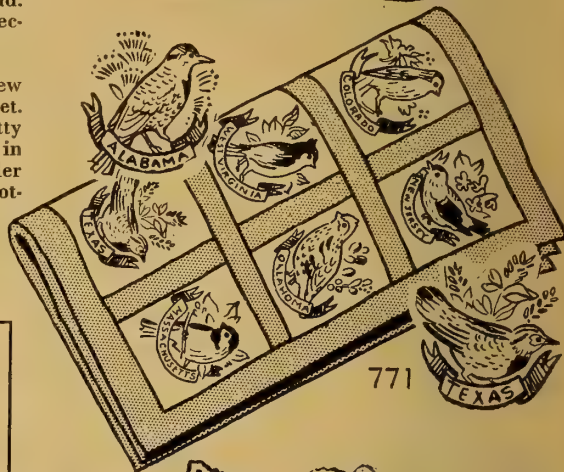
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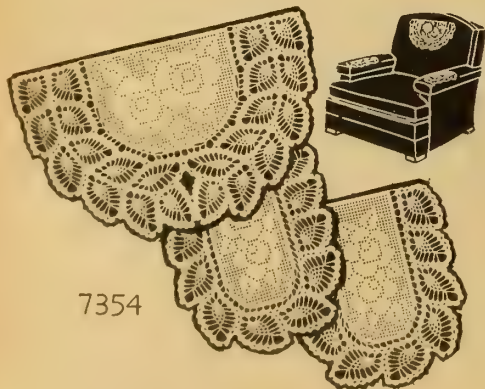
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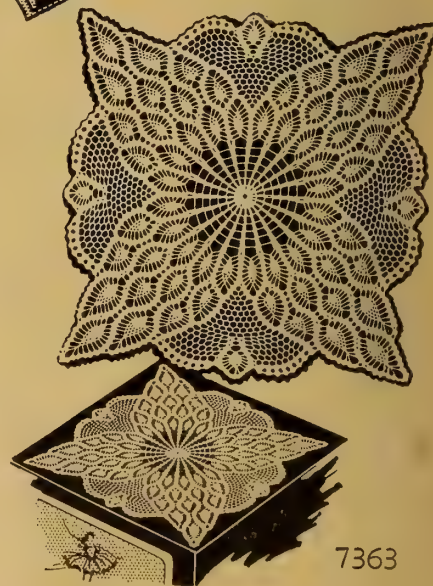
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7363

Daytime Diary

(Continued from page 22)

Ogden, himself almost as dangerous a schemer as Sibyl, turn her mental turmoil to his own uses while making her believe she is victimizing him? CBS Radio.

THE ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT Just when Helen's long, apparently hopeless romance with Gil Whitney appeared headed for a happy ending, Gil's sudden infatuation with another woman shook Helen so badly that she hesitates to make plans for the future he now so ardently desires. Will she decide it is wiser to accept Brett Chapman's repeated offer of marriage? Or will the new problem looming before her drive all other considerations from her thoughts? CBS Radio.

SEARCH FOR TOMORROW The return to Henderson of Joanne and Arthur Tate adds impetus to the situation involving Joanne's friends, the Bergmans, with Melanie Pritchard and her scheming mother. Has Mrs. Pritchard a chance of succeeding in her coldly vicious plan to get Stu Bergman divorced from Marge and married to Melanie? Will Joanne's old enemies in town somehow lend Mrs. Pritchard a hand, willingly or otherwise? CBS-TV.

THE SECOND MRS. BURTON Although Stan Burton has never relaxed his opposition to his mother's proposed marriage, even he is a little startled when, after a definite date is set, he and Terry are inadvertently responsible for blowing up the whole arrangement. Will Stan be sorrier than ever now that the domineering Mother Burton is free once more to concentrate on running the lives of her children? CBS Radio.

THE SECRET STORM Long ago, Jane Edwards told Peter Ames that she could bring only trouble, but at the time not even she knew how close her past was to making her prediction come true. How can Peter understand her renunciation of him unless he knows the full story of her former marriage to Skip Curtis, who has involved Jane along with himself with the FBI? Can Jane bring herself to be honest with Peter in time to save their love? CBS-TV.

STELLA DALLAS The tragedy Stella has fought for so long to avert has finally climaxed in Dick Grosvenor's quick Mexican divorce from her daughter Laurel. But Stella, refusing to recognize the cleavage, desperately tries to keep Dick from burning his bridges by marrying Janice Bennett, hoping there may still be a chance to restore Laurel's happiness. Is Stella wrong to go on hoping for a reconciliation? Does Laurel want a divorce? NBC Radio.

THIS IS NORA DRAKE The revelation of the truly grim secret in David Brown's past—the murder involving his parents—goes far to explain all the serious mental disturbances David has suffered. But Nora, trained in psychological observation, wonders if even with professional help David will ever free himself from the damaging influence of his sister Lor-

raine, who seems determined to keep the past bitterly alive. CBS Radio.

VALIANT LADY Helen Emerson's position in town seems secure once more as the Children's Fund Board votes confidence in her, despite the ugly vilifications of Linda Kendall's mother. But what happens when Helen, advised by her daughter Diane, involves Fund money with Whitlow Preston, Diane's boss? Will the alert Mr. Norris, so deeply resented by Helen at first, prove in the end to be her only salvation? CBS-TV.

WENDY WARREN AND THE NEWS Wendy's concern for the situation at the Dalton home deepens as Linda shows definite signs of strain too deep to control, but she is a long way from realizing the full story behind Linda's marriage to Dr. Peter Dalton. Can Linda sever her association with the people who first put her into Peter's home for their own sinister purposes? Can she find any way to avert the horror she knows hangs over Peter's head? CBS Radio.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES Temperamental star Clara Bauer finds herself in a difficult position as, having treated Phil Stanley badly while he was infatuated with her, she is unable to turn to him for the help she suddenly needs so desperately. Will she find Joan and Harry Davis as hostile? Will Joan overcome her instinctive distrust of this woman long enough to make the mistake of extending a helping hand—a hand which is sure to be bitten? ABC Radio.

THE WOMAN IN MY HOUSE James and Jessie Carter have long known that there are times when a child will not listen to a parent's correction but will take it willingly from a brother or sister. For this reason Jessie has watched more or less silently while young Sandy tries to get herself and her marriage to Mike straightened out, hoping that Sandy's twin, Clay, would be able to give the help she feels she cannot risk. NBC Radio.

YOUNG DR. MALONE Although Jerry has refused to make an issue of it, the contrast between the mature, understanding behavior of his adopted son David and the selfish, trivial preoccupations of his own daughter Jill has given him much recent heartache. His wife Tracey wants deeply to keep family life on a pleasant, constructive keel—but will her own past ever leave her alone? Will Ted Mason further complicate Jerry Malone's life? CBS Radio.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN Dr. Anthony Loring's misguided marriage brought long months of anguish to both him and his former fiancée, Ellen Brown as both realized their helplessness to correct the terrible mistake that seemed destined to ruin their lives. Now Millicent's murder frees Anthony—but frees him to tragedy that may be even more desperate as, accused of the murder, he is unable to keep Ellen from coming under grave suspicion. NBC Radio.

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POMPEIAN
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Got the Sun in the Morning

(Continued from page 53)

that being famous and having a lot of money are not necessarily the best things in life.

Bob was thirty-seven years old, and one of the best-known personalities on TV, when illness struck and nearly brought to an end the brilliant career which had started back in Buffalo, New York, in 1932.

"It was at 5:30 on the morning of Labor Day, September 6, 1954," Bob recalls, "that the attack came. I was lying in bed asleep, when I awoke feeling ill. I didn't know what it was, even when the pain started in my chest. But Mil, my wife, knew right away, and she called our doctor. He, in turn, called a heart specialist and an ambulance and then came right over."

The Smiths live in a three-story, half-timbered home on an acre of well-kept grounds in New Rochelle, a beautiful suburb of New York City. And it was in the New Rochelle hospital that Bob spent the next twelve days—in an oxygen tent. It was touch-and-go with him for most of that time. Then he began to get better, and has improved ever since.

Throughout the trying time when Bob hovered between life and death, his wife—the former Mildred Metz, also of Buffalo—visited his bedside as frequently and as long as she was permitted to. This was no simple matter-of-course, for there were two young boys to look after, at home—and Mil was pregnant. In fact, the Smith's third child was born on November first, just eighteen days after Bob had left the hospital!

As Bob's heart began to mend and he was able to lie comfortably in the hospital bed, his thoughts went back to the kind of life he had led before the attack, and also to his childhood. The two are inextricably mixed.

Bob thought of his father, who had died when Bob was only fifteen. Father had been a strong, muscular man who had worked as a coal miner in Illinois before moving to Buffalo, where Bob was born. There, his father had become a carpenter and, since it was then the depth of the Depression, was unable to get many jobs.

"He worried himself to death," Bob says. "It was in 1932, when things were bad all over. He would just sit in the house, after looking all over for work, and worry because he wasn't able to get anything to do. Yes, he just worried himself to death."

When his father died, Bob had been awarded a musical scholarship at Oberlin College in Ohio. But, because of the unexpected blow to the family, Bob was not able to accept, though he had planned to become a high-school music teacher. Now, as he lay in his hospital bed, Bob's thoughts surely went back to the time that he had had to give up that ambition and take a job with the male trio called the Hi-Hatters, who sang on several Buffalo radio stations. He probably thought, too, of the time that Kate Smith (no relation) brought the trio to New York for appearances on her network radio show.

This had been the beginning of Bob's remarkable career. Leaving the trio, Bob went back to Buffalo radio stations in increasingly more important positions until he was brought back to New York by the NBC station there to do a morning show.

Bob's popularity with New Yorkers—reputedly the most difficult people in the country to please—was almost instantaneous. He went on up the ladder of success quickly until, at the time of his illness, he was doing an hour and three-quarters of radio and television programs—including the very popular *Howdy Doody*—each day, five days a week. It was a schedule carried

by few other people in the business.

As Bob thought back over the years and the immediate past, he realized why he was lying there in that hospital bed. He had been pushing himself far too hard over far too many hours.

"I remembered," he says, "how tired and irritable I used to be when I got home from the studio at night. After all, I'd been at work since early morning, working up material for the three shows—and there was always the routine paper work that had to be taken care of, too. It's a wonder to me, looking back on it, that I stayed on my feet as long as I did."

Six weeks to the day after he had entered the hospital, Bob Smith was able to go home. There he stayed in bed a while longer and remained on the second floor for about another three weeks—leaving it only to visit Mil in the hospital in celebration of the birth of their baby, Christopher.

"One of the biggest thrills of my life," Bob says, "was the first time I went outdoors by myself. I remember it was a cool, pleasant day, and the doctor made all sorts of tests before I was adjudged well enough. I walked very slowly, of course. And I walked around the grounds, just looking at things in general. It was wonderful. As I say, it was one of the biggest thrills of my life."

Bob continued to take things easy, on doctor's orders, for some time. When Christmas time came, Bob told the doctor that the Smiths were planning the usual gathering. Bob's mother and his sister and brother were going to come to spend the holiday with the Smiths. The doctor put his foot down. Bob was to go away and stay away for the holidays.

So Bob and Mil went to Florida for about a month. When school let out, the boys—Robin, now 13, and Ronnie, 12—

GIVE— Strike back at CANCER

went down to be with their parents for the holiday, while baby Chris stayed in New Rochelle.

And ten days after they got back from Florida, Bob Smith went back to work on the *Howdy Doody* show. But there was a great difference. NBC had installed all the equipment necessary in the cellar of Bob's home in New Rochelle, and Bob did the show from there. This meant that he didn't have to drive or take the train all the way to the studio in New York to be on the show.

And on Labor Day of this year, 1955—just one year after the attack—Bob returned to the studio. Bob Smith is back at work again.

But there has been a great change in Bob Smith and in his way of life. The change has not been all physical, either. For one thing, Bob has a finer appreciation of the things and the people who mean the most to him. He sees to it that he doesn't lose that appreciation. But most important to him are Mil and the three boys. Bob makes it a point to be with them as much as possible.

Bob cannot say too much for the way Mil rose to the situation at the time of his attack and during all the subsequent days of tragic uncertainty. Bob is well aware that it was largely through Mil's wonderful help that he was able to make the recovery he did—and he treats Mil accordingly. There is a much stronger rapport between them now than ever before, because they have shared trouble—serious trouble—and have been able to weather the storm.

The children are also closer to Bob. For,

nowadays, he has more time to be with them, to follow their interests and help them solve their problems. Both of the older boys are members of a Little League baseball team and Bob is rightfully proud of the fact. He makes it a point to watch them play as often as he can, which is frequently. And you can be sure that Chris, the youngest addition to the family, comes in for a great deal of attention, too.

Since Bob has had a chance to change his way of life, he has taken up a sport which is as old as time itself, but which he had never indulged in before. He goes fishing. One of the cronies with whom he fishes, as often as possible, is the heart specialist whose work was instrumental in saving Bob's life. Another fisherman who goes out with Bob frequently is Ford Frick, the baseball commissioner.

At his doctor's insistence, Bob has learned to relax. He is no longer as tense as he had become in previous years. He doesn't let things upset him as he used to. He has learned to move more slowly, too.

One of the great benefits of Bob's new spirit of relaxation has been his fresh appreciation of the things around him. He has time now to observe those things which had always been there but which he, in his hurry, had not seen. The trait has added richness to his life.

Another thing that has come into Bob's life is compassion. True, it may have been there all along, but his nearly fatal experience has brought it to the fore.

For instance, Bob has made a study of heart disease—both so that he could understand his own condition the better, and also so that he could help other people who are not familiar with its effects. He likes to explain to those who are interested that, while a heart attack is a serious illness, it is not something to be feared nearly so much as many people do fear it. He points out that statistics show that a large majority of people suffering their first attacks survive and thereafter are usually able to lead completely normal and full lives.

Bob is much concerned with the public's indifference to the need for supporting research into heart disease, one of the most frequently-occurring illnesses in the country. He mentions figures showing the public's contributions to polio and heart funds in a given year—when, for every death from polio, the public contributed \$13,499, and, for every death by heart disease, the public donations were seven cents. And, of course, he urges regular medical examinations so the doctor can discover any possible beginnings of heart trouble.

Bob Smith has recovered from his heart attack. But he has a great many things to be grateful for, besides his recovery. He is well aware of them all.

He is grateful for his wife, Mil, and her great work in helping him get well, and for the added closeness that their experience has allowed them to share. He is grateful for his children and their help in his getting better, too.

He is grateful for having learned to appreciate the things around him more deeply, the everyday things which other people take for granted in their hurry but which Bob observes with new insight because he has relaxed and has the time for seeing.

He knows now that the simpler things in life, the things and the people around him, are the most important, and that fame and money are not.

Bob Smith is a happier man today—because of his experience in the valley of the shadow. For him, the sun shines with a special brightness, and all the world is new.

He'll Always Be Grateful

(Continued from page 36)

about was the years of frustration, indecision, insecurity and outright poverty his father had to go through before winning a measure of success and recognition. Nor could he anticipate that, within a couple of weeks, his dad who "hardly ever worked" would be one of Hollywood's busiest actors, under contract to star as Marshal Matt Dillon in the TV version of CBS's famous radio serial, *Gunsmoke*.

Produced as a quality show, with a painstaking care almost unheard of in the average "Western," *Gunsmoke* is keeping Jim Arness on a schedule requiring him to use Saturdays and Sundays for learning his lines, with the rest of the week—from seven in the morning and frequently until ten or eleven o'clock at night—taken up with rehearsals and actual shooting. Arness, however, has no objections to this sudden acceleration of his activities. "I like to work," he says, stretching his six-foot, six-inch, 235-pound frame recklessly in a light canvas chair. "Working every day, every week, is exactly what I needed and wanted. It's the kind of experience I have to have, if I am to develop further as an actor. You can't stand still, you know. You either keep growing or get out. There is no other choice."

Growing, in more ways than one, is one of the things James Arness has made a specialty of in the thirty years of his life. Sitting opposite the huge man, his heavy shoulders slightly hunched, the clear blue eyes looking out at you openly from the clean-cut, strong-jawed lines of his virile face, you can readily understand why producer Charles Marquis Warren, after testing a long line of other candidates, insisted on having none but Arness for the part of the legendary law enforcement officer of Dodge City, Kansas.

Everything about Jim Arness conveys strength, reliability, honesty. There isn't a trace of guile or cunning anywhere. Starting at the crinkles in the corners of his eyes and spreading almost simultaneously to his even, white teeth, his ready smile lights up his whole face with friendliness. A giant of a man, he exudes the unshakable calm, self-confidence and righteousness you would naturally expect in someone possessing his physical strength and commanding presence.

It is a valid impression. But it is nevertheless one which successfully conceals the inner turmoil and insecurity Jim had to conquer before coming to terms with himself and achieve his present serenity.

Being tall is usually considered an asset. But being too tall, when you're still quite young, can be as much of a handicap as being too short. Jim Arness reached his present height of six-feet-six when he was only fourteen. Weighing a mere 150 pounds, he was a walking skeleton, painfully self-conscious of towering over everybody else. Too good-natured to make reprisals, he was the butt of constant jokes about his beanstalk conformation. The cracks only became more insistent when he was unable to hide his embarrassment. Shy and easily hurt, he began to withdraw into himself.

It was in those years of his early teens that Jim first discovered the restlessness in him which led to a period of many years of drifting and floundering. He began to run away from school, to ride freight trains, to go off into the Minnesota wilderness to hunt and fish. He always came back for a new try at the kind of normal life all the other kids in Minneapolis were leading. But the yearning for

adventure persisted. The quest for something he couldn't name, or put into words, always kept pulling at him.

Jim's love of the outdoors, encouraged by his father, was the one thing that helped him keep his emotional balance. When he was out camping, sitting in a duck blind in freezing weather, or paddling a canoe across a Minnesota lake, he was happy. But, coming from a respectable middle-class family, he knew that someday he'd have to give up this wild and aimless wandering and settle down to learn a profession or a trade. His father's father had been a doctor who came over from Norway and settled in Minneapolis. His father was a successful salesman, his mother a journalist. Jim realized that he, too, would have to be something more than just a vagabond. But what? There was nothing he really wanted to do, though he was willing to give almost anything a try.

Pearl Harbor gave Jim a chance to postpone his decision. As soon as he was graduated from high school, he enlisted in the Army—after being rejected by the Navy because of his height.

If he was looking for adventure, he certainly got plenty of it while he was in the service. Like most combat veterans, Jim is reluctant to talk about it. He was on the Anzio beachhead, saw his company wiped out, narrowly missed death himself three times in a row, had his leg shot up badly—and was decorated. After that, he spent a year and a half in Army and veterans' hospitals waiting for his leg to mend. Weakened by osteomyelitis, it still bothers him at times, and he receives government compensation for his injuries.

After his discharge, Jim went back to Minneapolis and enrolled as a student at the University of Minnesota. But his heart wasn't in his studies. He also took a course in radio announcing, and liked that better, getting a disc-jockey show of his own for a while. At that time he also renewed a high-school interest in the theater, taking parts in several little-theater productions. None of it, however, captured his imagination. It still wasn't whatever it was he was looking for. When a friend suggested a trip to California, Jim joined him without thinking twice about it.

"What really attracted me to California was the climate, the chance to get away from those Minnesota winters," he smiles. "I had no serious intentions—or delusions—about getting into the movies."

The year, however, was 1945, when young male talent was as scarce as zipers, steaks and cigarettes—and Jim landed an acting job, and subsequently a movie assignment, without so much as half trying for it. Cast in a Hollywood stage production of "Four Hours to Kill," he was spotted by an agent, invited to take a screen test (which flopped), and almost immediately thereafter given a part as one of Loretta Young's brothers in the Academy Award-winning film, "The Farmer's Daughter."

By the time he had finished this picture, personable young men were returning to Hollywood in droves, and Jim found that producers weren't exactly hollering for his services any longer. It didn't particularly bother him. He'd been in California long enough to discover the Pacific Ocean—and Jim approved of it thoroughly. With the money saved from his film debut, he acquired a 1936 Buick, then headed straight for the beaches.

Like so many other land-locked Midwesterners, Jim Arness is passionately

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fond of the sea. To this day, when he is troubled or upset, he finds something like a spiritual rebirth in the salty waters of the Pacific Ocean. A superb swimmer and surfboard rider, he likes to spend entire days in and out of the water, forgetting his worries and returning refreshed and cleansed. Having no responsibilities except to himself, the beach became Jim's home in those days. "I was sort of a surf-bum," he explains, "a kind of beachcomber. I lived from one day to the next and refused to worry about anything." He spent some time in Mexico, returning to Southern California only after his money ran out, but continuing his casual style of living, scraping by on practically no money at all.

That's how Virginia Chapman, a young actress whom he was to marry, found him in the summer of 1948. Falling in love with Virginia was to be the turning point in his life.

Virginia was playing "Candida" at the Pasadena Playhouse when a mutual friend brought Jim around to meet her. As luck would have it, her leading man was forced to drop out of the play on short notice and Jim was drafted to take over the part of her stage husband.

As deeply in love with Jim now as she was when she fell for the big guy eight years ago, Virginia's eyes sparkle as she reminisces about their courtship. "I fell hard for Jim the minute I laid eyes on him," she relates. "Aside from his good looks, there was something so clean, decent and kindly about him that it made him stand out as a very unusual person."

Jim, however, was no easy quarry, and Virginia had to employ all the feminine wiles at her command before she bagged him. "I knew he was in love with me, too," she says, "when he backed away from embracing me during rehearsals. It showed that it meant something to him, that it wasn't anything he could bring himself to do lightly."

Though he continued to struggle for a while, Jim's fate was sealed, from that moment on. Asking him to hook up the back of her dress each night before they went on stage, Virginia enjoyed the quiver of emotion that passed through Jim whenever his hand touched her shoulder. But she had to pretend to fall asleep on his shoulder one night, when he was taking her home from the theater, before Jim broke down and kissed her.

Overwhelmingly, blissfully, blindly in

love though they both were, even to consider marriage took quite a bit of courage at that point. Virginia had a year-old baby from a previous marriage whom she had to support and, at the rate Jim had been going till then, she was afraid she might have to support him, as well. Since his one movie part three years earlier, he'd earned practically no money at all. He had no clothes outside of some jeans and T-shirts, some of his better things having come to rest in various pawn shops. Each time he picked Virginia up in his car to take her to Pasadena, it was touch-and-go whether they had enough gas to make it there. And once, when she asked him to buy her an ice cream cone, Jim stalled till she found out that he didn't have a single dime in his pocket and couldn't afford the splurge. (There was no salary involved in playing the Pasadena Playhouse.) And Jim still weighed only about 180 pounds, at the time, a condition which Virginia today discerningly attributes to chronic lack of food.

More forbidding than the total absence of money, however, was Jim's apparent lack of prospects. "I was convinced he had a lot of talent," Virginia says, "but he was completely unfocused at the time. He still had no idea what he wanted to do, and there wasn't really anything he could do well. At least, not anything likely to bring in a weekly paycheck."

If financial considerations worried the young folks, these happily didn't concern Virginia's parents. Recognizing Jim's basic qualities and knowing how deeply these two were in love with each other, they reversed the conventional behavior of prospective in-laws, threw prudence to the winds and did all they could to encourage them. A camping trip, indulgently chaperoned by Virginia's parents, helped them make up their minds.

They were married shortly thereafter in Santa Barbara, Jim wearing a suit he'd bought with funds borrowed from his in-laws. After the honeymoon—a wedding present from Virginia's parents—they set up housekeeping in a small, twenty-dollar-a-month apartment, and Virginia took a job in her father's china-importing firm. Jim, too, tried working there for a while. But, being obviously misplaced in a china shop, he quit shortly and tried his hand at other occupations.

"He really tried," Virginia says, "but he simply wasn't cut out for commerce." He got himself a job selling advertising for a

Los Angeles newspaper, switched to door-to-door canvassing and eventually to real estate. "I was a complete flop," Jim admits with a sheepish grin. "I had a pretty good time talking to people, but I just never sold anything."

After about four months of this, Virginia persuaded him to go back to acting, but to approach it soberly and treat it as a business proposition. Analyzing his assets, they decided that he was obviously the rugged he-man type and that this was what he had to sell to producers. As a result of their discussion, Jim stopped shaving, grew a luxuriant beard and appeared for interviews wearing a red flannel shirt and jeans.

Within a month, the new strategy paid off when Dore Schary, who'd given him his first break in "The Farmer's Daughter"—cast him in his production of "Battle-ground." Jim has been working ever since. "Every year has been a little better than the previous one," says Virginia. "It's like a business. You stick to it, and it can't help growing."

Jim gives full credit to his wife for helping him find himself and become successful in his career. "Without Ginny I'd probably still be floundering on some beach," he says. "I depend on her a lot for just about everything. If it weren't for Ginny, I probably wouldn't have had the drive and incentive to get anywhere."

Three further—and very considerable—incentives for Jim are the children: Craig; eight; Jennie Lee, six; and Rolf, four. He disclaims having any favorite among them, though Jennie Lee is most like him in appearance and manner. All three of them are enthusiastic swimmers, of course, and real companions for their father on his occasional "beachcombing" days. The Arness house in Pacific Palisades has no swimming pool but is less than a mile from the beach and has a view of the ocean. With his great love for the sea, that's about the farthest away Jim Arness would ever want to be from it again.

The Arnesses moved to Pacific Palisades as soon as they could afford a small home of their own—about five years ago—and stayed within a mile of their original location when they moved to a larger house three years later. Situated on a beautiful piece of ground with large old elms, birches and a towering oak tree, their house is a rambling, three-bedroom arrangement, with rooms sufficiently large to keep a big man like Jim from getting claustrophobia. He sleeps in a king-size, seven-by-seven-and-a-half-foot bed—and wears bed socks, just in case his feet should stick out and get cold. When he needs privacy and wants to get away for a while from the hubbub of a busy, happy house, he climbs up into his oak tree, where he has built himself a tree house. He frequently studies his scripts there, too.

Ordinarily, though, there is nothing Jim likes better than to play and roughhouse with the children. Frequently, he takes on as many as a dozen or fifteen children of assorted sizes—including his own youngsters—fighting them in a mock battle. He's long been highly popular with all the children in his area and, with *Gunsmoke* being shown in the early evening, in the Los Angeles area, he's rapidly becoming something of an idol to them.

Not quite so impressed with his father's prowess as chief law enforcement officer of Dodge City, Kansas, however, is his son, Craig. As part of getting in trim for his role, Jim had gone around the house for days, practicing quick draws with his gun. Craig decided to get into the act, broke his piggy bank and bought himself a holster and gun, too. After watching his father for a while and practicing on his own, he one day confronted him and



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drew. "You're dead," he announced triumphantly, seeing his dad's hand was still on his hip. "I beat you to the draw."

Jim got even with his "elder son" by reminding him how Craig had hollered in fright a couple of years earlier at the sight of the giant papier-mache ants, when Jim was acting in the movie, "Them," and Virginia had taken the boy for a visit to the set.

Aside from playing and fooling with them, Jim is an excellent and devoted father who's never shirked his share of the job of bringing them up. "Even when the children were very small," his wife says, "I never had to worry about leaving them with their father. With all his size, he's very competent, gentle, tender and careful with them. He can be strict, too, but he's usually very patient. All three of them adore him, of course."

Jim has an additional domestic virtue, in that he can cook—and cook well. He can even bake, and will whip up a chocolate layer cake on practically no provocation. Needless to say, considering his size, he also loves to eat—three or four helpings of everything at each meal.

As against these virtues, his principal failing from his wife's point of view, is his habit of dropping his clothes wherever he happens to take them off. Another is that, to this day, he hates putting more than

a dollar's worth of gasoline into the car at one time and is apt to run out of gas at unexpected moments. Having simple taste, he drives a Chevy coupe and his wife has a Pontiac station wagon of none-too-recent vintage. About the only material possession Jim dreams of having is a fine sailing boat of his own. He hopes to be able to buy one next summer from his television proceeds.

He is more reluctant to talk about another dream of his, a dream of an additional career as a singer. "Jim has the most beautiful, golden Wagnerian tenor you ever heard," says Virginia, ever the loyal booster. "I've heard competent critics say he could sing at the Met even now. But Jim is a perfectionist. He won't do anything, won't even talk about it, until he knows he's quite, quite ready."

Even with his present, crowded schedule, he manages to squeeze in three lessons a week. And it can be taken for granted that he wouldn't waste his time unless there were solid promise for success.

For, with all his easygoing manner, Jim Arness is essentially a serious man. His drifting days are over. He has found his field, has hit his stride, and intends to grow and keep going.

As producer Charles Marquis Warren puts it, "Jim is a big guy. A big guy inside and out."

More Than Anyone Could Ask

(Continued from page 49)

flagstoned outdoor terrace, and to a large, flat rectangle of ground where the Beckers hope one day to put in a swimming pool.

The house is white, with some green trim. There are three floors and the basement. Every part of it is well lived-in, and none of it is off-bounds to the children. Everything in it belongs to the family. "Although the hi-fi is really Ruth's," Sandy says, a twinkle in his eye. "Her birthday is in January, and I gave it to her for a present. I told her that, for my birthday in February, she could give me some real pretty dresses that she wanted. And she did!"

The pets belong to everybody—except that Jeb, the blue parakeet, is an independent soul who recognizes no master, and Goldie, the new canary-colored baby parakeet, seems to have adopted Ruth. Jocko, the dog, as gentle as he is huge, is the children's delight.

Hajji Baba, the dwarf parrot, appears with Sandy on his TV shows for children. "He's the one who works for a living," says Sandy. "He's not nearly so big as the usual parrot. Looks rather like a parakeet with thyroid trouble, I'd say." Hajji rides back and forth from home to studio every day with Sandy, in his own small "cuckoo clock" house, which Sandy made for him. "Makes him think he's a cuckoo," Sandy explains. "Sometimes I suspect he has forgotten he ever was a parrot."

Hajji always breakfasts with Sandy. Ruth brings breakfast up on a tray. And, if the parrot's coffee is too hot, or not sugared sufficiently, or the toast is missing, he sets up a scream. He scolds the children sometimes, too, but they all know he doesn't mean a word of it and that, inside his lovely green plumage, there is a heart full of affection for all the Beckers.

Each child has his own collection of fish, besides the four tanks in Sandy's room. Joyce has gone in for guppies in such a big way, they threaten to take over the whole tank in her room. She's a combination of both parents in looks, manner and interests. "Three parts Ruth's soft Southern beauty and good manners, and

only one part my foolish ways," Sandy describes Joyce, fondly. Annelle is very like Ruth, too, but Curt is his daddy's boy. He is Sandy's shadow on the days at home, wanting to help with everything he does.

Both Ruth and Sandy are excellent craftsmen, handy at doing dozens of things. The long red sofa in the living room is a piece they picked up at an auction and re-covered, along with some chairs to match. They did all the wallpapering and the inside painting in the house, and Ruth made all the drapes. Sandy cut down a big, heavy Italian table which the former owners of the house left for them—a piece of furniture they liked but couldn't seem to fit in anywhere. He turned it into an unusually lovely coffee table. The cut crystal lamp bases were an old water pitcher and a squat vase, now wired and mounted on silver bases by Sandy. Shaded in red, by Ruth, they are quite gorgeous.

Sandy does sculpture, really good things and all self-taught, a hobby he began to develop as a small boy when his parents gave him his first puppetry set and he started to carve out new heads for his puppet characters. He is an excellent cartoonist, also self-taught. But his real ambition was to be a doctor, and he had already started a pre-med course when destiny stepped in to turn him toward show business. It happened when he was in college and accompanied a stage-struck friend to Station WWRL, in Woodside, Long Island, where the friend wanted to audition for an announcing job.

"Someone thrust an application blank and an audition script in my hand, too," Sandy says. "There I was, expected to do something about both. So I filled out the blank, and did a pretty atrocious reading of the script. It had to be atrocious—because what did I know about it? I quickly made up my mind to combine the voices and interpretations of three different news broadcasters I admired—Edwin C. Hill, Lowell Thomas and Gabriel Heatter! It was some combination, but I got the job, at \$10 a week, with the understanding that I would continue my schooling. So I really fumbled my way into radio, but I

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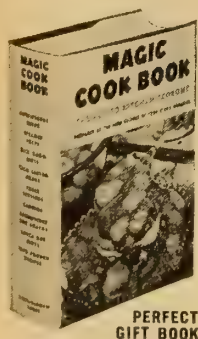
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liked it from the first. For a week or more, my parents knew nothing about this, until one day I asked them to listen. I wanted to be sure I was going to last in the job."

When Sandy thought it was time to break away from a local station and get on a network, he took another audition, this time for a CBS executive. "I was still a little 'rough around the edges,' so they sent me instead to Station WBT, in Charlotte, North Carolina. There I was required to do practically everything, including announcing—the kind of local-station experience which is invaluable for learning the business and preparing for a network job."

He stayed in Charlotte two years, and that's where Ruth became part of the Sandy Becker story. She didn't even see him, the first day he saw her. Her mind was concerned with the ambitions of a friend, a girl who was attending business school with her but had radio aspirations. Ruth herself had done some singing with local bands and in her church, but she went along with her friend merely for moral support. Sandy saw them from the control room, and the girls were gone by the time he came out. But already he had turned to a co-worker and announced that this was the girl he wanted to marry, this striking brunette who walked like a princess. It took several telephone calls to Ruth's girl friend to get a date arranged. And, even after Ruth met Sandy, she wasn't impressed, deciding he was too young and boyish for a woman of nineteen. He was just twenty himself, but thin and—well, boyish-looking, just as Ruth told herself. In fact, Sandy was always trying to put on weight, and always trying to look more mature.

Clyde Clem didn't really believe Sandy when he said that Ruth was going to marry him: "I was always deflating him, anyhow, just for the fun of it. Of course, I knew he had what it takes for success all along the line, but I liked to kid him. Just to balance things. And when he told me Ruth had said yes, I really did rib him. We used to double-date, and I knew how he had felt about her from the first."

When the young-married Beckers went on to New York, the going wasn't completely smooth at first. Other fellows from small stations got opportunities for which Sandy didn't even have a chance to audition and, for a while, it seemed to him that everybody was moving along faster than he was. Ruth used to remind him that he wasn't doing too badly and that his turn was bound to come.

It did come. He began to get some good announcing jobs on the network. He did *Joyce Jordan*, the daytime drama, and *Theater Of Romance*. He did newscasting, got a break when some big news stories came his way and he handled them with just the right touch of excitement and drama. He announced some of the Philharmonic concerts, which fostered the love he already had for fine music. And, in 1948, he was asked to announce the *Young Dr. Malone* program—and, not long after, to play the title role!

Gary Merrill had been doing *Dr. Malone* and, when Gary left for Hollywood, someone decided that Sandy had a voice similar to Merrill's. "I could tell a story well, and I had been announcing for a long time," Sandy recalls, "but my acting experience was confined to those early puppetry shows and to school dramatics. I guess I was just lucky. Instinctively, I seemed to know what to do, and to understand about such things as timing and pacing. And my voice was right for it. Besides, there has always been a continuity about my life—maybe you could call it 'a thread of

destiny' that has run through my life.

Everything I have done has led me along to the next thing. Going to North Carolina, which would have seemed an unlikely place for me, brought Ruth into my life. My interest in sculpture and cartooning has already helped greatly in my shows for children. My own youngsters have helped me to know what other children like, and working on children's programs has helped me to understand my own youngsters better. Everything has fitted in, piece by piece."

Sandy now has some definite ideas about what children, and their parents, like on television. "Kids like to be amused," he says frankly, "but they like to be learning things at the same time." He gets in little scientific lectures and demonstrations, all keyed to young children. He sneaks in simple safety messages, and similar bits of advice. And, always, these are in the form of entertainment, and not a bit like preaching, or even like school.

The young Beckers are unhappy if they have to miss one of their daddy's programs, and they assure him he is tops. They can be tearing the place apart, but when he comes on they grow silent and attentive. When *Dr. Malone*, to which they listen occasionally, was going to get married to Tracey, they were quite upset, insisting that Ruth was "Daddy's mommy" and wondering how Tracey could be, too. "I finally explained to their satisfaction that I am Mrs. Becker and their daddy is Mr. Becker," Ruth observes, "and that any other Mr.-and-Mrs. arrangement was only part of the story on radio, which concerned the Malones themselves and not us. As the Beckers, we would still be intact—Mommy and Daddy and Joyce, Curtis and Annette."

Actually, this combination of being the young doctor, and of creating new ideas to entertain and teach youngsters on a television screen, is immensely stimulating to a man like Sandy who loves acting, is tremendously interested in and tremendously fond of kids, and himself has a thirst for knowledge which is never quite satisfied. He says he works harder than he might because there is so much happening all the time that he loves to do. So many new shows constantly coming up. So many new opportunities to use what he already knows and to learn more.

As Ruth sums it up: "I think the most important thing about Sandy is that he gives his best to everything in which he is sincerely and honestly interested—to his family, to his work, to everything of which he is a part. There just isn't anything too much to ask of him—because he gives so much more than anyone could possibly demand. It's because he really cares about people, and about what happens to them."

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January
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(Continued from page 57)

Putting show business first was a habit each had developed in childhood—Pat in the amateur theater, Hal in the professional.

Singing was exactly Master Cooper's dish. He could remember the words and tune of every song he had ever heard. He saved his allowance to buy sheet music and cajoled his parents into taking him to the theater. Making a small boy's usual excuse, he slipped away. The next Mr. and Mrs. Cooper saw of their son, he was on stage, singing. A few minutes later, he collected the twenty-five-dollar first prize and started his professional career.

It proved a successful one. At the age of ten, Hal was junior master of ceremonies on *Mutual's Rainbow House*. He was also on *Junior G-Man* and occasionally acted in daytime serials. At eighteen, he drew out the money his parents had held in trust for him and went to the University of Michigan. He found a room down the street from the rambling house owned by the Meikles.

Music and drama had also kept the Meikle household lively. Pat's father, Daniel, a Scottish-born designer of automatic machinery, played the cello. Her mother, tiny, vivacious red-headed Maude, belonged to the community theater. Pat, upon finishing high school, had spent a season at the Ogunquit, Maine, summer theater and had airily informed her parents, "Maybe I won't come home in the fall. Maybe I'll go right on to Broadway." With a Scotsman's firmness, her father had insisted that the University of Michigan should come first.

"And I told her," says Hal, "that, in radio, if it were not for the commercialism of *Our Gal Sunday*, she would not be able to enjoy the art of Toscanini."

Argument became more intriguing than romance. "He'd take another girl home," says Pat, "then stop at our house for a cup of coffee."

When war came, they found absence didn't make their hearts grow fonder. Hal, commissioned a Navy ensign, shipped out and wrote Pat an eighteen-page letter which ended, "I think I'm in love with you. Will you marry me?"

Pat's reply also ran eighteen pages. The first seventeen were an essay on platonic friendship. The final page ended: "But I think I am in love with you, too. The answer is yes."

Hal was in Panama when he received her letter. Reading the first few pages, he concluded Pat had rejected him. "So."

At two o'clock in the morning, back on the ship, he felt sufficiently fortified to finish reading the letter. When he reached the last page and saw Pat's "I think I'm in love with you, too," the cramped quarters of the ship could not hold Hal's exuberance.

They would wait until the end of the war to marry, they decided. Pat came to New York and lived at the Rehearsal Club. She found a few parts in off-Broadway shows. Then, thanks to a ruptured appendix, Hal got a convalescent leave. Mrs. Meikle, visiting in New York, suggested they marry immediately. A phone call summoned Pat's father, and Hal's parents gave them a reception.

"That wasn't what we had intended," Hal says, "but we've been forever glad we did it." For, soon afterward, they learned the reason for Mrs. Meikle's urging. "Less than a month afterward," says Hal, "she died. We then discovered she had long known she had a serious heart condition. She must have realized her time was running out."

When Hal received his discharge in February of 1946, they returned to the university. After he received his degree, they went to the Dock Street Theater in Charleston, South Carolina, as assistant directors. With a seven-day-a-week responsibility for teaching, designing sets, staging plays and acting in them, they learned to put their personal life second.

In 1948, Pat and Hal set for themselves a new course of study in a field where few text books then existed. Returning to New York, they spent the entire summer watching television, planned some shows and started making the rounds.

"It was pretty discouraging at first," says Hal. "Everything was in a tumult and no one had money to spend. Our first break came when Bob Emery, whom I had worked for in radio, phoned to say that Du Mont was about to start daytime programming. He asked if Pat and I could do a low-budget show to keep preschool children amused for half an hour."

TV *Baby Sitter* resulted. Soon, for an older group, Hal and Pat originated *Magic Cottage*, a wonderfully charming fantasy which children loved, mothers approved and critics praised. Often, they received 3,000 letters a week. "We had everything but money," says Hal. "No one, in those days, wanted to buy a kids' show."

Their total income from the two shows, which they wrote, produced and performed, wouldn't pay for a ten-second spot announcement today. Together, they received \$150 a week. "And out of it," says Pat, "we had to pay the cost of props and of handling our mail."

But despite its rigors, television was fun in those days. "The gang gathered at our funny little apartment on Third Avenue," Hal recalls. "The floor tilted so much that if you dropped a marble at one side of the room it would bang the opposite baseboard. Every three minutes, the Third Avenue El roared by and conversation automatically stopped."

They also appeared in dramatic shows. Hal played them all, but Pat's career was limited. "I was cast as a menace," she explains, "and the next morning everybody at Du Mont was calling everybody

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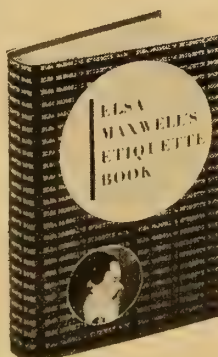
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else to say, "You can't make a villainess of our child star."

In 1952, they varied their schedule. Hal went to England to produce a stage play. Pat intended to stay home but, separated, both felt lost. "Hal telephoned and I took off. I think we flew the ocean six times that summer."

Television was settling down and so were the Coopers. They moved to Madison Avenue, Louise Thompson came to take over the housework, and when Beth-ami was born August 16, 1954, Edna Crichton joined the household staff.

"They're both friends as well as helpers," says Pat. "Our Thanksgiving certainly proved that."

It's true importance only began when the last drumstick was finished. "Once we started thinking of ourselves as a family," says Hal, "we started looking ahead. We wanted Beth—and the other children we hope to have—to enjoy all the things Pat and I knew as kids."

Primarily, that meant grass, trees and room to run. It meant the security of owning a home and the happiness of close friends in the neighborhood. House-hunting, they toured the suburbs. "With our eyes on our watches," says Pat. "Every minute of travel time meant just so much time taken away from Beth."

It was Fran Carlon, who then had the lead in TV's *Portia Faces Life*, who suggested a solution. Meeting Hal one day, she said, "I've heard of a house for sale down in the Village. . . ."

To a Midwesterner who still thinks of Greenwich Village as a section composed exclusively of attics, the house the Coopers bought would be a distinct surprise.

Located on a quiet, tree-lined street, it

turns a narrow, tidy, four-story face toward the pavement, but the heart of the block is a different world. There, totally enclosed by the buildings, is a lovely little private park with lawns, trees and even a sturdy little tree-house for children.

The house itself is about a hundred years old, Pat explains, but three generations of children have grown up in the little park. "In 1923, owners around the block got together and decided to tear down their back fences. Now we hold an annual meeting to decide on improvements and make an assessment for upkeep. Since property here seldom changes hands, some of those children who first played in the park are now grandparents. Right in the middle of New York, this is like living in a small town. We love it."

The Coopers, who not long ago were adept at living out of a wardrobe trunk, have put down roots. At present, they have the first two floors of the house and rent the two upper apartments. "But," says Hal, "as our family grows, we'll take over that space for ourselves."

Pat's thoughts reach even further into the years ahead. "When Beth wants an apartment of her own, we can cut off a floor and it will be ready for her."

"And finally," says Hal, "when the children marry and move away, Pat and I will be right back down where we are now, with a comfortable income property during our retirement."

It's a plan for a lifetime, a plan for good living, and—Pat and Hal remind you—a plan which started just last Thanksgiving, when they discovered they weren't just television performers, they were that most important thing in the world—a family.

To Cynthia with Love

(Continued from page 51)

character in a book I've read. To us, the name Cynthia is associated only with you. It is all yours, as a name should really be.

At this point in our lives, so soon after your birth, I talk about you all day long. "When," your daddy asked me the other night, "do we stop talking about how many ounces a feeding and how many burps a day?" Then he wanted to know "How many?" If this makes us sound too doting, just remember that we waited for you a long time. And when you did arrive, you came in such a rush! You were not expected until the first week in August, at the earliest, but you were born in Doctor's Hospital at 9:33 A.M., July 30, 1955.

The first thing I remember clearly, after that, was your daddy standing by my bed and saying, "She's beautiful. She's the most beautiful baby I have ever seen. Wait until you see her—she's really pretty!"

I laughed to myself, remembering how carefully Richard had briefed me on what I might expect of him as a new father. He didn't want me to be disappointed, so he thought he should warn me that he might not feel up to behaving like a proud papa. Not at first, anyway—not until you were a little older and began to project your personality.

Well, you "projected" to your daddy from the moment he set eyes on you! Every day, while I was in the hospital, he'd get me a chair so I could sit and look at you, through glass, in the nursery. And, for the whole forty-five minutes that parents were permitted to see their babies each day, we'd sit there, both of us, and stare. And now we hope we have another just like you, another girl first, then two boys!

From your eyes up, you're like your father. Your hair is dark. I hope it stays that way, I hope you have curly dark hair like Richard's. From your eyes down, you're like me. You look most of all, I think, like my mother—your Grandmother Houchins. I look like her, too, only she is much prettier than I am. You "take after" both sides, I'd say—although you're so like one baby picture of me, taken in profile, that I'm scared.

Scared, that is, because I wasn't pretty, when I was a teenager. I was all nose—big nose, big mouth—and gawky. When director-producer Joe Pasternak signed me to a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer film contract, he said, "You're about the funniest-looking girl I've ever seen, and you can't dance or sing or act, and I don't know what I'm going to do with you. But," he added, quite dubiously, "kind of interesting. . . ."

What Mr. Pasternak did was to put me in "This Time for Keeps," which starred Esther Williams. (That was something of a paradox, since I not only couldn't sing, dance or act—I couldn't even swim!) He also cast me in "Ballerina" and in "No Leave, No Love." And, in all three pictures, I played "the other woman."

In due course of time, I made other pictures, but not for long. One day, I just upped and left. Hollywood was not for me—nor I for Hollywood, I suspect.

I'm telling you all this because it proves that lack of beauty need not be a serious handicap—even in the "photogenic" medium of motion pictures. Still, it's nice for a girl to be pretty, so I hope you will be. Pleasant-looking, let's say, but not a raving beauty. Raving beauties take themselves too seriously. And the way life treats them, all too often, is not what I dream of, for you.

I hope you'll feel, as your father and I do, that having a child is about as creative as anyone can be. That, compared with having child—which is creating life itself—painting a picture, writing a book, acting, or any of the arts, is relatively meaningless.

If you must have a career, I hope it will be as nice as the one I have. A simple career that fits in, as mine does, with a pleasant and normal life. I do only one show, *Search For Tomorrow*, on CBS-TV. I go to work at eight-thirty in the morning, get home in the early afternoon, and stay home. I will not take a night-time show. I won't even take a once-in-a-while, free-lance night-time show. I did it just once. Your daddy—who is associate producer on NBC-TV's big show, *Today*—also gets home early. That one night, he ate alone. We didn't like it that way, and I never tried it again.

I hope that you will never be a slave to ambition. I would hate to have you a "star." Truth is, I really hope you're not an actress at all. Perhaps you won't want to be. It's usually the children of very glamorous parents—such as Marlene Dietrich's daughter, Maria Riva—who seem most to want an acting career.

If you do want a career, and if I have any influence, you'll be a writer. Reasons: Writers can be by themselves, are sufficient unto themselves, can fit into any kind of a life anywhere—and, in addition, once you've learned to coordinate your thoughts on paper, you coordinate better in everything you do! I found that out when I wrote a book, while I was living in Hollywood. An autobiographical book. You will never see it—because once it was completed, I tore it up. It had served its purpose. For, from that time on, I had more confidence as an actress than I had ever had before. I became a more immaculate housekeeper than I had ever been before. Since then, everything in my life has been better organized than ever before.

Whatever it is you want to do, I hope that Richard and I will be smart enough to let you go out on your own—as my own parents were, when they let me leave our home in Tulsa, Oklahoma, and go off to New York at the age of nineteen.

But my dearest hope for you is that you will marry. And that you'll marry someone as nice as your daddy. I couldn't wish anything better for you than that. He is kind and understanding and wise and witty and warm, and fun—and he's pretty fond of you!

After four years of being married to him, I still wait for the sound of the rising elevator that tells me Richard has come home. After four years of marriage, he's still romantic, still sends me flowers and gives me presents—seldom on the days you expect presents, but always in commemoration of something significant. On Mother's Day this year, for instance, he gave me a little pearl and diamond ring, because this Mother's Day had such special significance for me. (My birthday he skipped entirely!)

An hour after you were born, your daddy said he wanted to go home and shave. An hour later, he came racing back with a lovely circlet of sapphires, set in platinum, for me. He still hadn't shaved, of course. Then, two days after you were born was our fourth wedding anniversary,

and there were two dozen long-stemmed red roses in my hospital room, among all the pink and blue "baby" flowers. And, always, we still get dressed up and go dancing, as we did when we were dating, and it is still the way it was in the days when we were dating...

I hope it will be this way, this lovely way, for you...

I hope, too, you will want to live as normal and family-type a life as we—for your sake and for the sakes of the sister and brother we hope you'll have.

We always wanted a large family. When we began to fear we were not going to have any family at all, we were going to adopt a child. Then you came. And soon, perhaps, there will be another like you. Then it will be time to go, to move out of the city and into the country. We love this apartment, into which we moved only three months before you were born. But we feel that city life—a walk in the park in the morning, another walk in the park in the afternoon—is too regimented a life for children.

Our plan is to live in a smallish town where the schools are good. We want our children to go to public schools. And, after public school, a good college.

We know the kind of house we want to buy. A big, comfortable, old-fashioned kind of house where you can live as undisciplined a life as possible—where you can open the back door, and go outside to play. A house with plenty of room for bikes and scooters and doll-baby buggies and baseball bats and skates and skis and assorted puppies and kittens and white mice and frogs.

And we want to be sort of comfortable, old-fashioned parents. We want to be Scout Masters and Den Mothers and all the rest of that wonderful job of being parents.

I hope you'll like us, your daddy and me, as people—not because you should, but because you just do. At the same time, I hope you'll have some interests we don't share because they'll be all your own. Each of us, I think, must have something that is all our own. I hope you like people, period. If you do, you get that from your father. He loves people, gets along with people. So will you, of this I'm sure. You like people now. As long as someone is in the room with you, you lie there, murmuring happily. As for myself, I like to be around my family, but am inclined to feel uncomfortable with strangers.

I hope you love music and books, because they are the faithful things. And they are the things you can share. It's a little early to know whether you'll like books, but you seem to love music now. I make children's records—it only takes a few daytime hours a year. I tell stories and sing nursery rhymes, some of which I now sing to you.

I hope you will see the world you live in and are able to appreciate what you see, and to understand it.

I hope, in short—for this says it all—that you will always be happy. I hope you will have as good a time and as good a life as I have. I hope you will always be as rosy with health and as cozy and snug as you look now. And as peaceful.

This above all, I hope that you will grow up in a world at peace.



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Straight from the Heart

(Continued from page 43)

felt she was cured and had nothing to be ashamed of. Before the interview, she told Coates that her neighbors all knew her story anyway.

But *Confidential File* has a responsibility when dealing with emotionally-disturbed people. The woman had children. Before the show started, it was pointed out to her that they would have to bear the shame if her face were seen. So, in telling her story of attempted suicide, she agreed to wear the mask.

The shocking story of the woman with suicidal tendencies was only one in the *Confidential File* series of Guild Films' new, nationally-syndicated show. Because of its basic approach to contemporary problems, *Confidential File* will undoubtedly arouse more comment than almost any other new show this season.

Confidential File is co-written by Paul Coates and Jim Peck, two Los Angeles *Mirror-News* newspapermen. Coates, the interviewer on *File*, is described by Peck as "surprised that he (Coates) is a TV personality."

On-camera, interviewer Coates is suave, looks older than his thirty-four years, dresses well, and is careful about his appearance. There are two reactions to his sphinx-like visage on-camera: Some of his viewers see him as cold, bold and arrogant—and some think him handsome.

There are two explanations for Paul Coates' video personality: He is, according to his close friend, Jim Peck, a basically shy person. "Once you get to know Paul," says Peck, "he is warm and outgoing." The second reason stems from the nature of *Confidential File*. As an interviewer, Paul can't give advice to the people on his show, he can't solve their problems, he is no authority—he is simply an uncritical observer. Hence, the sphinx-like face.

"I promised that, in doing *File*," says Paul, "I would never have the right at any time to be the authority. I don't attempt to give advice, even in areas where I know good and well what I'm talking about. I'm strictly a reporter."

Confidential File is the brainchild of reporter Paul Coates and a marriage of two ideas. The first occurred three years ago when, after he and Jim Peck successfully wrote a pair of *Dragnet* scripts, they figured that, if they could do it for *Dragnet*, they could do it for themselves. The second idea stemmed from Paul's feeling that the people who came to life in his own Los Angeles *Mirror-News* column, "Confidential File," would make for powerful visual drama.

"As a reporter," says Paul, "I daily met people that most TV viewers would never meet—drug addicts, petty criminals, juvenile delinquents, and the like. I hoped that, if I brought them and their problems to television, it might stimulate a deeper understanding, it would tend to broaden the acceptance of people for other people, it would break down barriers."

And Jim Peck continues, "*Confidential File* was designed simply to make people aware of the differences as well as the similarities of people in other walks of life, and to take them to places where they would never go otherwise. The show on Buddhism is an example. It certainly was not designed to promote Buddhism, but simply to point out the similarity in men of good will, whether they wear skull caps or Oriental headdress."

Confidential File has been accused of sensationalism. This is not surprising, inasmuch as the program has covered such

taboo areas as the sexual psychopath and homosexuals, with "live" subjects as interviewees. But, in talking with Coates and Peck, one is forced to defer to their honest approach with the program.

"I think that we have taken some serious chances in television," Paul says. "For example, the way we discussed child molesters and homosexuals. We were told by the higher-ups in TV that we would be through if we did these programs. Yet *Confidential File* has given us a real respect for the viewing audience. The programs which we were told were the most fearful and impossible to do were the ones that got the best public reaction."

"Our reaction to this is a sincerely increased respect for the ability of the public to integrate the truth. We think they are interested in hearing the truth. We believe that the public not only wants to hear the truth, but can handle it. We think *Confidential File* has brought about a number of fairly important changes in the public's attitude toward certain severe social problems."

"One particular show had to do with sex education," Paul continues. "Now the fact that we intended to use the scientific words for the genitals was shocking to a friend of mine who is rather highly placed in the television industry. He told us we would be taken off TV if we used such descriptions on a program to which children were invited to listen."

"And yet it seemed important to Jim Peck and me, because the semantic implications in sex education are critical. If a child thinks about himself in four-letter words, then he has a sordid idea of what he represents. He is likely to feel guilty about it. But if he is given the proper words and a good scientific explanation, then we say the child is getting a good sex education. He is going to grow up as an adult who is not only highly acceptable in the way he acts out his sexual impulses in marriage, but does so happily. This happy adjustment we consider to be of prime importance."

In terms of the contribution to mental health, and in spite of the accusation of sensationalism, Paul Coates and *Confidential File* are getting a great amount of recognition for the constructive work the show is doing. On September 8, 1955, the Volunteers of Psychiatry of the Los Angeles General Hospital, one thousand strong, presented Paul with an award for the outstanding contribution to mental health in the past year. Speakers included Dr. Rappaport, State Director of Mental Hygiene; Dr. Tarzan, President of Southern California Psychiatric Association; the president of the Los Angeles County Medical Association; and a representative from the Attorney General's office. This was the first time in the history of these joint mental health organizations that anything like this had been done.

This and other awards Paul has received certainly seem appropriate, particularly when one understands the scrupulous detail that Paul puts into the research on every *Confidential File*. There are fifteen people on the staff, not counting the crew of twenty-seven technicians and cameramen. When suicide was discussed as a possible subject for *File*, Paul went first to Dr. James McGinnis, Chief Psychiatrist of the Los Angeles County General Hospital. "In the field of mental health," says Paul, "Dr. McGinnis is the one we go to first. He puts us in touch with the various leaders in the field."

"In the case of suicide, we worked with the Menninger Clinic, plus various other

theorists, leading doctors in the city, in-terns at the receiving hospitals, and am-bulance drivers—the very first people to see attempted suicides—and finally got the reactions of the people themselves who had tried in one way or another to take their own lives.”

The detailed research Paul puts into each *Confidential File* is obvious. “For ex-ample,” he says, “we learned from the doctors and theorists some of the reasons why people attempt suicide—even un-knowingly. The ambulance drivers we in-terviewed substantiated this point. They said it was surprising to them how many repeats they attended for accidental in-jury. Ambulance drivers, men without medical or psychiatric knowledge, realized these victims were unconsciously trying to hurt themselves.

“The doctors and interns told us the same story. They cited one bit of re-search which indicated that fifty percent of all the accidents in a manufacturing plant were committed by only seven per-cent of the workers.

“In actual suicide attempts, we were surprised to see so much anger on the faces of the recovered victims. After their stomachs had been pumped and they regained consciousness, their most com-mon remark was an angry, ‘Why didn’t you let me die!’ These people are ob-viously sick. They need qualified psy-chiatric help.”

Paul recognizes the responsibility that the show forces upon him. In the actual TV presentation of the suicide study, he did not allow the “live” subject to reveal her identity (even though she was willing) because of the embarrassment it would have caused her family.

The additional responsibility and Paul’s honest approach is again made apparent in the *Confidential File* he did on blind children in the Los Angeles area. This episode received more mail than any other show in the series.

The story came to television one day shortly after Paul heard of the small, in-dependent Foundation for the Junior Blind, dedicated to teaching blind chil-dren to live in a sighted world. The foun-dation was run by Norman Kaplan and his ex-schoolteacher wife. Paul investi-gated. He found the charitable couple working on the slimmest margin—Mr. Kaplan went out every day, picking up the children in a broken-down station wagon. Mrs. Kaplan prepared a cold mid-day meal—there was no stove. When the show was presented to the Los Angeles audience, though a direct appeal was never made, \$15,000 was raised for their help. The money went into a trust fund administered by a bank.

But Paul’s interest in such cases does not end after the show. “I don’t mind telling you,” he says with a smile, “that we keep checking on the fund ourselves.” After extensive checking, Paul found the Foundation strictly deserving.

Paul Coates was born 34 years ago in New York. His father was an architect, his mother a housewife. They lived in the Washington Heights section of Manhat-tan. “Although it wasn’t a poor neigh-borhood,” Paul recalls, “in those days, as now, New York kids lived and played on the streets. I remember the winters we built a fire in the gutter and roasted potatoes—and if we didn’t eat the ‘Mickey’s’ we threw them.

“When I was a youngster, I always be-longed to a gang. I remember gang fights where hundreds of kids from different neighborhoods got together for one big brawl. We did a show recently on kid gangs—or ‘rat packs’ as they are called here in Southern California. I’m sensi-

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tive to that term because, with it, some people try to pin all our juvenile trouble on one racial group—our Mexican children. And that's a lot of nonsense.

"When I was a kid in New York I remember Irish kids and Jewish kids and Italian kids, and they were every bit as bad and every bit as good—as children of Mexican ancestry here in Los Angeles. Juvenile delinquency doesn't recognize false racial categories."

Even before he learned to read, Paul had earned a reputation as a "story teller." When the grade-school teacher asked, "And what did you do on your summer vacation?" Paul was always the first one called on. As soon as he learned to read and write at P.S. 115, Paul won the school's short story contest. He continued winning these contests through George Washington High School. Though he was always interested in writing, he says his best subject was civics.

During his summers, Paul worked at odd jobs to make money for college—as an office boy in a publishing firm, as a counselor at a summer camp in the Adirondacks. "By then, the gang had become a football club—we were all interested in athletics. The kids in the club got jobs as instructors. One of them liked tennis, so he became the camp's tennis coach. I liked horses, so I became the riding instructor. The tennis coach didn't know a thing about the game, and I didn't know my saddle from my bridle. But we didn't let that stand in the way of our summer jobs."

Before he entered the Army in 1943, Paul went to Columbia University, studying radio writing with Professor Barnow. As a corporal in the Army, stationed at a reception center, he wrote for the post newspaper and did "handout copy" for the men who came through the center. "You know," Paul says, "Pvt. Tom Jones from your home town stuff."

In 1945, Paul was discharged and landed his first professional writing job as publicist for New York's Dixie Hotel. From there he went into publicity for Station WTMJ, the *Milwaukee Journal* radio station. After a year and a half, he returned to New York hotel publicity.

In 1946, two important events occurred. Paul met the girl who was to be his wife; and he wrote a job-request letter to the editor of the country's newest large daily newspaper—then the *Los Angeles Mirror*.

Paul's wife, Renee, was a dancer at the Copacabana night club when he first saw her. On their first date, Paul took Renee for a ride in a hansom cab around Central Park. "I thought that was very romantic," he says, "but Renee felt it was a little bit silly. I wasn't used to hansom cabs—I got a touch of motion sickness. It didn't turn out well at all."

However, a few months later, Paul and Renee were married. Their family now boasts three children: Joren, 12, Renee's daughter by a previous marriage; Kevin, 8, and Timmie, 7. "In the hospital waiting room," says Paul, "I'm a floor pacer and a chain smoker. My first reaction when I saw Kevin was to count his fingers and toes. I did it three times before I was sure there were twenty! I was fully amazed that I could have a child with a normal complement of fingers and toes. My thought at the time was, 'Look how wonderful Mother Nature is.'"

Paul enjoyed New York hotel publicity, but his main ambition was to break into a big city newspaper as a columnist. His letter to the editor of the *Los Angeles Mirror* carried these hopes. "I knew I couldn't sell him on the idea of my being a general columnist," he says, "because the *Mirror* didn't know me from Mayor LaGuardia."

"So I tried to sell the editor a 'Dining Around Town' column idea. But he wasn't interested. He wrote back saying there weren't enough restaurants in town to warrant such a column. I knew he was either wrong or being kind."

A week later the phone rang, the editor had changed his mind and wanted Paul to submit a couple of pages of copy. He did and was hired. "My purpose," says Paul, "was never to be a gourmet. I wanted to show the paper I could write. As soon as possible, I wanted to do a general reporting column."

Paul got the kind of column he wanted in a matter of weeks—after he wrote a column attacking home cooking. He explains, "I thought that we had a natural tendency to make too much of home cooking and apple pie." Many of his readers wrote in, disagreeing with him. Paul offered to prove his point by accepting invitations to dinner at the home of any of his readers who cared to invite him. Three hundred and fifty did! He spent the next three months dining in homes around Los Angeles County. "I forget the exact number," he says, "but I had some marvelous meals in those days."

The escapade received wide attention in the nation's press, and Paul's column became one of the best-known features in the *Los Angeles Mirror-News*. His edi-

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tors took note, too. Within weeks, Paul had stopped writing about food altogether, devoting his column to the "human element."

Paul's first radio show on local Station KFI was called *Sunday Feature Page* and was not too unlike *Confidential File*. "I tried," he recalls, "to give my audience the voices of the little people who made the stories. I thought it was a good show. It only lasted six weeks."

His next attempt was a news show on ABC-TV. "Television petrified me," Paul confesses. "So I made a deal with ABC—they would show the news pictures as I read the copy, but I was never to be seen. I'm probably the only man in TV who made his debut without having to face a camera."

In 1950, Paul gathered together enough courage to face the cameras on a local comedy-panel show called *Bachelor's Haven*. *Haven* was produced by CBS-TV's Bill Brennan, a fan of Paul's column. "I'm looking for someone with an off-beat sense of humor," he told Paul, "how about it?" Paul accepted. "There were two regular panelists," he says, "Zsa Zsa Gabor and me, and two guests. We were paid thirty dollars a week. That was one of the funniest parts of the show."

In 1953, after *Bachelor's Haven*, Paul began producing *Confidential File*. It was an immediate success in the Los Angeles area. "Overnight," Paul recalls, "everybody was talking about *Confidential File*."

All of a sudden, we were stars. Everybody was saying what a great show we had, and what a great community service we were doing, and we were sure to make a million dollars! I was so proud of myself that I was beginning to feel like a big-shot. Then came the day of reckoning. We did the show for very little money—and one day we were locked out of our rented cutting room because we owed about eighty dollars. Some big-shot."

Paul's schedule today is very much like what it was in 1947, when he first joined the *Los Angeles Mirror*. At 10 A.M., the first calls begin coming into his new Burbank home. Paul lives in Burbank, near the San Fernando Valley, for two reasons: "One," he says, "is because I like living close to the bridle path. I enjoy riding in my spare time. We have three horses, and the house is right on the bridle path; and, two, I have never been attached to the idea of living in Beverly Hills. To me, it is like owning a Cadillac. We live in Burbank."

Paul works at home until noon, when he leaves for the *Confidential File* office in Hollywood. He continues working there for two hours, then goes downtown to the *Mirror-News*, where he writes his daily column.

Paul relies a great deal on phoned-in "tips" for many of his stories. "Once," he says, "a suicide called to tell me he was going to jump off his roof if I didn't come talk to him. He said he'd jump for sure if I called the police. He sounded drunk, but legitimate, so I raced over to his 8th Street hotel. About two blocks away, I heard sirens and I thought to myself, 'Somebody did call the police and the poor guy has jumped.' But, when I got to the roped-off section of the street, he was still sitting on the edge of the roof, alone. I ran through the crowd and up to the roof. He recognized me and was sore as blazes, blaming me for calling the police and causing the commotion. It was a terrible experience for me. My knees were buckling for a half-hour while I tried to convince him not to jump—that somebody else had seen him up there and called the police. It was the first time in my life that I had ever felt responsible for saving a living soul—or seeing him die in front of my eyes. Finally, after thirty minutes of conversation, an officer came out of the darkened fire escape, and knocked him to safety. After it was over, I was almost too nervous to write it up in my column."

In preparing his column, Paul looks for the little human-interest stories that generally never make the papers. When he has free time, he drives around at night, covering the police calls. "The little family fights," he says, "the 'keep-the-peace' calls—these are the unimportant things, yet with great humor and great tragedy which give the city color. That's what I like. I know it sounds corny, but it is something I enjoy doing. I can write it."

It is from this city color that *Confidential File* was born. Rainbow-like, *File* explores the entire range of human interests and emotions. It has been put together with a scrupulous detailed search for the unemotional fact, with a reporter's objectivity and passion for the truth. As a result, in Los Angeles in 1955, it was awarded two of TV's coveted Emmys—the first to Paul Coates as the year's outstanding male personality, and the second to *Confidential File*, voted the leading cultural-educational show.

The fact that the show is now distributed nationally has not changed Paul Coates' original aims: To broaden people's acceptance of one another . . . to break down barriers . . . to point out the similarities in all men of good will everywhere.



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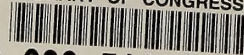
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